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FELICIA.

I.

THE Reverend Robert Raymond prided himself, in a seemly and clerical fashion, on his tact. So innocent and candid was this endowment as he possessed it that it was distinctly apparent, and the disaffected of the congregation construed him as a scheming man, unduly versed in the ways of the world for a clergyman. Among the persons who interpreted him more justly was a young girl, who sat near him, one summer morning, in a large parlor on the shady side of the house. The welcome watering-carts rumbled up and down the street, giving to the air the taste of sudden showers; the breeze waved the curtains, stirred the plants in the balcony, and wafted freshly into the room the odors of heliotrope and geranium.

Mr. Raymond looked with some admiration at the brilliant face, with its background of fluttering lace and flowers. He was one of those men whose attitude toward women is something of the paternal, at once protective and indulgent; he found a certain charm in their caprices, and just now the evident petulance of his wife's young cousin induced not so much tolerance as approval.

"Oh, it's all very well for you to preach, cousin Robert" — she cried.

"So some people think," he interposed, with a laugh.

—"about duty and obedience, and

all that; but what is *my* duty? — that's what I want to know."

If he had told her the exact truth, he would have said that in his opinion it was her duty to be charming, like the blue sky, the sunshine, the tints on that rosebud against the gray stone there. But it will not do even for a clergyman always to speak his whole mind, so he sedately replied that her duties would probably define themselves distinctly enough as the years went by, and he did not doubt she would be very faithful in their performance.

"I do hope I shall know what they are," she declared, with animation. "Now, what am I to do? Nothing pleases papa. He was determined, he said, that his only daughter should have all the advantages that money could command, and he gave them to me, and I fully availed myself of them. Now," culminatively, "he is not satisfied."

The Reverend Robert Raymond said to himself that the old Judge must be hard to please if he were indeed dissatisfied with the result of his investment. To speak disrespectfully of the Chancellor behind his back was a privilege claimed by many people besides the lawyers whom a hard fate compelled to practice in his court. A notable metropolitan school, the regimen of regular hours, diet, and exercise, and a carefully devised curriculum had returned to him, as a finished product of feminine education, this young woman of twenty-two, of fine mind, man-

ners, health, and morals, sufficiently well grounded in useful branches, moderately accomplished in the modern languages, music, and painting, with an exceedingly lively and cultivated imagination, and with keen appreciation and consummate tact in all matters pertaining to dress and personal adornment. The possession of this last talent was manifest in her fresh and well-chosen morning toilette, — white, sparsely trimmed with delicately fine embroideries and a few knots of purple ribbon. There was a distinct arrogation of simplicity, but the minuteness and perfection of detail showed that a taste for the ornate in decoration was only held in subjection by the laws of the appropriate. She was very pretty. A flush on her face accented the fairness of her complexion; her eyes, so deeply blue that they were almost purple, were downcast and shaded by dark lashes; her parted lips — the upper one particularly delicate, sensitive, and well cut, curving downward — showed a line of small white teeth; her nose was straight and noticeably narrow from the point to the line of the nostril, — this, with the oval of her face, gave her a look of much refinement; her hair, a red-brown, almost auburn, was brushed back, but close about her brow the heat had curled sundry tendrils that had a tinge of gold; when she looked up and laughed, dimples were apparent in the soft rose of each cheek.

“I am growing very cynical,” she cried. “I am sour and disappointed.” Then she looked down again and pouted. She understood human nature well enough to know that she might pout as much as she chose in cousin Robert’s presence.

“In what, may I ask, are you disappointed?” he demanded, with due gravity.

“In life,” replied Miss Felicia Hamilton, sententiously.

“That’s sad,” said cousin Robert.

“In life,” she repeated, this time vivaciously. “It promises one thing, and it offers another. I am educated to one set of views, and when I have developed what mind I have according to them, suddenly I am expected to conform to another set, entirely different. This was the way of it, cousin Robert.” She bent upon him a smile calculated to win to partisanship a more obdurate heart than his, and continued with a delightful show of confidence: —

“You see, when I was young — quite young, I mean, ten years ago — I was a little bookworm; very intellectual, I assure you, though you might not think it now. I read everything; I was very precocious. I cared nothing for the other young girls and their amusements, or pretty things to wear, or music, — only for books, books. Papa said that was all wrong. He did not want me to grow up shy, and absorbed, and awkward. He wanted me to shine in society, to be elaborately educated, and have fine manners. So he sent me to Madame Sevier, and there I remained ten years, even during the vacations. She and the rest of them did their duty, and I tried to do mine. Now, what do you think papa says? That I am frivolous and spoiled; that I care too much for dress and society, and am not domestic *at all!*” — with much exclamatory emphasis of pretty eyes and lips, — “and don’t love home. Frivolous, — that’s what he calls me!”

Two tears rose to the violet eyes that rested on cousin Robert’s face, and his heart was hot within him against the absent Judge.

“Your father expects you to be ‘domestic’ after ten years with Madame Sevier?” sarcastically commented this wise clerical confidant and spiritual pastor.

“And we saw a great deal of very fashionable society with Madame Sevier,” resumed the young lady suddenly,

and with much vivacity. "And in summer she had directions to take me to the mountains and the seashore,—Newport, Saratoga, the White Mountains. We went—everywhere. She knew—everybody; that is, everybody worth knowing. Now, is that the kind of training to fit a girl for a sleepy little Southern country town like Blankburg?"

"Any young men?" inquired cousin Robert, demurely.

She looked at him expressively.

"Such sticks!" she said, concisely.

Cousin Robert's face betrayed no amusement. It was a long, thin face, with bright gray eyes, a hooked nose, some premature wrinkles, a straggling mustache, fine teeth, a large mouth, and occasionally a brilliant smile. His lank figure was disposed in a comfortable attitude in an easy-chair, and his white hands, with their slim, nervous fingers, rested on its arms. His hat and cane ornamented a table near by, and his wife's parasol was on the sofa. This was not a pastoral call, merely a prolonged cousinly visit.

"Why are they sticks?" he asked.

"Divinity students," she replied, with a certain scorn. Then, with an abrupt resumption of her smooth manner, "Don't you think, cousin Robert, that such men are very young? I don't mean in years,—some of them are not very young in years,—but in experience. They are rather—well, raw, you know, or perhaps crude."

"I think 'raw' is the word you want," he said. "They are apt to be raw till some such young lady as you takes them in hand, when they generally get done very brown indeed."

She did not reply directly to this. Men like cousin Robert have only themselves to thank if their feminine acquaintance regard them as chiefly useful in preventing conversation from degenerating into monologue.

"Papa considers it very unseemly

that I do not rate those young men more highly. He says they are well read, and cultivated, and all that. Of course they are. It is their *métier* to be cultivated. But they know books, and nothing else. They don't know life; they don't know human nature. Those young men talk books until I am ready to perish: Herbert Spencer, and systems, and refutations, and everything in books, from Pliny up and down. Now, I am tired of Pliny. I have heard all I want to hear about Pliny. I used to read about Pliny myself, a long time ago,—when I was young. Papa can't understand all that. He thinks a town with a flourishing theological school is the very place to please a young woman with a cultivated understanding. And among them all I find it dull in Blankburg,—dull as the grave."

"I hope you do not find society in this city so dull as in Blankburg," said cousin Robert, sympathetically.

"So far as I can judge, being a stranger," she replied, demurely, her manner conveying an intimation that a visitor's verdict must of necessity be favorable, "society here may be very pleasant. Now, you must understand, cousin Robert," she added, with a sudden return of liveliness, and bending upon him convincing eyes, "I am not a missish young woman, eager to meet an Adonis with a dark mustache. I don't want to fall in love, and I don't want to marry any one"—

"Very, very magnanimous," murmured cousin Robert.

—"but I want to see some interesting people; men who know life, and politics, and the world, and society." She seemed conscious of a little vagueness, for she added, after a moment's reflection, "I can't explain exactly what I mean. I think I mean men who are intellectual and not eager to display the fact, and polished but not priggish, and who observe instead of expecting others to observe them. I don't care if they are

young or old, married or single, American or foreign. I only want them to be interesting. That does n't seem too much to ask of human nature, does it?"

Cousin Robert admitted that it did not, and added that if the congregation of St. Paul's offered any of the material she approved as entertainment, he might venture to promise that it was at her disposal.

She glanced at him archly.

"Will you warrant them ignorant of Pliny?" she asked, mischievously. Then she turned again to the window.

Her companion had observed that her attention had very slightly wandered during the last few seconds, as her eyes had rested on some object apparently advancing down the sidewalk. He leaned forward, looked out, and suddenly drew back, with palpable annoyance expressed on his face.

Two ladies, who had been discussing in the back parlor a supposed cabal of the disaffected against the Reverend Robert's tenure of office, — their conference gaining much of confidential effect from the employment of a mysterious undertone and acquiescent nods when words failed, — now entered the front room. Mrs. John Hamilton, a plump little lady, with a brilliant complexion and round, intent eyes, might have seemed always listening, so serious was her expression and so marked her general air of attention and responsibility. Mrs. Raymond, on the contrary, seemed irresponsible, inattentive, and inconsequent. She was much younger than her husband, and was fair-haired, blue-eyed, and childish and indefinite in manner. She looked about vaguely for her parasol, and when she had secured it strolled to her husband's armchair, and leaned against it, with her elbows on its back.

"Is n't it time for us to go home, dear?" she suggested.

And now came the emergency which drew on cousin Robert's store of tact.

Her attitude gave her a glimpse of

the street, and of a gentleman at this moment traversing the crossing.

"Why, Robert, there is Hugh Kennett!" she exclaimed, suddenly.

The gentleman on the crossing raised his eyes; they gravely met those of Miss Hamilton; in another instant he had passed out of sight, and she looked back into the room. Mr. Raymond had at length relinquished the armchair, and was standing with his back to the window, in such a position that, as he rose to his feet, he must have prevented the passer from recognizing either him or his wife. This fact, his neglect of Mrs. Raymond's question, and a swift, significant glance he gave her did not escape the attention of our observant young lady; she recognized cousin Robert's adroitness. She speculated a little on the subject. "Did he want me not to see that they know that gentleman?" she said to herself. Cousin Robert was not the sort of man to manœuvre causelessly in trifling social emergencies; yet he had clumsily attempted to ignore the existence of his friend. "That was an odd thing," thought Felicia, puzzled.

Shortly after this the visitors took their departure, and as they walked up the street Mr. Raymond gave his wife a little warning.

"Amy, be careful how you mention Kennett before your cousin. She is very young and impressionable, and it is undesirable that she should become interested in him. She knows very few pleasant people here, and he is an extremely agreeable sort of fellow, and" —

"That is an excellent reason why he should be mentioned," said little Mrs. Amy, with the air of seeing both sides of a question.

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Raymond, like any other exclamatory miserable sinner, "think of the old Judge."

"I forgot the Judge," said Amy, quickly and apprehensively. "I will be careful."

People thus unexpectedly reminded of the Judge were apt to hurriedly concede the point, and to wear for some time an anxious and depressed air.

II.

For a number of mornings previous to the one herein commemorated, Miss Hamilton, whose habit it was to sit, with some slight resource in the way of fancy-work, near one of the windows which looked out upon the quiet suburban avenue, had observed a tall, sedate stranger advance along the opposite sidewalk, cross the street, and disappear from view. Perhaps her attention was attracted because of the regularity of this episode; perhaps because his appearance approximated her somewhat exacting ideal; perhaps because the first time she saw him he was looking at the window with a certain expectancy. Among the accomplishments she had acquired under Madame Sevier's tutelage was not the grace of humility. The idea was instantly suggested that he had before seen her here, and was on the lookout for her. This flattered her and piqued her curiosity, — all the more because of the regular recurrence about the same hour of the phenomenon. He was a grave man, twenty-five or thirty years of age; handsome in a certain sense, but not in the style that usually attracts the favorable regards of young girls. He had deeply set gray eyes, an aquiline nose, a large, firm chin, a finely chiseled mouth with flexible lips, about which were lines that showed a capacity for varying expression. The heavy lower jaw and broad, high forehead gave the face a certain squareness. He was clean-shaven, and his light brown hair was clipped close to a massive head. He wore a well-fitting suit of light cloth and a straw hat. He was tall, well proportioned, and, an experienced observer could easily have seen,

in good training from the standpoint of athletics. He walked slowly, but at an even pace, looking neither to the right nor the left; and there was nothing, apparently, which broke the monotony of his methodical progress down the street except the momentary interest with which he glanced at the front window of the corner house.

Now, if there had been any recognizable betrayal of such interest at this stage of the affair, or any attempt to inaugurate an acquaintance, the matter would have abruptly terminated, and Mr. Hugh Kennett would have had only the view of John Hamilton's closed window-blinds for his pains; for the young lady, with all her caprice, her somewhat exaggerated self-esteem, — to put it mildly, — and her love of excitement, was fastidious, and a devotee to externals. It pleased her that he should look with covert eagerness toward the house, that he should distantly and respectfully admire her, and that she should subtly divine his admiration. Since, however, the vanity which receives homage as due is more exacting than the vanity which asserts a claim, the affair was not likely to go further but for the interposition of accident.

The accident was of an obvious and simple nature, — merely an afternoon call.

"I think I should like to take the phaeton and go over to see Amy," remarked Miss Hamilton to her sister-in-law, one day, "provided I can secure the society of the festive Frederick."

It was the habit in the Hamilton family to allude to the eight-year-old son of the house with a sort of caressing mockery, in phrases of doubtful value as witticisms, but of humorous intent.

Mrs. Hamilton replied that it was a pleasant day for the trip, and that the horse and phaeton were entirely at their service.

The "festive Frederick" was four feet high and fractious. To find him was

a matter of difficulty. When found, he declared tumultuously that he had rather die than go to call at cousin Amy's, — a reckless assertion, since he was mounted on a bicycle, and destruction seemed to menace him in every yard of his tottering progress. There was a swift exchange of argument and counter-argument. The nephew deftly reclined on his tall steed against a convenient tree-box, his distorted shadow stretching along the sidewalk among the dappling simulacra of the maple leaves. A golden haze was in the air; down the vista of the street might be seen a vast spread of clustering roofs; spires caught the light and glittered.

"Very well," said Felicia at last. "I dare say I can go alone. Sometimes there are cows on the streets; probably I shall meet some; and if cousin Robert is not at his house, or too busy to drive me home, I may have to come back by myself."

There was a pause. The boy on the bicycle wore a troubled and thoughtful air.

"They have a good many fires in this city," continued the young lady, discursively, "and when the engines bang a gong and tear along they always frighten me. However, perhaps I can take care of myself."

She turned away resignedly.

The heart that beat so ambitiously on the giddy mount was a chivalric heart enough, after all. There was a short scuffle of descent, and the two set out in amity.

The Reverend Robert Raymond lived in a portion of the city so secluded that it had a village-like aspect. Farther west were miles of staring, new, red brick dwellings and corner groceries, drug stores, livery stables, all important and busy with neighborhood trade; but this retired region the march of improvement, in some inexplicable freak, had spared. Grass and trees surrounded most of the houses, which were old-

fashioned, roomy, not altogether convenient according to exacting modern standards, but sufficiently comfortable. Among them was a large, square, two-story brick dwelling, with a wide veranda in front. The shadows were long on the grass, streaked with the yellow rays of the afternoon sun, as Miss Hamilton and her youthful escort took their way up the gravel walk.

A man like the rector of St. Paul's usually has some hobby. His hobby was the art of gardening. He never accomplished anything very remarkable; the aid of professionals was the sole reliance before the season was well advanced. But when he pridefully surveyed the result of their joint efforts, his calm arrogation to himself singly of the entire merit of his garden was a thing to behold; and every spring his faith that his own work would supply the family with green peas and Hubbard squash was as consummate as his faith in the Creed. Experience taught him nothing, for cousin Robert was one of those lucky souls who believe the thing that they wish to believe. Felicia saw him now in the kitchen garden at the side of the house, plying his rake among the lettuce; apparently a painful operation, for he was a long man, and the rake was a particularly short rake, being, in fact, his wife's implement for use among the verbenas. Felicia's was not a temperament to sympathize with this sort of pursuit. "Always pottering," she said to herself, with half-affectionate, half-contemptuous indignation. "And if he must potter, why *will* he break his back with Amy's little old rake?"

Her disapproval was not, however, sufficient to mar the cordiality of her look and gesture, — for she was fond of cousin Robert, — as she passed through the garden gate and went swiftly toward him, both hands outstretched and a gay greeting on her lips. Those dewy red lips were smiling; her eyes were softly

bright; a rich bloom mantled her delicate cheek; her musical laughter rang out. To the man lounging on the green bench in the grape-arbor near at hand, half concealed by the swaying branches, she seemed the embodiment of the gracious season; as joyous, as brilliant, as expressive of life and light, hope and promise, as the early summer-time itself. For, serious and unimpressionable as he looked, Hugh Kennett had an imagination. His Pegasus had, to be sure, been bitted, and bridled, and trained to run for the cup, but on occasion it might bolt like many a less experienced racer. Thus it was that Mr. Kennett evolved a personation instead of seeing merely a beautiful young woman, moving with ease and grace, speaking with a refined accent, and dressed, with a certain individuality of taste, in a light gray costume, embroidered elaborately and delicately with purple pansies that matched well her dark eyes. Being a man of taste as well as imagination, and particularly alert as to the minutiae of effect, her attitude, the harmonies of the colors she wore, the dainty details, appealed as strongly, though less poetically, to his cultivated perceptions.

At the sound of her voice, Mr. Raymond turned, with a start. She was a little chilled by a suggestion of constraint in his tones and manner, apparent when he greeted her, and still more when he introduced his companion, whom until now she had not seen. Hugh Kennett had risen; he had a cigar in his hand. He was looking at her with attention; their eyes met.

Madame Sevier's training did not comprehend every emergency. Notwithstanding her habit of society, the young lady was for a moment embarrassed; she flushed deeply, and her perceptible timidity contrasted agreeably with her manner an instant ago.

"You are always busy, cousin Robert," she said, glancing down at the

lettuce, and conscious of the extreme flatness of her remark.

"Say, cousin Robert," exclaimed Fred, who had delayed, to exchange greetings with a very old, very fat, very dignified pointer on the portico, and who now came up with the eagerness of the small boy to participate in the conversation, — "say, why n't ye sen' yer peas, an' squashes, an' apples, ter the fair, nex' fall? I jus' know yer'd git the prize. Say, won't yer sen' some ov 'em this year?"

"Well, I don't know about that," said cousin Robert, leading the way to the house.

"Oh, you bet I would, if I was a man an' had a garden!" cried the boy, attempting to possess himself of the rake of the reverend gentleman, who in turn attempted to playfully elude him, and succeeded in making it apparent that no juvenile amateur gardening was desired.

By the time the party reached the portico, where two ladies in white dresses were profuse in hospitable greetings and offers of the cane chairs that were grouped about in the shadow of the vines, Felicia's unwonted embarrassment had worn away, and she was mischievously amused by the look of anxious inquiry which Amy cast upon Robert and the shade of discomfort on his face. In her youthful self-sufficiency she suddenly arrived, as she fancied, at an explanation of their disquiet. "Cousin Robert seemed to find the introduction a trial," she reflected, rapidly. "And the other day he wished to prevent me from seeing that they know his friend, whom he apparently desires to keep in jeweler's cotton. Does he consider me so dangerous as all that, — such an ogre that they are *afraid* for their precious Hugh Kennett? I think, I really think, Felicia," she concluded, gleefully apostrophizing herself, "you must give your cousin Robert something to be uneasy about."

By way of accomplishing this purpose she proceeded *per ambages*. Mr. Raymond, accustomed to her vivacity, it may even be admitted her loquacity, was thrown off his guard. Madame Sevier, a very wise person in a certain sense, had numerous theories as to the elements which go to make that finished expression of society, a charming woman, and one of these was apropos of the unloveliness of talk. "Talk," she would declare, "is not conversation. The greatest enemy a woman of mind must contend against is her own tongue. It is not what she *has to say* that matters; it is what she *is*. If a beautiful girl's faculties are absorbed in expressing her ideas, which in the nature of things are not valuable, she loses what is both valuable and artistic, — the charm of her individuality. A certain phase of intellectual adolescence is interesting because of its possibilities and its divinations, but this must disappear as soon as the assumptions of the thinker come to be considered, — especially when they are urged with the fatally didactic manner which seems to be inseparable from every woman who has 'views.'"

Perhaps her favorite pupil had profited by these axioms; perhaps she was silent only because she had become interested in the talk of the others; certainly, to those who knew her best she had never appeared to such advantage. She was a conspicuous figure in her circle, and it was the habit of her friends to discuss her much, comparing her to herself on different occasions, — what she wore, how she looked, what she said. This afternoon there was a sort of still brilliance upon her; though she spoke seldom, her smile held the charm of an indefinite, delightful promise; a certain eloquence of expression shone in her bright, dark eyes.

Sundry theories were not included in cousin Robert's philosophy. It did not occur to him that the young lady talked to him much because she considered

him little; he took heart of grace. "A dashing girl like Felicia would never give a second thought to such a sedate fellow as Kennett," he assured himself.

Deprived of Miss Hamilton's conversational aptitude, the party on Mr. Raymond's portico presented, however, no aspect of Carthusian or Trappist gathering. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant, was visiting the young couple, and *she* had no theories as to the unloveliness of talk. She kindly entertained the company.

Now, everybody knows, or ought to know, that it was a great blessing to have been born one of the Stanleys. The reasons why this was a blessing are so apparent as to need no explanation; the Stanleys being so highly reputable and estimable a family, well endowed with this world's goods, and holding additional prominence because possessing certain political and legal magnates. It was particularly appropriate that this representative of the Stanleys should have added lustre to the family by her marriage to a certain notable Ex-Governor Brant. Although he was greatly her senior, it seemed as much a love-match as so ambitious a woman might achieve. A man who had gone so often to Congress, and who had sat for many years on the judicial bench, fulfilled the most exacting ideal of which she could conceive, even had his personal character been less valuable than that of the unexceptionable but prosaic old gentleman she survived. He had been long since gathered to his fathers, but still lived in the reverential, if discursive, reminiscences of his relict. How he rose by degrees to eminence; how he was elected by overwhelming majorities to the state legislature, to Congress, to the United States Senate; his friends, his enemies, the causes he espoused, the policies he deprecated, — Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant's acquaintances sometimes heard of these things. The gentleman

whose triumphs were thus celebrated had been a respectable enough politician of the old school, and it is very creditable to human nature that it was possible for wifely pride to transform him into a hero.

Her faith in him served the double purpose of keeping his memory green, and of warding off from the endangered company cousin Robert's account — which he was aching to give — of the steps he had taken last autumn with the strawberries, and the extremely satisfactory result attained by planting in hills and ruthlessly cutting away all runners. The nethermost abysses were not immediately reached. The conversation was not agricultural, and the worst that the party was called upon for a time to endure were the mellow contralto and the reminiscences of Mrs. Brant.

The ex-governor as a theme was not forced upon the company. She was not malapropos; indeed, he was merely introduced *en passant*, in an allusion to Hugh Kennett's father, — in a tributary manner, as it were, to the personal conversation.

"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. Kennett," she said, smiling upon him across the portico, as she sat by Felicia's side. "I remember your father well. I saw him a number of times when I was first in Washington. He was quite a young man, but already notable in his profession. My husband had then just been elected to Congress on the Whig ticket, — ah, such a hard-fought contest, Mr. Kennett! Party feeling ran high in those times. People had no lukewarm blood in their veins *then*. Only Governor Brant's personal popularity carried him through. He had his own views of political measures, and the event justified him, — yes, indeed, always justified him."

She spoke in an even, agreeable voice; the very tone embodied so entire a faith in her own words that it

imposed concurrence. She had a handsome face, of a somewhat imperial type: dark, expressive eyes; a small, finely shaped head, held well back; glossy chestnut hair, — showing an occasional gleam of gray in its abundance, — which was brushed in waving masses on each side of her broad, high brow, and arranged in a heavy coil at the back of her head. She was tall and imposing, and moved with a majestic grace; her manner expressed kindness, consideration, even deference, and yet instilled, in some brilliant, subtle way, the idea that she could well afford to be so polite, being Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant.

Some very thin-skinned people interpreted this manner of conciliation and subcurrent of satisfaction as condescension, which Felicia Hamilton, in the exercise of a talent that she possessed, the talent of vicariously experiencing, divined that this stranger in especial must find rather marked. Mrs. Brant was almost offensively gracious to Mr. Kennett: she selected him to the exclusion of the others as the recipient of her remarks; she bent upon him her most amiable smile.

"You resemble your father," she said; "yes, very much. And I am told you inherit his talents. The tones of your voice in speaking remind me of him. Very remarkable man, and very successful, — yes, indeed. My husband at once predicted his success. 'Emily,' he said to me, 'that young man, that young Kennett, will rise high, mark my words.' And the prediction was verified, — yes, indeed. Your father held a *high* place in his calling. — no doubt about that."

Her politeness was so extreme that it was flavored with the sentiment of *noblesse oblige*. "How does our gentleman like to be patted on the back in *that* style?" thought Felicia, in secret amusement. She glanced at him, but his face told her nothing. It seemed now a singularly inexpressive face, or

he held it in singularly strong control. His gray eyes were fixed on Mrs. Brant's handsome countenance, he made the proper murmur of assent and reply, and this was all, and it baffled Felicia. "Perhaps he is only stupid," she thought, in disgust.

"Your father had a very full, rotund voice," pursued Mrs. Brant. "I should judge that he sang well."

"He only sang a little for his own pleasure," answered the visitor. "He never studied."

"The talent for music should *always* be cultivated," continued Mrs. Brant, never dropping that *souçon* of condescension. "A beautiful art, Mr. Kennett. And it is such a pity that so much money is spent upon it to so little purpose. Now, there's my Amy. I said, 'Now, my child, Nature has done her part,' — a lovely natural voice, Mr. Kennett, high and sweet; you would be surprised. I sent her North, I secured the best professors. And the result is" — she held up her soft white hands expressively, palms outward, as if to show the company that nothing was in them — "the result is — all wasted! She has n't opened a piano a dozen times since her marriage!"

Four pairs of eyes turned upon the abashed Amy, who seemed very youthful as she looked deprecatingly up from under her fair hair. Mr. Kennett's voice took on something of the reassuring tone with which one encourages a timid child.

"Why do you give up your singing, cousin Amy?" he asked.

"Oh," she hesitated, "Robert does n't care for music."

He glanced at Raymond with a smile. Then his eyes met Felicia's.

"You and Amy are cousins?" she asked, in surprise. "I did n't know that."

"Robert and I are cousins," he explained.

"Oh!" she said.

Was it inadvertence, was it coquetry? While his eyes were still on her face, her lips curved softly into a smile; those dainty dimples appeared on her cheeks; her purple eyes, so dark, yet so bright, were smiling, too. She looked straight at him.

"Do I understand this?" she said, innocently. "If you are Robert's cousin, of course you are Amy's cousin, and Amy is my cousin, — and are you my cousin, too?" She raised her delicate black eyebrows inquiringly.

Mrs. Stanley-Brant gasped a little. Mr. Raymond frowned. Amy had the air of cowering back into the recesses of her big cane armchair. Hugh Kennett's eyes were steadily fixed on Miss Hamilton's face. He did not quite interpret her. He was not sure if this were *naïveté* or intention. He only knew that a very beautiful woman was looking at him with the most delightful expression he had ever seen. He had had a wide experience of life, sometimes sordid, sometimes imbued with a certain brilliance; he thought he had forgotten, among more tangible aims and emotions, the thrill and vague complexity of feeling which stirred him for an instant. A dark flush mounted slowly to his face. He said gravely that to be even a distant relative of hers would be a great privilege.

The training of Madame Sevier's pupil, if nothing more, made her abundantly aware that her freak was inexcusable, but it must be confessed that she experienced no penitence. She was pleased with the stiffness of his reply; she was mischievously delighted with the discomfiture of the others, although it had begun to greatly puzzle her.

Cousin Robert was not destined to remain in disastrous eclipse. In the somewhat awkward pause that ensued, it chanced that the breeze stirred suddenly with an audible murmur the foliage about the portico. It seemed to him very adroit to call attention to the

honeysuckle vines intertwined in cables about the posts, and tell how they should be planted, pruned, and trained. This led, by one of those easy digressions which come so deftly to men of his profession, to the subject of horticulture generally, and he elaborated at some length his theory of the proper system in the case of the tomato plant: that it should be trained against trellises, carefully fertilized with the best South American guano; that the principal stalk should be allowed to branch out laterally; that all other branches should be ruthlessly suppressed; that half the blooms should be pinched off while yet in the bud, — what did cousin Robert care for Irishisms on a theme like this? that it should be sprinkled generously before sunrise and after sunset in dry weather. “And in six weeks,” he declared, triumphantly, “I shall be able to give you tomatoes, cultivated on this principle, luscious as strawberries, red as blood, and big as my hat.”

And while he thus held forth, the twilight advanced apace. The afterglow of the sunset sifted through the leaves on Felicia Hamilton's face, all etherealized by the poetic light, and touched with a soft gleam her violet eyes, as they rested on the shadow-flecked turf outside. Far away, the rumbling of an occasional horse-car, or the lighter roll of buggies carrying suburban residents homeward, invaded the stillness. There was a lakelet, or perhaps only a miasmatic pool, in the neighborhood, from which frogs croaked in strophe and antistrophe, — the sound mellowed by the distance. The air was imbued with that primal enchantment of summer which belittles all coming later, — the delicious fragrance of honeysuckle; it seemed to have lured two humming-birds from their downy domiciles, and they were evidently gayly bent upon making a night of it, as they quaffed the sweet wine of the flowers in the lingering flush of the red sunset.

“Them hum'n'-birds ain't no good,” remarked Fred. “They can't sing, an' they're so little an' teen-ty.”

He gazed up at the fluttering things, as airy, as alluring, as vaguely glancing, as a fancy, a fascination, a dream, the impulse of a poem yet unwritten.

“Swans!” he continued, enthusiastically, — “they're the fellers fur *my* money. Them swans at the Pawk, eh, aunt F'lish?”

He rolled over on his side, as he lay at her feet on the floor, and changed the position of his head, which he had pilloved on the old pointer, who moaned and wheezed in meek objection.

“It is my privilege,” said Miss Hamilton, rising, “to drive with this young man to the Park every Saturday afternoon, the one meagre holiday that falls to his toilsome scholastic lot. If he does n't go home and get some sleep, he may not be able to make the trip to-morrow. So we must tear ourselves away.”

Fred rose nimbly. “An' we have most bully drives ter the Pawk, you bet!” he exclaimed, vivaciously. “An' we ain't missed a Sat'day since she's been in town.”

Mr. Raymond accompanied them to the gate, and assisted Felicia into the phaeton. Soon the clatter of hoofs and the roll of wheels arose, as they disappeared down the street into the purple shadows of the coming twilight.

III.

About four o'clock on warm afternoons, there was an interval of quiet, almost of somnolence, in the Lawrence Hotel. The rush of lunch was over; that of dinner had not begun; no trains were due or departing; the glare was tempered to a cool half-light; decorous officials lounged behind their desks. When a voice fell upon the air from the direction of the bar-room, it seemed

peculiarly loud and assertive, being round and penetrating in quality, and invading the stillness argumentatively. It was interrupted by another, a deep bass, embroidered, so to speak, by several bursts of rich laughter. Then the marble floor resounded with rapid foot-falls, and the sleepy clerks roused themselves. One of the men who entered hurriedly was a slim, wiry, active fellow, perhaps thirty-five years of age; he was much flushed, his steps were unsteady, and he betrayed a tendency to emphatic gesticulation. His features were irregular and very mobile; his eyes were gray and deep-set; heavy wrinkles about his mouth and brow made him seem older than he was. His suit of blue flannel needed brushing, and his straw hat, set far back on his head, also gave evidence of careless wear. His companion was younger, tall, brunette, slim, debonair, point-device as to his perfectly fitting light gray suit, and joyous as to spirits. These two emerged into the office as Hugh Kennett entered from the street. At sight of him the younger pushed in advance of his companion.

"Hello, Kennett!" he cried, in his deep, gay voice. "You're just in time. Look at Abbott; he's trying to shirk his just obligations in the shabbiest way," and his full, rich laughter vibrated on the air.

"It's all right!" exclaimed Abbott, coming to a sudden stop, and confronting Kennett with a grave, flushed face and an argumentative eye. "Fell'r don't want t' be swindled, ye know. Don't propose to pay more'n ought to pay, — matter principle, ye see."

A clerk from the bar-room, a fresh-faced young man, evidently inexperienced and oppressed by a sense of conflicting duties, the propitiation of patrons and the responsibility to his employers, had followed the two with hesitation. He also quickened his steps at sight of Kennett, and, addressing him by name,

explained, with some vague effort to make light of the matter, that this gentleman had "treated" a number of his friends the previous evening, and now complained of the amount of his bill.

"Could n't have drunk all that champagne, Kennett," declared Abbott, looking with tipsy solemnity into the other's eyes, "if we'd all been damned fishes, w'ales, ye know; give y' m' word we could n't."

The young man in the gray suit again burst into laughter; it was rather loud. He was contradictorily gentlemanly and *prononcé*; he was too dashing for good style, yet he had ease and smoothness. He made a comical grimace, which was at once irresistible and reprehensible.

"The thing's impossible. They're trying to swindle you," he said.

"Don't you think, Preston, you carry a joke to extremes?" demanded Kennett, glancing with annoyance at the group attracted by the loud voices, and wearing faces in which curiosity and contemptuous amusement were blended. Then he turned to Abbott. "You will be late, if you don't look out."

"Nev'r fear, old fell'r. Made a hit last night; goin' t' make a ten strike to-night, — see 'f I don't. Goin' t' fly high, — bet all ye're worth on that. Goin' t' float with wind an' tide, — see 'f I don't. Goin' t' make my fortune."

He uttered this string of incompatible similes with an airy wave of the hand which, if he had been sober, might have been eminently graceful.

"You have made your fortune already. You had better take a carriage now and go home. He is not fit for anything, Preston. Why don't you get him away?"

But Abbott laid his hand on Kennett's shoulder. "You're my bes' friend, Kennett," he declared. "You saw what I could do. You understood me. You pushed me. Old Hoax'em never would have found out what was in me if you

had n't put him up to it. You're my bes' — bes' friend."

He began to show alarming lachrymose symptoms. There was a touch of real feeling in his voice, but also no little of the pathos of alcohol in various forms. The spectators grinned. Kennett shook him off impatiently. Preston again burst into laughter, and, catching Abbott's arm, dragged him to the door, while Kennett walked back to the bar-room with the custodian of liquid treasures.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the anxious, fresh-faced young clerk, as Kennett paid the residue of the bill, which Abbott, in his wisdom, had seen fit to eliminate.

"It will be all right when he gets sober."

"That fellow seems considerable of a scamp," observed an old gentleman standing near, who took his straight.

Kennett loyally denied it. "He is a good fellow and very talented," he declared, "but he has some friends who like to see him make a fool of himself."

By the time he returned to the office it had resumed the normal quiet of the hour. He threw himself into one of the red velvet armchairs, lighted a cigar, and took up a newspaper. He glanced at it a few moments, then let it fall on his knee. The noises on the street were languid and intermittent; nobody came or went. He took his cigar from his lips, eyed it meditatively, then, suddenly, "Why not?" he said, — "why not?" and rose to his feet. He replaced his cigar, threw aside his paper, and walked, not briskly, — he never walked briskly, — but with a certain definiteness of intention, to the door. The jangling of an approaching street-car bell grew momentarily louder, as he waited under the striped awning. He walked out into the blinding sunshine, stepped upon the platform, and was borne with sufficient expedition toward the suburbs.

In the week that had elapsed since he met Miss Hamilton he had seen her once or twice at the windows of her brother's house, and once in the perspective of the side yard, where, among the ornamental shrubbery, there were garden-seats and a hammock that swung in the shade. A lady was with her, and several children. He recognized Fred's voice, half unintelligible because of overweening enthusiasm. It seemed a vivacious family group. For the past day or so, however, she had not been visible. He thought she had probably left town. Last evening this conjecture was disproved. He passed the house about eleven o'clock. It was brilliantly lighted, but the blinds were drawn, except in one of the parlor windows. He heard the murmur of voices and laughter. For one instant there were visible, through the square of the window, the head and shoulders of the young lady as she crossed the room. In the swift transit something pink which she was wearing poetically took on the similitude of a rosy cloud, from which her face shone like a star. A gentleman was beside her — blonde, handsome, young. They made a pretty picture for the instant that they might be seen. "She is having a fine time," said Hugh Kennett. "I suppose that's the favored suitor." He laughed at himself, a moment later. "I seem to have a grudge against that youngster," he said, "because she sits at the window — sometimes." And he went on in the light of the summer moon.

To paraphrase a well-known apothegm, if you do not entertain your frivolous young lady, she will entertain herself. Up to this time Miss Hamilton had had every faculty of an alert, receptive, retentive intellect trained to its utmost possibility in an entirely *personal* direction. Affairs of general moment, every phase of outside life, of thought, of culture, had been presented to her intellectual consciousness as instinct with but one vital element, — their effect upon Fe-

licia Hamilton's identity. She had acquired habits of industry and an eager mental activity which, so far, had found scope enough in the scheme of acquisition devised for her, and which, now that the limits of this scheme were reached, gave a certain poignancy to this moment, while her life stood expectant, and demanded of the future, What next? There seemed a vagueness in all possible reply. Her mental discipline had tended to no practical end; her carefully cultivated social qualifications had no field. If so intense a nature and so alert an intellect had been in the passionate possession of a definite ambition; if, on the other hand, so worldly a woman had commanded a full measure of worldly interests and absorptions, there could have ensued no sense of vacuity. In either case, she would not probably have given as yet half a dozen moments to the thought of Hugh Kennett. The episode of casually meeting him would have slipped into the past with many slight episodes. But in the simply ordered routine of her days there was little to occupy her attention; she was strangely lonely, one would say, seeing her surrounded by the family group. That was the trouble. It was eminently the domestic atmosphere she was called upon to breathe, and her lungs were not trained to this air. She found a certain monotony in a life of which the most lively incidents were preserving fruit or putting away blankets in camphor for the summer, especially as her interest in the matter was that of the entirely disinterested spectator. She was fond of her sister-in-law and the children; their society, however, did not absorb all her faculties. To be sure, this was very objectionable. A woman of fine mind and feeling should be able to discover resources in simple pleasures and an uneventful routine; but *que voulez-vous?* Promise a richly spiced diet of daily excitement, and does not the nutritious oatmeal become insipid?

John Hamilton and his wife were happily and sturdily unaware how limited were their resources for entertainment as measured from their visitor's standpoint. They accorded, as they supposed, all due consideration to the amusement of their young guest. They took her several times to the theatre; they drove her through the parks; they showed her the notable pictures; they gave her an "evening." This "evening" bored Felicia to the verge of coma.

John Hamilton would have laughed to scorn the idea that society could be anything of a serious affair; that the best results are attained by experts who pursue it with acumen and diligence, and with mental exercises that have some analogy to the careful vaticinations of chances and of elements which a man of business gives to the stock fluctuations on 'Change. Social life he regarded with that peculiar sort of half-amused nonchalance characteristic of a rural magnate, who had found it an exceedingly simple matter in his village home and in the large provincial city contiguous, where he and his family were as well known as the court-house or the university at which he had received his collegiate education. To his mind, people who were not aware that this favored region was the most delightful on earth, its educational facilities were the most superior, and its society was the most agreeable, were people much to be pitied. He was a man of inherited fortune, independent of his expectations from his father. He had of late years greatly increased his business ventures, and, having nerve and money and luck on his side, he was rapidly making a large fortune. In extending his operations, the advantageous field offered by Chilounatti had been pressed upon his attention, and some six months earlier he had removed thither; taking with him a certain dash and an enterprise that instantly began to make itself felt in financial circles, and taking

also his imperative personality, his breezy, good-humored manner, and his disregard of conventionality in its more exacting sense. It was owing to various cumulative and ramifying effects of some of these circumstances and traits of character that the "evening" presented some features which might distinguish it from many similar entertainments.

A new-comer into any society, with the definite claims of money and family, is apt to be the recipient of its respectful attentions, and when Hamilton desired to ask a few people to meet his sister he was at no loss for material. He cast about and invited somewhat at haphazard among various families who had been especially polite to him and his wife. It did not occur to him, however, that while his guests were heavy weights financially and socially, most of them were equally ponderous mentally, and that he had not secured a sufficient quantity of a lighter and more vivacious element to leaven the entertainment, and render it altogether congenial to a person of the fair beneficiary's age and temperament. The majority of the company, substantial business potentates, stolidly partook of the conversation and the viands, and lent as much of animation to the occasion as did their wives or the armchairs. There was a sprinkling of beaux: a young lawyer, heavy and monosyllabic, with an unresponsive and suspicious eye; a rising architect, whose reputation for talent he was apparently conscious needed constant vindication; he vindicated it by a haughty inclination to silence, and when he did speak as much of covert sarcasm as was admissible. There were also two young collegians, Seniors in a locally celebrated university, — one blonde and rather shy, the other a trifle flippant. Both of these seemed very distrustful of Felicia; indeed, all the unmarried men apparently thought it necessary to be on their guard against her, — perhaps as

vaguely dangerous, perhaps lest a chance word of theirs might minister, contrary to their intention, to her self-approval, which they divined and irrationally resented. The married men regarded her with mild indifference. The young ladies, who were somewhat mature (it is a recognized anomaly that while the married lady is still young, her compeer, yet unmarried, is distinctly *passée*), — these ladies appreciated her sparkle, her grace, her poise, her gracious little coquetry, which they had the insight to perceive she wore like her flowers, as embellishment to herself and in compliment to the guests and the festivity; not by way of tribute to her interlocutor, as the young architect, the lawyer, and the collegians fancied one moment, and half angrily doubted the next. These young men had the "touchy" vanity peculiar to immature years and inexperience, when, unfortunately, it is not neutralized by geniality or frivolity. They took themselves, Felicia, and the occasion with the utmost seriousness, not to say tragically.

Mrs. Hamilton's friends had heard much of her sister-in-law, who was, in her way, something of a social celebrity. It was with very genuine curiosity that they looked at the young lady dressed in faint pink, with a wonderful contrast of darkly red roses on her bosom and in her hand. She held a large pink fan with a full-blown rose and bud painted with such realism that she seemed to have robbed her dress for it; she waved it slowly back and forth; occasionally she opened and shut it. She had great ease of manner. However many were about her, she bestowed some words on each, and a gracious smile; she listened with an appearance of deep interest to whatever was said, and replied aptly and spiritedly. More than one of our young gentlemen esteemed this uncandid, — she could not be so pleased as that with bald-headed old Harcourt, you know, or that blushing fool, young Osborne. She

looked at them softly and brightly. The mature young ladies thought she "made eyes" at the gentlemen; it must be admitted she made them very impartially.

The burden of the entertainment devolved upon the guest of the evening, and the manner in which she acquitted herself of the responsibility extorted more appreciation than she supposed. She had her reward, however, such as it was, when the guests took leave, to see that there was a trifle of animation and even gayety among them, and in the approval of John Hamilton and his wife.

"What a brilliant, brilliant evening!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, as the door shut on the last guest. "Oh, Felicia, how *exquisite* you look, and how delightfully you made it go off! What *pleasure* it is going to give me to entertain often in this lovely way!"

Felicia hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. After she shut herself into her own room she decided upon the latter course, and shed a few tears of vexation and fatigue. How was it, she asked herself, that she could not come across any agreeable people? Were she and cousin Robert the only conversable human beings in this great city? Perhaps it was because she knew so few, so very few. Perhaps — she had not noticed before — it is necessary to meet two or three hundred people in order to winnow the mass, and extract the infrequent half dozen or so pleasant friends who make life endurable. How dull the whole affair had been, this evening, and how unendurable was life! With her temperament and at her age one has no future; the temporary disappointment curtained her horizon with as distinct a cloud as a real sorrow. What better could John have done? she said. He could not help it if he knew nobody interesting. She believed there was nobody that was interesting in the place. She could not remember a face with a spark of intelligence, except that of the silent man she met at cousin Robert's.

She supposed he had some brains; he looked as if he had. With his face the last image in her mind, she fell asleep.

The next morning she again remembered Hugh Kennett, and at breakfast, after a full discussion of the festivity of the previous evening, she asked her brother if he knew a cousin of cousin Robert's, — a man named Kennett.

"Never heard of him," said John Hamilton, buttering his roll with quick strokes. He was eating in a hurry, for breakfast was late, as is meet after a party. He was in a good humor, however: the "evening" had gone off very well, his wife was pleased, and he supposed his sister was delighted.

"He passes here every day, about eleven," persisted Felicia. "A tall man, who has no mustache or beard, and usually wears a sort of fawn-colored suit, — sometimes blue, sometimes a gray suit."

"Don't recognize the description, — passes here every day at eleven?" He brushed away with his napkin the crumbs adhering to the long, fair mustache that swept across his full, florid cheek, and fixed his blue eyes on his sister's face. "Felicia," he said, with mock gravity, "don't have anything to say to any fellow — even if he is Raymond's cousin — who does n't go down town till eleven o'clock. He must be president of a bank, — a faro-bank."

He burst into a loud laugh at his own witticism, and catching up his Derby hat put it on his head, where it fortunately concealed, an expanse of premature baldness, and revealed only a fringe of close-clipped brown hair. He was light on his feet for a heavy man, and in another instant his rapid step resounded down the hall; the door closed with a bang; he dashed into a passing car, and was instantly absorbed in abstruse calculations concerning the possible corner in wheat, as oblivious to the fact of a girl's vague and delicate complications of feeling as though no

such subtle and imperative force were in existence.

When Fred reminded his aunt, that afternoon, of her promise to drive with him to the Park, he was disgusted to perceive that she seemed disposed to shirk her obligation. She was tired, she said; she felt languid, — perhaps it was a touch of malaria. Besides, did n't he see what she was doing? This was the baby's flannel petticoat she was embroidering as a surprise for his mother. Would n't he be pleased to see his little sister wear a petticoat with such deep embroidery? And what a pretty design! — roses and lilies, — so appropriate. But Fred said he would n't be pleased at all. "I ain't goin' ter let you off fur nothin', — just trine ter cheat me out'n my trip, because you know mamma won't lemme go by myself, when ther ain't one bit of danger, nohow," whined Fred.

He raised his stormy freckled face, almost as red with to-day's varied experiences as if it had been parboiled. Expostulation, surly disfavor, impending outbreak, and entreaty were oddly blended in his eloquent blue eyes; his hat was pushed far back on his disheveled flaxen hair, which was beaded with moisture, and stood upright from his brow in damp wisps. His complication of expressions moved Felicia; she began to fold her work.

"An' I think a smart girl like you," continued Fred, with his own inimitable patronage, "might find somethin' nicer ter do than workin' old flow'rs in an old baby's petticoat, when she don't know a rose from a tadpole."

"No doubt you are right about that," said Felicia, with a laugh.

She might have had for her drive more improving and intellectual companionship, but it would have been difficult to surpass Fred on the score of animation. He chatted without cessation, in high feather; now and again his cackling juvenile laughter split the

air. Felicia, too, was well pleased. The afternoon was soft, yet fresh; the horse was gentle and spirited, and very fast; the roads were excellent; from the crests of the many slight elevations were fine views of purple hills and green and yellow fields; now and then were visible the silver curves of the river, all softened by the distance and the transmuting afternoon sunshine. She appreciated intensely that quaint combination of ingenuousness, conceit, generosity, and selfishness which characterizes callow male human nature, and she had not been sufficiently long an intimate of Fred's to wear threadbare the interest she took in his peculiarities. It was her habit to conduct herself toward him with a certain *camaraderie*, serious or mirthful according to circumstances; and he accepted her tone in all good faith, nothing doubting that his consequence was as definite as her manner implied.

Thus they bowled cheerily along the broad thoroughfare, overtaking and passing many other pleasure-seekers in vehicles and on horseback; past handsome suburban residences, with lawns and gardens, growing gradually more extensive; past vacant lots, with big placards inscribed "For Sale" conspicuously displayed; past now and then a field, which was some day to be divided into lots and also placarded, and perhaps in the good time coming to be built up, when the "City of Splendid Promises" should redeem some of its pledges to futurity and extend thus far; past here and there sparse strips of woodland. And all at once more houses, although it seemed a moment ago that the country was almost reached, — plenty of them, too; city houses, showy, expensive, and modern. And here was the broad, impressive entrance to the Park, crowded with vehicles coming and going, presided over by members of the Park police, and by a great equestrian statue, looking down silent

and inscrutable. It was not disagreeable, after a time, to turn from the wide, much-frequented graveled drives down one of the quiet woodland ways. The sunshine and shadows flecked the road before them; vistas of greenery, upon which were imposed the brown boles of oak and hickory trees, stretched on each side; now and again the ground fell away in gentle grassy slopes; here they caught sight of a great burst of yellow sunshine flooding an open space in the distance, and here were steep banks and a stream gliding far below; the shadows were thick; the vegetation crowded close about the water; the horse's hoofs fell with a hollow sound as they pulled him into a walk, and they crossed the bridge slowly; and now on the opposite banks and away, the ground flying beneath the feet of the good Kentucky trotter.

In this portion of the Park little in the way of landscape gardening had been done, the attractions of the place being judiciously entrusted to well-tended smooth "dirt roads," and forest trees growing as Nature chose along the hillsides and about the levels. But upon emerging suddenly from the shaded ways into the sunshine, the more conventional aspect of flower-beds, fountains, lakelets, grottoes, and fanciful pagoda-like structures was presented. A stone basin by the roadside, through which a stream of water was flowing, all at once reminded Fred that he might introduce the element of variety into the expedition.

"We ain't give Henry Clay one drop of water since we started!" he exclaimed, reining up suddenly.

"He can't be thirsty. Don't stop," protested Felicia.

If, however, one makes it a habit to place a boy of eight on a plane of consequence and dignity, it is not improbable that he will indorse the status in a manner and to a degree not always convenient. Fred, willful under all cir-

cumstances, was particularly resentful of authority where Felicia was concerned. She had herself to blame for the state of mind in which he composedly descended, paying not the slightest attention to her words, stood on tiptoe, laboriously unfastened the check-rein, and led the horse to the trough. The animal was evidently not thirsty, but he thrust his nozzle into the water and went through the motions of drinking, now and then turning his intelligent eyes contemplatively on the round, rosy face of the boy at his head. The sunshine was bright on his glossy bay coat that shone like satin; the wind whispered through the leaves; a thrush was singing in the clump of lilacs near by; some few belated blooms sent up on the air their delicate fragrance. Felicia sat in the phaeton waiting, the reins in her hands.

At this moment, unluckily, a boy, a year or two older than Fred, came cantering down the road on a black pony. He stopped upon seeing the party at the trough, and the two boys greeted each other as Damon and Pythias might have done after a separation of years, if both had been suffering from the infirmity of deafness. Fred dropped the check-rein which he had been holding, and ran to the side of the pony. Suddenly, to Felicia's amazement and horror, she saw him, after a short conference, — loud enough, but unintelligible to her, — put his foot into the stirrup and scramble up behind his friend. In reply to her eager remonstrance, he turned upon her an excited eye and a grave, sunburned face. "You just wait here for me," he said, peremptorily. "I've got to go to this boy's an' see his new rabbit-house. He lives just outside the Pawk. I'll be back d'rec'ly. You just wait."

Objection was useless. Felicia had merely time to open her lips for the purpose, when the two equestrians were off like the wind, clattering toward the

southern gates, leaving the wrathful young lady sitting in the phaeton, and Henry Clay looking after them in dignified surprise, until he bethought himself of the trough and occupied himself with pretending to drink.

The moments passed wearily. Now and again, Felicia, hearing the sound of rapid hoof-beats, would turn her head expectantly, to see only strangers gallop by. At length, tired and restless, she descended from the phaeton, slipped the hitching-rein through a ring on a post that stood in convenient proximity, and addressed herself to systematically waiting for the truant rabbit-fancier. She strolled up and down the walks; she gathered a few clover blooms and offered them to Henry Clay, who accepted them languidly, looking at her, she fancied, with a touch of contemptuous commiseration; she bethought herself of a book which had been placed in the phaeton, in order that she and Fred could take it, on their way home, to a friend of Mrs. Hamilton's. She returned to the phaeton, secured the volume, and placed herself on one of the benches that stood on the grassy margin of the lake. She did not read, however; the breeze fluttered the leaves, and brought to her many perfumes from the fantastically shaped beds of flowers near by; the expanse of water dimpled in the sunshine; a boat, filled with children and with its pennons flying, was making its way toward the island; some swans, slowly sailing about, arched their necks; and approached, and receded, until one, bolder than the rest, waddled up the bank toward the young lady, with sharp, unmusical cries of insistence. It seemed all at once to realize that it had mistaken her for some human friend in the habit of bringing a supply of cake or cracker; it paused, gazed at her intently, its head inquiringly on one side, its long neck stretched laterally toward her; it turned as suddenly, waddled off, glided into the water, and gracefully floated away.

Felicia's smile was still on her lips, when, observing that a shadow had fallen across her page, she looked up.

"That seemed a case of mistaken identity," said Hugh Kennett, referring to the bird's noticeable manœuvre. He was lifting his hat; the gesture was ceremonious, but he was smiling as he looked at her, — smiling like an old friend.

"It was disappointed," said Felicia.

"I believe you drive out to this park rather frequently with your little brother."

"My little nephew," corrected Felicia. "Yes, every Saturday. He does n't deserve to come again. I can appreciate Ariadne's despair. He left me here, while he has gone to look at another boy's rabbit-house."

She was in the habit of being much attended, and she deprecated that she should be sitting here alone, seeming, she fancied, rather forlorn, but she attempted to carry off the matter as jauntily as possible. "I am very angry with him, but I suppose I shall forgive him before his next holiday. He considers me pledged for Saturdays."

"They have music here on some of the other afternoons."

"But there is such a crowd."

"You dislike a crowd?"

"It is not an interesting sort of crowd," said Miss Hamilton, exactly; "it is a rabble, with a few nice people sprinkled in."

"After all, human nature is human nature," said Hugh Kennett.

So far he had been standing in the middle of the wide walk. He had replaced his straw hat; he held a little cane motionless with both hands behind him. The attitude showed his sinewy and admirably proportioned figure to much advantage. The fawn-colored suit he wore fitted well, and its soft tone accorded with his peculiar coloring. His complexion, neither noticeably fair nor dark, had a certain warmth, and its delicacy of texture suggested an indoor

pursuit. He had the look of a man who conserves an enviable physical trim. Well in health, well fed, well dressed, with nerves, mind, and heart under full control, — this was the impression given by his personal appearance. His eye, now that she saw it close and in a bright light, was full and clear; there were composure and strength in its expression.

Before Felicia replied she hesitated a moment. That moment meant a great deal to her. She was about many things somewhat exacting. Matters of social usage and form were important in her eyes; perhaps she even exaggerated the importance of her own dignity. She knew that he desired her to ask him to take the vacant place beside her, — it was what he was waiting for. She knew that to do so would confer upon him the favor of her acquaintance. She would not confer it merely because he desired it. She deliberately weighed, in that short pause, the reasons for and against this course. That he was Robert's cousin, and that she had met him, a guest, at the Rectory, on friendly terms with the clergyman and his wife, — to say nothing of Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant, — went a good way, to be sure. But the meeting was accidental, and not necessarily an official indorsement, so to speak. Mr. Raymond had not introduced him to her brother or his wife, and had not brought him to call. On the other hand, the Raymonds were not very ceremonious about such matters, and this omission might have been merely negligence, not intention. Perhaps he was himself a stranger in Chilounatti; and again she was reminded how very little she knew of him personally. Although by no means so thoroughly versed in the ways of the world as she deemed herself, she had experience enough to understand the difficulty in gracefully getting rid of superfluous acquaintances. But was she justified, she argued, in relegating to this circle of the excluded a man whom the most punctilious of

men received on intimate terms into his own family, and whose manners and appearance were evidently those of a gentleman? She said to herself that she was as competent to judge a gentleman as her brother, who was dense in some respects, or cousin Robert, who was flighty. This reflection turned the scale. She raised her eyes to his.

"Will you sit down?" she said, gravely.

"Thank you," he returned, as gravely, and placed himself beside her on the painted bench.

It had been a momentous pause; each realized it, and each knew that the other realized it.

There was silence for a moment; then she replied to what he had said.

"Human nature may be human nature," she admitted, "but all *people* are not human. I know a terrier who has a tailor, — an excellent one, — and eye-glasses, and a mustache. Did you never see a woman like a bird, hopping and perching about, and surprising you every time she handles a fan or a parasol because her fingers are not claws? Why, a moment ago a man passed here whose fat little eyes were exactly like a pig's. Oh, no, some human beings are not exactly human, — I'm sure of that."

"I had no idea you were such a cynic," he said, looking at her with a half laugh. It was the glance and laugh of an old friend.

She was disposed for a moment to resent this, to consider it a liberty that there should be so distinct an undercurrent of sympathy, already glimpsed, or rather felt, through the crust of formality which characterized their short acquaintance. She arrogated to herself the privilege of any lapse from convention. As she glanced at him in uncertainty, she met his fine, calm eye; it had so evident a reliance on a reciprocity of feelings, whatever they might be, so simple and candid an enjoyment of the moment, that she was disarmed.

"A little cynicism is not a bad thing," he suggested; "it prevents one from wearing one's heart on one's sleeve."

"If one has a heart," she returned, with a little laugh.

"I am afraid we are all provided with that discomfort. Even the rabble, who have such bad manners."

"Bad manners are wicked," said Felicia, with that willful air which cousin Robert could never resist, and which Hugh Kennett also seemed to approve.

"In these cities that have such a rapid growth, other matters take precedence," he remarked. "Many people make money too fast here to care much about manners."

"Manners are more important than money," quoth the pupil of Madame Sevier.

He laughed at this.

"Just as the people about us are more important than the things about us," she persisted.

"I should never have thought you would feel that," he said, suddenly serious. "I supposed environment meant a great deal to you."

He spoke with evident interest; he looked at her expectantly as to what she might reply. He seemed determined to make the conversation very personal. This time she did not relent.

"I was speaking merely abstractly," she declared, indifferently, turning her eyes with a casual glance upon the scintillating surface of the lake, already enriched with gleams of gold and lines of crimson beneath the red and gilded brilliance deepening athwart the soft azure sky.

He was slightly taken aback for a moment. "Ah, well," he said, "an abstract truth merges itself sooner or later into a personal application. In my case, I admit environment means very little. A few close friends, an object in life, good health, and a quiet conscience, — that is a world a man can carry about with him as a snail carries its world."

"A man can do that," said Felicia.

"And a woman cannot? Why not?"

"For several reasons. We have no close friends; we can't go into the world and select those that suit us. And we have no object in life, — no definite object, I mean. And health, — you mentioned health, did n't you? — if we have health our occupation is gone; we can't coddle ourselves. As to conscience," — she laughed gleefully, — "we have n't that, either!"

Kennett laughed, too. "I am well aware of that fact," he replied; "I discovered long ago that you have no consciences."

She looked very arch and pretty at this moment: her eyes were bright; her parted scarlet lips showed her milk-white teeth; she had flushed a little. Her toilette, always so felicitously devised as to convey the impression that it was the most becoming she had yet worn, was noticeably simple; to-day she seemed to owe nothing to the embellishments of art. Her white dress was very fine in texture and very plainly fashioned; long black kid gloves, that fitted conscientiously, so to speak, gave her little hands additional daintiness; a straw hat demurely shaded her delicately tinted, brilliant face: she might have stepped from the frame of some old picture, but for the anachronism of a very modern lace-covered parasol with a long amber handle, which she revolved upon her shoulder as she talked. He was a man whom no detail escaped. He noticed, when she raised her eyes, that the iris was a veritable purple; that the whites were clear and tinged with blue; that the gold-tipped brown lashes were long and curled upward.

The wind stirred the leaves; the water of the fountain, falling, falling, in the midst of the rippling lake, was monotonously agreeable; the closely clipped turf was vividly green with the welcome brilliance of the season; striking athwart

the emerald expanse was a wide bar of yellow sunshine, and as a trio of young girls in light dresses passed through the gilded radiance, the red feather which one of them wore in her hat had a suddenly splendid effect, — it was a moment for enchantments. The trill of a lettuce bird vibrated on the air; the swans floated, and paused, and floated again, their snowy plumage gleaming in the sun.

“Do you read a great deal?” asked Mr. Kennett, glancing at the volume open on her knee.

“Very little.”

“You don’t care for reading?” he pursued, with the accent of surprise.

“Very much. And that is why I rarely indulge myself.”

Again he looked at her, with that smile which, beneath its geniality, was charged with a more definite sympathetic quality.

“What unexpected material for martyrdom!” he exclaimed.

“I am not so heroic,” she returned, with a laugh. “It seems to me I have no time to read.”

“I had an idea — to be sure, I may be mistaken — but I had an idea that people like you have *all* the time.”

She explained. “Once I read a great deal, — long ago, when I was young; and it became impressed upon me that I had no time to spend upon any books but text-books. One who intends to *live* has no time to read.”

He gave this a moment of cogitation. “I cannot say I am quite ready to accept that doctrine,” he declared.

“If you read, you take the views of the writers; you think their thoughts; you live a life made up of their theories mixed with your own circumstances. It is all incoherent.”

“You want to conserve originality, I see,” he remarked.

“Cousin Robert says Amy and I never look at a newspaper because we are afraid of learning something about

politics,” she said, with her sudden laughter. “And he is right, — we detest them.”

“Robert does not show his usual acumen in attributing the same views to you and his wife. You are not at all like your cousin.”

“I don’t know that you are at all like *your* cousin,” remarked Felicia.

“We used to be considered alike,” he returned, — “not so much in appearance, perhaps, as in temperament and character, and all that. The influences have been so different of late years that we may have drifted apart.”

Certainly the talk had become very personal, but she said to herself that, under the circumstances, it was hardly matter for surprise.

“You have known him always, then?” she asked.

“Always. In fact, he was from his early childhood a member of my father’s family, until he took that — well, excuse me — that freak to make a clergyman of himself. I must say I regret his choosing the ministry. You see, I am not much of a churchman,” he added, deprecatingly, as her face grew grave.

Among the privileges she arrogated to herself was that of any depreciation of religious matters, and she was severe in condemnation of similar dereliction in others. He saw that he was in deep water, but was not sufficiently adroit to know exactly how to emerge.

“I think it does not altogether suit Robert to be a clergyman,” he went on, uncertainly.

“He is a very valuable and useful one,” she said, stiffly.

“Oh, no doubt,” he rejoined, humbly.

“And very eloquent,” continued Felicia.

“He has a great advantage in his voice and his fine elocution. He owes much of that to my father.”

She was interested, remembering what

Mrs. Stanley-Brant had said about Mr. Kennett's father. Was he too a clergyman? she wondered.

"My father was very fond of Robert," continued Kennett, "and looked after his education with great attention; but he did that for all of us, — my sisters and I received our most valuable training from him. He had untiring patience and gentleness, and the most complete sympathy. Only those who knew him well could realize how fully he could enter into the ineffectual little efforts of others."

He spoke very simply and naturally, always with that candid confidence in her sympathy, as if to an old friend. His quiet gray eyes were fixed absently on the party-colored flower-beds that in the distance suggested huge bouquets; his face held an expression not so much of grief as of remembrance from which the bitterness of sorrow has been refined away, — a sort of calm and tender reflectiveness. Felicia divined that in the years that had passed the dead had come at last to seem only gone from sight and hearing, and not cruelly and incomprehensibly swept out of existence. She did not know exactly what to say; it was strange to be thus taken into the confidence of a man who was three hours ago so far removed from her by all those strong conventions

which she felt were so important; yet his evident unconsciousness of anything unusual in his words made them seem more a matter of course.

"He thinks cousin Robert has talked of him and of his father also," was her conclusion.

The western sky was crimson now; the surface of the lake was richly aglow. The red gold of the sunset was sifting through the air. The shadows were growing long. The breeze freshened. Suddenly the distant peal of the Angelus — that apotheosis of eventide effects — rang out, caught and tossed from side to side, as many a church and chapel repeated the mellow clang.

Adown the leafy vista of the road Fred and several of his friends might be seen advancing on foot, apparently engaged in some commercial transaction. One of them was holding out temptingly a big pocket-knife, which Fred evidently declined to receive; he had two strips of leather in his hand; their voices were loud in argument.

Felicia rose, and joined her nephew. Kennett assisted her into the phaeton. As Fred drove off, she bowed in adieu to her new acquaintance, and she was again impressed by the formality, even the ceremoniousness, of his salutation, and its singular contrast with his extreme frankness.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

THIS country has never seen a more interesting form of aristocracy than that which existed in Virginia at the middle of the eighteenth century. The colony had drawn its ruling class mainly from the English gentry. Many such, eager for gold and adventure, had come in the beginning with Dale and Captain Smith; while others, royalist refugees, had found

here an obscure retreat after the overthrow of Charles I. Purchasing for a trifle large tracts of the rich lowlands along the picturesque river-banks, they gradually assumed many of the conditions and modes of life to which they had been accustomed in England. They built spacious, imposing manor-houses, kept large numbers of servants, affected

ceremony, luxury, and ease, and ruled their wide and separated domains with a mild but arbitrary sway. Establishing the English Church, they made it the medium of their power as well as of their worship; for through its vestries they directed not only the religious services, but also the local government. Indeed, their influence controlled the State as fully as it did the household and the Church; for, occupying the magistracies, and monopolizing the governor's Council and even the popular House of Burgesses, they gathered into their ready hands all the reins of political power. And the better to maintain their position and to perpetuate their names, they transplanted and nourished that taproot of aristocracy, the rule of primogeniture, controlling the descent and securing the integrity of the family estate and prestige.

From this dominant, conservative aristocracy came the greater part of "that generation of Virginian statesmen who left so deep an impress on the history of the world;" and among them no one traced a longer lineage or inherited a stronger taste for politics than did Richard Henry Lee. His family was established on the rich tract of lowland known as the Northern Neck, between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, and at a point not far from the present city of Washington. Its history ran back nearly to the founding of the colony, and was interwoven with its most stirring and important events. Lee's great-grandfather, Richard Lee, came to Virginia in the reign of Charles I., and during that king's struggle with Parliament was secretary, and next in prominence, to Sir William Berkeley, then governor of Virginia. Together, these two kept the colony loyal, so strong was its royalist sentiment. Even after they were forced by Cromwell's ships to acknowledge the Commonwealth, they still plotted for the restoration, — Richard Lee himself visiting Charles II. in Flanders,

and inviting him to Virginia; and when royalty was restored, their fidelity and zeal were rewarded by a renewal of their control of Virginian affairs.

The prestige thus acquired by Berkeley's secretary was maintained in the Lee family. A son, Richard Lee, was a member of the king's Council; and a grandson, Thomas Lee, father of Richard Henry Lee, after serving many years as president of the Council, was commissioned governor of Virginia just before his death. Equally distinguished in the public service were the Ludwells of Greenspring, to whom the mother of Richard Henry Lee belonged. Both her father and her brother were members of the Council, and her grandfather had been governor of North Carolina.

With these continuous and eminent examples among his ancestors, — his father being the president, his uncle and grandfather having been members, of the king's Council, — naturally Richard Henry Lee early contemplated a public career. Indeed, this was about the only future then open to a young man of his class in Virginia. To engage in trade or in manual labor was deemed unworthy of a gentleman. In fact, there was no trade, even as there were no municipalities. The plantations, each constituting a little community by itself, usually had their own artisans and handicraftsmen among their indentured servants or their slaves; and, generally bordering upon tidal bays or upon rivers, they had their separate wharves, from which they loaded English ships with their sole important product, tobacco, and at which they received in return nearly all fabrics, tools, utensils, furniture, and even food required for their use or consumption. Of the professions, the clergymen, such as they were, came mainly from England, and the physicians scarcely constituted a class by themselves; the law alone began to attract young men from the first families. Its practice not only afforded scope and op-

portunity for the highest talent, but also furnished a thorough preparation for the Council and the House of Burgesses. But Lee was not attracted to the law as a profession, and he chose a more direct way to these goals of youthful ambition and battlefields of Virginian politics. In 1757, at the age of twenty-five years, he was chosen to represent his native county of Westmoreland in the House of Burgesses.

This assembly was surpassed by no other in the colonies for dignity, influence, and ability. It was the oldest legislative body in America, having sat for the first time June 30, 1619. It was also one of the most free and spirited. As early as 1624 it had voted that "the Governor shall not lay any taxes or ympositions, upon the colony, their lands or comodities, other way than by the authority of the General Assembly, to be levied and ymployed as the said Assembly shall appoynt." The spirit and the principle then manifested were uniformly maintained during the century and a half which followed, so that at the approach of the Revolution few political bodies more independent or more resolute existed in the world.

In this generous, animating school was acquired the political training of the planter aristocracy; for the House of Burgesses was mainly a patrician assembly. To be sure, its members were elected by the freemen; but as they received no pay, few but wealthy landowners could afford to serve, and those few often owed their election to the predominant influence of the local magnates. Its prevailing spirit, therefore, was aristocratic, and its conduct was correspondingly dignified. Its sessions were held in the stately old Capitol at Williamsburg, and were attended with ceremonies more or less copied from those of the House of Commons. The Speaker sat upon a high dais under a canopy supported by a gilded rod; just beneath sat the clerk, his mace upon

the table before him to show that the House was in session; while in front, in long rows, their hats upon their heads, sat the honorable Burgesses, representing the wealth, culture, and pride of Virginia.

Doubtless there was much in this dignified body to abash and repress a young man just admitted to it; and apparently such was its effect at first upon Richard Henry Lee. Diffident by nature, and deferential to the experience and abilities of his associates, he remained for several sessions a silent member. It required first a strong conviction of duty, and then a sudden prompting of affection, fully to discover to himself and to the House his remarkable gift of speech. The first occasion here alluded to was a debate upon a motion "to lay so heavy a duty on the importation of slaves as effectually to put an end to that iniquitous and disgraceful traffic within the colony of Virginia." At this time there were in Virginia over one hundred and twenty thousand slaves, — nearly four tenths of the whole population, — with that number fast increasing; and the resulting evils, social and economic, were already arousing discussion and solicitude.

Evidently they had long weighed on Lee's mind, for in this debate he was at last moved to speak. In a brief but pointed and earnest speech he set forth the impolitic, unjust, and cruel aspects of the slave-trade. Imputing to it the inferior economic development of Virginia as compared with other colonies, he declared that, "with their whites, they import arts and agriculture, whilst we, with our blacks, exclude both." Finally, he openly denounced his countrymen as participants in the nefarious traffic: "We encourage those poor, ignorant people to wage eternal war against each other; not nation against nation, but father against son, children against parents, and brothers against brothers, . . . that by war, stealth, or surprise we *Chris-*

tians may be furnished with our fellow-creatures."

For a maiden speech this was indeed a bold one. It must have angered many of his hearers, themselves slave-owners. Of course it did not avail, so strongly was slavery linked with aristocracy; yet its keen insight and elevated tone, at that early day, are worthy of admiration. In other respects the speech was not noteworthy. At the most, it unsealed Lee's lips, and made him available shortly afterward in a cause that appealed even more strongly to his sympathy and indignation. His brother, Thomas Lee, also a Burgess, having been selected to bring forward a motion that was obnoxious to the Speaker and to a large part of the House, performed the duty in an able and effective speech, but at the same time neglected to observe the rule requiring all motions to be presented in writing. The Speaker quickly perceived the oversight, and gladly took advantage of it. Administering a severe rebuke at the omission, he so disconcerted the mover that the latter could not recover from his confusion. Thereupon Richard Henry Lee sprang to his feet, and presented the motion in writing, in a speech of great force and eloquence, completely retrieving the discomfiture of his brother. It is recorded that the elder brother never again ventured to address the House, but the younger from that hour became one of its acknowledged leaders.

The nature of his leadership, assumed at this time, will be evident from a memorable incident of 1766. The Speaker just mentioned was John Robinson, one of the most wealthy and aristocratic of the Virginia planters. He had been Speaker of the House for twenty-five years, and for several years Treasurer of the colony, also; and, using his official position with tact and ability, he had acquired great power and popularity. Suddenly, in 1766, his death occurred, and at once rumors arose of se-

rious defalcations in the office of Treasurer, involving many of the Burgesses. An inquiry was imperative; but all shrank from taking the initiative. Lee, when convinced that there was ground for suspicion, had the courage to move "that a committee be appointed to inquire into the state of the treasury." As was expected, his motion met bitter and determined opposition; but he did not flinch, and it finally prevailed. In the investigation that followed the worst suspicions were realized. It had been the duty of Robinson, as Treasurer, to cancel all government bills paid to him for redemption; but instead of destroying them, he had been in the habit of loaning them secretly to importunate Burgesses and other friends, relying on his own property, together with what security he could obtain, to prevent loss to the colony.

The union of these two offices had given opportunity for this misconduct; and, obviously, their separation might prevent its recurrence. Accordingly, Lee followed up his advantage by moving that the office of Treasurer be separated from that of Speaker; and again he antagonized most of the older and more influential planters. Nevertheless, with the aid of Patrick Henry and other kindred spirits, he carried his point, and effected an important reform.

The incident just narrated clearly reveals the existence of two parties in the House of Burgesses. One party, the aristocratic or conservative, was drawn chiefly from the oldest and wealthiest families of Virginia, and was devoted to the maintenance of the power and privilege they had so long possessed, even at the expense of some abuses in the government and in society. At its head was Edmund Pendleton, an able lawyer, a shrewd politician, and a self-made man. Early in life, he was left, penniless and uneducated, to make his way; and by his industry, integrity, and ability he rose from the position of a

ploughboy to that of the conservative leader. From his entry into politics he was the *protégé* of Speaker Robinson, and with him strove to resist innovation and revolution. Among the other able and distinguished conservatives were Peyton Randolph, Richard Bland, and George Wythe.

The other, the radical or popular party, was determined to break up abuses, wherever they might be, and to bring the colony into a more progressive policy; and its number was made up from the sturdy yeomanry, or middle class, together with a few earnest recruits from the principal families. Foremost among these last, strange to say, was Richard Henry Lee. From the antecedents of his family, he should, on the contrary, have been first among the conservatives. From his great-grandfather, the valiant secretary of Berkeley, down to his father, the president of the Council, the family had been, without exception, upholders of royalty and aristocracy. But he, cutting loose from family ties and traditions, became a determined radical, denouncing the injustice and inexpediency of slavery, and exposing the greed, pride, and excesses of the aristocracy.

The explanation of this is to be found largely in his moral and intellectual development. In his education he had been left much to himself, his mother bestowing her care chiefly on the eldest son, the heir to the estate. Yet the younger sons, of whom there were four, were not overlooked. In their earlier years they had a private tutor, and subsequently at least three of them were sent to England. Thus Richard Henry Lee spent several years abroad in study and travel. Returning in 1750, at the age of eighteen, shortly after his father's death, he resided for some years with an elder brother; and it would seem, in anticipation of a public career, he devoted himself during this time to the study of history, law, politics, and literature. Evidently these were the chief formative

years of his life. In his father's library, a large and valuable one for the time, he found, among many other works, those of Locke, Hooker, and Grotius, Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Shakespeare. Becoming familiar with the best in politics and belles-lettres, he not only refined and informed his taste and style, but examined the fundamental principles of free government. He studied especially the history and constitution of England and her colonies, tracing the development and embodiment of English freedom, and following with deep interest the careers of Pelham, Sydney, and Hampden. Withal he acquired that habit of bold and independent thinking in politics which later led him, far in advance of his fellow-planters, to discern the evil designs of the British ministry, and to devise means of thwarting them.

Under such a well-trained and vigilant director, it is no wonder that the Virginia radicals performed so well their part in opening the drama of the Revolution. In March, 1764, Grenville's Declaratory Act was passed, asserting a right and a determination in Parliament to tax America. Lee saw the dangerous scope and intent of this measure, and resolved to arouse his fellow-Burgesses against it. Soon after the meeting of the House, he brought the subject forward; and, after full discussion, a special committee was appointed, consisting of Landon Carter, Richard Henry Lee, George Wythe, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, Richard Bland, and Peyton Randolph. They reported an address to the king, a memorial to the House of Lords, and a remonstrance to the House of Commons. These papers, of which the first two were written by Lee, denied, in clear and decided terms, the claim asserted by Parliament; and their adoption by the Virginia House of Burgesses constituted almost the earliest legislative opposition in America to the designs of Great Britain.

In this step it had not been difficult to enlist the leading conservatives, of whom chiefly the above committee was composed. Thus far they were willing to go, exercising their undisputed right of petition. But when their petitions were disregarded, and Parliament, in the execution of its programme, enacted the Stamp Act, the Virginia aristocrats were inclined to acquiesce. Fortunately, at this point, the radicals received a potent accession to their number through the election of Patrick Henry to the House of Burgesses; and, aided by his unexpected and irresistible eloquence, they barely secured the adoption of his famous resolves.

On this occasion, Lee, though a member of the House, was temporarily absent. But he was quite in accord with Henry; and from this time these two men worked together to keep Virginia in the front rank of colonial resistance. Yet their functions and methods were very different. To Patrick Henry politics was more an avocation, to which, indeed, at times, he gave his whole mind and soul. But his profession was the law, and in its pursuit he was regularly engaged.

Lee, however, had no profession. He was devoted to the welfare of his country. For its sake he had made extensive, earnest preparation, and to this cause he henceforth gave almost undivided attention. He endeavored in every way to enlarge his field of observation. He kept himself informed of public opinion in England, and of the course of the ministry and Parliament, through an active correspondence with his brother, Arthur Lee. The latter, having taken a degree in medicine at Edinburgh, was then studying law at the Temple; and, being in the confidence of Lord Shelburne, Burke, Colonel Barré, and other Whig leaders, possessed an intimate knowledge of public affairs.

Keeping thus a close watch upon English politics, Richard Henry Lee was one

of the first to become convinced that a serious struggle with Great Britain was inevitable; and, spurred by this conviction, he eagerly strove to impart his information and anxiety to other patriots, and to consult with them for the common safety. For this purpose, in 1768, he endeavored to institute a private correspondence society among the leading men of the colonies, addressing, among others, Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, and John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania. In his letter to Dickinson, he suggested also that, "well to understand each other, and timely to be informed of what passes, both here and in Great Britain, . . . select committees should be appointed by all the colonies." Here, it seems, is the first suggestion of those "select committees of correspondence" which became so formidable to the British authorities and so potent in the American colonies.

It did not satisfy Lee to suggest the plan. He followed it up to its execution. Not far from the old Capitol, on Gloucester Street, the broad thoroughfare of Williamsburg, was the quaint old Raleigh Tavern, named from Sir Walter Raleigh, whose bust stood over the main doorway. During the session of the Burgesses, this was the meeting-place for the gay and polished society of the town; and in the Apollo Room, the large apartment of the tavern, Jefferson and his fellow-students from the neighboring College of William and Mary often danced with the handsome and accomplished belles of Virginia. Here, also, later, were accustomed to meet, in a private room, a knot of zealous patriots, including Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee. At one of these conferences Lee advocated his scheme. Being approved by his fellow-radicals, it was presented to the House, and on March 12, 1773, the first general committee of correspondence was appointed. It consisted of the ablest members of the Burgesses, and included

Bland, Lee, Harrison, Pendleton, Henry, and Jefferson.

The new governor, Lord Dunmore, taking affront at these proceedings, dissolved the House. But he could not change the effect or importance of their action. Already, in Massachusetts, Samuel Adams had organized local committees in many towns; and now the example of the two oldest colonies was followed by the others, and the general committees of correspondence thenceforth secured an authoritative and expeditious exchange of information and sentiment. No more important step had yet been taken toward union, and hence it caused great alarm and apprehension in the British ministry. They foresaw what soon took place. A rapid assimilation of public opinion into a determination to resist aggression was followed within a year by a general and growing demand for concerted public action.

In meeting this demand Lee was hardly less active than he had been in arousing it. Immediately upon hearing of the passage of the Boston Port Bill, he drew a series of resolutions denouncing that measure, and proposing an intercolonial congress; but before he could bring them to the attention of the House it was dissolved by the governor, in the hope of checking the rising tide of popular indignation. Nevertheless, the Burgesses assembled, the next morning, in the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern, and took the momentous step on which at last they were resolved. They directed the committee of correspondence to propose a general congress of the colonies. Shortly afterward, led by Samuel and John Adams, Massachusetts took similar action. Again the example of these trusted leaders was followed by the other colonies, and on September 4, 1774, in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, an intercolonial union became a fact.

The men sent by Virginia to this first Continental Congress were, in the order of their selection, Peyton Ran-

dolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton; and in character, ability, and influence they were not surpassed by any other delegation. The impression that they made, on arriving at Philadelphia, may be inferred from the words of Joseph Reed, a contemporary Philadelphian: "We are so taken up with the Congress that we hardly think or talk of anything else. About fifty have come to town, and more are expected. There are some fine fellows from Virginia, but they are very high. . . . We understand they are the capital men of the colony, both in fortune and understanding."

In the Congress itself, the precedence that Virginia had hitherto taken was at once recognized. Peyton Randolph, formerly the attorney-general of Virginia and Speaker of the House of Burgesses, the chairman of the Virginia delegation, was made the presiding officer; and Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee were soon acknowledged to be the greatest orators. The eloquence of the former has become famous. Intense, dramatic, or constrained, according to mood or occasion, he could at will charm, melt, or subdue. He lives, and will live, in American history for his wonderful mastery over human passion. But in chasteness and purity of diction, in grace of manner, in melody of voice, and in culture of mind he did not equal his friend and associate, Richard Henry Lee. Of the latter, John Adams, that keen and unsparing critic of his contemporaries, wrote, toward the close of his life, "As a public speaker, he had a fluency as easy and graceful as it was melodious, which his classical education enabled him to decorate with frequent allusion to some of the finest passages of antiquity."

Lee's personal appearance was striking. His form was tall and spare, but well proportioned, and his face was of

the Roman type. His manners were easy, cordial, and elegant. He had lost the use of one hand, through an accident while shooting swans on the Potomac, and kept the wound concealed by a black silk bandage; yet his gestures were so graceful as to give the impression of having been practiced before a mirror. He was sometimes called "the gentleman of the silver hand." It was not without reason that the Virginians spoke in raptures of Richard Henry Lee as the Cicero, and of Patrick Henry as the Demosthenes, of the age.

Nevertheless, it was not the form and manner of Lee's utterances so much as their spirit that made them impressive and weighty. They displayed a breadth of view, a variety and richness of knowledge, and an elevation of mind remarkable even in that era of great statesmen. Yet their tone seemed too bold to the Congress of 1774. The great majority of this body were cautious and conservative, and for this reason the New England delegates deemed it expedient, in the interest of harmony, to refrain from any decided expression of their radical views. As John Adams said subsequently, "Because they had been suspected from the beginning of having independence in contemplation, they were restrained from the appearance of promoting any great measures by their own discretion, as well as by the general sense of Congress."

Not the same restraint was imposed or observed in the case of the Southern radicals, like Lee, Henry, and Gadsden. For the first two a fair hearing was insured, both from the prestige enjoyed by Virginia and from their own preëminence as orators. Their temperament impelled them to speak, and they made the most of their opportunities. "Government is dissolved," declared Patrick Henry at the opening of the Congress; and in his Address to the People of the Colonies, Lee warned them "to extend" their "views to mournful events."

The Congress did not possess the spirit that animated these bold and energetic minds. Lee thought that the opposition of the colonies had been so feeble and incompetent hitherto that it was time to make vigorous exertions. "A resolute unanimous resistance," he wrote to Washington, "and the king and his ministers will give way." Accordingly, he moved that "the Congress do most earnestly recommend to the several colonies that a militia be forthwith appointed and well disciplined, and that it be well provided with ammunition and proper arms;" and later, on hearing of the investment of Boston by General Gage, he moved in a similar temper for prompt and decided action. But these motions were either rejected or modified to suit the conciliatory policy of the conservatives. The hour for revolution and independence was not yet come.

Just how early the more ardent patriots began to contemplate independence it is impossible to determine. The Adamses were suspected of entertaining such a project considerably before 1774, and early in 1775 the suspicion became a certainty by the interception and publication of a letter written by John Adams, savoring of the spirit of independence. There is some reason to think that Lee secretly cherished the idea at a date even earlier; for in 1764, immediately after hearing of the passage of the Declaratory Act, he wrote to a friend, "Possibly this step of the mother country, though intended to oppress and keep us low, in order to secure our dependence, may be subversive of this end." At any rate, it was the conviction alike of Samuel and John Adams, and of Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, that the conciliatory measures of the first Congress would not move Britain, and that, in the words of Joseph Hawley, "after all, we must fight."

This conviction once reached, the desire and effort to bring it home to the people naturally followed. In Virginia,

at a convention held in St. John's Church, Richmond, March 20, 1775, a resolution for arming the militia, similar to that rejected by the recent Congress, was brought forward by Patrick Henry, and supported by Richard Henry Lee. Against them rallied the forces of Virginian aristocracy and conservatism, led again by Edmund Pendleton; and long and heated was the struggle that ensued. Lee presented a masterly review of the resources of the colonies and of the available force of Great Britain; while Patrick Henry, roused to a frenzy by the persistence of the opposition, poured forth that torrent of eloquence which has fixed the attention and elicited the admiration of subsequent generations. Of course the resolution was adopted. Its two chief advocates were the first ones named on the committee for its execution.

The aggressive spirit here manifested rapidly spread throughout the colonies; men's minds turned toward war and independence. And when, shortly afterward, the second Congress met, that spirit speedily permeated and controlled its councils and conduct. At last the times were ripe for the radical revolutionists, and they pushed their scheme with gathering momentum and assurance of success. Disregarding the warnings and expostulations, and disarming or overpowering the resistance of the conservatives, they secured a large majority, both of the people and of the Congress, in favor of declaring independence. The night of doubt, contention, and uncertainty was past, and the birthday of American nationality was at hand.

At this point the question arose as to who should move the declaration. All circumstances pointed to Richard Henry Lee. To the Congress it seemed fitting that Virginia, hitherto the foremost colony in nearly all the more important advances toward union and resistance, should also be the leader in this final, momentous step; and of the Virginia

delegates (George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Francis Lightfoot Lee, and Carter Braxton) no one was better known or more acceptable than Richard Henry Lee. He was chosen, doubtless, for his preëminence as a debater, and for his long and zealous advocacy of independence. Similar reasons influenced the selection of John Adams, of Massachusetts, to second the motion.

They were well mated, the bold and polished Cavalier with the fertile, argumentative Puritan. No duty more trying or more honorable had ever fallen to their lot. In American politics, few debates have been more persistently or more evenly contested; never was there such a momentous issue. Though the words have been but meagrely reported, both men are known to have acquitted themselves as became the eminence of their talents and the significance of their cause. With magnanimous faith and courage, looking beyond the perils and discouragements of the time, they pleaded for the preservation of republican institutions for themselves and for all mankind.

While the debate was in progress, Congress, anticipating the result, chose a committee of five to prepare a declaration of independence. Of this committee Lee, being the mover of the resolution, should have been made chairman, in accordance with parliamentary usage. But on the eve of its selection he was summoned to Virginia, on account of the serious illness of his wife; and his absence was used to his disadvantage by his enemies. The animosities that he had early aroused in the Virginia aristocrats by his reforms in the House of Burgesses, and the antagonisms that he had subsequently excited in Dickinson, Jay, and other conservatives through his radical course in Congress, now worked together to deprive him of his right. Even John Adams, his professed friend and sympa-

thizer, on this occasion turned against him. The youthful Jefferson, being made chairman, enjoyed the fruit that Lee should have gathered, — the signal honor of being the author of the Declaration of Independence.

However great and memorable was Lee's service in that event, on which all Americans delight to dwell, an even greater claim to the remembrance and gratitude of his countrymen lies in his conspicuous devotion to the ordinary business of government, — and that, too, during the most critical years of the Revolutionary struggle, when so many statesmen deemed it honorable to forsake the halls of Congress for their state legislatures. As an example of his activity and readiness, it may be said that, during the years 1774 to 1778 inclusive, he was a member of every military and naval committee, and of nearly every committee on finance and foreign affairs. His brother-in-law, Dr. Shippen, at whose house he lodged in Philadelphia, declared that "there was a constant procession of members repairing to his chamber, to consult about their reports." His services as a writer, also, were in frequent demand; and he drew many state papers, from the Address to the Inhabitants of Great Britain down to the commission of Washington as commander-in-chief.

Yet his mind was not absorbed in details; nor was it narrowed by local prejudice. Studying the interests of the United States as a whole, he delighted to forecast and to contemplate its great future. In this spirit, when in 1779 the conditions of peace were discussed by Congress, he demanded for New England fishermen the same rights enjoyed by the French in British North American waters, and for the future pioneers of the great West the unrestricted navigation of the Mississippi. His views received then but little support from the delegates of the Middle and Southern States, but were ultimately embodied in

the treaty of peace, and soon became important principles of national policy.

But Lee had not the strength to perform the arduous tasks to which he was called by his associates and impelled by his zeal. Under such a prolonged, incessant strain his health was impaired; and for several years his attendance upon Congress was intermittent. Yet even from his retirement at his country-seat, Chantilly, on the Potomac, he eagerly followed the course of public affairs. In 1784, his health being improved, he resumed his seat in Congress; and almost immediately he was elected president of that body, the most honorable position under the Confederation. He retired from this office at the end of the year, but continued to take a prominent part in Congress. In particular as a member of the committee that reported the famous Ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory, he was able at last to embody and enforce those views regarding slavery which he had vainly presented in his maiden speech to the Burgesses. In view of his pure and exalted character, it was eminently fitting that the cause of the bondmen should engage the close, as it had enlisted the opening, of his political career.

There remained, however, one service for Richard Henry Lee to render his country; and it was the most remarkable, if not the most important, of all. Strange to say, it was to oppose the Constitution of the United States. Lee had no part in the framing of this instrument, nor did he share officially in its ratification. As a private citizen, he objected to it from the first, and attacked it earnestly in the press and in correspondence; and in this course, singularly enough, he had the sympathy and support of his old-time friends and associates, Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. The radical revolutionists of 1776 had become, it would seem, ultra-conservatives in 1787.

From their standpoint only is it possible to reconcile the two positions. To them the Declaration of Independence secured the liberty of the individual, the autonomy of the community; it asserted the rights of the person and of the State as opposed to the claims of society as a whole. Upon this theory carried to an extreme the Confederation had been erected — and had gone to pieces; and the framing of the Constitution resulted from a decided reaction toward the recognition of the unity and interdependence of the political divisions of society. But this reaction had gone too far, in the opinion of Lee, Henry, and Adams. They believed that, in the eagerness to escape from the evils of the Confederation by strengthening the general government, the rights of the individual had been neglected and the authority of the State diminished. Like many other devoted and distinguished Revolutionary statesmen, they leaned toward those political convictions which subsequently led to the doctrine of state rights. Lee, expressing their common sentiment, declared that “the first maxim of a man who loves liberty should be, never to grant to rulers an atom of power that is not most clearly and indispensably necessary for the safety and well-being of society.” “The most essential danger from the present system arises, in my opinion, from its tendency to a consolidated government, instead of a union of confederated States.” They therefore viewed with suspicion and anxiety the extraordinary grants contained in the Constitution. They saw in it, moreover, a deficiency equally as great, — it lacked that cherished English birthright, a bill of rights, securing trial by jury and freedom of conscience and of the press; and so vital did Lee deem this deficiency that when finally the Constitution was adopted without change, he resolved, notwithstanding his infirmity, to reënter public life for the purpose of securing its amendment. In 1789, he

was nominated by Patrick Henry, and elected by the Virginia legislature, one of the first Senators of the United States.

Soon after taking his seat in the Senate, Lee moved several amendments to the Constitution, embodying the views held by his party; and at the same time similar action was taken by the Virginia delegates in the House of Representatives. So great and persistent was the pressure which they brought to bear that the Federalists under Madison were soon obliged to yield; and by the adoption of the first ten amendments a bill of rights was added to the Constitution of the United States. Having attained his object to a large extent, Lee soon resigned his seat in the Senate, and definitely retired from public life. Overcome at last by the disease from which he had so long suffered, he died at Chantilly, the same month in which, eighteen years before, he had moved that “these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States.”

Throughout his political career, as in its concluding episode, Richard Henry Lee was filled with “a constant care of the public liberty.” Apprehensive of “the unvarying progress of power in the hands of frail men,” he was loath to concede to individual or to legislature the exercise of any power not clearly and strictly defined and carefully guarded. In this attitude, as well as in temperament, he much resembled Samuel Adams. Early drawn together by common convictions and purposes, they became firm friends and close allies; and their correspondence, covering almost their whole political careers, is replete with interest and instruction. With a common intolerance of superimposed authority and usurped privilege, they boldly and persistently advocated the rights of the people. From early manhood to old age they were radical democrats.

Not only toward New England’s leaders, but also toward her spirit and institutions, Lee felt a strong attraction. At

one time he went so far as to consider a change of residence; for in 1779 he wrote to John Adams, "I feel myself interested in the establishment of a wise and free government in Massachusetts, where yet I hope to finish the remainder of my days. The hasty, unpersevering, aristocratic genius of the South suits not my disposition, and is inconsistent with my views of what must constitute social happiness and security."

Not being in harmony with the genius, he could the better promote the reformation, of Virginian society. His aristocratic birth and training did not fetter his bold, independent spirit. Sympathizing with the masses, and indignant at wrong and abuse, he stood forth from his class, first and alone, denouncing its excesses and checking its arrogance. He roused animosities and suffered ostracism; but he received the support of the yeomanry; and later, in company with Patrick Henry, securing control of the House of Burgesses, he placed Virginia beside Massachusetts in the front of colonial resistance.

As a reformer, Lee was a co-worker with Henry, and the predecessor of Jefferson. Less forceful than Henry, but more steady and intelligent, he broke the soil that Jefferson cultivated; and all three together introduced in Virginian society a republican leaven that finally worked a thorough reformation. They were at the South the early "apostles of democracy."

Lee's radicalism did not warp his judgment. While intolerant of, and outspoken against, the excesses and abuses of aristocracy, he agreed with Jefferson that, in organizing resistance to Great Britain, it was wise, by a charitable and conciliatory attitude toward the conservatives, to advance slowly, "keeping front and rear together." Thus public sentiment progressed toward separation from Great Britain with less friction and contention in Virginia than in any other colony.

When radicalism contended with his convictions of private justice or public morality, Lee adhered to the latter, even at the hazard of friendship. For example, while a member of the Virginia Assembly in the sessions of 1781-82, he found himself in constant opposition to his old friend and associate, Patrick Henry. The latter was in favor of making the depreciated paper money a legal tender for debts contracted on the faith of specie payment, and of impeding or confiscating debts due British merchants and contracted before the war. Both these measures Lee earnestly opposed, on the ground that they violated honesty and good faith. He declared that it would have been better to remain "the honest slaves of Great Britain than to become dishonest freemen." It is possible that his indignation was intensified by the memory of his own pecuniary losses through the depreciation of paper currency. In 1779, he had written to Jefferson, "This year, sir, the rents of four thousand acres of fine land will not buy me twenty barrels of corn." But it is more likely that his early studies in social and political problems, followed by his experience and reflection, revealed the inexpediency as well as the enormity of such schemes.

In fact, his liberal culture, with his aristocratic breeding, gave a temper and balance to his radical sympathies and impulses. As a result, he had a breadth of view and of interest unusual in his time. His alert and eager gaze swept the political horizon, comprehending European as well as American affairs. Thus it was that he was among the first to perceive the gathering storm and to prepare to break its force. So when the shock had been met and overcome, and a nation had sprung from the impact, he comprehended its wide extent and foresaw its great future.

Toward the realization of that future much was done by the radicals of the Revolutionary era. Against aggressive

foes and indifferent friends they asserted the rights of the person and the community, and finally fixed them secure in our political system. Far-seeing, vigilant, bold, and energetic, they urged on, by eloquent voice and tireless pen, a timid, reluctant people to revolution and independence. They were the motive force in effecting the political franchisement of America.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

TEACH me, dread boughs,
Where from your twigs the sad Muse culls her leaves,
When she a long-neglected garland weaves
To bind great brows.

Give no leaf less
Than his unlaureled temples should have worn:
So may his spirit pass me not in scorn,
But turn and bless.

I fondly dream!
How could my crown, though rich with crust and stain
From tears of sacred sorrow, win such gain —
That smile supreme?

Short-stemmed and curt
His wreath should be, and braided by strong hands,
Hindered with sword-hilt, while the braider stands
With loin upgirt.

Too late to urge
Thy tardy crown. Draw back, O Northern blond!
Let black hands take, to bind the Southern frond,
A severed scourge!

Haughty and high,
And deaf to all the thunders of the throng,
He heard the lowest whisper of his wrong
The slave could sigh.

In some pent street,
O prophet-slaying city of his care,
Pour out thine eyes, loose thy repentant hair,
And kiss his feet!

Little it is
That thou canst pay, yet pay this recompense:
All tongues henceforth shall give thine ears offense,
Remembering his;

All grace shall tease
 The flush of shame to thine averted cheek;
 Best Greek shall mind thee of one greater Greek,
 More godlike ease—

Blessing and blight,
 A bitter drop beneath the bee-kissed lips,
 Hyperion's anger passing to eclipse
 And arrow-flight!

Thou didst not spare:
 Thy foot is on his violated door;
 Therefore the mantle that his shoulders wore
 None hence shall wear.

Above thy choice,
 This Coriolanus of the peoples' wars
 Could never strip his brawn and show his scars
 To beg thy voice.

Struck by death's dart,
 (In all the strain of conflict unconfessed,)
 He carried through the years that wounded breast,
 That poignant heart.

Last from the fight,
 So moves the lion, with unhasting stride,
 Dragging the slant spear, broken in his side—
 And gains the height!

Wendell P. Stafford.

SCIENCE AND THE AFRICAN PROBLEM.

It is easy to see that in the generations to come the history of the negro race in America will be much studied. Considered from a scientific point of view, the African in America affords the most remarkable experiment ever made in transplanting a tropical variety of man to regions having a very different climate, and offering a totally different set of associations from those in which it originated. It is doubtful if human history will ever again offer another such chance of testing the influence of a new environment on a strongly

marked though lowly variety of man. The results of this vast essay will, in time, throw a flood of light on the question of the improbability of the lower races of mankind.

But it is not only as an experiment in practical anthropology that this transplantation of the negro in America will interest our successors. They will find in it an economic problem of the utmost importance. Their task will be so to combine these millions of the African people in a social order to which inheritance has not accustomed them, that

the state may receive no evil influence from their presence; if possible, that it may gain some advantage from the peculiarities which the new and varied motives of this people may afford. The most hopeful friend of the negro, if he temper his hope with reason, must have much anxiety as to the final result of this unprecedented trial to which the race is being subjected. He must feel that all the other difficulties which beset the future of our people on the continent of North America are small compared with that which the negro problem presents. It has been the lot of the United States to encounter a wide range of social and political dangers. All these seem in a fair way of solution, at least in as fair a way as in any European country, except this which comes from the presence of the children of Africa on our soil. The problem of the proletariat, of the distribution of wealth and education, the dangers arising from the great social congestions in our cities, the difficulty of uniting in one social order diverse branches of the Aryan peoples, are trials which we share with every important state in the civilized world. The African question is peculiarly our own. We can see how English, Irish, French, Germans, and Italians may, after a time of trouble, mingle their blood and their motives in a common race, which may be as strong, or even stronger, for the blending of these diversities. We cannot hope for such a result with the negro, for an overwhelming body of experience shows that the third something which comes from the union of the European with the African is not as good material as either of the original stocks; that it has not the vital energy and the character required for the uses of the state. The African and European races must remain distinct in blood, and at the same time they must, if possible, be kept from becoming separate castes; there must be a perfect civil union without a perfect

social accord; they must both march forward with entire equality of privilege as far as the state is concerned, yet without the bond of kinship in blood to unite them in the work of life,—indeed, with a sense that it is their duty to remain apart.

To bring about this peculiar social order is the task which is before us. By what means shall it be begun, in what ways shall our efforts be directed, with some hope of a fair issue from the grave perils which we must encounter? These are questions of the utmost moment to any American who wishes to do his duty by the difficulties of his time. At present we are doing little or nothing which appears likely to contribute much to the solution of the questions which are connected with the future of the African race in this country. After the exertions of the civil war, which was the first step in the real discussion of the African question, it seems natural that our people should be wearied of it, and determine to abandon all further care of the matter to the States which are naturally concerned therewith. We must protest, however, against the idea that the negro question is a purely local problem, and that the right to consider it is limited to those who dwell where the blacks abound. It was doubtless a very wise thing for the federal government to cease its efforts to help the negro by congressional enactments and federal authority. The stages of the so-called reconstruction were really steps towards a more fatal disunion than that which was rendered impossible by the civil war. These steps were leading to a total separation between the whites and blacks of this country; towards the destruction of the sympathy and understanding between the races, which was a heritage of great value to the old slave-holding States. But it should not be supposed that the people of the whole country have abandoned all share in the discussion of this question of the future of the negro with

their relinquishment of the unconstitutional and futile effort to determine delicate social and civil relations by the rude machinery of legislation. Such an abnegation of a natural interest in a problem which profoundly concerns the future well-being of the nation and the race would be more unfortunate than the old selfish indifference of the mass of the people to the evils of slavery.

In large part, the present indifference to the negro problem arises from a failure to perceive its importance. Few persons see the magnitude of the dangers it presents, for the reason that few can conceive the amazing intricacy and delicacy of the civil and social order by which the life of the individual is built into the larger life of the state. But there are many who do discern the true importance of the African question, who remain silent because they cannot see what is to be done, and who prefer inaction to rash experiment. The following pages are intended as an essay towards a method of determining what shall be done at the outset of our effort to grapple with the difficulties which the presence of our African brethren has brought upon the state.

First of all, it seems to be evident that we need in this task the combined action of all those who recognize the magnitude and importance of the work, and are willing to labor for its solution. Experience shows that, with a large field of inquiry such as this question presents, good work is most easily done by a well-constituted society, containing a large number of students who are willing to plan their researches so that each division of the subject may come into the hands of those best fitted to attend to it. As will be seen at a later point in this writing, the variety of inquiries which should be prosecuted is very great; equally great is the need that they be prosecuted under some central control. Before we proceed to indicate the methods by which such a society should be

organized, it will be proper to consider the lines on which it could appropriately begin its work.

The inquiries which would properly fall within the purview of such a society divide themselves into three main divisions, namely: first, the history of the negro race; second, the present condition of the race from the point of view of anthropology, including psychology; and, third, the social and civic quality of the race both in itself and in relation to the white people. As we shall see, these inquiries are much entangled, but this separation of the questions will at least aid us to a better presentation of the work which seems to be appointed for such an association of students. We will now proceed to discuss the method of inquiry which may be followed.

A study of the history of the negro race will necessarily open a wide field of research, one in which the facts will be hard to gather. It is the least promising of all the departments into which the work of the society should be divided, yet we may be sure that it will give valuable results, at least from a scientific point of view, and these will have an important bearing on the other and more immediate questions. The history of the African slave-trade has yet to be written; there is a great mass of scattered material, from which a tolerably good account of it can be made. In preparing this history, the first object should be to determine, if possible, whence came the Africans who were the forefathers of the blacks in this country. It is erroneously assumed that our negro folk came altogether from the Guinea coast, and that they were entirely from the low-grade tribes who now inhabit that part of Africa. A preliminary survey of the evidence makes it appear probable that the American Africans represent a great variety of peoples from that jumble of races which have in some unknown way been brought together in central Africa. It is not unlikely that

we shall find that, although our blacks are principally descended from the peoples who inhabit the Guinea coast, still there is in them a considerable admixture of other and nobler blood. If an intelligent observer travels in the old slave States, he will remark the great diversity in the form of body and outline of face among the negroes. For a time the dark skin may mask these differences; but as soon as the first impression of uniformity has worn off, he will perceive that the negroes vary in their physical configuration as much as the whites, if indeed they are not even more varied in aspect. If we can trust the reports of travelers, no such wide variation is found among the blacks of the Guinea coast, or indeed among any of the distinct races of Africa. If the result of the proposed inquiry should be to show that our negroes are not of the Niger and Congo types alone, but are an admixture of many different peoples, having little in common except their dermal uniform of the tropics, it would be a most satisfactory conclusion, for it would show us that we have among the negroes something comparable to the variety of blood and motive which is probably the basis of much of the success which our own race has achieved. If it should be found that among our negroes there exists a large share of the vigorous life of the Zulu group of Africans; even more, if it were, as seems to me probable, discovered that a considerable part of their ancestors were from the Zanzibar and Mozambique coasts, we should have to conclude that our American Africans have a far greater variety of origin than we have commonly supposed.

This hypothesis as to the composite nature of the American negro receives support from the aspect of many individuals in the South. It is not uncommon to find there faces and limbs which depart widely from the Guinea coast type, and closely approach the aspect of the Arab.

Assuming, however, that the result of the proposed inquiry is that our negroes are mainly of one blood, — that of the Congo group of tribes, — we should then turn our attention to the history and condition of these peoples. It is important that skilled observers should visit that region, and make a careful inquiry into the conditions and history of these folk. We should acquaint ourselves with their arts and their social order, that we may know the motives which inheritance has supplied in our African fellow-citizens. Although this is a large and difficult inquiry, much will remain to be done. Besides the African in Africa, there is the African in various parts of America, as well as on the continents of Europe and Asia, the wide field into which the enforced migrations of slavery have brought the race. It is of great importance that the history of the people under these diverse conditions should be well known. The range of moral and physical condition to which the Africans have been exposed has been very great. In many regions they have amalgamated with the native dominant races; there the effects of miscegenation can be traced. We know enough of the results of this process to make it tolerably clear that it is destructive to the best interests of both varieties of men; but we need a more extended study of the phenomena. Then, too, the influences of environment are of great interest. In this country, we have some data for the study of the effects of climate upon those of African blood. But the question is one of exceeding difficulty, for the reason that it is complicated with matters of race prejudice. By taking a broad statistical view of the field, it will be possible to found our conclusions on much surer ground than can be obtained in this country alone. Such data might in large measure be secured by the proper organization of the census of 1900.

Besides the study of the many scattered fragments of the African race now

existing in various parts of the world, there are cases where small bodies of this people, which have once existed in Europe and elsewhere, have blended with the stronger race or altogether disappeared. At one time African slaves were common in parts of Europe; it seems likely that they were held in considerable masses, as at certain times during the Roman Empire, as well as in the more recent centuries. What has become of these people? Have they merely died out, or have they merged with the dominant race? In connection with this latter division of the inquiry, some study should be given to the cases in which the negro has blended with the remnants of the aborigines of this country. It is frequently asserted that the remnants of the New England Indians as well as of other Indian tribes have been extensively mixed with African blood. It is likely that in New England, at least, this opinion is well founded, though it is doubtful if the mixture is as great as is commonly assumed to have been the case. The dark color of these Indians, which leads many to suppose that they may have a large inheritance of negro blood, is probably in many cases the native hue of the Indian race. The moral and physical result of this blending of two extremely diverse bloods is a matter of the utmost interest. It may be studied to great advantage in the New England Indians, for among them there has been little in the way of civil or social proscription to effect the result.

It is evident that this series of inquiries, which we have termed historical, will necessarily be much commingled with those which concern the anthropological section of the work. The matter of their relation is one of details, and need not trouble us in this speculative presentation of the subject. It is clear, however, that there is enough in this field for the consideration of the historian, properly so called. If it is de-

sired to extend this side of the work of the society, there is much to be done in the political and economic history of slavery so far as that relates to the African races. The dark slave age of civilized man is substantially at an end, and the half century which sees its termination should see also the beginning of a learned inquiry into its history and its effects. It may well be that this inquiry is of too wide a scope to be considered by a society which has a special end in view. We turn now to the matter of the second division of the work which we have devised for our association.

The section of the association which concerns the study of the negroes by the methods of modern anthropology has a more definite and at the same time a more difficult task than that which pertains to the historical aspects of the problem. In large part, the anthropological questions which have to be considered will be discerned only as the inquiry proceeds, but enough are already ascertained to show certain very important lines of research. The first of these concerns the existing mental and physical condition of the negro race in this country, and a comparison of their state with that of their kindred who dwell in Africa. It hardly need be said that this study should be based upon a careful application of anthropometry to the peoples in both regions. Difficult as such an extensive work would be, it is quite within the limits of accomplishment, and would give more results than a "polar expedition," at a relatively trifling expense. Even a careful study of the crania secured in the two regions would, if the inquiry rested on a sufficiently large basis, give a beginning for the discussion; but this inquiry in its widest form can be so easily accomplished, compared with many of the great researches of modern days, that we can fairly look forward to its execution in the more extended way.

There is a less extended and there-

fore easier part of this investigation which can be carried on upon our own continent. This is as to the relative physical condition of the blacks in the different climatic conditions afforded by the various parts of the continent between Virginia and Florida, or, better, between New England and Jamaica. There are in this range of conditions differences great enough to show, in a statistical way, whether the Africans are sensitive to the influence of climatic variations, and in what manner these variations affect them.

To make these physical examinations in the best way, the study should extend to the matter of disease and longevity. It seems clear that the negro is relatively less liable to certain forms of disease than the whites, and that he is more open to invasions of other maladies than the European races. A study of the pathology of the race in different positions is a matter of great interest.

In this connection there is a curious but unnoticed problem before the inquirer, namely, Is there any change in the color of the blacks who have been long in high latitudes? The prevailing dark hue of the tropical peoples (though it must be said that some hyperboreans are also rather dark colored) makes it seem as if this hue were the effect of a vertical sun. If this be true, there might well be some reverse action in the case of the negroes whose ancestors for centuries have dwelt in temperate climates. In any large body of American negroes, we find a wide range of hue, some being relatively quite light colored, though the other African marks are very strong, — the hair closely kinked, the face prognathous, lips thick, nose flat, and feet splayed. These light tints of skin may be due to an admixture of white blood, but it may indicate a tendency to acquire what we may call the normal tint of the country. This is seen to be the more possible when we remember that the effect of climate in directly produ-

cing considerable changes of hue has been remarked in many of the lower animals as well as in man. Although the darkening of Europeans under the tropics is not to be compared to the permanent bleaching of the negro race, it seems to show that such changes are not impossible.

The anthropological inquiry should not end with the study of the physical system; it should be extended to the mental parts as well. It would be interesting to know, as we well might expect to from this investigation, whether the brain of the American African is larger than that of his African prototypes; but it would be still more interesting to know whether his capacity for education is greater than that of his savage kinsmen. It may be doubted if the data for this inquiry are accessible, or that they are worth searching for. Still, as a good deal of missionary work is now undertaken among the African negroes, it may be possible to determine if the two centuries of enforced labor and civilizing influences to which our American blacks have been exposed have had any effect on their mental development. It should be remembered that the main problem with reference to the negro is as to his sensitiveness to influences which make for advance. Any evidence of real, deep-seated organic advance under his American condition would be most welcome to all those who have his future and that of the state, which is a large part his, at heart.

We now turn to the third division of the inquiry, — that which concerns the civil and social condition and possibilities of the negro. At this point we must repeat a warning as to the danger of misapprehending the real status of the negro as he is seen in our American life. Leaving out of view the exceptional instances where they have risen to a higher estate, the negroes appear much like the poorer people of the dominant race. Their dark skins excepted,

they seem essentially Europeans, if we may use that term to designate their white fellow-citizens. We can hardly conceive that if they were put by themselves they would be otherwise than we now see them, — a simple, easy-going, kindly, Christian people, sharers in all the more essential qualities of our race. But experience shows us that if we could insulate a single county in the South, and give it over to negroes alone, we should in a few decades find that this European clothing, woven by generations of education, had fallen away, and the race gone down to a much lower state of being than that it now occupies. In other words, the negro is not as yet intellectually so far up in the scale of development as he appears to be; in him the great virtues of the superior race, though implanted, have not yet taken firm root, and are in need of constant tillage, lest the old savage weeds overcome the tender shoots of the new and unnatural culture. To those who believe that the negro is only a black white man, who only needs a fair chance to become all that the white man is, these pages are not addressed; it seems to me, with all respect for their individuality, that they do not understand the question which is before us.

Looking upon the negro as a man in incessant need of care and of consideration, that he may have his chance with us, it is necessary to see what can be done for his advancement. First of all, we must know what education can do for him. It will by no means serve our purpose to assume that his needs are just the same as our own. It is not reasonable to conclude, because reading, writing, and arithmetic, with more or less other expanding branches of learning, are the most immediate needs in the education of the children of our own race, that they are the most immediate necessities of the black. These elements of the race education serve a very good purpose in the case of children who

inherit from a hundred generations a training in the essential motives of the white race. We must find out what are the possibilities of the negro; in what way his peculiar ancestral training plus his education as an American slave has turned his mind. This is a very difficult inquiry. Though the state of American slavery gave the negro certain valuable elements of an education, in that it trained him in obedience to authority and in orderly consecutive labor, it denied him nearly all chance of showing the peculiar capacities which he may have. On the great philosophical principle of *Study what you most affect*, we must order the deeper and more important education of this people. The training of the school bench has its measure of importance in the matter, but the training at the work bench is often, for the savage, the more necessary of the two.

Therefore the first object should perhaps be to find in what way the negro can most immediately achieve success in some departments of educative craft-work; on what line or lines of higher employment he can be lifted above the level of a tiller of the soil. For him to continue in the place of a menial farm laborer or domestic servant means that, so far as the educative effect of employment is concerned, he is to be no better off than before his emancipation. Adscript to the field the greater part of his race must always be; but if even a few per cent. of the whole can be drawn to and succeed in other employments, the advance of the race will be greatly facilitated. Menial labor in the field is a valuable department of the race's schooling, but the negro has probably already won all the profit that is to be gained from it. It is certain that he has been long at that school.

It seems to me that the South, in its present condition, must afford great opportunities for the study of the question as to the fitness of the negro for various

employments other than agricultural labor, so that inquirers in this field will doubtless find many facts awaiting investigation. So many efforts are now making towards the education of the negro that it would probably not be difficult to secure a chance for intelligent and promising experiments in such education, — experiments which could be really measured.

Although the schools where whites and blacks are associated are not common in the South, they abound in the Northern States. In these schools most valuable inquiries could be made as to the relative progress of the children of the two races. Some hundreds of young persons of African descent are now commingled with the whites in the colleges. They are necessarily the selected persons associated with an equally selected portion of the European race. We should know how they compare in their achievement with the white youth. Care should be taken to determine whether the individuals are of pure or nearly pure African blood, for those of mixed race would not give data of value.

There are reasons for believing that the negroes can readily be cultivated in certain departments of thought in which the emotions lend aid to labor; as, for instance, in music. There is hardly any doubt that they have a keener sense of rhythm than whites of the same intellectual grade, — perhaps than of any grade whatever. The musical faculty is, perhaps, of all the so-called artistic powers, the easiest to measure in a precise way. Statistics could easily be gathered which would show whether or no this was a true racial capacity. The ability to determine the differences which are necessary to success in music can be ascertained with extreme accuracy and with tolerable ease. Yet I am not sure that any basis for comparison between the powers of the whites and of the blacks has ever been secured.

If a culture in music can be given the

negro, it may be of far more value to him than most of the apparently more solid learning of our schools. It may lead to the refining, as well as to the organization, of the powerful emotional side of his being. This culture should first take the form of vocal music, for the reason that there is an element of communal action in choral singing which will give him a chance to develop the power of accord with his fellows, which seems now to be the most undeveloped part of his nature. These considerations lead me to think that music may be one of the lines on which careful inquiry may develop great possibilities for the race.

Next after these elements of individual culture, we need to look to the peculiarities of the negro character which mark themselves in the relations of the man to his fellows. Here, it seems to me, is the most serious difficulty with the race. To move onward, they must be trained to sexual continence, to observance of the marriage bond, and to associated action with their fellow-men. The condition of slavery did much to strengthen, if it did not originate, the habit of steadfast labor which we see now in the Southern blacks; it doubtless tempered their old waywardness in other things; but its whole influence was against the creation of the sense of fidelity to fellow men or women. It may be that the negroes will speedily come by these qualities, and that the failure of these parts to appear, after one generation of freedom, is due to the lowness of their estate. We want information as to the facts and suggestions of the remedies. This is an unpromising part of the proposed inquiry, because it cannot be approached in a statistical way; still, something may be done with it.

One of the functions of such an association should be the careful study of the many and varied experiments which are now being carried on in the South for the betterment of the negroes' con-

dition. Some of these fail, some have but a moderate success; unhappily, but a few attain a triumphant issue. The causes of success and failure are of the utmost consequence to the race and to the state. Each of these trials should be watched and its results analyzed. From such a study we may be sure that we shall glean a harvest of valuable conclusions. This much of the proposed inquiry might apparently find its place in the hands of a government bureau; but, unfortunately, the whole negro problem is so mingled with political prejudices that it would be almost impossible to obtain from such a department the spirit of impartial inquiry which is needed in this work.

Among the experiments now trying or sure to be tried in the South is that of savings-banks. The disgraceful history of the Freedman's Bank has shown how unsafe it is to trust such experiments to the hands of men who have their authority from the government. While that bank lives in the memory of the negroes, it will not be easy to bring them to a habit of saving money. Yet the development of the sparing habit is of the utmost importance to this people. We may amend the statement of Dr. Johnson, "that people are rarely so well employed as when or where they are making money," by saying "except when they are saving it." What the negro needs above all things is the habit of postponing his pleasures. In the development of this habit consists in large part the difference between the savage and the civilized man. The best way of inculcating economy should be a matter of most careful inquiry. Nothing like the organization of the Freedman's Bank will serve the need. If this business is done by the government, it should be supported by the whole credit of the nation. It may well be doubted if this would best be done by the central authority, for it would lead the negro to look away into the distance for aid,

while a large part of our task is to teach him to look to himself for help.

It is not to be denied that the civil and social advancement of the negro in ways more or less apart from those already indicated is a matter of great importance, but in the main his civil rights and his social privileges, so far as the distinct separation of the two races in the marriage relation will admit, will depend upon the advance of his general culture. If we can bring him to an intellectual and moral estate comparable to that of the whites, we may be sure that he will have a social status which will not be such as to weigh heavily upon his better life. So far as we can see, the two races are doomed to live separate though they may live parallel lives. To make this divided life comfortable to both and safe for the state is our immediate object.

The foregoing sketch is sufficient to show some of the inquiries concerning the negro problem which appear to justify systematic scientific effort. Some of the suggestions will doubtless prove to be futile; experience in the work will certainly develop many others which have not occurred to me. Such is the fullness of the field that the reader, if he has paid attention to the subject, may well be able to add many things not suggested in these pages. It is clear that we are in the midst of a great darkness, which can be illuminated only by patient inquiry.

Concerning the composition of our ideal society it seems almost presumptuous to speak, but it is clear that it should include all who are at once interested in the problem and can give anything better than words towards its solution. Especially should it contain those observers in the South who see the matter near at hand, and who are independent of the prejudices of locality. It should be guided by those who have been so disciplined by scientific methods that they can keep in its moderately safe ways.

The great dangers which such a society would meet would be from the universality of the political motive. This danger can in part be avoided by a very careful selection of its members, and in part by an obstinate determination to prove at every step the scientific method.

It might, unfortunately, be necessary to limit the work altogether to the collection of facts, leaving the suggestion of remedy, where remedy was needed, to other agencies; it would doubtless be well to make this limitation at the outset. "Cranks" do not, as a rule, like statistical associations, or even historical societies. Kept within the limits of such societies, the association could fairly be secured from the danger of discords.

It is a serious matter to suggest the organization of a society which is to assume so herculean a burden as that

which has been proposed in the foregoing pages, but the class of work which the negro problem makes necessary is, even in its narrow divisions, too vast for any one individual to undertake, and is beset with obstacles which take it out of the class of labors possible for the state to execute. It is to be done, if at all, by an association of those who feel an interest in these questions. It does not seem fit that we should stand idle while the fateful years move on, each making the task more difficult, each darkening the prospect of any happy solution of the problem.

In the generation now nearly gone by, our brothers of the North and South gave their lives to the first great stage of the struggle with the African question in America; we should be willing to give something to the labor which may help their sacrifices to bear good fruit.

N. S. Shaler.

SIDNEY.

XX.

AFTER that talk with Alan, Robert Steele had no doubt as to what he should do. That he still delayed to tell Miss Sally that he did not love her was not from any uncertainty as to his duty, but simply that the crushing misery of it made him incapable of action. He went as usual to see her; listened absently to her gentle and aimless chatter, responded in his kindly way, and — waited. "Just one day more," he told himself, again and again. More than once, while in her presence, he had tried to nerve himself to his duty, but her absolute trust in him made her unconscious of the direction of his thoughts, and overwhelmed Robert with the terror of what he had to do. In this way more than a fortnight passed, until the dawn of a won-

derful May morning, whose beauty protested against the lie in his soul.

Alan had started out early, meaning to drop in at the major's and look at Sidney's carving, before he went to visit a patient; so Robert waited yet an hour longer, not caring to encounter the doctor when he went to proclaim his own shame.

Alan, meantime, was walking along in the sunshine towards the major's, absorbed in his own happy imaginings. Soon, he said to himself, surely, soon, something must awake in Sidney Lee's heart to which he might address himself; as yet there had been nothing but meaningless friendship, and to that he had been silent.

He found her, that morning, in the garden. She was kneeling, with a trowel in her hand, beside a great

bunch of day-lilies, looking at their broad leaves, and wondering what was the promise for August blossoming. When she saw Alan, she took him into her confidence in the frankest way in the world.

"I thought it would be nice if they would bloom when aunt Sally is married, — she is so fond of them."

"Won't she be married until August?" Alan inquired, looking down into her calm, upraised eyes.

"I think," she explained indifferently, pausing to lift the bending blossom of a crown imperial, and look down into its heart at the three misty tears which gather in the scarlet bell, — "I think that she wants to finish most of the preserving first."

"Oh, Sidney!" he said. Her complete selfishness, here among the flowers, shocked him even through the glamour of his love. "Is n't it a pity to interfere with their happiness just for preserves?" he demanded, laughing.

She had risen, and smiled, and then her face sobered. "Miss Townsend and Mr. Paul are to be married then, too."

"I am so glad! But I thought it was to be sooner?"

Sidney looked at him curiously. "Do people always say that they are glad? Aunt Sally said it when she heard of Mr. Paul and Miss Townsend, and so did Mr. Steele; and Mrs. Brown said it of aunt Sally."

"Well, yes, I think it is a matter of course to say one is glad," Alan answered, lifting his eyebrows a little. "I suppose it is civil to take happiness for granted." Sidney waited. "I mean," he explained, "people may not be happy at all, you know; they may quarrel awfully; but it's civil to suppose they won't."

"Quarrel!"

"Oh, they don't quarrel where they really love each other, Sidney," he declared; "never where there is real love." This was an assertion which Alan would

have been the first to find amusing if another man had made it.

"But I thought you were speaking of people who loved each other," she said simply, — "married people?"

What young man in love could resist the temptation to instruct such ignorance? Not, certainly, Alan Crossan. And yet, despite the eloquence with which he explained, Sidney still looked a little puzzled. "Oh," he cried, at last, impatiently, "you are like a person from another world, — you don't understand what I am saying!"

It was one of those perfect spring days, without a breath of wind to ruffle the silence of the sky, or a cloud to blur the sparkling blue in which the world was wrapped. There was the subtle fragrance of sunshine and freshly dug earth; a row of cherry-trees in Mrs. Paul's garden stood white against the blue, and now and then a breath of their aromatic sweetness wandered through the still air. The young man and young woman, the young day, the first flowers, the twitter of birds swinging in the vines upon the wall, or whirling in and out among the cherry blossoms, — surely words were hardly needed!

Sidney and Alan had walked along the shadowy path towards the sun-dial in the evergreen circle, and there he begged her to sit down on the crescent-shaped bench. They were silent for a moment, listening to the murmur of the busy town outside the garden walls, and then Alan said, "How strange it is, — this quiet spot in the middle of all that clamor! How shut off we are from it all!"

Sidney had taken off her hat, and was leaning back, looking up between the points of the firs at the sky. "Yes," she answered, smiling.

"It is like your life; it is something apart, — something which does not belong to its time."

"It is very pleasant, — I mean the garden."

"But it is not very great!" cried the young man.

"My life or the garden?" she questioned, with happy indifference in her face.

"Of course — your life. It is neither happy nor unhappy, so it cannot be great."

Sidney shook her head. "I am perfectly happy," she declared. "As for greatness, I don't care for greatness; I only want happiness."

"You will fail of either," he said abruptly; and then, having gone no further in his love-making than that point where a man falls readily into the vice of quotation, he began to say, his face radiant with the happiness of inexperience, —

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain."

Sidney looked at him with a sparkle of laughter in her eyes. "Now, Alan, what do you know about 'roughness'? For my part, I confess I'm content with peace." She smiled, with that serious sweetness which had always charmed him. The soft air, the sunshine, the flickering white of the cherry-trees, Alan's presence, in a word, youth, gave her all she needed, while she was yet unaware that she had need of anything.

"Such content is only ignorance; you must have infinitely more to make life great, to make it worth having!"

"What?" she asked lightly.

Alan drew a quick breath. He had not meant to tell her — yet; he had not meant even to generalize; he had still lingering doubts about his responsibility to the major; more than all, he had declared that Sidney should not know his deepest life until she had herself begun to live, — he would not startle her into repulsion. But now he did not stop to say, Is it wise? still less, Is it right?

"What?" she asked again, turning to look at him.

Alan's hand tightened upon his knee. "Love," he said.

Sidney Lee started; a slow, fine color burned across her cheek, and was gone. There was a breathless moment between them; for the first time she did not meet his eyes. But when she spoke her voice was as even as his had been shaken.

"Greatness at such a cost? I cannot see how any one can desire it, — greatness that grows out of unhappiness!"

"You are wrong," he said, in a low voice. "It is n't unhappiness, — love."

"It brings unhappiness," she replied calmly.

"It makes life glorious!" he cried. The hope which had been hidden in his face, which had baffled Sidney and tormented Major Lee during these last few months, challenged her from his eyes. Not knowing why, she rose, trembling, breathless.

"Yes — while it lasts; but it does n't last, you know." She wanted to go away; the tumult in her placid soul frightened her; there was a flying terror in her eyes.

"But you don't think of that; the joy" —

"Forgetfulness does not cheat death," she interrupted; "and the joy? I should think that would make the calamity at the end greater for its greatness."

"Sidney" — Alan began, and stopped. Some one was coming along the path towards the sun-dial. Sidney had grown very white, but now suddenly a flood of color mounted to her forehead; her eyes stung with tears. She was conscious only of anger at this extraordinary embarrassment. Why should she want to hide her face as Robert Steele came upon them? Why should her voice tremble when she answered his greeting? She was dumfounded at herself. What did it mean? She could hear, as though at a distance, Alan laughing at Robert's anxious voice, as he asked where Miss Sally was. Alan was entirely himself, and good-naturedly matter of fact. Sid-

ney's confusion gave her a moment of positive faintness.

"Sidney is neglecting her carving," she heard him declare. "I have reproached her so that she vows she won't have me for an instructor. No, I'm sure I don't know where Miss Sally is, Bob; probably delving in a tenement house after somebody's soul."

"I'll — I'll wait, I think," Robert answered; and his voice seemed to grope like a blind man.

"Oh, will you?" said Alan blankly.

Robert sat down beside them in silence. For a moment no one spoke. Then the doctor proposed, gayly, that Sidney should let him see her work. "You must not be discouraged. I'll give you an easier design." He rose. "Come!" he entreated.

"Won't you wait for aunt Sally in the house?" Sidney said, looking at Mr. Steele.

"Yes," he responded miserably. He would have followed them without this invitation; he had the human instinct to seek companionship in suffering. He even went into the lumber-room with them, and glanced with unseeing eyes at Sidney's work, — a curious piece of deep carving, a bitter and evil face under a wreath of laurel leaves.

"Why don't you go and meet Miss Sally, Bob?" Alan suggested, for Sidney had recovered her voice enough to say that her aunt had gone in to Mrs. Paul's.

Robert was incapable of suspecting Alan of diplomacy, so he only repeated dully, "I will wait."

"You need her to cheer you up," Alan commented; "you look awfully down in the mouth."

Sidney, hearing his careless words, was bewildered by her own questions. What had it meant, that thrill in his voice, that wonderful light in his eyes, most of all that sudden storm in her own heart? Yet now Alan was jesting with Mr. Steele, and she, too, was apparently

quite composed, although beneath the surface she was stinging with sharp annoyance at herself. She lifted one of her tools, and saw with dismay that her hand was unsteady; she was almost terrified, — her very body had played her false. Unreasoning anger made her answer Alan, shortly, that she would rather not carve that morning. She had put her hands behind her and held her head with a proud indifference; she said to herself that she hated Alan, and she wished he would go away. The doctor, however, had no such intention; he took up a tool, and began to praise and criticise with as much discrimination as though he were not raging at his friend, who stood silently at his elbow. Even in his annoyance he felt vaguely that this silence of Robert's was strange, and he looked at him once or twice keenly. "Poor Bob!" he said to himself. "Confound him!"

When Robert saw Miss Sally push open the door in the garden wall, he went with a heavy step into the parlor to await her. But by that time a subtle distance had come between Alan and the young woman. Sidney's composure made it impossible to turn the conversation in the direction it had taken out in the sunshine. Those words belonged to the blue sky, and the white gleam of cherry blossoms, and the twitter of birds; here, in the gloom of the lumber-room, with the murmur of voices from the parlor, nothing was possible but the business in hand, and so Alan talked about the carving, as long as he could endure the antagonism of Sidney's silence, and then he went away.

Robert Steele only had to wait in the parlor for Miss Sally a moment or two; when he heard her light, quick step in the hall, it seemed to him he could count his heartbeats. Miss Sally had gone to Mrs. Paul's that morning, although Sidney had promised to do so. "But you know I must be out in the garden," the girl had pleaded. So Miss Sally

had read *The Independent Press*, and talked, or tried to, until Mrs. Paul's patience gave way over some trifling exactness in her mild little visitor; then she had cried sharply, —

"Sally, you were an old maid when you were born; and I don't care how often you get married, you'll be an old maid when you die!"

Miss Sally had been so earnest in her desire to be agreeable that she had laughed tremulously, which annoyed Mrs. Paul so much that she had ordered her to go home, and not be a goose. Miss Sally, still anxious to please, said, "Oh, yes, I think I must go," — this to keep Mrs. Paul from any consciousness of rudeness. "I'll get ready at once."

"Oh, pray, Sally, don't get ready; *be* ready, for once in your life!" returned the older woman. Then she had watched her impatiently while Miss Sally, with small, trembling fingers, buttoned her cloak, and wrapped her long white nubia round and round her face.

"I've had neuralgia," she explained. Miss Sally was always experimenting with human nature; it seemed to her that Mrs. Paul must be sympathetic. On the contrary, a retort upon the indecency of talking of one's ailments sent the gentle soul home almost in tears. She had stopped under the cherry-trees to wipe her kind eyes, and then to bend down to smell the lilies of the valley, growing thick in the shadow of the wall; so that by the time she had reached the parlor and her lover she was her own cheerful self again.

But Robert's haggard face brought an anxious look into her eyes. "I hope you are very well, Mr. Steele?" she said. Miss Sally had never gone beyond "Mr. Steele."

He lifted her hand to his lips, but made no reply. Her affection seemed to him more than he could bear. ("Love" Robert called it, to himself.) Miss Sally did not dream of being hurt or surprised that he had not kissed her. If she had

stopped to think of it at all, it would have been to wonder why he should ever kiss her: she could count upon her fingers the number of times that he had done so.

"I am so glad to see you," she said brightly, unwinding her nubia as she spoke. "I want to ask you what you think would be nice to give that sweet Katherine for a wedding present. I know it is pretty far off, — August; but it is so pleasant to plan things. And you know they won't have much money, unless dear Mrs. Paul will forgive John. Dear me, she could n't help it, if she would but consent to see Katherine. I tried to suggest it," said Miss Sally, turning pale at the memory of Mrs. Paul's fury; "but you know she has such a fine mind, she does n't like to be dictated to, though I'm sure I did n't mean" —

Robert had been absently holding her hand, but he dropped it, and began to walk restlessly about the room. Miss Sally looked puzzled. Then she remembered that she had not removed her overshoes, and, with a little hurried apology, ran out into the hall to take them off. When she came back, she was startled by his face. "Why, is there anything the matter?"

Robert whitened under her kindly look. "Yes, there is something the matter," he almost groaned. Then he gathered all his manliness together: he must not think of himself, he must not even suffer, — the justice of pain was almost relief, and he did not deserve that; he must only think how to spare her, how to tell her the truth as tenderly and as faithfully as his unworthy lips might utter it. He came and sat down beside her on the yellow satin sofa, but he did not take her hand. There was an empty moment, in which they heard the voices in the room beyond; and then, through the open window, up out of the sunny street, came a wandering strain from Verdi, trailing off into silence as the itinerant musician moved further away.

"I have come here," Robert said slowly and distinctly, looking all the while at the portrait at the further end of the room, and noting, with that extraordinary faculty of the mind to observe trivial things in the extremest pain, how cruel was the curve of the beautiful lip, and vaguely aware that he was associating it with the white glitter of cherry blossoms and the careless sweetness of Sidney's voice, — "I have come here to tell you that I am an unworthy man; to tell you that my life is yours, that all that I have or hope is yours, but I am not worthy that you should look upon me. I have come here to tell you this." Miss Sally was bewildered; there were tears in Robert's eyes, and his lips were unsteady. "I am unworthy that you should marry me," he said.

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Sally cheerfully. "Of course you are worthy for anybody to marry. But you are not well, or you would not be so low-spirited. I saw that the moment I came in." She looked at him with affectionate concern. His words were merely a symptom, in Miss Sally's mind, — he had taken cold, he was overtired; and her solicitude suggested her manual, or, at the very least, Alan. She put her hand upon his arm, blushing a little at the boldness of a caress. "You must be more careful of yourself."

Robert stared at her blankly; his face was full of helpless despair. As for Miss Sally, she reflected, with comfortable common sense, that when a man was in such a nervous state the only thing to do was to take his mind away from himself; and so, in her pleasant voice, she chattered of half a dozen pleasant things, never waiting for his replies, and ending, with a woman's instinctive and happy interest in a wedding, with the assertion that she and Robert must give Katherine something practical.

"Dear me," declared Miss Sally, "I suppose it's sympathy, but I am perfectly delighted for them!"

Robert had been so flung back upon himself by her failure to understand him that, during all this talk, he could only struggle dumbly towards the point at which he had begun, and when at last he said, "I cannot lie to you; you must know how base I am, how dishonorable," it was evident that he had not heard one word she had been saying. "I want you to know what I am, and then, if you will trust me, if you will tell me that you will marry me, oh, I shall thank God — I" — What else he said he never knew; only that over and over again, after the truth was told, he implored her to let him devote his miserable life to her, to let him atone for his terrible mistake, to be his wife.

He did not look at her, but he felt that she was drawing herself away from him. The changes in the atmosphere of the soul are as unmistakable as they are intangible. The broken and humiliated man knew, before she spoke, that it was the sister of Mortimer Lee who answered him; little kindly Miss Sally had gone out of his life forever. She rose, and stood looking down at him for a moment; when she spoke, her voice was perfectly calm, though her face was pale. Robert felt, although he dared not look at her, that she even smiled slightly.

"Mr. Steele," — he started, the tone was so like her brother's, — "pray do not be disturbed. Pray do not give it another thought."

"I honor you above any woman I have ever known; your goodness makes it easier to believe in God's goodness. But I could not deceive you; I could not let you think I had given you what it is not in my weak, miserable nature to give to any one, — love such as you ought to receive. But take all I can give, Miss Lee; take my life, and loyalty, and gratitude; let things be as they have been."

"There has never been anything," she answered, with such placid dignity

that Robert dared not entreat her, "and, don't you see, there never can be. There is nothing more to be said, please." She looked at him, and then all the gentleness came back into her face and her eyes filled. "I am so sorry for you," she said simply. Then, quietly, she left him.

Robert Steele did not move, even to follow her with his eyes; he sat there upon the yellow sofa, his head sunk upon his breast, his hands hanging listlessly between his knees. The shadows from the swinging branches of the ailantus-tree in the courtyard fell across a square of sunshine on the carpet at his feet; little by little the bar of light lifted and lifted, until it touched the calm eyes of Sidney's mother.

He watched the silent, joyous dance of sun and shadows; he was incapable of thought.

He saw Alan cross the courtyard, and heard the iron gate creak on its rusty hinges, as he went out into the lane. A little later, Major Lee came up the steps; and then he heard Sidney tell her father, carelessly, that her aunt had a headache, and would not be down to dinner. No one caught sight of him in the darker end of the parlor, half hidden by the open door. It must have been long after noon when he left the house; he did not stay because he hoped to see Miss Sally again, but only because he had not the strength to go away.

It was nearly five o'clock when Alan Crossan entered his house. The day had been a good one to the doctor. The glory of the morning had touched every hour afterwards. He was still elate and joyous, but on the threshold of the library he stopped, appalled. In his absorption, these last few weeks, he had become perfectly accustomed to what he thought of as the meaningless distress in Robert's face, and scarcely any accentuation of that pain could have startled him. But there was no distress in it now; only

dull silence. He went over and touched him on the shoulder, in an authoritative way.

"You have taken morphine," he said.

XXI.

Mrs. Paul had not seen her son for nearly six weeks, when, the first Sunday evening that he was in Mercer after he had received Sidney's message, he entered her drawing-room. During that time she had passed from rage to contempt, then to indifference, and now she had reached something like fright. Not that she feared losing John's affection, — it was not credible to Mrs. Paul that she could lose the affection of any one; but she had an awful glimpse of a desolate old age. Who would play at draughts with her in the long evenings? Who would listen patiently to her gibes and sneers? Scarlett might do the latter, perhaps, — that was what she was paid for, — but there was no feeling in her silent endurance. Sidney might be summoned for the former, except that of late Mrs. Paul had found Sidney less interesting. Not from any change in the girl, but because her project concerning Mr. Steele had fallen through, and mostly because her own interests and disappointments pressed upon her and shut Sidney out. She was in a state of tremulous fierceness when at last the night came on which John Paul, with new and leisurely indifference, presented himself at her door.

"Well," she said, rapping the little table at her side sharply, "you are here, are you? I told Sidney that if you were sorry for your conduct you might come home." John raised his eyebrows. "Yes," Mrs. Paul declared, "I'm willing to overlook your behavior. Every man has in him the capacity of absolute idiocy at some time or other in his life, and that was your opportunity. Well, you improved it, Johnny, —

you improved it. I'm willing to forgive and forget," she continued. "We'll say no more about it. Just wind up this Independent Press folly as soon as you can. Do you want any money for it?"

But there was something in her son's look that troubled her. In spite of her bold words, her voice shook. In the brief answer that John made, Mrs. Paul heard her defeat announced; heard, but could not realize nor accept it. She grew so angry that her son bent his eyes upon the ground, and refused to look at her.

"You shall not marry that woman!" she cried; "or, if you do, not a cent of my money shall you have, — do you hear me? And she shall never enter my house, — do you understand me? I will not see her."

John had been standing silently all this time, frowning at the jug of lilacs in the fireplace; once he lifted from the mantelpiece a carved and fretted ball of ivory, which held another within its circling mystery, and looked at it critically; then he put it down, and waited for his mother to continue; but he glanced at the clock in an absent, indifferent way.

"You are a cruel and unnatural son!" she said, her voice breaking into tears.

John looked at her with attention. "Yes, I think I am unnatural, but I can't help it now; neither of us can help it now. I am what you have made me; I suppose I am hard. I am sorry."

"Hard? You are stone! My only son!"

John sighed. Human nature is as helpless to restore as to create love. But had he ever loved his mother? He had certainly never analyzed his feeling for her. Affection for one's mother is a matter of course; it is a conventionality, in a way. But now something had snapped, something had broken; he no longer took his affection for granted.

"No," he thought sadly, looking away

from her convulsed face, "I do not love you; and I shall never forgive you." He knew quite well that, no matter what gloss of reconciliation might cover that awful scene when she had accused and condoned at once, he could never forget it.

Those promises of pardon which we bestow so readily are apt to be given without thought of this terrible and inescapable power of memory. The lover or the husband, the mother or the child, may love as deeply as before the quarrel or the crime, but the remembrance of one bad or cruel word, the color of a tone, the meaning in the glance of an eye, will too often linger in the soul; such a recollection will start up between two kisses, force itself beneath the hand that blesses, be renewed in vows of renewed tenderness. No assertions of forgiveness or of love can blot it out; it is as immortal as the soul.

Perhaps Mrs. Paul read the inexorable truth in her son's face; her anger was drowned in a new emotion. She looked up suddenly at Annette's picture.

"Oh, why did you die?" she said, half aloud. "It is your fault. I would have been different" —

"I must go," John was saying constrainedly. "Should you need me at any time, I will come at once. Mother, I wish you would let Katherine come to see you?"

But she burst out into such bitter insult to the woman he loved that, without another word, he left her.

She did not even ring for Scarlett when he had gone, and she was wonderfully quiet all that evening. Davids noticed that she left the tea-table without eating, and he hazarded the remark to Scarlett that he believed she cared more for Mr. John than she had ever let on. Scarlett's response of silence made him, as usual, quite angry, but left him with that sense of her wisdom which the mystery of reserve is sure to produce.

"Lord!" said Davids, "if I could

hold my tongue like her, she'd think me something great!"

Mrs. Paul was experiencing this same fear of silence. If John had argued, if he had attempted to explain, she could have had all the solace of her own rush of angry words. She felt, unanswered, like a flying brig, left suddenly to the waves without the driving force of the hurricane. Her own fury tossed and beat her, but without John's anger she could make no progress.

She did not sleep much that night; she thought persistently of Miss Townsend. She wished, with hot resentment, that she could see her, at a distance, — that she could know what sort of a person it was who had wrought this change in her son; for through the calmest indifference she had been entirely ignorant of John's possibilities. Alone in the darkness of her bedroom, the slow and scanty tears burned in her eyes and dropped upon her pillow; the old grief for the dead Annette, the grief which had railed at Heaven, but had hidden itself so completely that no one knew that it existed, was sobbed out again in despair and hatred of all the world. "Why did she die? Mortimer is right; it is not worth while to love any one. Oh, I wish she had never been born!" The thought came to her at last, — it was towards dawn, and the furniture was beginning to shape itself out of the shadows, as the windows grew into oblongs of gray light, — the thought came to her that she might go to see this young woman; yes, and tell her what she thought of her, and what would be the result if she married John, — which, of course, would end the matter, for all the girl wanted was money. Rage which can be expressed in action is almost pleasure. Mrs. Paul fell asleep when she had thought this all out; but Scarlett was startled by her white face and haggard eyes, when she brought in the coffee the next morning.

"Tell Davids," Mrs. Paul said, as she

sat before the oval mirror of her dressing-table, and watched the woman puff her hair with delicate and gentle little fingers, — "tell Davids to go to the major's, and say Mrs. Paul's love, and will Miss Lee step over for a few minutes after breakfast?"

"Miss Sally?" asked Scarlett, whose sense of justice always made this little protest for Miss Sally's dignity.

"Of course not!" cried Mrs. Paul. "I said Miss Lee."

Sidney came, and was asked, in the most casual way in the world, where "that Townsend girl" lived, although the desire for such information was not explained.

Mrs. Paul had ordered the carriage for two o'clock, and she drove towards Red Lane with a face which tried to hide its eagerness beneath the greatest indifference. She had been full of excuses all that morning, explaining to herself that this apparent weakening was only strength. Johnny should see he could not defy her; she would put a stop to his absurdities once for all. No fear that the young woman would want to marry him when she knew the facts of the case.

Miss Katherine Townsend, however, was away from home, and Mrs. Paul's anger was for the moment restrained. "I will wait," she said, sweeping past Maria, who was very much overcome by the caller's rustling silks, as well as by her impatient and disdainful eyes. It was curious that the servant's vacant face and the plainness of the house should have aroused in Mrs. Paul, not anger at John, but the old indignation at what, long ago, she had called the "low tastes" of her husband. "He gets it from his father," she thought, her lip curling as she looked about at the severe but cheerful room.

The walls between the windows and doors were covered with bookshelves, so that there was no room for pictures; the piano was open, and sheets of music

were scattered beside it; there was no carpet on the painted floor, "only," said Mrs. Paul to herself, "those detestable slippery rugs." On the table was a great India china bowl full of locust blossoms. The shutters were bowed, for the day was warm, and one ray of sunshine fell between them, striking white upon the flowers, but the rest of the room was shadowy; so dusky, indeed, that Mrs. Paul did not observe Ted standing in the doorway, his grave little head on one side and his hands behind him.

"Who," he observed at last, "are you?"

"Oh," thought Mrs. Paul, "this is the brother. Of course the child is pert and forward."

"Kitty says," said Ted gently, "'at it's polite to speak when you are spoken to."

"You are an impertinent boy!" Mrs. Paul assured him. She put her glasses on and inspected him.

"No," Ted corrected her, "I'm not an impertinent boy. I'm Kitty's big brother."

"I am Mrs. Paul," explained his auditor, — "now you can run away, please."

"Oh," cried Ted, with evident delight, "are you John's sister? We love John, Kitty and Carrie, Louisa and me."

Little Ted had no knowledge of any other relationship than brother and sister, so his remark had no flattery in it, but Mrs. Paul smiled involuntarily. "I am his mother," she said. ("A scheming, ill-bred person," she added, in her own mind, "teaching the children to talk about Johnny in such a way, to please him, of course.")

"Should you like to see the pups?" Ted asked, anxious to be agreeable. "John gave 'em to me."

"Oh, pray be quiet!" returned Mrs. Paul impatiently. "When is your sister coming home?"

"Do you mean Kitty?" The child

leaned his elbow confidently on Mrs. Paul's knee, and looked into her face. "You have n't got such pretty eyes as John."

There was no reply.

"Kitty thinks his eyes are beautiful," declared Ted calmly, "an' she's coming home 'most any time. Kitty does just as she pleases, you know."

Mrs. Paul's face expressed only silent endurance.

"Does John love you the same as I love Kitty?" Ted continued, after a pause, during which he inspected the lace upon Mrs. Paul's wrap. A moment later; he exclaimed gayly, "There she is! Kitty, there's somebody here!"

For once Katherine scarcely noticed him. She had guessed whose was the carriage at the door, and she had summoned all her happiness and her courage to her aid. She entered with a smile, in which there was the faintest gleam of amusement.

"You are Mrs. Paul," she said, with an outstretched hand, which, as Mrs. Paul did not notice it, began to wheel an easier chair forward. "How good of you to come to see me! But pray take a more comfortable seat."

Words fluttered upon Mrs. Paul's lips, and left her silent. This dignified young woman was so different from her expectations that she had to take a moment to adjust her anger to her circumstances.

Katherine, meanwhile, had drawn her little brother to her side. The old sofa upon which she sat, with its uncomfortable mahogany arms and its faded damask covering, had an air of past grandeur about it which impressed Mrs. Paul, although she did not know it. All the furniture in the room had this same suggestiveness, as well as the rows of leather-covered books upon the shelves.

"She comes of People," Mrs. Paul thought angrily. "Her conduct is inexcusable!"

"I trust you have not had to wait

very long?" Katherine was saying. "And, Ted, you have not been a bore, have you?"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Paul, "he has been quite — quite talkative." She was furious at herself for ending her sentence in that way.

"Had I known that you were coming, I should have been at home," said Katherine.

But Mrs. Paul was not to be drawn into commonplace civilities. "Miss Townsend, will you be so kind as to send this child away? What I wish to say perhaps he had better not hear."

"Certainly," answered Katherine gravely. But when Ted, with his usual reluctance, had left them, she said, with quiet dignity, that had in it a curious condescension, "Mrs. Paul, I know very well that John's engagement to me is a disappointment to you, and I appreciate with all my heart your coming here to see me."

"You are quite right," returned Mrs. Paul; "it is a disappointment. It is for that reason that I am here. Of course my son will do what he wishes with his future, but at the same time it is only proper that you should know what that future will be — if — if he displeases me." Katherine's slight, waiting smile, full of courteous and decent deference for her age, confounded Mrs. Paul. She was perhaps more puzzled than angry, and the sensation was so new that she was at a loss for words. Those which she had prepared for the upstart music teacher were not to be spoken to this young woman. "Yes, it is a very great disappointment, I regret to say," she ended.

"I hope you will believe," Katherine Townsend answered, "that I have realized perfectly that it might be so. I do not mean because I am poor, — that is something which neither you nor I could consider, — but I have the care of my brother and sisters, and it is a very serious thing for a man to marry

when he must assume such responsibilities."

"I am glad to see that you appreciate that," said Mrs. Paul. "I" —

"Yes," interposed Miss Townsend quietly, "of course I know that. And yet I have felt that this very assumption would give him the strength which your strength has really withheld from him. He has had no responsibility in life, I think, has he? I am sure you understand me. I do not mean to reproach your love for him, which has spared him, but surely responsibility will help him, too? But I am talking too much of my own concerns." She stopped, smiling in half apology. "It is such a tiresome drive over from the hill; will you not excuse me for one moment, and let me fetch you a cup of tea?" She rose, ignoring Mrs. Paul's quick negative. "Pray let me," she said, and left the room.

In the hall she drew a long breath and set her lips; then she went into the kitchen, and with an intent haste, which silenced Maria, she made the tea herself, and arranged the small tray upon which she was to carry it to her guest. It was a bold stroke, she reflected, and the risk was great in leaving Mrs. Paul alone to collect her thoughts and her objections; but it had been the only thing that had suggested itself to Katherine. The excitement and restraint made her eyes bright, and there was a little color in her cheeks; and when, tranquilly and without haste, she came back to the parlor, she was almost handsome. Mrs. Paul could not help seeing that, nor the quiet way in which Katherine seemed to dismiss the subject of John and his engagement. She began, as she poured the tea, to talk, lightly, with cutting words, of this person or of that. Had Mrs. Paul heard of that absurd affair in Ashurst? What a painful thing for the family such a scandal must be! And what did she think of that ridiculous love-story that, just now, every one was reading? And

that gave Katherine Townsend the chance to say things as bitter and as untrue as even her guest might have done.

"A book," Mrs. Paul was constrained to say, "which tries to denounce second marriage is silly, is immoral."

"Who is it that says a second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience?" queried Katherine gayly. "Truly, I don't like the idea myself, but it's better than Major Lee's theory." This with a slight shrug. Even as she spoke, she was excusing herself by saying she would confess to Sidney Lee what she had said, never for a moment realizing how incapable Sidney was of understanding the situation, or approving of that temporary insincerity which is a weapon of society, and rarely implies a moral quality.

At that suggestion of a sneer, Mrs. Paul saw her anger slipping away from her. She made an effort to recover herself. "At least, absurd as it is, Mortimer Lee's view would prevent many unhappy marriages; and I am sure you will agree with me that no marriages are so unhappy as those which are unequal in — in any way. It is of this, Miss Townsend, that I wish to speak to you."

Then Katherine, who had given away her warm and honest heart as loyally as any woman ever did, lifted her eyebrows a little and seemed to consider. "Yes," she said cynically, "of course; except that the reasons for an unequal marriage are always so apparent. No one ought to be deceived. Regard has very little to do with it. It is invariably personal advantage which is considered; happiness is not expected." She held her breath after that; perhaps she had gone too far? Yet if it made Mrs. Paul feel that, in her own case, she acknowledged no inequality, much was gained, even at the expense of a slur upon love. ("This is bowing in the house of Rimmon," she thought, with shame and elation together.)

But Mrs. Paul smiled. At least this young woman was no fool, — there was to be no love-talk, no tears; and yet, as she tried to turn to that subject which she had come to discuss, she found such a discussion as difficult, although not as disagreeable, as though she had been answered by tears and protestations. She could not make her threat about money to this young person who treated money with such high-handed indifference; indeed, so skillfully did Katherine parry the slightest hint of the disapprobation which Mrs. Paul was here to express that the older woman became aware that, although she was not to be allowed to say what was in her mind, Miss Townsend knew perfectly well all she wished to say.

There are few who are not more or less impressed by cleverness; but Mrs. Paul respected it, even when it was to her cost. As for Katherine, she was exhilarated by her opportunity; to anticipate Mrs. Paul's sneers was like a game. That she was not sincere she was aware, but she silenced her conscience by a promise to repent as soon as her wrong-doing was ended. For the present, she must not lose the chance of assuring Mrs. Paul that, for her part, she believed that vanity was the beginning of most of the virtues, and expediency of the rest, — or any such flip-pant untruth as Mrs. Paul's conversation might suggest; and Mrs. Paul's conversation never lacked suggestion.

The older woman's final reserve broke down. "My dear," she cried, "you are delightful. The Providence that takes care of children and fools has guided Johnny. As for your brother and sisters, no doubt we can find a proper boarding-school" — She ignored Miss Townsend's laughing negative. Mrs. Paul was never half-way in anything; she was as charmed as she had been enraged.

"But I am afraid," Katherine said, — "I am afraid that I must beg you to

excuse me. I have a lesson to give in just twenty minutes, and I must go. I am so sorry!" She rose as she spoke, extending her hand in very courteous and calm dismissal. "It has been a pleasure to see you," she said, with no more enthusiasm than politeness demanded.

Mrs. Paul was beaming. She glanced at Katherine keenly for a moment, as she took her arm. "Where have you learned to walk?" she demanded. "One does not expect deportment from Little Mercer. But what am I thinking of? Your mother was a Drayton, of course! I remember now: young Steele told me so, and Sidney, but I had forgotten it. So foolish in Johnny not to remind me! How could I suppose that anybody he would care for could have antecedents?"

"But poor John," said Katherine lightly, — "he was more concerned with living than with dead relatives. Four Townsends are bad enough, without a dozen Draytons too."

"Oh," Mrs. Paul assured her, "I have no doubt that they are very well, — the children; I assure you I sha'n't mind them much." They had reached the carriage, and a thought struck her. "You are going out to give a lesson? (Nonsense, all nonsense; we'll stop that at once!) Then just get right in with me, and I'll take you wherever you want to go. It has begun to rain, you see."

"That will be delightful!" Katherine assented. She had not removed her bonnet when she entered the parlor, so without any delay she took the place by Mrs. Paul's side. The enjoyment of leaning back among the carriage cushions, and directing the coachman to drive to one of those cheap suburban villas, which irritate the eyes and look as though they had been made with a jigsaw, was something Katherine never forgot.

"You are to come to see me to-morrow morning," commanded Mrs. Paul, more pleasantly excited and interested than she had been for many a day. "I

shall send for Johnny, and we will wind up this nonsense of the paper."

Katherine laughed and shook her head. "I am so sorry, but I am occupied to-morrow morning. I must not disappoint a pupil for my own pleasure, you know." Under all her calm, Katherine was flushed with victory. She had triumphed, yet it was at the cost of her self-respect. She realized this when she stood at the carriage door saying good-by.

"My dear, you are a clever woman, and I congratulate you. (No one can say I have not always appreciated cleverness.) You don't make any sentimental pretenses, — I like that. As for Johnny, I dare say you will make the best of him; he's only stupid, — that's all."

Katherine grew hot with shame; she could scarcely control her voice to thank Mrs. Paul for having carried her to her pupil's door. She had succeeded too well.

Mrs. Paul, when she drove away, was in that state of radiant satisfaction which demands a spectator. So it was something to come across Miss Sally trudging home in the rain, and to stop and insist that she should get into the carriage.

"Why in the world," she cried, "didn't you tell me about Katherine Townsend?" She would not drive home immediately, "for I want to talk to you," she said. And so Miss Sally, sitting opposite, shivering a little in her damp skirts, listened with genuine pleasure to Mrs. Paul's praises of Katherine. "It is really a pleasure to talk to such a young woman; and a great relief, after what I have endured these last few years. Why did nobody tell me what she was like? Of course I could not know; the fact that Johnny was in love with her made me think she could not amount to much. Johnny has no sense about women. I was always afraid he might think he was in love with you. But, thank the Lord, he never reached that state! So it was natural that I should object to her, not having seen her, and neither you nor Sidney having

the sense to tell me what kind of a woman she was."

"I should think," ventured Miss Sally, shivering a good deal, "that you would have known she must be a sweet, good girl, just because John cared for her."

"Sweet? good?" repeated Mrs. Paul contemptuously. "That's like you, Sally. And it's like you to say I must have known, *because* — Now that you are engaged yourself, you really are too silly."

Miss Sally swallowed once or twice, and then looked out of the window. "I am not engaged, Mrs. Paul."

Mrs. Paul's "What?" was explosive. "When did you break it off? What an idiot you were, Sally, to let him go! You will never get the chance again. Why did you do it?"

"I — I did n't break it off," said the other simply; "he told me he had made a mistake. So there was n't anything to break off, you see."

XXII.

If Mrs. Paul had not been so absorbed in Katherine, she would have felt in Miss Sally's broken engagement the collapse of a person who has lost a grievance. As it was, she thought of it only to repeat the news, two or three days later, to Robert's astounded and dismayed friend, and to rail at Sally for a fool to have let young Steele slip through her fingers. When Alan Crossan really grasped the fact that Robert had thrown Miss Sally over, — it was thus Mrs. Paul expressed it, — he stood in shocked silence for a moment; it was too tremendous for comment. Then came the instant rebound: it was impossible; it simply could not be; by believing such a slander he again had wronged his friend. Why, it was only a week ago that Robert had come to look for Miss Sally in the garden — Then, like a blow, came the remembrance of the evident return to morphine in the afternoon of that

day, and since then Robert had been away from home.

The doctor scarcely heard Mrs. Paul's triumphant talk of Katherine; he only waited for a pause to say good-by, and then he went at once, not knowing why, to the major's. There, at first, it seemed as though this terrible news was confirmed. Sidney met him, looking puzzled and half annoyed.

"Aunt Sally is ill, I think. She has a cold. I was going to send for you, Alan, though you won't mind if she keeps on taking her little pills too, will you?"

"Is — is anything else wrong, Sidney?" he said. "Does Mr. Steele know she is ill? Has he been here to-day?"

Sidney shook her head. "There is nothing wrong; what could be wrong? Aunt Sally is ill, and I can't tell what she wants done downstairs. She is sleepy all the time." She frowned; she was troubled, and she was impatient of all trouble.

It was no time to ask questions; Alan had to forget Robert. A physician's private anxieties are out of place by the bedside of a patient, and Miss Sally was really sick. That walk in the rain, and then the long, shivering ride with Mrs. Paul, had come upon a little body which the new emotions of the last few months, and especially of the last week, had greatly taxed. Miss Sally was exhausted. Her pathetic desire to appear stronger and wiser than she was had been a continual strain; but that desire had gone now, and she felt instead the old content, the old enjoyment of a narrow life. And yet such content was a mysterious pain to Miss Sally.

In the night of that day upon which Mr. Steele had told her he did not love her, she had cried as though her heart would break. She knew, vaguely, that her grief was not because she had lost her lover, yet she knew no more than that. She was incapable of finding the reason for her tears, or of understanding

that there is no bitterer pain than the knowledge that the real grievance is the lack of grief.

There, in the dark, kneeling at the side of her high bed, she cried until, from weariness, she fell asleep; sinking down upon the floor, her head resting against the carved bedpost. In the morning she awoke, stiff and chilled, and in a dazed way groped about in her mind to find her sorrow. She caught a glimpse in her mirror of her small anxious face, stained with last night's tears, and pressed into wrinkles and creases where it had rested on the gathers of the valance. The tears were still very near the surface. She drew a little sobbing breath for pity of herself. But perhaps at that moment she dimly understood that really it was relief which had come to her, and not sorrow, and that the dear and commonplace little life was hers again. There would be no more effort, no new emotions. She cried as she smoothed her hair and bathed her tired eyes, because, without understanding it, she knew how soon her tears would be dried. It was a little soul's appreciation of how impossible for it is greatness. But no one could have guessed this cause of grief, least of all Robert Steele, drowning his misery in the old familiar dreams of opium. He had shut himself up in a hotel in the city, and given all his thoughts to the contemplation of his own baseness; and when that grew too terrible to be borne, taking up that strange little instrument of heaven and hell, and by a prick in his arm forgetting. There was a fitness in such sinning, he said to himself, deliberately yielding to temptation. He had flung Miss Sally's saving love away, so he had best fall back into the misery from which she had rescued him. Perhaps no one, not even Alan, could have appreciated the sincerity of a man allowing himself to sin, as a punishment to himself.

But the doctor, on that day, a week

later, when he found Miss Sally ill, had no knowledge of Robert or his condition, and he could not spare a thought for him in concern for her. Alan looked worried when he rejoined Sidney in the library.

She was reading, and it was evidently not easy for her to leave her book.

"Yes," he said, "Miss Sally is ill; but don't be alarmed." Sidney looked surprised; evidently, nothing had been further from her thoughts than anything so unpleasant as alarm. "So far as I can see, she has nothing on her mind. (Mrs. Paul was wrong; I knew she was.) But I don't like that room for her: there is no sunshine, and too much draught. The room across the hall would be better. I think she ought to be moved at once."

"But," said Sidney, in consternation, and putting her book down, "that is — is" —

"Your room?" Alan finished. "Why, Sidney!" The selfishness which could admit of such a thought startled him for a moment.

Sidney did not speak. To put some one else before herself required an adjustment of ideas; but when that was done, the resulting consciousness was not altogether unpleasant.

"I think," said Alan slowly, "I'll ask Miss Katherine Townsend to come in this afternoon, for a while. I'm sure she's a capital nurse. And Miss Sally ought not to be alone."

"Oh!" Sidney answered blankly, so plainly distressed at her duty that Alan could not be silent.

"Sidney, don't you care for Miss Sally?"

"Yes, of course I care," she said; but there was no offended affection in her face, nor did she say "love." In such matters the major had taught her to call things by their right names.

"Then," cried Alan, "why don't you want to be with her, and to give up your room to her?"

"Because," she explained, "it is n't pleasant, Alan."

The doctor looked at her. "But is this sort of thing pleasant,— this selfishly refusing to see what is painful?"

"It is n't unpleasant," she replied. But she was troubled; Alan seemed to disapprove of her, she thought.

"Oh, Sidney," he said, "it distresses me to have you unwomanly and selfish. I cannot bear to see you selfish." This was the first time that they had been alone since that morning in the garden.

She smiled. "But look; why do you want me to be different? Because it is unpleasant to see what you call selfishness?"

"And it is not right," added the doctor.

"What is 'right'?" she asked. "Oh, Alan, you and I act from the same motive,— *comfort*; only you are more subtle about it than I. You call 'comfort' 'right'; it's expedient to be good, you know." She laughed, and looked at him so frankly, with such entire absence of that beautiful consciousness which had filled him with hope, that Alan's heart sank.

"Sidney," he said passionately, "I told you that you needed love to make you really live. It is regeneration, as well as beauty! Do you remember what I told you? Oh, you could not be selfish if — you had love in your heart!"

He stood close beside her; it seemed as though a wave of light quivered across his face as his eyes sought hers. Miss Sally, right and wrong, the subtleties of altruism and selfishness, were forgotten; the woman he loved was looking into his face.

"Oh, begin to live, Sidney, — begin to live, *now!*"

It was an extraordinary moment, which seemed to Alan an eternity, as, with her hand crushed in his, he demanded life from the frightened silence of her face. The scene stamped itself upon his brain: the sunshine streaming

in through the long, open windows; the murmurs of the busy street; the Virginia creeper swaying from the eaves of the west wing; the sudden sparkle of a crystal ball upon the writing-table; and through all a wandering breath of mignonette from the garden, and the ripple of a song from little Susan, singing in the kitchen.

Alan's voice sounded strangely in his ears. His individuality was swept into that Power of which each individual is but the fleeting expression. It was Life which called to Sidney; it was the Past, it was Humanity, it was all Nature,— nay, it was her own soul which entreated her from Alan's lips.

"Love is more than death; it is life itself. I love you."

She did not take her hand from his, nor turn her eyes away; she looked at him in absolute silence, dazed and uncomprehending. Alan had one moment of blankness, which was so intense that it seemed a physical shock; it was as though he had uttered that "Come forth!" into the ears of the dead.

"Do you love me?" His tone compelled an answer.

Sidney, looking at him as though she could not take her eyes away from his, slowly shook her head. The spell of the moment was lifted; the sense of power was gone. The young man was no longer the creator, summoning life, but the lover, pleading, fearing, scarcely daring to hope.

"Oh, you are not in earnest? Think! Don't you, — a little?"

"No," she answered. Her voice was as the voice of one who dreams; but she knew, keenly and intensely, what she was doing and saying. It was this knowledge which brought the absorbed vacancy into her eyes. This, then, was love? — this look in Alan's face; this strange earnestness, which was, she thought vaguely, like anger; this breathless pain in his voice. How terrible was love! "Alan, Alan," she said,

"please do not be so unhappy, please do not love me."

"Not love you? Why, I should not be alive if I did not love you, Sidney. It seems as if it were my very soul, this love. Don't you care for me at all?"

But already he despaired; it did not need that she should answer him, trembling, "Indeed, I do not; truly I do not," to assure him that his entreaties fell upon ears which could not understand them. He felt, watching the dismay growing in her calm face, as though he had been telling his love to a marble woman. For a moment he did not feel the despair of a rejected lover. It seemed to him, looking at her passionless pity, as though the girl were incapable of emotion; there was something unhuman about it, which gave him, at the heart of his love, a curious sense of repulsion.

"I am so sorry for you, Sidney," he heard himself say; and then he burst out once more: "Sidney, you don't know what I am trying to tell you, you don't know what love means! But you must learn; let me teach you?" He took her hand again, with a gentleness which may come when love is great enough to forget itself.

Sidney looked away, and sighed. "Alan, don't say anything more." Her voice was so ultimate that the young man was silenced for a moment; then he said simply, —

"Don't you think you could learn to love me, Sidney?"

"Truly I don't," she answered. There were tears in her eyes. Alan turned sharply away.

He went over to the window, and stood with his hands behind him, staring into the garden.

"Alan?" Sidney said at last.

"Yes?" he answered quietly, but he did not look at her.

"I — I think I must go to aunt Sally" — she began, her voice unsteady.

He turned quickly. "Wait one moment," he said. "I want to write a prescription for her."

The crystal ball in its ebony circle still flashed in the sunshine; the murmur of the bees and the scent of flowers came through the windows. Life and the day went on; little Susan was still singing in the kitchen, and, like a green and flowing arras, the woodbine wavered in the wind. All was the same, and yet, to this young man and woman, how infinitely and eternally different!

"Will you have this filled, please?" the doctor inquired, making queer cabalistic marks upon his prescription paper. He did not lift his eyes to hers; the repression of the moment made his face stern.

Sidney did not answer. A soul had revealed itself to her in this last half hour; all her twenty-five years had brought her no such wisdom as had come in these quick moments. What had been a word to her had flashed before her eyes, a living creature. Love had looked at her, had implored her. Sidney had that feeling of escape which comes to one who has seen another overwhelmed by a danger which he fears. Alan left her with a very brief farewell; but she sat there by the window, with the prescription paper in her hand, until long after the time her aunt should have taken her medicine, — sat there, in fact, until Katherine Townsend, entering, with an anxious look upon her face, asked her how Miss Sally was.

Katherine had seen Alan, and when she heard that Miss Sally was ill she said she would go to her at once. "For I am afraid," she added good-naturedly, "that Miss Sidney Lee is too dreamy to be of much use in a sick-room?"

Alan was apparently too absorbed to express an opinion. "Doctors think of nothing but their patients," Katherine complained to herself. She would have been glad to talk of Sidney, who interested her extremely, but Alan was silent,

and she did not pursue the subject; she had an interest and anxiety of her own.

"Dr. Crossan, I want to ask you something. Mrs. Paul told me that — that cousin Robert had broken his engagement, and now you say Miss Sally is ill; and it almost seems — But I would not believe Mrs. Paul!"

Alan came back with a start; he had forgotten Robert and Miss Sally too. "Mrs. Paul told me the same thing, but it cannot be true. Miss Sally's illness has nothing to do with any nervous condition. She has a cold, and she is feverish; pneumonia is what I fear. Miss Townsend, I would not believe such a thing of Robert, if he told me so himself!"

Katherine's face brightened. "I thank you for saying that. I don't think I really believed it, only Mrs. Paul said — But never mind that. Then it is not broken off, you think?"

"I don't know," Alan answered. "It may be at an end; Miss Sally may have broken it off, you know. I have n't seen Bob for a week. But Mrs. Paul insinuated — if you will pardon the word — that Steele had asked to be released, and of course that is impossible. I wonder why Mrs. Paul always puts the worst construction upon everything?"

Then, with a comment upon the weather, he left her. It is odd what attention one can pay to the commonplace, with one's soul in a tumult of pain. He thought of Robert again, only to declare to himself, briefly, that this thing Mrs. Paul had said was obviously false; and then he forgot him until later in the afternoon, when he reached home.

Robert Steele was waiting for him in their library. He was resting his elbows on the table, and his face was hidden in his hands. "Alan," he said, "how is Miss Sally? I called there, and they told me she was ill."

His manner confessed him. The doctor was flung out of his trust and confidence. "She is ill," he said sternly. "She is very much prostrated, also. I suppose you know why that is?"

"Yes, I know," answered the wretched man before him.

Alan stared at him with dismay. "Steele, tell me what this means. Is your engagement broken?"

"Yes."

"But it is not true that you did it? That is what is said, but — but of course it's a lie!"

"It is true," returned Robert, running his finger along the carving on the edge of the table, and not lifting his head.

"Good heavens, Steele, what are you saying? I don't believe it! You are an honorable man. It is some piece of insane folly which you have fastened upon yourself which has made her dismiss you. But then, why are you so miserable? Did you — he lowered his voice — "did you love her, after all?"

"No," answered the other, "I never loved her, and I told her so. I told her that it had been a mistake from the beginning."

Alan did not speak.

Robert raised his head. "Do you want me to go away?"

Alan looked at him speechlessly. Robert had not loved Miss Sally? He had realized that he had made a mistake? The doctor could easily believe all that, but — tell her! Was it not a sufficient injury to fail in love without adding the insult of telling her so? His face grew darkly red. "I am done with him," he thought.

"Do you want me to go away?" Robert repeated, in that dull, hopeless voice.

"I do," said the doctor.

Without a word, Robert Steele rose and left the room.

Margaret Deland.

IN A VOLUME OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

STRANGE spoil from this weird garden Memory brings;
 Here, hard by Flower de Luce, the night-blast sows
 Moonstruck Thessalian herbs; o'erhead (who knows?)
 Or from beneath, a sough of missioned wings;
 The soil, enriched with mould of Coptic kings,
 Bears, intertwining, substances and shows,
 And in the midst about their mystic rose
 The Muses dance, while rapt Apollo sings.
 All-potent Phantasy, the spell is thine;
 Thou lay'st thy careless finger on a word,
 And there forever shall thine effluence shine,
 The witchery of thy rhythmic pulse be heard;
 Yea, where thy foot hath left its pressure fine,
 Though but in passing, haunts the Attic bird.

James Russell Lowell.

THE STATUS OF ATHLETICS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

ONE of the popular delusions about colleges is the notion that college students are a race apart: that they have temptations quite different from and more numerous than those met by other young men; that they have different amusements, different standards, — in a word, a different human nature. Those who live among students know that they are, in the main, very like their twin brothers at home or in business: they are not much wiser, and are as prone to do absurd things; on the other hand, they have more leisure, more command of their time, a wider range of interest, and a tickling sense of belonging to a guild of learning; on the whole, they are more likely than other young men to avoid bad or vicious habits.

The same principle applies in athletics as in more important things. College athletes are not a peculiar genus of the *homo juvenis*; they are only amateur athletes. College athletic clubs are gov-

erned by the same rules and principles as other amateur clubs. Yet there are some reasons why the interest in college athletics is sharper, why abuses are more apt to creep in, and why public attention should be directed more carefully to the manner in which college athletics are conducted.

That there is a great public interest in college athletics is plain twice a year from the items and squibs of the daily press; and this is an interest which has grown up within the last thirty years. The enjoyment of sports is as old as the toys of Egyptian children, or the ball-game of Nausicaa and her maids.

Σφαίρη ταῖς δ' ἄρ' ἔπαιζον . . . αἱ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἔυσαν.

"With the ball they played, . . . and mightily they shrieked."

The contest of animal with animal, of men with animals, and still more of men with men, has excited Greek, Roman, and barbarian. There is no doubt that a stand-up fight between two trained

men or bodies of men, whether fought with fists, rapiers, Winchester rifles, or army corps, is the most absorbing of human diversions. In modern athletic sports, however, the contest is not usually against a man's person; our preference is for races and competitions rather than for set-tos.

This milder and manlier form of sport is due to England. While German youths still exercised with a sword and American youths with a trotting-sulky, young Englishmen ran, rowed, played cricket, and revived football and tennis. The development has been due in part to the ancient customs of the people, in part to climate, in great part to the English schools. School-boys' sports have, during the past fifty years, been carried into the universities and into private life.

To England, then, we owe the example followed in our outdoor sports; and in England the practice has been brought under certain generally accepted principles. In the first place, no sport among gentlemen can be directed against the life or limbs of an antagonist. To inflict bodily injury was the great object of the Greek boxer and the Roman gladiator. Now, even in boxing, to wound is to be awkward. For better security, almost all athletic sports avoid personal contact; players strike the ball, but not one another.

To carry out the principle of avoiding bodily injuries, and to make the game more interesting, a second principle is applied: the sports are all hedged in by elaborate rules. Every complicated game, especially football, seems to the uninitiated an elaborate system of how-not-to-do-it. Strength, fleetness, and agility are to be applied only in specified ways. Here is an example, taken from the Intercollegiate football rules: "A player may throw or pass the ball in any direction except toward opponent's goal." Yet the sole object of the game is somehow to move the ball

precisely in the direction forbidden by throw or pass. The basis of the sport is always the tacit assumption that the game is between gentlemen who wish to win, but who accept and observe the limitations set by the rules. The principle that an umpire shall be provided has been established, but the practice is intended only to meet the case of a gentlemanly disagreement. Only under the intense competition of the last ten years has it been found necessary to provide double umpires, or to give an umpire summary powers of punishment where a player willfully breaks rules. The necessity shows that the standard of sport has fallen; it shows that a professional spirit has crept in.

What is a professional? He is defined and set apart by the third great principle of modern sport. A sharp line is drawn between those who practice sport for their own pleasure and those who practice it for money. Here is the statement of the distinction, laid down in the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, defining an amateur:—

"One who has not entered in an open competition; or for either a stake, public or admission money, or entrance fee; or under a fictitious name; or has not competed with or against a professional for any prize or where admission fee is charged; or who has not instructed, pursued, or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or for gain or any emolument; or where membership of any athletic club of any kind was not brought about or does not continue because of any mutual understanding, express or implied, whereby his becoming or continuing a member of such club would be of any pecuniary benefit to him whatever, direct or indirect; and who shall in other and all respects conform to the rules and regulations of this organization."

For so rigid a rule there are abundant reasons. A man who competes

from a love of sport prefers not to compete with a man who has gained superior skill by making his sport an occupation. A gentleman has no reason for concealing his name. If a man's success in his calling depends upon his winning, or if his livelihood is at stake, he is more apt to break or to strain rules; and the experience of the world has shown that a man who receives money for winning a contest may sometimes, by the offer of more money, be induced to lose. Contests of professionals, therefore, are not so sure to be carried through on the merits of the competitors. From the element of trickery, professional sports offer a field for betting and for other forms of gambling. There are hundreds of perfectly honest professionals, but in accepting money for their services they give up the element of personal pleasure, and change their sport into a task.

In America, boat-racing and games of ball are as old as boyhood, rivers, and town commons, but in the colleges and outside they were very simple and unorganized school-boy sports till about thirty years ago. Regular teams began in boating, and there was a race with Yale in 1852. In 1858, the present president of Harvard University was a member of the famous Harvard crew which brought the first six-oared shell in ahead of a rival Boston boat.

The Civil War gave a singular impetus to field sports of all kinds. Perhaps the boys in blue brought home a love of fresh air and exercise from their marches and bivouacs; perhaps the German turnvereine taught Americans the use of their muscles; perhaps gentle croquet led to more active sports. In 1863 came the first organized games of intercollegiate baseball. The sport spread throughout the country, and the college teams met on equal, sometimes on superior terms, — the mighty and forgotten Lowells, Peconics, and Redstockings. The Canadians taught us football and lacrosse

about 1877. Lawn tennis and bicycling came in a little later. Amateur records in track athletics began to be taken about 1875.

For the conduct of these sports there are permanent and recognized amateur organizations outside of the colleges; athletic clubs have begun to spring up, with expensive houses and apparatus; but the chief seat of amateur sport is in the colleges. Here are assemblages of young men having unusual control over their own time; here is a strong feeling of *esprit de corps*; here, out of the many players offering themselves, a first-rate team may easily be formed. Not one in twenty of the spectators at a professional baseball game knows one of the players personally, or ever himself handles the bat. The athletic spirit in the colleges is greatly stimulated by the fact that the whole college feels a personal interest in the players. College authorities acknowledge, willingly or unwillingly, that athletic sports must be allowed and even encouraged. There is a growing sentiment that exercise is essential for the most efficient use of the mind. In the colleges are the best facilities both for exercise and for contest. No large college is now considered complete without a good gymnasium and some instruction in field sports. The college athletic associations are more numerous and important than other amateur organizations. In the colleges, therefore, the growth and effect of athletics are more clearly discernible than elsewhere.

The first distinct result of athletics, as seen in the colleges, is a considerable increase in the average of bodily strength. The popular caricature of the college student is no longer the stoop-shouldered, long-haired grind, but a person of abnormal biceps and rudimentary brains. As a fact, the most popular man in any college class to-day is usually a good student who can do something in athletics better than anybody

else. The effect of this accepted standard of complete manliness is seen on men who never take part in athletic contests. The bodily vigor and health of students in the colleges have visibly risen in twenty years: the variety of exercise is greater; a larger number take exercise. Experienced directors and trainers apply scientific methods of developing the body. Dr. Sargent states, as the result of 3537 measurements since 1879, that he has now a record of 248 men in Harvard College, each of whom is stronger than was the strongest man in 1880. Of course there is a tendency to admire muscle and strength for themselves instead of as a means of health or enjoyment, but the physical results of athletic sports are highly beneficial.

An equally striking change is the great development of skill in athletics. The famous baseball teams of the sixties could not now make a run against a good nine; the records in athletics are constantly being broken. This skill is gained, however, at the cost of increased expenditure of time. Rowing men must settle down to their work in December, if they hope to win in July. Captains of teams spend more and more thought on selecting and placing players, on training, on planning campaigns. Hence college teams far surpass all other amateurs, and are but little inferior to the best professional teams. The inevitable result is that, to the participants, the element of sport is fast disappearing. It is very agreeable to be recognized as a "star player" and to travel with a team; but any one who watches a great contest must admit that it is play only for the excited spectators; the participants find both practice and match hard, unremitting work. To suppose that this fact discourages men from trying for the teams is a mistake. Where one man gets on a team, ten try; where ten try, twenty play "for the fun of the thing." The standard of skill required

for enjoyment in a "scrub" game has not been raised. Nevertheless, the great matches, especially in football, are coming to have the interest of gladiatorial contests; players are not there to pass a pleasant afternoon or to show their skill, but to beat. "It is magnificent, but it is — war."

Such elaborate contests cannot be carried on without great preparation and expense. In addition to gymnasium trainers, paid by the college authorities, many teams have coaches, often professionals. Another great source of expense is the training-tables; the board often costs double the ordinary rate, and the difference — sometimes the whole — is paid by the management. Whenever a team travels, it makes up a little array of players, managers, and attendants, whose expenses are paid by the organization. Men so solicitous to win spare no money that will insure greater comfort. The incidental expenses for such organizations are sometimes appalling: uniforms, accoutrements, the traveling expenses of managers and delegates, the keeping of grounds in order, — these are but a part of the items. In one single year, for a campaign lasting about seven weeks, the Harvard Football Association has paid out \$6361.63, or an average of \$350 for every actual player. On the other hand, the same organization has received in one year upwards of \$11,400. To handle and judiciously to expend sums so considerable might perhaps give the financial officers of athletic associations good business training; but the money is usually handled carelessly and expended lavishly. Here is a verbatim transcript of an account rendered by the treasurer of a college organization a few years ago: —

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions, season tickets, and other sources	\$2917.69
Gate receipts	3291.74
	<hr/>
	\$6209.43

EXPENDITURES.	
Uniforms	\$320.50
Yale-Amherst trip	371.45
Brown-Princeton	318.36
New Haven (exhibition)	190.06
New York (Yale game)	410.42
Umpires	100.00
Printing, advertising, and sundries	3443.94
	<hr/>
	\$5155.72
Balance in Bank	1053.71
	<hr/>
	\$6209.43

One of the most vexatious things about college athletics is the india-rubber inertia which makes it difficult to induce any treasurer or manager to keep full and lucid accounts and to take vouchers. Not very long ago, a perfectly honest young fellow, who had been asked to account for the magnitude of certain expenditures, explained in good faith that he was sure a particular bill had been thrice presented and paid; but he had taken no receipts.

As expense has increased, various moral evils have grown, also. In all the older colleges there are men who receive from home more money than they can put to good account for their personal expenses. Among that class of men betting grows up; and the example is followed by a few who can less afford to lose. Betting on the field can be repressed by denying the use of grounds to the organization which permits it; outside betting cannot be controlled, save by public opinion; and, as it takes the insidious form of loyally "backing up the team," college public opinion is not sufficiently pronounced against the practice. Of late years, the custom has sprung up for bodies of college men to attend the theatres in the city where the great game has that day been played, and, by cheering, the waving of flags, and the interruption of the performance, to make their preferences known. An excited, irresponsible state of mind seems to be induced by the tremendous competition of the greater sports, and to be more marked in the larger cities.

A similar excitement manifests itself among the general public. The colleges at Cambridge and New Haven were nearly deserted on the day of the recent Yale-Harvard game at Springfield. In New York, on Thanksgiving Day, 1889, there was paid for tickets to the Yale-Princeton game more than \$25,000; and people in North Carolina mountain towns watched the telegraphic bulletin. Not even Patti can command such audiences or take so much money for one performance. The newspapers give the public the impression that the whole interest of the colleges is absorbed in gladiatorial shows.

To the evils just mentioned — irregularity, extravagance, excitement — there is added a still more serious evil, that of professionalism in college athletics. The first approach to the professional spirit is found in the few young men who become regular members of the college in order to develop and exhibit their skill as athletes. No college ought to have a place for such men. Occasionally they enter late, and disappear at the end of the athletic season; more frequently they keep on, year after year, preventing other possible candidates from getting on the teams. Another phase of the disposition to make sport the end rather than the means is the pressure brought to bear on athletic men, who have graduated from college, to return and to go upon teams. A further advance of the same spirit is seen in those students who accept from proprietors of summer hotels offers of board, and sometimes of incidental expenses, as an inducement to play during the season, and who thus come within the strict definition of professionals. Another step is to receive money for occasional games; and, finally, a considerable number of college students or graduates have accepted summer employment from professional clubs, or have become teachers of athletics, and have thus separated themselves from all amateur organiza-

tions, within college or outside. Some of these men have, by their sport, acquired the means honorably to clear off college debts, or to provide for a professional education. No one can complain of their taking money for the practice of their skill; but the element of pleasure or of physical benefit—that is, the element of sport—disappears, and the purpose for which college athletics exist ceases, the moment a man begins to consider his skill a pecuniary resource.

Serious as are the evils connected with athletic sports, the writer believes that they are more than counterbalanced by the effect on the health of the students, and by the opportunity given for working off youthful spirits in a harmless way. Students themselves are sensible of the evils, but the expectation that they would in their own way find a remedy has not been realized. Students' organizations are loose; college generations are very short; traditions quickly fade; and there is lack of permanent policy. Captains usually serve a single year, and each feels like one of the ten Greek generals on his day of command. It is almost impossible for one college to obtain any reform without negotiation with other colleges, and diplomacy enough to secure an extradition treaty with Great Britain. Organizations controlled by graduates do better because they hold the undergraduates down to a definite policy. Those colleges in which the graduates have most influence, as Yale and Princeton, have proved upon the field and the river the excellence of graduate management. But the system is not very much freer than that of the untrammelled undergraduates from the evil of extravagance, sharp practice, and wastefulness of time. The teams are better; the morale of the sports is little improved.

College Faculties have been unwilling to take responsibility for athletic contests, and have from the first rather

tolerated them as an unavoidable evil. They began by legislating against broken windows and broken heads. As it was evident that athletic sports were a vigorous growth, the next step was to make provision for exercise by building new gymnasiums. In some cases physical examinations have been required, as at Amherst, or exercise has been made obligatory, as at Cornell.

Then came a time when it was discovered that students were making appointments which took them away from college work, or which unduly absorbed the attention of their fellows. A mild system of interference was adopted, with gentle rules as to time, place, and number of games. Some colleges, notably Yale, have gone no further, preferring to leave the whole matter to students. Additional legislation has been difficult: any serious limitations have been resented by the students; and the smaller colleges have hesitated to take any step which might keep students away. Most of the larger colleges, however, have appointed Faculty committees on athletics, whose office has been to exercise moral suasion over the students, and sometimes actually to regulate. There has been little interference with student organizations; money has been collected by subscription, and it has been a delicate matter to protect voluntary subscribers from their own agents. With the present large revenues from gate money a system of audit has been found indispensable. In some colleges it is exercised by graduate committees. At Harvard, by strenuous exertion, the organizations have been brought to agree to the appointment of a graduate treasurer, and to the deposit of surpluses arising from gate money, to be used for general athletic purposes.

The evils incident to the keen competition of intercollegiate athletics have received little check from individual Faculties. The trouble is, of course, that any restriction put upon a team is

a handicap, unless applied to its competitors. Half a dozen years ago, therefore, Harvard proposed a system of general regulation by the authorities of all the principal colleges; but it was found impossible to get an agreement. For a time Harvard forbade her teams to play against professionals. That restriction has since been withdrawn, as tending to keep up an irritation between students and Faculty: every defeat was ascribed to the want of practice with professionals.

The futility of the restriction was shown by the fact that in the face of it the professional spirit steadily grew at Harvard and elsewhere. Evasion of the rules became more common; men were brought into the colleges who had no serious purpose of study; the behavior of men on the field was rough and sometimes coarse. The governing boards began to take alarm, and the Harvard Overseers, in the spring of 1888, came almost to the resolution to prohibit intercollegiate contests. At this point a committee of the Faculty made an investigation, and reported that "intercollegiate contests stimulate athletics, stimulate general exercise, and thus favorably affect the health and moral tone of the university." They suggested a mixed committee of members from the Faculty, graduates, and undergraduates, with adequate powers. That committee was appointed, and has formulated a policy of regulation.

The difficulties of restriction have already been set forth. Since the principal evils of athletics are those of excess rather than of inherent wrong, they are hard to regulate by statute. In many cases, they arise from a neglect by the students to look after the details of their own contests, and such neglect cannot be supplemented by supervision. Busy Faculties have neither the time nor the inclination to form and hold a consistent policy in regard to athletics. It is felt that athletic sports are only a

very incidental and subsidiary part of college life, and that control of them requires the time and interest of professors who are better employed in teaching; and hence that they should either be unrestricted or wholly prohibited. Such is the argument of those who advocate the prohibition of intercollegiate contests. It seems to furnish an easy solution to say, "Let the boys attend to their studies."

To solve the question in this offhand manner is impossible. If there were no athletic clubs or athletic young men outside the colleges, perhaps the matter might be one for academic discipline; if intercollegiate contests were less attractive to students and their friends, to graduates and men interested in the colleges, they might be relegated to the place they occupied twenty years ago, and again become simply an agreeable diversion for half holidays and vacations. If athletics had not many distinctly bracing effects on the physical and moral tone of young men, the system of contests might be treated as an evil *per se*. If there were not at bottom a healthy moral sentiment among the students, opposed to professionalism and kindred evils, the governing boards might attempt to supply an artificial conscience. No votes of the Faculty or other governing boards can permanently put an end to intercollegiate athletic contests at the present day, because nine tenths of the students and at least seven tenths of the graduates consider them desirable.

Can, then, no principles of limitation and restriction be found, which students, graduates, and governing boards will unite in thinking reasonable? Most certainly there are such principles. The first business of every man, whether in a bank, in a law office, or in a college, is to perform his daily task: students, therefore, will readily accommodate themselves to regulations intended to bring contests out of the hours of college exercises, and to restrict the number

of games played abroad. Important contests at a distance from home, or in a city not the seat of either contesting college, plainly lead to irregularities and to interference with study, and the effects of the excitement thus induced extend far beyond the day of the contest. The experience of the Harvard Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports has shown that students are candid enough to admit the necessity of reducing the geographical compass of their sports. The first principle of regulation is to subordinate athletics to study.

The second principle is that every organization of every kind which goes before the public as emanating from a college, or bearing its name, shall present none but genuine representatives of that college, and shall do nothing discreditable to *alma mater*. The principle applies as much to theatrical and musical performances as to athletic contests. No man ought to be permitted to sing, to act, or to contest as a member of a college organization, if he is under college censure, or if he is a student only for a few months, or if he comes only to pursue his favorite amusement. At Harvard such men are now ineligible, either by Faculty regulation or by the action of the athletic committee; and the students second the policy. It is equally important to keep alive the feeling that the members of teams compete for the fame of their college, and not for any pecuniary gain to themselves: for this reason, students who have enjoyed a money profit from the practice of their sport must be excluded rigorously, although their regular standing as members of the college may be unquestioned. Here, again, so soon as students clearly perceive how and why professionalism degrades amateur sport, they heartily join in an attempt to keep out professionals.

A third principle is that of publicity. No organization which, from its connection with a college, secures subscriptions

from undergraduates and graduates, enjoys the use of college grounds or buildings, or appears before the public under the college name has any right to conceal its accounts, or to refuse to the authorities of the college a knowledge of its methods, its system of training, and the men who are to make up its teams. The system of irresponsible handling of large funds, of irresponsible selection of players, and of irresponsible diplomacy with other colleges is one which acknowledges only half the principle of freedom. A boy chooses his college, but abides by its discipline. A student chooses or accepts his studies; but, in every college, his instructors require him to satisfy them that he pursues the work that he has undertaken. College athletic sports, as now conducted, are no longer private enterprises; much more than college societies they affect the good name and the efficiency of individual colleges and of college education, and the college authorities have a right to know what goes on.

In applying the three principles above specified, — the subordination of athletics, exclusion of men not representative, and publicity, — the cooperation of students is essential, and is freely given. There is no want of good will, but a "plentiful lack" of good business habits. Somewhere in the organization of a university there must therefore be authority to require the observance of rules laid down under the three principles enunciated; and the judicious application of such rules requires the expenditure of a great deal of time. The detail will inevitably fall into confusion if not carefully looked after, for the simple reason that college students are boyish, thoughtless, and slack, and that college generations change quickly. The time necessary for supervision is well spent, if it brings young men to see the reasons for a punctilious standard in the selection and management of athletic teams. Penalties may be simple, and yet effective.

tive. To deprive a man of the privilege of taking part in athletic contests is often a memorable punishment to him and to his fellows; to deprive an organization of the use of grounds or buildings, for sufficient cause, will prevent the recurrence of the cause. Within the limitations suggested, students should be left to control their own affairs and to make their own arrangements, without being troubled by successive petty enactments. Regulations should be few; conferences should be many.

In whom should the authority over athletic sports primarily be vested? The Harvard Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports is composed of nine members: three members of the Faculty and three graduates, all six appointed for a year by the Corporation and con-

firmed by the Overseers; and three undergraduates, chosen by representatives of athletic organizations. Its action may be subjected to revision by the governing boards. The combination has proved singularly harmonious; and the undergraduate members habitually show a spirit of open-mindedness and conservatism which reflects the best sentiment of the college.

This is not a perfect system, but it is suggestive of methods which ought to prevail everywhere. Athletic sports and competitions and intercollegiate contests are an established part of the life of American colleges. The evils incident to them can best be met by judicious legislation, founded on a few reasonable principles, and by giving to students full freedom within these limitations.

Albert Bushnell Hart.

THE TOWN POOR.

MRS. WILLIAM TRIMBLE and Miss Rebecca Wright were driving along Hampden east road, one afternoon in early spring. Their progress was slow. Mrs. Trimble's sorrel horse was old and stiff, and the wheels were clogged by clay mud. The frost was not yet out of the ground, although the snow was nearly gone, except in a few places on the north side of the woods, or where it had drifted all winter against a length of fence.

"There must be a good deal o' snow to the nor'ard of us yet," said weather-wise Mrs. Trimble. "I feel it in the air; 't is more than the ground-damp. We ain't goin' to have real nice weather till the up-country snow 's all gone."

"I heard say yesterday that there was good sleddin' yet, all up through Parsley," responded Miss Wright. "I should n't like to live up in them north-ern places. My cousin Ellen's husband

was a Parsley man, an' he was obliged, as you may have heard, to go up north to his father's second wife's funeral; got back day before yesterday. 'T was about twenty-one miles, an' they started on wheels; but when they 'd gone nine or ten miles, they found 't was no sort o' use, an' left their wagon an' took a sleigh. The man that owned it charged 'em four an' six, too. I should n't have thought he would; they told him they was goin' to a funeral; an' they had their own buffaloes an' everything."

"Well, I expect it's a good deal harder scratchin', up that way; they have to git money where they can; the farms is very poor as you go north," suggested Mrs. Trimble kindly. "'T ain't none too rich a country where we be, but I've always been grateful I wa'n't born up to Parsley."

The old horse plodded along, and the sun, coming out from the heavy spring

clouds, sent a sudden shine of light along the muddy road. Sister Wright drew her large veil forward over the high rim of her bonnet. She was not used to driving, or to being much in the open air; but Mrs. Trimble was an active business woman, and looked after her own affairs herself, in all weathers. The late Mr. Trimble had left her a good farm, but not much ready money, and it was often said that she was better off in the end than if he had lived. She regretted his loss deeply, however; it was impossible for her to speak of him, even with intimate friends, without emotion, and nobody had ever hinted that this emotion was insincere. She was most warm-hearted and generous, and in her limited way played the part of Lady Bountiful in the town of Hampden.

"Why, there's where the Bray girls lives, ain't it?" she exclaimed, as, beyond a thicket of witch-hazel and scrub-oak, they came in sight of a weather-beaten, solitary farmhouse. The barn was too far away for thrift or comfort, and they could see long lines of light through the shrunken boards as they came nearer. The fields looked both stony and sodden. Somehow, even Parsley itself could be hardly more forlorn.

"Yes 'm," said Miss Wright, "that 's where they live now, poor things. I know the place, though I ain't been up here for years. You don't suppose, Mis' Trimble — I ain't seen the girls out to meetin' all winter. I've re'lly been covetin' " —

"Why, yes, Rebecca, of course we could stop," answered Mrs. Trimble heartily. "The exercises was over earlier'n I expected, an' you're goin' to remain over night long o' me, you know. There won't be no tea till we git there, so we can't be late. I'm in the habit o' sendin' a basket to the Bray girls when any o' our folks is comin' this way, but I ain't been to see 'em since they moved up here. Why, it must be a good deal over a year ago. I know 't was in

the late winter they had to make the move. 'T was cruel hard, I must say, an' if I had n't been down with my pleurisy fever I'd have stirred round an' done somethin' 'bout it. There was a good deal o' sickness at the time, an' — well, 't was kind o' rushed through, breakin' of 'em up, an' lots o' folks blamed the selec'men; but when 't was done, 't was done, an' nobody took holt to undo it. Ann an' Mandy looked same's ever when they come to meetin', 'long in the summer, — kind o' wishful, perhaps. They've always sent me word they was gittin' on pretty comfortable."

"That would be their way," said Rebecca Wright. "They never was any hand to complain, though Mandy's less cheerful than Ann. If Mandy'd been spared such poor eyesight, an' Ann had n't got her lame wrist that wa'n't set right, they'd kep' off the town fast enough. They both shed tears when they talked to me about havin' to break up, when I went to see 'em before I went over to brother Asa's. You see we was brought up neighbors an' went to school together, the Brays an' me. 'T was a special Providence brought us home this road, I've been so covetin' a chance to git to see 'em. My lameness hampers me."

"I'm glad we come this way, myself," said Mrs. Trimble.

"I'd like to see just how they fare," Miss Rebecca Wright continued. "They give their consent to goin' on the town because they knew they'd got to be dependent, an' so they felt 't would come easier for all than for a few to help 'em. They acted real dignified an' right-minded, contrary to what most do in such cases, but they was dreadful anxious to see who would bid 'em off, town-meeting day; they did so hope 't would be somebody right in the village. I just sat down an' cried good when I found Abel Janes's folks had got hold of 'em. They always had the name of bein' slack an' poor-spirited, an' they

did it just for what they got out o' the town. The selectmen this last year ain't what we have had. I hope they 've been considerate about the Bray girls."

"I should have be'n more considerate about fetchin' of you up," apologized Mrs. Trimble. "I 've got my horse, an' you 're lame-footed; 't is too far for you to come. But time does slip away with busy folks, an' I forgit a good deal I ought to remember."

"There 's nobody more considerate than you be," protested Miss Rebecca Wright.

Mrs. Trimble made no answer, but took out her whip and gently touched the sorrel horse, who walked considerably faster, but did not think it worth while to trot. It was a long, round-about way to the house, farther down the road and up a lane.

"I never had any opinion of the Bray girls' father, leavin' 'em as he did," said Mrs. Trimble.

"He was much praised in his time, though there was always some said his early life had n't been up to the mark," explained her companion. "He was a great favorite of our then preacher, the Reverend Daniel Longbrother. They did a good deal for the parish, but they did it their own way. Deacon Bray was one that did his part in the repairs without urging. You know 't was in his time the first repairs was made, when they got out the old soundin'-board an' them handsome square pews. It cost an awful sight o' money, too. They had n't done payin' up that debt when they set to to alter it again an' git the walls frescoed. My grandmother was one that always spoke her mind right out, an' she was dreadful opposed to breakin' up the square pews where she 'd always set. They was countin' up what 't would cost in parish meetin', an' she riz right up an' said 't would n't cost nothin' to let 'em stay, an' there wa'n't a house carpenter left in the parish that could do such nice work, an' time would

come when the great-grandchildren would give their eye-teeth to have the old meetin'-house look just as it did then. But haul the inside to pieces they would and did."

"There come to be a real fight over it, did n't there?" agreed Mrs. Trimble soothingly. "Well, 't wa'n't good taste. I remember the old house well. I come here as a child to visit a cousin o' mother's, an' Mr. Trimble's folks was neighbors, an' we was drawn to each other then, young 's we was. Mr. Trimble spoke of it many 's the time, — the first time he ever see me, in a leghorn hat with a feather; 't was one that mother had, an' pressed over."

"When I think of them old sermons that used to be preached in that old meetin'-house of all, I'm glad it's altered over, so 's not to remind folks," said Miss Rebecca Wright, after a suitable pause. "Them old brimstone discourses, you know, Mis' Trimble. Preachers is far more reasonable, nowadays. Why, I set an' thought, last Sabbath, as I listened, that if old Mr. Longbrother an' Deacon Bray could hear the difference they 'd crack the ground over 'em like pole beans, an' come right up 'longside their headstones."

Mrs. Trimble laughed heartily, and shook the reins three or four times by way of emphasis. "There 's no gitting round you," she said, much pleased. "I should think Deacon Bray would want to rise, any way, if 't was so he could, an' knew how his poor girls was far-in'. A man ought to provide for his folks he's got to leave behind him, specially if they 're women. To be sure, they had their little home; but we've seen how, with all their industrious ways, they had n't means to keep it. I s'pose he thought he 'd got time enough to lay by, when he give so generous in collections; but he did n't lay by, an' there they be. He might have took lessons from the squirrels; even them little wild creatur's makes them their

winter hoards, an' men-folks ought to know enough if squirrels does. 'Be just before you are generous: that's what was always set for the B's in the copy-books, when I was to school, and it often runs through my mind."

"'As for man, his days are as grass,' — that was for A; the two go well together," added Miss Rebecca Wright soberly. "My good gracious, ain't this a starved-lookin' place? It makes me ache to think them nice Bray girls has to brook it here."

The sorrel horse, though somewhat puzzled by an unexpected deviation from his homeward way, willingly came to a stand by the gnawed corner of the doorway fence, which evidently served as hitching-place. Two or three ragged old hens were picking about the yard, and at last a face appeared at the kitchen window, tied up in a handkerchief, as if it were a case of toothache. By the time our friends reached the side door next this window, Mrs. Janes came disconsolately to open it for them, shutting it again as soon as possible, though the air felt more chilly inside the house.

"Take seats," said Mrs. Janes briefly. "You'll have to see me just as I be. I have been suffering these four days with the ague, and everything to do. Mr. Janes is to court, on the jury. 'T was inconvenient to spare him. I should be pleased to have you lay off your things."

Comfortable Mrs. Trimble looked about the cheerless kitchen, and could not think of anything to say; so she smiled blandly and shook her head in answer to the invitation. "We'll just set a few minutes with you, to pass the time o' day, an' then we must go in an' have a word with the Miss Brays, bein' old acquaintance. It ain't been so we could git to call on 'em before. I don't know 's you're acquainted with Miss R'becca Wright. She's been out of town a good deal."

"I heard she was stopping over to Plainfields with her brother's folks,"

replied Mrs. Janes, rocking herself with irregular motion, as she sat close to the stove. "Got back some time in the fall, I believe?"

"Yes 'm," said Miss Rebecca, with an undue sense of guilt and conviction. "We 've been to the installation over to the East Parish, an' thought we'd stop in; we took this road home to see if 't was any better. How is the Miss Brays gittin' on?"

"They're well 's common," answered Mrs. Janes grudgingly. "I was put out with Mr. Janes for fetchin' of 'em here, with all I 've got to do, an' I own I was kind o' surly to 'em 'long to the first of it. He gits the money from the town, an' it helps him out; but he bid 'em off for five dollars a month, an' we can't do much for 'em at no such price as that. I went an' dealt with the selectmen, an' made 'em promise to find their firewood an' some other things extra. They was glad to git rid o' the matter the fourth time I went; an' would ha' promised 'most anything. But Mr. Janes don't keep me half the time in oven-wood, he's off so much; an' we was cramped o' room, any way. I have to store things up garrit a good deal, an' that keeps me trampin' right through their room. I do the best for 'em I can, Mis' Trimble, but 't ain't so easy for me as 'tis for you, with all your means to do with."

The poor woman looked pinched and miserable herself, though it was evident that she had no gift at house or home keeping. Mrs. Trimble's heart was wrung with pain, as she thought of the unwelcome inmates of such a place; but she held her peace bravely, while Miss Rebecca again gave some brief information in regard to the installation.

"You go right up them back stairs," the hostess directed at last. "I'm glad some o' you church folks has seen fit to come an' visit 'em. There ain't been nobody here this long spell, an' they've aged a sight since they come. They

always send down a taste out of your baskets, Mis' Trimble, an' I relish it, I tell you. I'll shut the door after you, if you don't object. I feel every draught o' cold air."

"I've always heard she was a great hand to make a poor mouth. Wa'n't she from somewheres up Parsley way?" whispered Miss Rebecca, as they stumbled in the half-light.

"Poor meechin' body, wherever she come from," replied Mrs. Trimble, as she knocked at the door.

There was silence for a moment after this unusual sound; then one of the Bray sisters opened the door. The eager guests stared into a small, low room, brown with age, and gray, too, as if former dust and cobwebs could not be made wholly to disappear. The two elderly women who stood there looked like captives. Their withered faces wore a look of apprehension, and the room itself was more bare and plain than was fitting to their evident refinement of character and self-respect. There was an uncovered small table in the middle of the floor, with some crackers on a plate; and, for some reason or other, this added a great deal to the general desolation.

But Miss Ann Bray, the elder sister, who carried her right arm in a sling, with piteously drooping fingers, gazed at the visitors with radiant joy. She had not seen them arrive. The one window gave only the view at the back of the house, across the fields, and their coming was indeed a surprise. The next minute she was laughing and crying together. "Oh, sister!" she said, "if here ain't our dear Mis' Trimble! — an' my heart o' goodness, 'tis 'Becca Wright, too! What dear good creatur's you be! I've felt all day as if some-thin' good was goin' to happen, an' was just sayin' to myself 't was most sundown now, but I would'n't let on to Mandany I'd give up hope quite yet. You see, the scissors stuck in the floor this very

mornin', an' it's always a reliable sign. There, I've got to kiss ye both again!"

"I don't know where we can all set," lamented sister Mandana. "There ain't but the one chair an' the bed; t'other chair's too rickety; an' we've been promised another these ten days; but first they've forgot it, an' next Mis' Janes can't spare it, — one excuse an' another. I'm goin' to git a stump o' wood an' nail a board on to it, when I can git outdoor again," said Mandana, in a plaintive voice. "There, I ain't goin' to complain o' nothin', now you've come," she added; and the guests sat down, Mrs. Trimble, as was proper, in the one chair.

"We've sat on the bed many's the time with you, 'Becca, an' talked over our girl nonsense, ain't we? You know where 't was, — in the little back bedroom we had when we was girls, an' used to peek out at our beaux through the strings o' mornin'-glories," laughed Ann Bray delightedly, her thin face shining more and more with joy. "I brought some o' them mornin'-glory seeds along when we come away, we'd raised 'em so many years; an' we got 'em started all right, but the hens found 'em out. I declare I chased them poor hens, foolish as 't was; but the mornin'-glories I'd counted on a sight to remind me o' home. You see, our debts was so large, after my long sickness an' all, that we did n't feel 't was right to keep back anything we could help from the auction."

It was impossible for any one to speak for a moment or two; the sisters felt their own uprooted condition afresh, and their guests for the first time really comprehended the piteous contrast between that neat little village house, which now seemed a palace of comfort, and this cold, unpainted upper room in the remote Janes farmhouse. It was an unwelcome thought to Mrs. Trimble that the well-to-do town of Hampden could provide no better for its poor than this, and her round face flushed with resentment

and the shame of personal responsibility. "The girls shall be well settled in the village before another winter, if I pay their board myself," she made an inward resolution, and took another almost tearful look at the broken stove, the miserable bed, and the sisters' one hair-covered trunk, on which Mandana was sitting. But the poor place was filled with a golden spirit of hospitality.

Rebecca was again discoursing eloquently of the installation; it was so much easier to speak of general subjects, and the sisters had evidently been longing to hear some news. Since the late summer they had not been to church, and presently Mrs. Trimble asked the reason.

"Now, don't you go to pouring out our woes, Mandy!" begged little old Ann, looking shy and almost girlish, and as if she insisted upon playing that life was still all before them and all pleasure. "Don't you go to spoilin' their visit with our complaints! They know well's we do that changes must come, an' we 'd been so wanted to our home things that this come hard at first; but then they felt for us, I know just as well's can be. 'T will soon be summer again, an' 't is real pleasant right out in the fields here, when there ain't too hot a spell. I've got to know a sight o' new singin' birds since we come."

"Give me the folks I've always known," sighed the younger sister, who looked older than Miss Ann, and less even-tempered. "You may have your birds, if you want 'em. I do re'lly long to go to meetin' an' see folks go by up the aisle. Now, I will speak of it, Ann, whatever you say. We need, each of us, a pair o' good stout shoes an' rubbers, — ours are all wore out; an' we've asked an' asked, an' they never think to bring 'em, an' " —

Poor old Mandana, on the trunk, covered her face with her arms and sobbed aloud. The elder sister stood over her, and patted her on the thin shoulder like a child, and tried to comfort her. It

crossed Mrs. Trimble's mind that it was not the first time one had wept and the other had comforted. The sad scene must have been repeated many times in that long, drear winter. She would see them forever after in her mind as fixed as a picture, and her own tears fell fast.

"You did n't see Mis' Janes's cunning little boy, the next one to 'the baby, did you?" asked Ann Bray, turning round quickly at last, and going cheerfully on with the conversation. "Now, hush, Mandy, dear; they 'll think you're childish! He's a dear, friendly little creatur', an' likes to stay with us a good deal, though we feel's if 't was too cold for him, now we are waitin' to get us more wood."

"When I think of the acres o' woodland in this town!" groaned Rebecca Wright. "I believe I'm goin' to preach next Sunday, 'stead o' the minister, an' I'll make the sparks fly. I've always heard the saying, 'What's everybody's business is nobody's business,' an' I've come to believe it."

"Now, don't you, 'Becca. You've happened on a kind of a poor time with us, but we've got more belongings than you see here, an' a good large cluset, where we can store those things there ain't room to have about. You an' Miss Trimble have happened on a kind of poor day, you know. Soon's I git me some stout shoes an' rubbers, as Mandy says, I can fetch home plenty o' little dry boughs o' pine; you remember I was always a great hand to roam in the woods? If we could, only have a front room, so 't we could look out on the road an' see the passin', an' was shod for meetin', I don' know's we should complain. Now we're just goin' to give you what we've got, an' make out with a good welcome. We make more tea 'n we want in the mornin', an' then let the fire go down, since 't has been so mild. We've got a *good* cluset" (disappearing as she spoke), "an' I know this to be good tea, 'cause it's some o' yourn, Mis'

Trimble. An' here are our sprigged chiny cups that R'becca knows by sight, if Mis' Trimble don't. We kep' out four of 'em, an' put the even half dozen with the rest of the auction stuff. I've often wondered who'd got 'em, but I never asked, for fear 't would be somebody that would distress us. They was mother's, you know."

The four cups were poured, and the little table pushed to the bed, where Rebecca Wright still sat, and Mandana, wiping her eyes, came and joined her. Mrs. Trimble sat in her chair at the end, and Ann trotted about the room in pleased content for a while, and in and out of the closet, as if she still had much to do; then she came and stood opposite Mrs. Trimble. She was very short and small, and there was no painful sense of her being obliged to stand. The four cups were not quite full of cold tea, but there was a clean old tablecloth folded double, and a plate with three pairs of crackers neatly piled, and a small — it must be owned, a very small — piece of hard white cheese. Then, for a treat, in a glass dish, there was a little preserved peach, the last — Miss Rebecca knew it instinctively — of the household stores brought from their old home. It was very sugary, this bit of peach; and as she helped her guests and sister Mandy, Miss Ann Bray said, half unconsciously, as she often had said with less reason in the old days, "Our preserves ain't so good as usual this year; this is beginning to candy." Both the guests protested, while Rebecca added that the taste of it carried her back, and made her feel young again. The Brays had always managed to keep one or two peach-trees alive in their corner of a garden. "I've been keeping this preserve for a treat," said her friend. "I'm glad to have you eat some, 'Becca. Last summer I often wished you was home an' could come an' see us, 'stead o' being away off to Plainfields."

The crackers did not taste too dry.

Miss Ann took the last of the peach on her own cracker; there could not have been quite a small spoonful, after the others were helped, but she asked them first if they would not have some more. Then there was a silence, and in the silence a wave of tender feeling rose high in the hearts of the four elderly women. At this moment the setting sun flooded the poor plain room with light; the unpainted wood was all of a golden-brown, and Ann Bray, with her gray hair and aged face, stood at the head of the table in a kind of aureole. Mrs. Trimble's face was all a-quiver as she looked at her; she thought of the text about two or three being gathered together, and was half afraid.

"I believe we ought to 've asked Mis' Janes if she would n't come up," said Ann. "She's real good feelin', but she's had it very hard, an' gits discouraged. I can't find that she's ever had anything real pleasant to look back to, as we have. There, next time we'll make a good heartenin' time for her too."

The sorrel horse had taken a long nap by the gnawed fence-rail, and the cool air after sundown made him impatient to be gone. The two friends jolted homeward in the gathering darkness, through the stiffening mud, and neither Mrs. Trimble nor Rebecca Wright said a word until they were out of sight as well as out of sound of the Janes house. Time must elapse before they could reach a more familiar part of the road and resume conversation on its natural level.

"I consider myself to blame," insisted Mrs. Trimble at last. "I have n't no words of accusation for nobody else, an' I ain't one to take comfort in calling names to the board o' selee'men. I make no reproaches, an' I take it all on my own shoulders; but I'm goin' to stir about me, I tell you! I shall begin early to-morrow. They're goin' back to

their own house, — it's been standin' empty all winter, — an' the town's goin' to give 'em the rent an' what firewood they need; it won't come to more than the board's payin' out now. An' you an' me'll take this same horse an' wagon, an' ride an' go afoot by turns, an' git means enough together to buy back their furniture an' whatever was sold at that plaguy auction; an' then we'll put it all back, an' tell 'em they've got to move to a new place, an' just carry 'em right back again where they come from. An' don't you never tell, R'becca, but here I be a widow woman, layin' up what I make from my farm for nobody knows who, an' I'm goin' to do for them Bray girls all I'm a mind to. I should be sca't to wake up in heaven, an' hear anybody there ask how the Bray girls was. Don't talk to me about the town o' Hampden, an' don't ever let me hear the name o' town poor! I'm ashamed to go home an' see what's set out for supper. I wish I'd brought 'em right along."

"I was goin' to ask if we could n't git the new doctor to go up an' do

somethin' for poor Ann's arm," said Miss Rebecca. "They say he's very smart. If she could get so's to braid straw or hook rugs again, she'd soon be earnin' a little somethin'. An' may be he could do somethin' for Mandy's eyes. They did use to live so neat an' lady-like. Somehow I could n't speak to tell 'em there that 't was I bought them six best cups an' saucers, time of the auction; they went very low, as everythin' else did, an' I thought I could save it some other way. They shall have 'em back an' welcome. You're real whole-hearted, Mis' Trimble. I expect Ann'll be sayin' that her father's child'n wa'n't goin' to be left desolate, an' that all the bread he cast on the waters's comin' back through you."

"I don't care what she says, dear creatur'!" exclaimed Mrs. Trimble. "I'm full o' regrets I took time for that installation, an' set there seepin' in a lot o' talk this whole day long, except for its kind of bringin' us to the Bray girls. I wish to my heart 't was to-morrow mornin' a'ready, an' I a-startin' for the selec'men."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

ODYSSEUS AND NAUSICAA.

THE ancients had, for the most part, an unquestioning belief in one Homer, who wrote — or at least composed — both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and indeed many minor poems as well, in the same literal sense that Dante constructed the most elaborate monument of the human imagination, the *Divina Commedia*. Probably no intelligent student holds quite that belief now. All attentive readers, even those filled with most reverence for these songs fresh from the morning of the world, see that they are, at any rate, disfigured by some later additions from various comparatively feeble and

injudicious hands. Moreover, the prevailing, though by no means universal, conviction of scholars is that the spirit of more than one generation breathes through each of these great works. As I have suggested elsewhere, the *Iliad*, in particular, perhaps resembles some cathedrals of the earlier mediæval time, in which various portions plainly date from different ages, though all are fused into a harmonious unity far nobler, it may be, than the conception shaped even in the master mind of him who gave the first general plan to the structure.

It is much more generally conceded,

however, that the *Odyssey* is apparently the creation of a later and more refined generation than the one which found expression for its ideals of life in the grimmer battle scenes of the *Iliad*. And so we must bid farewell to the ancient and pleasing fiction that Homer composed the *Iliad* for men, to be sung in the camp and the banquet-hall, the *Odyssey* for the gentler ears of women.

"Non è vero: ma fu ben trovato!"
And not women alone, but many men, lovers of peace and home, would make the same choice. Though we gaze with dazzled and admiring eyes where

"Athwart the sunrise of our western day
The form of great Achilles high and clear
Stands forth in arms, wielding the Pelian
spear,"

nevertheless, from

"The sanguine tides of that immortal fray,"
from the brief feverish life of him who shall only win

"Honor, a friend, anguish, untimely death,"
we turn not all regretfully to the poem which appeals so much more strongly to that deep-rooted, lifelong passion of our Anglo-Saxon hearts, the love of home.

Odysseus wanders widely, and gathers wisdom and profit, as the open-eyed traveler must. This the poet tells us in the first lines of the *Odyssey*:—

Sing to me, Muse, of the man of many devices, who widely
Wandered, when he had ruined the sacred city
of Troia.
Many the men whose towns he beheld, and
learned of their customs.

But the very next verse reminds us of the goal which the wanderer kept always in view:—

Striving to rescue his life, and secure the return of his comrades.

In a council of the gods, held at the opening of the poem, Pallas Athene pleads for her favorite in words which bring out most clearly the pathos of the situation:—

"Yet is my spirit distressed in behalf of the crafty Odysseus,

Hapless man, who afar from his loved ones
suffers affliction

Long, in the seagirt island that lies in the midst of the waters.

Covered with woods is the isle, and upon it there dwelleth a goddess,

Daughter of terrible Atlas. . . .

She, his child, is detaining the hapless man in his sorrow.

Ever with gentle words and wheedling she strives to beguile him,

So that he may be forgetful of Ithaca: yet is Odysseus

Eager to see though it were but the smoke from his country uprising,

Longing for death."

Seven years the loveliest and gentlest of divinities, Calypso, the Lady of the Mist, has detained him in her fair, wave-encircled isle, desiring him to be her husband. Yet, though all his companions and dangers of the former voyages, he still pines, day and night, to venture forth once more, to brave the deadliest hate of the sea's lord, Poseidon, if perchance he may come, before he dies, home again to rugged, ungrateful Ithaca, to the faithful, prudent Penelope, who is, he well knows, no longer fair or young, and who could never have been a rival of Calypso's divine loveliness.

A few lines, which refuse to take in English even the crudest approach to the hexameter form, have been gracefully paraphrased thus by Bryant:—

"He wasted his sweet life
In yearning for his home. Night after night
He lay perforce within the hollow cave,
The unwilling by the fond; and day by day
He sat upon the rocks that edged the shore,
And in continued weeping and in sighs
And vain repinings wore the hours away,
Gazing through tears upon the unresting sea."

At last the heavenly gods have pity on the homesick exile, and Zeus orders Hermes to go to Calypso's island abode and bid her release Odysseus. It may be mentioned that the earlier portion of the poem contains two plots, imperfectly connected with one another: the fortunes of Telemachos in Ithaca and while wandering about Greece in search of his

father ; and the adventures of Odysseus himself, during the same days, in some far realm of fairyland beyond the sea, which I, at least, cannot locate in any region to be reached by mortal bark or traveler's feet. Hence, after the brief general introduction, the first four books describe the doings of Telemachos, and in the fifth we first see Odysseus himself, in the isle which is the centre of the sea.

It is well known that a learned fellow-townsmen has written a most fascinating and ingenious book to prove that Homer is well aware of the sphericity of the earth, that Odysseus' voyages include a circumnavigation of the globe, and that the island of Calypso is, in truth, a clear reminiscence of the long-lost earthly Paradise, which was situated at the North Pole. I confess with shame my own inability to grasp with firmness the details of this magnificent geometrical demonstration. In any case, however, the original Greek hearers of the poet can hardly have been aware of any such authentic foundation for what they probably regarded as only a pleasing myth. And so, if we err in letting fall the luminous yet impenetrable veil of romantic imagination between Ithaca and Scheria, we err with the best of good company: with him who told the tale, and those who heard and loved it first.

But let us hear Zeus' command to Hermes : —

"Hermes, since thou art also on other occasion our herald,
Tell to the nymph of the braided tresses our counsel unerring,
Even the homeward return of the patient-hearted Odysseus.
How he shall go, unaccompanied either of gods or of mortals:
Yet on a well-bound raft, though suffering grievous disaster,
On the twentieth day to the fertile land of Phæacians,
Scheria, he shall come, to a people like the immortals.
They shall send him by ship to his native country beloved,

Giving him store of bronze and gold and raiment in plenty,
More than ever Odysseus had won for himself out of Ilios,
Though he had fared untroubled, securing his share of the booty.
So is it destined that he shall see his loved ones, returning
Unto his high-roofed hall and unto the land of his fathers."

Donning his winged sandals and clasping his magic wand, the messenger Hermes set forth without a murmur upon his errand. He darted earthward, traversed the wide purple sea, and neared the far-off island : —

Journeyed until he was come where the nymph of the beautiful tresses
Lived in a spacious cave ; and within her dwelling he found her.
There on the hearth was a great fire blazing, and far through the island
Floated the fragrance of well-cleft cedar and sandal-wood burning.
She was herself within, with sweet voice singing, and meanwhile
Busy was she at the loom, and with golden shuttle was weaving.
Round and about her cave a luxuriant forest extended ;
Poplar-trees were there, and alders, and odorous cypress.
. . . Four springs set in order with shining water were running :
Near were they to each other, yet turned in as many directions.
(These four springs become, of course, in the argument above mentioned, the four rivers of Eden.)

All about soft meadows of violets bloomed, and of parsley.
Even a deathless god might therefore, hither approaching,
Gaze upon what he saw, and be in spirit delighted.

As the poet's last words plainly intimate, such a trim, orderly scene was in truth the Greek ideal of natural beauty, rather than a wider, more varied panorama, with snow-capped mountains for its frame. Perhaps the struggle of man with the savage forces of Nature was still too near and well remembered for him to find delight in her wilder aspects.

Homer assures us that the immortals always know each other when they meet, no matter how widely sundered their abodes; but not even in this enchanted spot do they have the power, attained by the islanders in Mr. Bellamy's ingenious sketch, of reading each other's thoughts without words. Hermes, therefore, utters the bidding of Zeus, though in gentler and less imperative form, with a frank confession of his own unwillingness to bring the message. The poet then continues:—

So did he speak, and Calypso, divine among goddesses, shuddered.
Then she uttered to him these wingèd words, and made answer:
"Merciless are ye, O gods, and more than the rest are ye jealous,
Ye who, when goddesses openly mate with men, are indignant."

Calypso relates briefly how she rescued Odysseus when the wind and the billow drove him toward her isle, clinging to the keel of his wrecked vessel after all his comrades had perished. Such passing allusions to the hero's previous adventures are intended by the poet to arouse, rather than to gratify, the curiosity of his hearers. Odysseus, after his safe arrival at the court of the Phæacians, will relate his fortunes since the fall of Troy, just as Æneas, at Dido's banquet, tells the tale of his life. Calypso continues:—

"Often I said I would make him immortal and youthful forever.
Yet, for the purpose of Zeus, who is lord of the ægis, may nowise
Be by another divinity thwarted or kept from fulfillment,
Let him depart, since He hath so commanded and bidden,
Over the restless sea. Nor yet myself will I send him,
Since no vessels equipped with oars are mine, nor companions,
Who on his way might bear him across the sea's broad ridges.
Yet will I heartily aid him with counsel, and hide from him nothing,
So that he all unscathed may come to the land of his fathers."

This prompt and sincere submission to the inevitable parting should win our sympathy the more fully for the gentle, loving nymph, who has nothing in common with capricious and cruel Circe. As Hermes hastens back to Olympus, Calypso seeks Odysseus in his favorite seat by the shore, and bids him no longer wear out his life with weeping, but straightway build a raft for his homeward voyage.

So did she speak, but the godlike, enduring Odysseus shuddered.
Then he uttered to her these wingèd words, and responded:
"Surely some other intent, not merely to aid my departure,
Hast thou, in bidding me cross on a raft yon gulf of the waters,
Difficult, dread, that not even the well-shaped vessels may traverse,
Though so swiftly they fare, in the Zeus-sent breezes exultant.
Not on a raft would I set foot while thou art unwilling,
If thou consent not to swear with a mighty oath that in no wise
Thou wilt plot for me another and grievous disaster."

Calypso, smiling and caressing him, assures him of her good faith. She cannot, however, refrain from reminding him of her own superiority in beauty to mortal women, and of the immortality which she would have bestowed upon him. The reply of Odysseus is perhaps more than any other passage the keynote of the poem:—

"Queen and goddess, for that, pray, be not wroth, for I also
Well am aware that the heedful Penelope, either in stature
Or in beauty of face, is, compared with thee, less noble.
She is a mortal, in truth, thou deathless and ageless forever.
Yet, even so, I all my days am wishful and eager
Homeward to make my way, and behold my day of returning.
If yet again some god on the wine-dark waters shall wreck me,
I will endure, with a heart in my breast that is patient of trouble.
Truly already I greatly have toiled and greatly have suffered,

Both on the waves and in war; and thereto let this also be added."

The next four days are spent by Odysseus in constructing the raft, which is elaborately described, and deserves rather to be called a boat. On the fifth day he sets sail, with a goodly store of wine, water, and food, provided by Calypso. For seventeen days he voyages homeward, but on the eighteenth Poseidon spies him from afar. The sea-god's wrath is still hot on account of his favorite son, the Cyclops Polyphemos, who was blinded by Odysseus. A terrible storm is aroused, the light craft is quickly stripped of mast and sail, and Odysseus, still clinging to the wreck, is tossed about helpless among the billows. But a semi-divine sea-creature in feminine form comes to his aid.

Ino, of beautiful ankles, the daughter of Kadmos, beheld him, —
Leucothea, who once was of human speech and a mortal,
Now hath a share in the honors of gods in the depths of the waters.

The mortal Ino takes the name Leucothea when transformed into a sea-divinity. The epithet "fair-ankled" is possibly introduced to assure us that she has not the form popularly ascribed to a mermaid.

She took pity on exiled Odysseus in grievous misfortune.

Out of the watery deep she arose in the guise of a seagull,
Seated herself on the well-joined raft, and spoke, and addressed him :

"Wretched one, why is Poseidon, the shaker of earth, thus embittered
Fiercely, so that he raises against thee full many disasters ?

Yet he shall not destroy thee, although so terribly wrathful.

Only do thou as I bid thee : thou seemest not lacking in shrewdness.

Strip off thy garments, and leave thy raft for the breezes to carry.

But do thou swim with thine arms, and struggle to win thee a landing

On the Phæacians' shore, whereon thou art destined to save thee.

Here, too, take this veil, and under thy breast shalt thou spread it, —

It is divine, — and have no fear that thou suffer or perish.

Yet, so soon as thou with thy hands shalt lay hold of the mainland,

Loosen it then from about thee, and into the wine-dark waters;

Ere thou turnest to go, thou shalt cast it afar from the sea-beach."

There is perhaps a reminiscence of this casting away of the magic veil in the tale of King Arthur's death, where Bedivere flings the sacred sword Excalibur back into the mere.

Odysseus hesitates, and is again fearful of treachery, as he was with Calypso. It may be that this constant dread of bad faith is the fitting penalty for his own excessive cunning and trickiness. But when a mighty billow utterly shatters his wrecked craft, and leaves him clinging to a single plank, the aid of the goddess is accepted. Poseidon now, with an exultant jeer, turns away, as he knows that Odysseus is not destined to perish on the sea; and Athene is permitted to quiet the waves and adverse winds. For two days and two nights the hero swims wearily onward, in constant fear of death. On the third morning, uplifted on a great wave, he sees the coast of Phæacia near at hand. But here a new peril awaits him. Once the mighty breaker dashes him against the steep cliffs that line the shore, but, carried back by the reflux wave, he has just strength to escape again outside the line of surf. Here he swims on parallel with the shore-line, until he feels the warmer current of a river which flows into the sea. To the river-god he straightway utters a fervent prayer.

"Hearken, O lord, whosoever thou art!
Unto thee, the much longed for,
Now am I come, in my flight from the sea and the threats of Poseidon.

Reverend even among the gods whose life is eternal

He is held, who comes as a wanderer, even as I now,

After my weary toil, am come to thy knees and thy current.

Show thou pity, O lord; for truly thy suppliant am I."

Such passages as this make it clear that to the Homeric poets the river-god was quite as real as the stream itself. Perhaps not one even among the Greeks of later ages, save Æschylos in the Prometheus, is so fully possessed by a belief in this conscious personal life in forest, mountain, and stream. There is far greater power of imagination, and many-fold more poetic ingenuity, exerted in shaping such a conception as the Sabrina of Milton's Comus; but we are so much the more aware of the poet's untiring efforts to convince himself and us. The singer of the Odyssey has no need to "make believe."

The river-god at once stays his stream, and enables the weary swimmer to reach the bank. Here, after a moment of utter exhaustion, Odysseus casts the veil seaward, and Leucothea's hands receive it: the "lovely hands" which lingered in Milton's memory, and so are immortalized a second time in a famous passage of Comus. After some hesitation between the chilling winds of the shore and the wild beasts of the forest, he climbs the slope to the edge of the wood, and lies down in the olive thicket, covering himself with the dead leaves.

And Athene

Over his eyes poured slumber, that she might
straightway release him
From the fatigue of his grievous toil, by closing
his eyelids.

Such are the final words in the fifth book of the Odyssey. These divisions of the poem are by no means so old as the time of the singer, but the scenes of this book, at any rate, have a natural connection and unity, as well as a charm and beauty of detail, which are of course lost in the mere summary given here.

The scene now changes to the palace of the Phæacian king, from which is to come the aid so sorely needed by the shipwrecked exile. The sixth book opens with the following lines:—

So did he slumber there, the enduring, god-like Odysseus,
Since he was overborne by fatigue and sleep;
but Athene
Went meanwhile to the city and people of the
Phæacians.
These had formerly dwelt within wide-wayed
Hypereia,
Near to the Cyclops, a race of men exceedingly
haughty,
Who had harassed them ever, and who were in
force more mighty.
Then Nausithoös, like to a god, transplanted
and led them
Unto Scheria, far removed from the trafficking
nations.
Round their town he constructed a wall, and
built habitations;
Temples, too, for the gods, and divided among
them the cornlands.
Stricken by fate, he already had passed to the
dwelling of Hades;
Now Alkinoös ruled; by the gods was he gifted
with wisdom.
Toward his palace proceeded the gray-eyed
goddess Athene,
Planning a homeward return for Odysseus,
lofty of spirit.

This brief historical sketch of the Phæacians need give us no fear lest Odysseus, in his eighteen days' voyage from Calypso's island, may have crossed the boundary line from fairyland into prosaic reality. Hypereia, their former home, is merely "Upland," a casual invention of the poet. Nausithoös, their earlier leader, is simply "He of the fleet ship;" and indeed nearly all the names we meet in these Phæacian scenes are derivatives from the Greek word *naus*, a ship. The whole episode in Scheria is apparently a rather sportive creation of the Homeric fancy. The allusion to the Cyclops as their former neighbors is no doubt intended to remind us that we are not yet escaped from the realm of the marvelous.

The latter half of the Odyssey is of a quite different character, consisting almost wholly of realistic scenes in Ithaca. The all-night homeward voyage of the sleeping Odysseus on the magic bark of the Phæacians, at the beginning of the thirteenth book, is the voyage from

dreamland into real life, and so the turning-point of the entire story.¹

It is at the threshold of the episode in Scheria that we meet the lovable little princess Nausicaa, who is our proper subject. The frame of romance from which she steps forth to greet us enables us to enjoy the more fully the simplicity, the truthfulness to nature, and the idealized beauty of this slight but imperishable sketch. Let us venture to peep discreetly over Pallas Athene's august shoulder, as she enters her favorite's bower.

Into a chamber most cunningly built she passed, where a maiden
Sleeping lay, who in figure and face the immortals resembled,
Named Nausicaa, child to Alkinoös, lofty of spirit.
Maidens twain were beside her, with beauty endowed by the Graces;
Near to the door they lay, and shut were the glimmering portals.
Fleet as the breath of the wind to the couch of the maiden she darted.

Athene assumes the guise of Nausicaa's favorite girl companion as she speaks.

"Why did thy mother, Nausicaa, bear thee a maiden so heedless?
Shining raiment is thine, which now neglected is lying;
Yet is thy marriage at hand, when thou must be fairly appareled,
And must garments give unto those who homeward shall lead thee,
Since thereby among men goes forth thy good reputation.
Therein, too, is thy father delighted, and revered mother.
Come, with the dawning of day let us hasten forth to the washing,
Seeing by no means long mayst thou yet tarry a virgin.
Thou already art wooed by the noblest of all the Phæacians

¹ It will be seen that the writer declines to accept the identification of Coreyra, the modern Corfu, with Scheria. In this skepticism he is emboldened by the protecting shield of the Ajax among English-speaking Hellenists. See Jebb's *Homer*, page 46.

² A more exact rendering would be "Papa, dear;" the term of endearment being identical

Everywhere, of the land wherein thou also art native.

Come, now, urge at the dawning of day thy illustrious father
Mules and a cart to make ready for thee, wherein thou wilt carry
Raiment of men, and robes, and the shining coverlets also."

She, thus speaking, departed, the gray-eyed goddess Athene,
Unto Olympus, where we are told that the gods' habitation

Ever untroubled abides, nor yet by the tempests is shaken;

Nor is it wet by the rain, nor reached by snow, but about it

Clear is the cloudless air, and white is the sunshine upon it.

Through all ages within it the blessed gods are rejoicing.

Having admonished the maid, the gray-eyed One thither departed.

Among many imitations of this passage, the most familiar to us is no doubt the description of the "island valley of Avilion," to which Arthur hopes to pass, and where he may heal him of his grievous wound.

Presently morning came, enthroned in beauty, arousing

Graceful-robed Nausicaa: first at the vision she marveled,

Then through her home she passed to repeat her dream to her parents,

Well-loved father and mother. She found them within, for the mother

Sat at the side of the hearth, in the midst of her women attendants,

Spinning the sea-dyed purple yarn; at the doorway her father

Met her, upon his way to join the illustrious chieftains,

Sitting in council, whither the noble Phæacians had called him.

Standing close at his side, she addressed her father beloved:

"Father, dear,² would you make ready for me a wagon, a high one,

Strong in the wheels, that I may carry our beautiful garments,

in Greek and English, as in many other languages. Professor Merriam, in his most excellent edition of this portion of the *Odyssey*, The Phæacians of Homer, quotes Pope's rendering of this line, as a striking example of that translator's method in dealing with his original:—

"Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?"

Those which now are lying soiled, to be washed
in the river ?

Ay, and for you yourself it is seemly, when in
the council

You with the chiefs are sitting, to have fresh
raiment upon you.

Five dear sons besides within your palace are
living ;

Two of them married already, but three yet
blooming and youthful."

The keen observation in the next line
is evidently applicable more especially
to the three blooming young bachelor
brothers of the willful little maid : —

"They are desirous always of having the new-
washed garments

When to the dance they go. Of all this in my
mind am I thoughtful."

Thus did she speak, for she shamed her,
fruitful marriage to mention.

This omission is, however, by no
means the only variation between the
words of Pallas and those of Nausicaa.
The girl's quick wit and ingenuity are
abundantly indicated in this seemingly
artless speech. Her innocent craft in
leaving her chief motive unuttered does
not trouble her indulgent parent.

Yet understanding all this her affectionate
father made answer :

"Neither the mules, my daughter, nor any-
thing else do I grudge thee."

So, in obedience to the king's com-
mand, the mule-team is at once har-
nessed in the courtyard of the palace.

Meantime, the maiden brought from the
chamber the shining garments.

These on the polished wagon she carefully
placed, and the mother

Put in a basket food of all kinds, suiting her
wishes.

Dainties as well she packed, and into a bottle
of goat-skin

Poured some wine ; and the maiden had mean-
while mounted the wagon.

Liquid olive-oil in a golden vial she gave her,
After the bath to anoint herself and the women
attendants.

Into her hands then the whip and the reins all
shining she gathered,

Scourged them to run, and loud was the sound
of the clattering mule-hoofs.

They unceasingly hastened, and carried the
maid with the garments ;

Yet not alone, but with her there followed the
women attendants.

Though the goddess Athene has in-
terfered in person to control the action
of the princess, yet the train of events
just described is so naturally and viv-
idly drawn out, the meeting which is
evidently to be brought about is being
prepared so easily and credibly, that we
ourselves seem to be glancing in eager
expectation from the exhausted hero,
asleep in the thicket, to the bright-eyed
charioteer, followed by her troop of mer-
ry companions, as she approaches the
river-mouth.

When they now had arrived at the beautiful
stream of the river, —

Where were the pools unfailing, and clear and
abundant the water

Gushed from beneath, sufficient for cleansing
the foulest of raiment, —

There did the girls unharness the mules from
under the wagon.

Then they drove them to graze by the side of
the eddying river,

Cropping the fragrant clover. But they them-
selves from the wagon

Took in their arms the garments, and carried
them into the water,

Trod them there in the pits, — commencing a
rivalry straightway.

What could be more realistic than
this girlish determination to make a
frolic even of the most wearisome
drudgery ?

Then, when they had washed and cleansed
completely the garments,

Spread them in order along by the beach of
the sea, where the billow,

Dashing against the shore most strongly, was
washing the pebbles.

When they had bathed and anointed themselves
with the oil of the olive,

Then by the bank of the river the noonday
meal they provided,

Waiting until their clothes should dry in the
glow of the sunshine.

Presently, when they were sated with eating,
the maids and the princess

Started a game of ball, first laying aside their
head-dress.

The elaborate comparison of Nausi-
caa to Artemis, which follows, will be
familiar to most readers through the
close imitation, or rather translation, of

it by Virgil, who applies it, with less fitness, to Dido.

Foremost in song and in dance white-armed
Nausicaa led them,
Even as Artemis passes, the huntress, over the
mountains,
She who in chasing the boar or the fleet deer
taketh her pastime;
With her the nymphs, the daughters of Zeus,
who is lord of the ægis,
Woodland-dwellers, are sporting; and Leto re-
joices in spirit;
Loftily over them all her head and brow she
upraises.
All are beautiful there, yet she is easily fore-
most.
So in the midst of her girls was supreme that
maiden unwedded.

The poet now again mentions Pallas, and describes her as intervening once more at this point to control the course of events in Odysseus' interest. This passing reminder of the *deus ex machina* does not, however, prevent the simple idyllic plot from unraveling itself in a most natural and unforced manner.

Then did the princess throw their ball at one
of the handmaids.
Yet she missed the girl, and it fell in the
eddy river.
So they screamed full loudly: — and godlike
Odysseus was wakened,
Sat upright, and pondered within his heart
and his spirit:
“Woe is me! What mortals are these whose
land I have entered?
Are they lawless, I wonder, and savage, regard-
less of justice?
Or are they kind unto strangers, and rev'rent
the spirit within them?
Surely a womanish cry, as of maidens, resound-
ed about me.
Nymphs, it may be, that dwell on the cragged
peaks of the mountains,
Or that live in the sources of rivers and grassy
morasses.
Or am I near, perchance, unto human language
and mortals?
Come, now, let me myself make trial thereof,
and behold them.”
Having thus spoken, the godlike Odysseus
crept from the bushes;
Yet with his powerful hand he broke off a
branch in the thicket,
Covered with foliage, to hide his nakedness,
screening his body.

The comparison of Odysseus to a hun-
gry lion leaving his covert, which occurs
here, may be omitted; its chief value
being to illustrate the indebtedness of
the poet who composed the *Odyssey* to
the older *Iliad*. The figure is much
more effective, as originally employed,
in describing Sarpedon rushing eagerly
to battle.

Loathsome to them he appeared, by the brine
of the sea disfigured.
Hither and thither they fled to the jutting
points of the shoreland.
Only Alkinoös' daughter remained; for Athene
inparted
Courage into her heart, and conquered the ter-
ror within her.

Under the circumstances, Odysseus did
not venture to approach and clasp the
princess' knees, — the regular attitude
for a suppliant to assume, — but, stand-
ing aloof from her, he

Straightway uttered to her a speech that was
winning and crafty, —
an art in which he was above all men a
master.

“I am thy suppliant, princess! Art thou
some god or a mortal?
If thou art one of the gods that have their
abode in the heavens,
Unto Artemis, child of imperial Zeus, do I
deem thee
Likest in beauty of face, as well as in stature
and bearing.
But if of mortals thou'rt one, that have on the
earth their abiding,
Trebly blessed in these are thy father and re-
verend mother,
Trebly blessed thy brethren; and surely the
spirit within them
Glows evermore with delight for thy sake when
they behold thee
Entering into the dance, who art so lovely a
blossom.
Happy in heart is he, moreover, above all
others,
Who by gifts shall prevail, and unto his dwell-
ing shall lead thee.
Never before with mine eyes have I beheld
such a mortal,
Whether a woman or man. As I gaze, awe
seizes upon me!”

Casting about in his mind for a com-
parison, he can only liken her to a
graceful young palm-tree which he had

once seen at Delos, beside Apollo's altar. The passage is of interest for two quite distinct reasons. It shows that in the poet's day, at any rate, the island-sanctuary of Apollo was already noted, and visited by voyagers from other Greek lands; and also that the palm-tree was then a rare and much-admired novelty in the Ægean. With a brief reference to his latest voyage, in which it may be noted that he makes no allusion to the gracious creatures of her own sex who had cherished or aided him, he continues:—

"Yet have mercy, O queen! After suffering many disasters,
First unto thee am I come. I know not one of the others
Whoso make their home within this city or country.
But do thou show me the town, and give me some tattered garment,
If perchance when thou camest some wrap thou hadst for the linen."

But close upon this most humble request and almost extravagant self-abasement, the unknown wanderer ends his appeal with noble and pathetic words.

"So may the gods accord thee whatever in spirit thou cravest:
Husband and home may they grant, and glorious harmony also.
Since there is nothing, in truth, more mighty than this, or more noble,
When two dwell in a home concordant in spirit together,
Husband and wife: unto foes a source of many vexations,
Joy to their friends; yet they themselves most truly shall know it!"

Either the compliments at the beginning of this speech, or the tender sentiments at the close, have already produced a powerful effect upon the heart of the gentle princess.

Then unto him in her turn white-armed Nausicaa answered:

"Stranger, thou dost not seem an ignoble man, nor a senseless;
Zeus, the Olympian, himself apportions their blessings to mortals,
Both to the base and the noble, to each as suiteth his pleasure;

This hath he laid upon thee, and thou must in patience endure it.
Yet now, since thou into our state art entered, and country,
Neither of raiment shalt thou be in lack, nor of aught whatsoever
Is for a hard-pressed suppliant, meeting with succor, befitting.
Yes, and the town I will show thee, and tell thee the name of the people.
'Tis the Phæaciens who dwell in this our city and country.
I myself am the child of Alkinoös, lofty of spirit,
On whom all the Phæaciens' dominion and force are dependent."

Then turning aside from him, the princess recalls the fugitive maidens.

"Stay, my attendants! Why at beholding a man are ye fleeing?
Did ye suppose him, perchance, to be of a hostile nation?
Surely no man is alive, nor shall he be living hereafter,
Who would venture to enter the land of the men of Phæacia
Offering harm; for we of the gods are dearly beloved.
Out of the way, too, we dwell, in the midst of the billowy waters,
Farthest of all mankind; no others have dealings among us.
Nay, this is some ill-fated man come wandering hither,
Whom we must care for now, because all strangers and beggars
Stand in the charge of Zeus, and a gift, though little, is welcome.
Come, then, give both drink and food to the stranger, and bid him
Bathe in the stream, my attendants, where from the wind there is shelter."

Odysseus is accordingly provided with robe and tunic and the vial of olive-oil. After he has bathed and anointed himself, Pallas Athene makes him far stouter and more beautiful than before. So, as he sits resting a little apart, Nausicaa addresses her companions with truly Homeric frankness.

"Listen to me, my white-armed maids, that I something may tell you.
Not without the approval of all the gods in Olympus
Hath this man come hither, among the Phæaciens, the godlike.

"It is but a brief while since that I really thought him uncomely.

Now is he like to the gods who abide in the open heavens.

Would that such an one as he could be called my husband,

Having his dwelling here and contented among us to tarry!"

It will be interesting to set here, for comparison, a few lines from the greatest of living poets, who long ago, introducing his earliest Arthurian verses as

"Weak Homeric echoes, nothing worth,"

intimated thereby his own consciousness of a kinship in spirit which many of his readers have recognized.

"Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man

That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.

However marr'd, of more than twice her years,

Seam'd with an ancient sword-cut on his cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love that was her doom."

Nausicaa again orders that food and drink be set before the stranger, and the poet records that he ate ravenously; adding apologetically that he

long from food had been fasting.

A vigorous appetite is a constant characteristic of Odysseus in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. On one occasion, in the former tale, he is employed on arduous enterprises nearly all night, and a careful reader, if not absorbed in the loftier features of the poem, may note that thrice between sunset and morning he accepts an invitation to a hearty meal, and apparently on each occasion does full justice to the cheer. This thoroughly human trait has not escaped the attention of the poet who invented this Phæacian episode, and who certainly was in little danger of erring in the direction of excessive dignity and seriousness. When Odysseus, despite this breaking of his fast, makes a pathetic appeal for food to Nausicaa's parents, a few hours

later, it is in words whose extravagance is carried to the verge of grotesqueness. Among the heroes of the mythic age, perhaps Heracles only is more notable as a valiant trencher-knight.

Nausicaa now makes preparations for her return homeward, and, having mounted the wagon, she thus addresses Odysseus:—

"Stranger, arise, and townward fare, that I may conduct thee

Unto the house of my wise father, in which I assure thee

Thou shalt behold whosoever are noblest of all the Phæacians.

Yet thou must do as I say: thou seem'st not lacking in shrewdness.

While we are passing along by the fields and the farms of our people,

So far among my maids, close after the mules and the wagon

Thou mayst come, with speed, and I will be guide on the journey.

But as we come to the town, round which is a high-built rampart,

And upon either side of the city a beautiful harbor"—

Nausicaa runs off into an admiring description of her home, until she is even guilty of forgetting the main clause of her original sentence! It appears that the narrow road over the isthmus into the town is the favorite resort of idlers, whose discourteous remarks the princess dreads to face in Odysseus' company. With quick fancy she imagines what they would say:—

"Who is yon stranger who follows Nausicaa?
Handsome and stately

Is he. Where did she find him? She'll have him herself for her husband!

Either she rescued him'as a castaway out of his vessel,

One of a far-off people, — since none there are who are near us, —

Or some god much prayed for is down from the heavens descended

At her petition, and he for his wife shall have her forever.

So is it better, if she has gone and found her a husband

Out of another land, for these of her folk, the Phæacians,

She disdains, though many and excellent men are her suitors."

Lest we should fancy the last words to be a mere fiction of Nausicaa to raise herself in the handsome stranger's esteem, the poet has taken care to put the same assertion, in somewhat stronger form, into the mouth of Pallas Athene, when she appears in the night to the princess, at the opening of the sixth book.

"So would they talk, and for me it would be a disgrace! — and I also Should with another girl be angry, whoever so acted;

Who, in spite of her friends, while her father and mother were living, Mingled freely with men, ere yet she was publicly wedded."

It is quite possible that these very proper remarks of the king's daughter, on the duty of maidenly modesty, are prompted in part by the consciousness that her own innocent loquacity has just carried her somewhat too far.

"Stranger, and thou must now to my words give attention, that quickly Thou mayst obtain safe-conduct, and homeward return, from my father. Near to the road thou wilt notice a beautiful grove of Athene, — Poplars: within it a fountain flows, and a meadow surrounds it. There my father's domain is found, and his fruitful inclosure."

Here, then, outside the town, Odysseus is to remain behind until the girls have had time to reach home. Then he also may pass into the city, where he will have no difficulty in finding the palace, so inferior are the ordinary Phæacian houses to the stately abode of Alkinoös.

"But so soon as the hero's dwelling and courtyard receive thee Make thy way at once through the hall, till thou come to my mother. She has her seat at the side of the hearth, in the gleam of the firelight, Spinning her yarn, sea-purple in color, a marvel to look on, — Leaning on one of the columns. Her handmaids are seated behind her."

The unwearied diligence of Arete, the queen, whom Odysseus will find at dusk

employed as her daughter had left her in the early morning, may well remind us of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, and Bertha, the beautiful spinner.

"On that selfsame pillar my father's chair is resting.

There he sits, and like an immortal his wine he is quaffing.

Yet thou must pass him by, and unto the knees of my mother

Stretch thy hands, that thou mayst behold thy day of returning

Quickly and joyfully, though thy land is exceedingly distant."

The keen-witted little princess has already discovered who is the real ruler in cabin and hall.

The sun is setting when they reach the sacred grove of Pallas, where Odysseus obediently tarries behind, and makes a fervent prayer to the goddess of the sanctuary. Here the sixth book closes.

From the seventh book, which describes the reception of Odysseus in the palace, we can cull only a few of the opening lines.

There did he make his prayer, the godlike, enduring Odysseus, While on her way to the city the strong mules carried the maiden.

When she now had arrived at her father's glorious palace,

There at the doorway she checked them.

Around her were gathered her brothers, — Like unto gods were they to behold, — and they from the wagon

Straightway unharnessed the mules, and carried the raiment within doors.

She to her chamber passed, where an ancient dame from Apeira

Lighted a fire for her, — her servant Eurymedousa;

. . . Lighted a fire in her room, and there made ready her supper.

So Nausicaa slips quietly out of the story. Only once more do we have a glimpse of her. Odysseus meets with the kindly reception which she had promised him. All the next day he is entertained with athletic contests, dancing, and the harper's lay. The story of this day fills the eighth book. At nightfall,

after a luxurious bath, he is descending to the banquet-hall.

But Nausicaa, who by the gods was gifted with beauty,

There in the well-built hall at the side of a pillar was standing.

On Odysseus gazed she with wonder when she beheld him ;

Then these winged words she uttered to him and addressed him :

“ Farewell, stranger ! And in thy native country hereafter

Think of me, unto whom thou first for thy life art indebted.”

Thus did the crafty Odysseus address her then and responded :

“ O Nausicaa, noble - hearted Alkinoös’ daughter,

Verily so may Zeus, the Thunderer, husband of Herè,

Grant that I come to my home, and behold my day of returning,

As, even there, unto thee as a god I would pay my devotions,

All my days, evermore ; for my life thou hast rescued, O maiden.”

The epithet “ crafty ” is the usual one of Odysseus, and need have no reference to the situation at the moment. But surely it is a proof of consummate skill, as well as of the highest courtesy, when he thus, with magnificent hyperbole, in his hasty words of final farewell, elevates to the position of a god-dess, or of a patron saint as it were, the pure-hearted girl who had so frankly intimated her desire to retain him in a closer relation. What other parting words could have done so much to heal the hurt and save her pride ? Tennyson could devise none, but must needs let even courtly Lancelot ride sadly away without farewell.

“ This was the one discourtesy that he used.”

And so Odysseus and Nausicaa part ; for not even in merry Phæacia does the Greek poet venture to let his women mingle with the men in the banquet-hall.

¹ One Attic drama may indeed have included among its characters a Nausicaa, drawn by a not unworthy hand. We are told that when Sophocles’ play *The Phæacians* was acted, the poet broke through his usual custom and himself appeared as an actor, winning much ap-

Of the hero’s later fortunes all the world knows. At the banquet, the minstrel, singing of the siege of Troy, stirs the unknown guest to tears, and, being courteously questioned by his host, Odysseus reveals his name, the most illustrious of all who survived the fatal strife in the Scamandrian plain. The next four books of the poem, from the ninth to the twelfth, contain his account of former wanderings on the homeward voyage from the Troad. After another day spent in feasting and in listening to the harper Demodocos, he is permitted at nightfall to embark for home. He straightway falls into a deep sleep, and is still slumbering heavily when the Phæacians set him ashore, with many precious gifts, upon a remote corner of his own rugged Ithaca.

The last twelve books of the poem relate how, by craft and valor, he won his throne and wife again. Later poets, of every age and speech, have attempted to weave still farther the web of his adventurous life. In one of the most beautiful cantos of the *Inferno*, he himself tells the tale of his last voyage and death, and Tennyson’s poem *Ulysses* is so perfect in form and so touching in thought as to make us willingly forget, with the poet, that Odysseus’ faithful comrades,

“ Who ever with a frolic welcome took

The storm and sunshine,”

had all perished on the way, before the hero came again to his own.

But of Nausicaa the *Odyssey* has not another word to tell ; and what later singer might venture to bid her live even a single day more ?

“ Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
Or the lost clue regain ? ” ¹

It has been intimated more than once already that the translator sees, or fancies, especially by his beauty and grace in the dancing and rhythmic ball-play. This latter allusion, however, is probably not to the maidens’ diversion on the beach, but rather to a dance of youths, with which Odysseus was entertained on the following day.

cies he sees, a clear though purely accidental resemblance between the stories of Nausicaa and of the lily maid of Astolat. Each loves at first sight the most illustrious hero of her day, when he comes, unknown and unaccompanied, to her home. Each saves the life of the stranger, and proffers him a pure maidenly love which he cannot return. Even the circumstances of the good knight's final departure are not wholly unlike in the two tales; for when Odysseus, embarking for home, bids a grateful and loving farewell to his hosts, he does not venture to mention Nausicaa by name, and it is not certain that she was present. The wanderer's last words are addressed to Arete, the queen, invoking a blessing on her household and her folk.

And yet, surely no one would be tempted to press the parallel farther, and to fancy that the Phæacian maid pined away, like Elaine, for love of her lost hero. When, at the banquet, the night before his departure, the shipwrecked stranger revealed himself as Odysseus, far famed above all men, the destroyer of Ilios, the exciting news doubtless spread through the servants' hall to the women's rooms, and faithful old Eurymedousa brought the tidings, perchance, even to the sequestered chamber of the princess. Nausicaa's heart may have stirred with pride to think that so long as the strange story of the crafty Ithacan's life should be told or sung, in after-days, she would always live in one of its brightest scenes; but the husband of heedful Penelope, the father of Telemachos, must quickly have lost the power over her heart which the unknown suppliant had so easily gained. If Telemachos' wanderings had brought *him* to that sunny Scherian beach — But let us cast no tempting suggestion in the path of any too audacious nineteenth-century would-be Homeric! Indeed, this same happy solution occurred to the mind of a later Hellenic poet.

And the moral? It has been uttered

already in memorable words. There was a learned but inconclusive discussion in a famous weekly journal, not long ago, whether it was a pagan sage or a Christian saint who coined the aphorism, "Maledicti qui ante nos nostra dixerunt." (Confusion to those who have said our good things before us.) It matters little, however, which invented the phrase, for the sentiment is one of which the church father or the heathen philosopher alike should have been ashamed. What has really never been said had better not be said, because it is presumably false; and we never lose the privilege of trying to utter the old thought better than all others have done, and so making it our own. But, more than that, one of the greatest debts we owe to our predecessors is their simple, adequate utterance of great and inspiring truths, in such impressive form that they pass current like perfect and indestructible coin, making every generation of common men so much the richer by each philosophic maxim or golden poetic phrase.

And certainly, it was only with delight that the translator, just as he was about to undertake the present sketch, welcomed in these pages a little lay sermon on the tale of Nausicaa,¹ so brief and graceful, so full and suggestive, that it would be presumptuous indeed to add thereto, or even to attempt a summary of the essay in question. It may be permitted, however, to call attention to a single sentence in that paper: "I am not recalling it" (the story of Nausicaa) "because it is a conspicuous instance of the true realism that is touched with the ideality of genius, which is the immortal element in literature, but as an illustration of the other necessary quality in all productions of the human mind that remain age after age, and that is simplicity." It is greatly to be hoped that we may yet have from the same hand

¹ Simplicity, by Charles Dudley Warner. The Atlantic Monthly, March, 1889.

that other lesson which is thus given only passing mention; for the essayist is evidently in agreement with us that Nausicaa is as happy an example as could well be found, not only of the essential simplicity of the greatest artistic creations, but of the other indispensable requirements, truthfulness and beauty; or, as he apparently prefers to combine the two in one, truthfulness to the beautiful side of humanity or nature, which is infinitely more real and eternal than ugliness and imperfection.

The episode of Nausicaa was not written, like Bekker's Charicles, to illustrate

the every-day life of the ancient Greeks. It cannot be used as evidence regarding the frequency of washing-days in the Homeric age. It is no proof that Hellenic princesses went picnicking in remote spots, unprotected and unchaperoned. It is a romance. The whole Phæacian episode is inextricably intertwined with marvelous and superhuman incidents and characters. But it is true, nevertheless, — true to the essential laws of art and of humanity. And therefore of Nausicaa, as of Rosalind, of Perdita, or of Miranda, it may well be said, "Who, pray, is alive, if she be dead?"

William Cranston Lawton.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

VIII.

I HAD intended to devote this particular report to an account of my replies to certain questions which have been addressed to me, — questions which I have a right to suppose interest the public, and which, therefore, I was justified in bringing before *The Teacups*, and presenting to the readers of these articles.

Some may care for one of these questions, and some for another. A good many young people think nothing about life as it presents itself in the far horizon, bounded by the snowy ridges of threescore and the dim peaks beyond that remote barrier. Again, there are numbers of persons who know nothing at all about the Jews; while, on the other hand, there are those who can, or think they can, detect the Israelitish blood in many of their acquaintances who believe themselves of the purest Japhetic origin, and are full of prejudices about the Semitic race.

I do not mean to be cheated out of my intentions. I propose to answer my questioners on the two points just

referred to, but I find myself so much interested in the personal affairs of *The Teacups* that I must deal with them before attacking those less exciting subjects. There is no use, let me say here, in addressing to me letters marked "personal," "private," "confidential," and so forth, asking me how I came to know what happened in certain conversations of which I shall give a partial account. If there is a very sensitive phonograph lying about here and there in unsuspected corners, that might account for some part of my revelations. If Delilah, whose hearing is of almost supernatural delicacy, reports to me what she overhears, it might explain a part of the mystery. I do not want to accuse Delilah, but a young person who assures me she can hear my watch ticking in my pocket, when I am in the next room, might undoubtedly tell many secrets, if so disposed. Number Five is pretty nearly omniscient, and she and I are on the best terms with each other. These are all the hints I shall give you at present.

The Teacups of whom the least has

been heard at our table are the Tutor and the Musician. The Tutor is a modest young man, kept down a little, I think, by the presence of older persons, like the Professor and myself. I have met him several times, of late, walking with different lady Teacups: once with the American Annex; twice with the English Annex; once with the two Annexes together; once with Number Five.

I have mentioned the fact that the Tutor is a poet as among his claims to our attention. I must add that I do not think any the worse of him for expressing his emotions and experiences in verse. For though rhyming is often a bad sign in a young man, especially if he is already out of his teens, there are those to whom it is as natural, one might almost say as necessary, as it is to a young bird to fly. One does not care to see barnyard fowls tumbling about in trying to use their wings. They have a pair of good, stout drumsticks, and had better keep to them, for the most part. But that feeling does not apply to young eagles, or even to young swallows and sparrows. The Tutor is by no means one of those ignorant, silly, conceited phrase-tinklers, who live on the music of their own jingling syllables and the flattery of their foolish friends. I think Number Five must appreciate him. He is sincere, warm-hearted, — his poetry shows that, — not in haste to be famous, and he looks to me as if he only wanted *love* to steady him. With one of those two young girls he ought certainly to be captivated, if he is not already. *Twice* walking with the English Annex, I met him, and they were so deeply absorbed in conversation they hardly noticed me. He has been talking over the matter with Number Five, who is just the kind of person for a confidante.

"I know I feel very lonely," he was saying, "and I only wish I felt sure that I could make another person happy. My life would be transfigured if I could find such a one, whom I could love well

enough to give my life to her, — for her, if that were needful, — and who felt an affinity for me, if any one could."

"And why not your English maiden?" said Number Five.

"What makes you think I care more for her than for her American friend?" said the Tutor.

"Why, haven't I met you walking with her, and didn't you both seem greatly interested in the subject you were discussing? I thought, of course, it was something more or less sentimental that you were talking about."

"I was explaining that 'enclitic de' in Browning's Grammarian's Funeral. I don't think there was anything very sentimental about that. She is an inquisitive creature, that English girl. She is very fond of asking me questions, — in fact, both of them are. There is one curious difference between them: the English girl settles down into her answers and is quiet; the American girl is never satisfied with yesterday's conclusions; she is always reopening old questions in the light of some new fact or some novel idea. I suppose that people bred from childhood to lean their backs against the wall of the Creed and the church catechism find it hard to sit up straight on the republican stool, which obliges them to stiffen their own backs. Which of these two girls would be the safest choice for a young man? I should really like to hear what answer you would make if I consulted you seriously, with a view to my own choice, — on the supposition that there was a fair chance that either of them might be won."

"The one you are in love with," answered Number Five.

"But what if it were a case of 'How happy could I be with either'? Which offers the best chance of happiness, — a marriage between two persons of the same country, or a marriage where one of the parties is of foreign birth? Everything else being equal, which is best for an American to marry, an American or

an English girl? We need not confine the question to those two young persons, but put it more generally."

"There are reasons on both sides," answered Number Five. "I have often talked this matter over with The Dictator. This is the way he speaks about it. — English blood is apt to tell well on the stock upon which it is engrafted. Over and over again he has noticed finely grown specimens of human beings, and on inquiry has found that one or both of the parents or grandparents were of British origin. The chances are that the descendants of the imported stock will be of a richer organization, more florid, more muscular, with mellower voices, than the native whose blood has been unmingled with that of new emigrants since the earlier colonial times. — So talks The Dictator. — I myself think the American will find his English wife concentrates herself more readily and more exclusively on her husband, — for the obvious reason that she is obliged to live mainly in him. I remember hearing an old friend of my early days say, 'A woman does not bear transplanting.' It does not do to trust these old sayings, and yet they almost always have some foundation in the experience of mankind, which has repeated them from generation to generation. Happy is the married woman of foreign birth who can say to her husband, as Andromache said to Hector, after enumerating all the dear relatives she had lost, —

'Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee!'

How many a sorrowing wife, exiled from her native country, dreams of the mother she shall see no more! How many a widow, in a strange land, wishes that her poor, worn-out body could be laid among her kinsfolk, in the little churchyard where she used to gather daisies in her childhood! It takes a great deal of love to keep down the 'climbing sorrow' that swells up in a woman's throat when such memories seize upon her, in

her moments of desolation. But if a foreign-born woman does willingly give up all for a man, and never looks backward, like Lot's wife, she is a prize that it is worth running a risk to gain, — that is, if she has the making of a good woman in her; and a few years will go far towards naturalizing her."

The Tutor listened to Number Five with much apparent interest. "And now," he said, "what do you think of her companion?"

"A charming girl for a man of a quiet, easy temperament. The great trouble is with her voice. It is pitched a full note too high. It is aggressive, disturbing, and would wear out a nervous man without his ever knowing what was the matter with him. A good many crazy Northern people would recover their reason if they could live for a year or two among the blacks of the Southern States. But the penetrating, perturbing quality of the voices of many of our Northern women has a great deal to answer for in the way of determining love and friendship. You remember that dear friend of ours who left us not long since? If there were more voices like hers, the world would be a different place to live in. I do not believe any man or woman ever came within the range of those sweet, tranquil tones without being hushed, captivated, entranced I might almost say, by their calming, soothing influence. Can you not imagine the tones in which those words, 'Peace, be still,' were spoken? Such was the effect of the voice to which but a few weeks ago we were listening. It is hard to believe that it has died out of human consciousness. Can such a voice be spared from that world of happiness to which we fondly look forward, where we love to dream, if we do not believe with assured conviction, that whatever is loveliest in this our mortal condition shall be with us again as an undying possession? Your English friend has a very agreeable voice,

round, mellow, cheery, and her articulation is charming. Other things being equal, I think you, who are, perhaps, oversensitive, would live from two to three years longer with her than with the other. I suppose a man who lived within hearing of a murmuring brook would find his life shortened if a saw-mill were set up within earshot of his dwelling."

"And so you advise me to make love to the English girl, do you?" asked the Tutor.

Number Five laughed. It was not a loud laugh, — she never laughed noisily; it was not a very hearty laugh; the idea did not seem to amuse her much.

"No," she said, "I won't take the responsibility. Perhaps this is a case in which the true reading of Gay's line would be

How happy could I be with *neither*.

There are several young women in the world besides our two Annexes."

I question whether the Tutor had asked those questions very seriously, and I doubt if Number Five thought he was very much in earnest.

One of The Teacups reminded me that I had promised to say something of my answers to certain questions. So I began at once: —

I have given the name of *brain-tappers* to the literary operatives who address persons whose names are well known to the public, asking their opinions or their experiences on subjects which are at the time of general interest. They expect a literary man or a scientific expert to furnish them materials for symposia and similar articles, to be used by them for their own special purposes. Sometimes they expect to pay for the information furnished them; at other times, the honor of being included in a list of noted personages who have received similar requests is thought sufficient compensation. The object with which the brain-

tapper puts his questions may be a purely benevolent and entirely disinterested one. Such are some of those which I have received and answered. There are other cases, in which the brain-tapper is acting much as those persons do who stop a physician in the street to ask him a few questions about their livers or stomachs, or other internal arrangements, instead of going to his office and consulting him, expecting to pay for his advice. Others are more like those busy women who, having the generous intention of making a handsome present to their pastor, at as little expense as may be, send to all their neighbors and acquaintances for scraps of various materials, out of which the imposing "bedspread" or counterpane is to be elaborated.

That is all very well so long as old pieces of stuff are all they call for, but it is a different matter to ask for clippings out of new and uncut rolls of cloth. So it is one thing to ask an author for liberty to use extracts from his published writings, and it is a very different thing to expect him to write expressly for the editor's or compiler's piece of literary patchwork.

I have received many questions within the last year or two, some of which I am willing to answer, but prefer to answer at my own time, in my own way, through my customary channel of communication with the public. I hope I shall not be misunderstood as implying any reproach against the inquirers who, in order to get at facts which ought to be known, apply to all whom they can reach for information. Their inquisitiveness is not always agreeable or welcome, but we ought to be glad that there are mousing fact-hunters to worry us with queries to which, for the sake of the public, we are bound to give our attention. Let me begin with my brain-tappers.

And first, as the papers have given publicity to the fact that I, The Dictator

of this tea-table, have reached the age of threescore years and twenty, I am requested to give information as to how I managed to do it, and to explain just how they can go and do likewise. I think I can lay down a few rules that will help them to the desired result. There is no certainty in these biological problems, but there are reasonable probabilities upon which it is safe to act.

The first thing to be done is, some years before birth, to advertise for a couple of parents both belonging to long-lived families. Especially let the mother come of a race in which octogenarians and nonagenarians are very common phenomena. There are practical difficulties in following out this suggestion, but possibly the forethought of your progenitors, or that concurrence of circumstances which we call accident, may have arranged this for you.

Do not think that a robust organization is any warrant of long life, nor that a frail and slight bodily constitution necessarily means scanty length of days. Many a strong-limbed young man and many a blooming young woman have I seen failing and dropping away in or before middle life, and many a delicate and slightly constituted person outliving the athletes and the beauties of their generation. Whether the excessive development of the muscular system is compatible with the best condition of general health is, I think, more than doubtful. The muscles are great sponges that suck up and make use of large quantities of blood, and the other organs must be liable to suffer for want of their share.

One of the Seven Wise Men of Greece boiled his wisdom down into two words, *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, — nothing too much. It is a rule which will apply to food, exercise, labor, sleep, and, in short, to every part of life. This is not so very difficult a matter if one begins in good season and forms regular habits. But what if I should lay down the rule, Be cheerful ;

take all the troubles and trials of life with perfect equanimity and a smiling countenance? Admirable directions! Your friend, the curly-haired blonde, with florid complexion, round cheeks, the best possible digestion and respiration, the stomach of an ostrich and the lungs of a pearl-diver, finds it perfectly easy to carry them into practice. You, of leaden complexion, with black and lank hair, lean, hollow-eyed, dyspeptic, nervous, find it not so easy to be always hilarious and happy. The truth is that the persons of that buoyant disposition which comes always heralded by a smile, as a yacht driven by a favoring breeze carries a wreath of sparkling foam before her, are born with their happiness ready made. They cannot help being cheerful any more than their saturnine fellow-mortal can help seeing everything through the cloud he carries with him. I give you the precept, then, *Be cheerful*, for just what it is worth, as I would recommend to you to be six feet, or at least five feet ten, in stature. You cannot settle that matter for yourself, but you can stand up straight, and give your five feet five its full value. You can help along a little by wearing high-heeled shoes. So you can do something to encourage yourself in serenity of aspect and demeanor, keeping your infirmities and troubles in the background instead of making them the staple of your conversation. This piece of advice, if followed, may be worth from three to five years of the fourscore which you hope to attain.

If, on the other hand, instead of going about cheerily in society, making the best of everything and as far as possible forgetting your troubles, you can make up your mind to economize all your stores of vital energy, to hoard your life as a miser hoards his money, you will stand a fair chance of living until you are tired of life, — fortunate if everybody is not tired of you.

One of my prescriptions for longevity

may startle you somewhat. It is this: *Become the subject of a mortal disease.* Let half a dozen doctors thump you, and knead you, and test you in every possible way, and render their verdict that you have an internal complaint; they don't know exactly what it is, but it will certainly kill you by and by. Then bid farewell to the world and shut yourself up for an invalid. If you are threescore years old when you begin this mode of life, you may very probably last twenty years, and there you are, — an octogenarian. In the mean time, your friends outside have been dropping off, one after another, until you find yourself almost alone, nursing your mortal complaint as if it were your baby, hugging it and kept alive by it, — if to exist is to live. Who has not seen cases like this, — a man or a woman shutting himself or herself up, visited by a doctor or a succession of doctors (I remember that once, in my earlier experience, I was the twenty-seventh physician who had been consulted), always taking medicine, until everybody was reminded of that impatient speech of a relative of one of these invalid vampires who live on the blood of tired-out attendants, "I do wish she would get well — *or something*"? Persons who are shut up in that way, confined to their chambers, sometimes to their beds, have a very small amount of vital expenditure, and wear out very little of their living substance. They are like lamps with half their wicks picked down, and will continue to burn when other lamps have used up all their oil. An insurance office might make money by taking no risks except on lives of persons suffering from mortal disease. It is on this principle of economizing the powers of life that a very eminent American physician — Dr. Weir Mitchell, a man of genius — has founded his treatment of certain cases of nervous exhaustion.

What have I got to say about temperance, the use of animal food, and so

forth? These are questions asked me. Nature has proved a wise teacher, as I think, in my own case. The older I grow, the less use I make of alcoholic stimulants. In fact, I hardly meddle with them at all, except a glass or two of champagne occasionally. I find that by far the best borne of all drinks containing alcohol. I do not suppose my experience can be the foundation of a universal rule. Dr. Holyoke, who lived to be a hundred, used habitually, in moderate quantities, a mixture of cider, water, and rum. I think, as one grows older, less food, especially less animal food, is required. But old people have a right to be epicures, if they can afford it. The pleasures of the palate are among the last gratifications of the senses allowed them. We begin life as little cannibals, — feeding on the flesh and blood of our mothers. We range through all the vegetable and animal products of nature, and I suppose, if the second childhood could return to the food of the first, it might prove a wholesome diet.

What do I say to smoking? I cannot grudge an old man his pipe, but I think tobacco often does a good deal of harm to the health, — to the eyes especially, to the nervous system generally, producing headache, palpitation, and trembling. I myself gave it up many years ago. Philosophically speaking, I think self-narcotization and self-alcoholization are rather ignoble substitutes for undisturbed self-consciousness and unfettered self-control.

Here is another of those brain-tapping letters, of similar character, which I have no objection to answering at my own time and in the place which best suits me. As the questions must be supposed to be asked with a purely scientific and philanthropic purpose, it can make little difference when and where they are answered. For myself, I prefer our own tea-table to the symposia to which I am often invited. I do not quarrel with

those who invite their friends to a banquet to which many strangers are expected to contribute. It is a very easy and pleasant way of giving an entertainment at little cost and with no responsibility. Somebody has been writing to me about "Oatmeal and Literature," and somebody else wants to know whether I have found character influenced by diet; also whether, in my opinion, oatmeal is preferable to pie as an American national food.

In answer to these questions, I should say that I have my beliefs and prejudices; but if I were pressed hard for my proofs of their correctness, I should make but a poor show in the witness-box. Most assuredly I do believe that body and mind are much influenced by the kind of food habitually depended upon. I am persuaded that a too exclusively porcine diet gives a bristly character to the beard and hair, which is borrowed from the animal whose tissues these stiff-bearded compatriots of ours have too largely assimilated. I can never stray among the village people of our windy capes without now and then coming upon a human being who looks as if he had been split, salted, and dried, like the salt-fish which has built up his arid organism. If the body is modified by the food which nourishes it, the mind and character very certainly will be modified by it also. We know enough of their close connection with each other to be sure of that, without any statistical observations to prove it.

Do you really want to know "whether oatmeal is preferable to pie as an American national food"? I suppose the best answer I can give to your question is to tell you what is my own practice. Oatmeal in the morning, as an architect lays a bed of concrete to form a base for his superstructure. Pie when I can get it; that is, of the genuine sort, for I am not patriotic enough to think very highly of the article named after the Father of his Country, who was first in

war, first in peace,—not first in pies, according to my standard.

There is a very odd prejudice against pie as an article of diet. It is common to hear every form of bodily degeneracy and infirmity attributed to this particular favorite food. I see no reason or sense in it. Mr. Emerson believed in pie, and was almost indignant when a fellow-traveller refused the slice he offered him. "Why, Mr. —," said he, "*what is pie made for!*" If every Green Mountain boy has not eaten a thousand times his weight in apple, pumpkin, squash, and mince pie, call me a dumpling. And Colonel Ethan Allen was one of them,—Ethan Allen, who, as they used to say, could wrench off the head of a wrought nail with his teeth.

If you mean to keep as well as possible, the less you think about your health the better. You know enough not to eat or drink what you have found does not agree with you. You ought to know enough not to expose yourself needlessly to draughts. If you take a "constitutional," walk with the wind when you can, and take a closed car against it if you can get one. Walking against the wind is one of the most dangerous kinds of exposure, if you are sensitive to cold. But except a few simple rules such as I have just given, let your health take care of itself as long as it behaves decently. If you want to be sure *not* to reach threescore and twenty, get a little box of homœopathic pellets and a little book of homœopathic prescriptions. I had a poor friend who fell into that way, and became at last a regular Hahnemaniac. He left a box of his little jokers, which at last came into my hands. The poor fellow had cultivated symptoms as other people cultivate roses or chrysanthemums. What a luxury of choice his imagination presented to him! When one watches for symptoms, every organ in the body is ready to put in its claim. By and by a real illness attacked him, and the box of little pellets was shut

up, to minister to his fancied evils no longer.

Let me tell you one thing. I think if patients and physicians were in the habit of recognizing the fact I am going to mention, both would be gainers. The law I refer to must be familiar to all observing physicians, and to all intelligent persons who have observed their own bodily and mental conditions. This is the *curve of health*. It is a mistake to suppose that the normal state of health is represented by a straight horizontal line. Independently of the well-known causes which raise or depress the standard of vitality, there seems to be — I think I may venture to say there is — a rhythmic undulation in the flow of the vital force. The “dynamo” which furnishes the working powers of consciousness and action has its annual, its monthly, its diurnal waves, even its momentary ripples, in the current it furnishes. There are greater and lesser curves in the movement of every day’s life, — a series of ascending and of descending movements, a periodicity depending on the very nature of the force at work in the living organism. Thus we have our good seasons and our bad seasons, our good days and our bad days, life climbing and descending in long or short undulations, which I have called the curve of health.

From this fact spring a great proportion of the errors of medical practice. On it are based the delusions of the various shadowy systems which impose themselves on the ignorant and half-learned public as branches or “schools” of science. A remedy taken at the time of the ascent in the curve of health is found successful. The same remedy taken while the curve is in its downward movement proves a failure.

So long as this biological law exists, so long the charlatan will keep his hold on the ignorant public. So long as it exists, the wisest practitioner will be liable to deceive himself about the effect

of what he calls and loves to think are his *remedies*. Long-continued and sagacious observation will to some extent undeceive him; but were it not for the happy illusion that his useless or even deleterious drugs were doing good service, many a practitioner would give up his calling for one in which he could be more certain that he was really doing good to the subjects of his professional dealings. For myself, I should prefer a physician of a sanguine temperament, who had a firm belief in himself and his methods. I do not wonder at all that the public support a whole community of pretenders who show the portraits of the patients they have “cured.” The best physicians will tell you that, though many patients get well under their treatment, they rarely *cure* anybody. If you are told also that the best physician has many more patients die on his hands than the worst of his fellow-practitioners, you may add these two statements to your bundle of paradoxes, and if they puzzle you I will explain them at some future time.

[I take this opportunity of correcting a statement now going the rounds of the medical and probably other periodicals. In “The Journal of the American Medical Association,” dated April 26, 1890, published at Chicago, I am reported, in quotation marks, as saying, —

“Give me opium, wine, and milk, and I will cure all diseases to which flesh is heir.”

In the first place, I never said I will cure, or can cure, or would or could cure, or had cured any disease. My venerated instructor, Dr. James Jackson, taught me never to use that expression. *Curo* means, I take care of, he used to say, and in that sense, if you mean nothing more, it is properly employed. So, in the amphitheatre of the Ecole de Médecine, I used to read the words of Ambroise Paré, — “Je le pansay, Dieu le guarist.” (I dressed his wound, and

God cured him.) Next, I am not in the habit of talking about "the diseases to which flesh is heir." The expression has become rather too familiar for repetition, and belongs to the rhetoric of other latitudes. And, lastly, I have said some plain things, perhaps some sharp ones, about the abuse of drugs and the limited number of vitally important remedies, but I am not so ignorantly presumptuous as to make the foolish statement falsely attributed to me.]

I paused a minute or two, and as no one spoke out, I put a question to the Counsellor.

Are you quite sure that you wish to live to be threescore and twenty years old?

"Most certainly I do. Don't they say that Theophrastus lived to his hundred and seventh, and did n't he complain of the shortness of life? At eighty a man has had just about time to get warmly settled in his nest. Do you suppose he does n't enjoy the quiet of that resting-place? No more haggard responsibility to keep him awake nights, — unless he prefers to retain his hold on offices and duties from which he can be excused if he chooses. No more goading ambitions, — he knows he has done his best. No more jealousies, if he were weak enough to feel such ignoble stirrings in his more active season. An octogenarian with a good record, and free from annoying or distressing infirmities, ought to be the happiest of men. Everybody treats him with deference. Everybody wants to help him. He is the ward of the generations that have grown up since he was in the vigor of maturity. Yes, let me live to be fourscore years, and then I will tell you whether I should like a few more years or not."

You carry the feelings of middle age, I said, in imagination, over into the period of senility, and then reason and dream about it as if its whole mode of being

were like that of the earlier period of life. But how many things there are in old age which you must live into if you would expect to have any "realizing sense" of their significance! In the first place, you have no coevals, or next to none. At fifty, your vessel is stanch, and you are on deck with the rest, in all weathers. At sixty, the vessel still floats, and you are in the cabin. At seventy, you, with a few fellow-passengers, are on a raft. At eighty, you are on a spar, to which, possibly, one, or two, or three of your coevals are still clinging. After that, you must expect soon to find yourself alone, if you are still floating, with only a life-preserver to keep your old white-bearded chin above the water.

Kindness? Yes, *pitiful* kindness, which is a bitter sweet in which the amiable ingredient can hardly be said to predominate. How pleasant do you think it is to have an arm offered to you when you are walking on a level surface, where there is no chance to trip? How agreeable do you suppose it is to have your well-meaning friends shout and screech at you, as if you were deaf as an adder, instead of only being, as you insist, somewhat hard of hearing? I was a little over twenty years old when I wrote the lines which some of you may have met with, for they have been often reprinted: —

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The world was a garden to me then ;
it is a churchyard now.

"I thought you were one of those who looked upon old age cheerfully, and welcomed it as a season of peace and contented enjoyment."

I *am* one of those who so regard it. Those are not bitter or scalding tears that fall from my eyes upon "the mossy marbles." The young who left my side

early in my life's journey are still with me in the unchanged freshness and beauty of youth. Those who have long kept company with me live on after their seeming departure, were it only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around me, as if every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them; their voices echo about me, as if they had been recorded on those unforgetting cylinders which bring back to us the tones and accents that have imprinted them, as the extinct animals left their tracks on the hardened sands. The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it, which only the sad experiences of life can lend a human soul. But there is a lower level, — that of tranquil contentment and easy acquiescence in the conditions in which we find ourselves; a lower level, in which old age trudges patiently when it is not using its wings. I say its wings, for no period of life is so imaginative as that which looks to younger people the most prosaic. The atmosphere of memory is one in which imagination flies more easily and feels itself more at home than in the thinner ether of youthful anticipation. I have told you some of the drawbacks of age; I would not have you forget its privileges. When it comes down from its aerial excursions, it has much left to enjoy on the humble plane of being. And so you think you would like to become an octogenarian?

"I should," said the Counsellor, now a man in the high noon of bodily and mental vigor. "Four more — yes, five more — decades would not be too much, I think. And how much I should live to see in that time! I am glad you have laid down some rules by which a man may reasonably expect to leap the eight-barred gate. I won't promise to obey them all, though."

Among the questions addressed to me, as to a large number of other persons, are the following. I take them from

"The American Hebrew" of April 4, 1890. I cannot pretend to answer them all, but I can say something about one or two of them.

"I. Can you, of your own personal experience, find any justification whatever for the entertainment of prejudice towards individuals solely because they are Jews?"

"II. Is this prejudice not due largely to the religious instruction that is given by the church and Sunday-school? For instance, the teachings that the Jews crucified Jesus; that they rejected him, and can only secure salvation by a belief in him, and similar matters that are calculated to excite in the impressionable mind of the child an aversion, if not a loathing, for members of 'the despised race.'"

"III. Have you observed in the social or business life of the Jew, so far as your personal experience has gone, any different standard of conduct than prevails among Christians of the same social status?"

"IV. Can you suggest what should be done to dispel the existing prejudice?"

As to the first question, I have had very slight acquaintance with the children of Israel. I shared more or less the prevailing prejudices against the persecuted race. I used to read in my hymn-book, — I hope I quote correctly, —

"See what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God has built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews."

I grew up inheriting the traditional idea that they were a race lying under a curse for their obstinacy in refusing the gospel. Like other children of New England birth, I walked in the narrow path of Puritan exclusiveness. The great historical church of Christendom was presented to me as Bunyan depicted it: one of the two giants sitting at the door of their caves, with the bones of pilgrims scattered about them, and grinning

at the travellers whom they could no longer devour. In the nurseries of old-fashioned Orthodoxy there was one religion in the world, — one religion, and a multitude of detestable, literally damnable impositions, believed in by uncounted millions, who were doomed to perdition for so believing. The Jews were the believers in one of these false religions. It had been true once, but was now a pernicious and abominable lie. The principal use of the Jews seemed to be to lend money, and to fulfil the predictions of the old prophets of their race.

No doubt the individual sons of Abraham whom we found in our ill-favored and ill-savored streets were apt to be unpleasing specimens of the race. It was against the most adverse influences of legislation, of religious feeling, of social repugnance, that the great names of Jewish origin made themselves illustrious; that the philosophers, the musicians, the financiers, the statesmen, of the last centuries forced the world to recognize and accept them. Benjamin, the son of Isaac, a son of Israel, as his family name makes obvious, has shown how largely Jewish blood has been represented in the great men and women of modern days.

There are two virtues which Christians have found it very hard to exemplify in practice. These are modesty and civility. The Founder of the Christian religion appeared among a people accustomed to look for a Messiah, — a special ambassador from heaven, with an authoritative message. They were intimately acquainted with every expression having reference to this divine messenger. They had a religion of their own, about which Christianity agrees with Judaism in asserting that it was of divine origin. It is a serious fact, to which we do not give all the attention it deserves, that this divinely instructed people were not satisfied with the evidence that the young Rabbi who came to overthrow their ancient church and found a new one was a supernatural being. "We

think he was a great Doctor," said a Jewish companion with whom I was conversing. He meant a great Teacher, I presume, though healing the sick was one of his special offices. Instead of remembering that they were entitled to form their own judgment of the new Teacher, as they had judged of Hillel and other great instructors, Christians, as they called themselves, have insulted, calumniated, oppressed, abased, outraged, "the chosen race" during the long succession of centuries since the Jewish contemporaries of the Founder of Christianity made up their minds that he did not meet the conditions required by the subject of the predictions of their Scriptures. The course of the argument against them is very briefly and effectively stated by Mr. Emerson: —

"This was Jehovah come down out of heaven. I will kill you if you say he was a man."

It seems as if there should be certain laws of etiquette regulating the relation of different religions to each other. It is not civil for a follower of Mahomet to call his neighbor of another creed a "Christian dog." Still more, there should be something like politeness in the bearing of Christian sects toward each other, and of believers in the new dispensation toward those who still adhere to the old. We are in the habit of allowing a certain arrogant assumption to our Roman Catholic brethren. We have got used to their pretensions. They may call us "heretics," if they like. They may speak of us as "infidels," if they choose, especially if they say it in Latin. So long as there is no inquisition, so long as there is no *auto da fè*, we do not mind the hard words much; and we have as good phrases to give them back: the Man of Sin and the Scarlet Woman will serve for examples. But it is better to be civil to each other all round. I doubt if a convert to the religion of Mahomet was ever made by calling a man a Christian dog. I doubt if a Hebrew ever became

a good Christian if the baptismal rite was performed by spitting on his Jewish gabardine. I have often thought of the advance in comity and true charity shown in the title of my late honored friend James Freeman Clarke's book, "The Ten Great Religions." If the creeds of mankind try to understand each other before attempting mutual extermination, they will be sure to find a meaning in beliefs which are different from their own. The old Calvinistic spirit was almost savagely exclusive. While the author of the "Ten Great Religions" was growing up in Boston under the benignant, large-minded teachings of his grandfather, the Reverend James Freeman, the famous Dr. John M. Mason, at New York, was fiercely attacking the noble humanity of "The Universal Prayer." "In preaching," says his biographer, "he once quoted Pope's lines as to God's being adored alike 'by saint, by savage, and by sage,' and pronounced it (in his deepest guttural) 'the most damnable lie.'"

What could the Hebrew expect when a Christian preacher could use such language about a petition breathing the very soul of humanity? Happily, the true human spirit is encroaching on that arrogant and narrow-minded form of selfishness which called itself Christianity.

The golden rule should govern us in dealing with those whom we call unbelievers, with heathen, and with all who do not accept our religious views. The Jews are with us as a perpetual lesson to teach us modesty and civility. The religion we profess is not self-evident. It did not convince the people to whom it was sent. We have no claim to take it for granted that we are all right, and they are all wrong. And, therefore, in the midst of all the triumphs of Christianity, it is well that the stately synagogue should lift its walls by the side of the aspiring cathedral, a perpetual reminder that there are many mansions in the Father's earthly house as well as in

the heavenly one; that civilized humanity, longer in time and broader in space than any historical form of belief, is mightier than any one institution or organization it includes.

Many years ago I argued with myself the proposition which my Hebrew correspondent has suggested. Recognizing the fact that I was born to a birthright of national and social prejudices against "the chosen people," — chosen as the object of contumely and abuse by the rest of the world, — I pictured my own inherited feelings of aversion in all their intensity, and the strain of thought under the influence of which those prejudices gave way to a more human, a more truly Christian feeling of brotherhood. I must ask your indulgence while I quote a few verses from a poem of my own, printed long ago under the title "At the Pantomime."

I was crowded between two children of Israel, and gave free inward expression to my feelings. All at once I happened to look more closely at one of my neighbors, and saw that the youth was the very ideal of the Son of Mary.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue
The mantling blood shows faintly through;
Locks dark as midnight, that divide
And shade the neck on either side;
Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam
Clear as a starlit mountain stream;
So looked that other child of Shem,
The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem!

— And thou couldst scorn the peerless blood
That flows unmingled from the Flood, —
Thy scutcheon spotted with the stains
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes!
The New World's foundling, in thy pride
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,
And lo! the very semblance there
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear!

I see that radiant image rise,
The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,
The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows
The blush of Sharon's opening rose, —
Thy hands would clasp his hallowed feet
Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,
Thy lips would press his garment's hem
That curl in wrathful scorn for them!

A sudden mist, a watery screen,
Dropped like a veil before the scene;
The shadow floated from my soul,
And to my lips a whisper stole,—
"Thy prophets caught the Spirit's flame,
From thee the Son of Mary came,
With thee the Father deigned to dwell,—
Peace be upon thee, Israel!"

It is not to be expected that intimate relations will be established between Jewish and Christian communities until both become so far rationalized and humanized that their differences are comparatively unimportant. But already there is an evident approximation in the extreme left of what is called liberal Christianity and the representatives of modern Judaism. The life of a man like the late Sir Moses Montefiore reads a lesson from the Old Testament which might well have been inspired by the noblest teachings of the Christian Gospels.

Delilah, and how she got her name.

Est-elle bien gentille, cette petite?
I said one day to Number Five, as our pretty Delilah put her arm between us with a bunch of those tender early radishes that so recall the *ροδοδάκτυλος* Ἡώς, the rosy-fingered morning of Homer. The little hand which held the radishes would not have shamed Aurora. That hand has never known drudgery, I feel sure.

When I spoke those French words our little Delilah gave a slight, seemingly involuntary start, and her cheeks grew of as bright a red as her radishes. Ah, said I to myself, does that young girl understand French? It may be worth while to be careful what one says before her.

There is a mystery about this girl. She seems to know her place perfectly,—except, perhaps, when she burst out crying, the other day, which was against all the rules of table-maiden's etiquette,—and yet she looks as if she had been born to be waited on, and not to perform that humble service for others. We know that once in a while girls

with education and well connected take it into their heads to go into service for a few weeks or months. Sometimes it is from economic motives,—to procure means for their education, or to help members of their families who need assistance. At any rate, they undertake the lighter menial duties of some household where they are not known, and, having stooped—if stooping it is to be considered—to lowly duties, no born and bred servants are more faithful to all their obligations. You must not suppose she was christened Delilah. Any of our ministers would hesitate to give such a heathen name to a Christian child.

The way she came to get it was this: The Professor was going to give a lecture before an occasional audience, one evening. When he took his seat with the other Teacups, the American Annex whispered to the other Annex, "His hair wants cutting,—it looks like fury." "Quite so," said the English Annex. "I wish you would tell him so,—I do, awfully." "I'll fix it," said the American girl. So, after the teacups were emptied and the company had left the table, she went up to the Professor. "You read this lecture, don't you, Professor?" she said. "I do," he answered. "I should think that lock of hair which falls down over your forehead would trouble you," she said. "It does sometimes," replied the Professor. "Let our little maid trim it for you. You're equal to that, are n't you?" turning to the handmaiden. "I always used to cut my father's hair," she answered. She brought a pair of glittering shears, and before she would let the Professor go she had trimmed his hair and beard as they had not been dealt with for many a day. Everybody said the Professor looked ten years younger. After that our little handmaiden was always called Delilah, among the talking Teacups.

The Mistress keeps a watchful eye on this young girl. I should not be sur-

prised to find that she was carrying out some ideal, some fancy or whim,—possibly nothing more, but springing from some generous, youthful impulse. Perhaps she is working for that little sister at the Blind Asylum. How did she come to understand French? She did certainly blush, and betrayed every sign of understanding the words spoken about her in that language. Sometimes she sings while at her work, and we have all been struck with the pure, musical character of her voice. It is just such a voice as ought to come from that round white throat. We made a discovery about it the other evening.

The Mistress keeps a piano in her room, and we have sometimes had music in the evening. One of The Teacups, to whom I have slightly referred, is an accomplished pianist, and the two Annexes sing very sweetly together,—the American girl having a clear soprano voice, the English girl a mellow contralto. They had sung several tunes, when the Mistress rang for Avis,—for that is our Delilah's real name. She whispered to the young girl, who blushed and trembled. "Don't be frightened," said the Mistress encouragingly. "I have heard you singing 'Too Young for Love,' and I will get our pianist to play it. The young ladies both know it, and you must join in."

The two voices, with the accompaniment, had hardly finished the first line when a pure, ringing, almost childlike voice joined the vocal duet. The sound of her own voice seemed to make her forget her fears, and she warbled as naturally and freely as any young bird of a May morning. Number Five came in while she was singing, and when she got through caught her in her arms and kissed her, as if she were her sister, and not Delilah, our table-maid. Number Five is apt to forget herself and those social differences to which some of us attach so much importance. This is the song in which the little maid took part:—

TOO YOUNG FOR LOVE.

Too young for love ?

Ah, say not so !

Tell reddening rosebuds not to blow !

Wait not for spring to pass away, —

Love's summer months begin with May !

Too young for love ?

Ah, say not so !

Too young ? Too young ?

Ah, no ! no ! no !

Too young for love ?

Ah, say not so,

While daisies bloom and tulips glow !

June soon will come with lengthened day

To practice all love learned in May.

Too young for love ?

Ah, say not so !

Too young ? Too young ?

Ah, no ! no ! no !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FIRE HORSES.

EVERYBODY knows that a fire-engine horse is a large, strongly built, handsome animal, with a broad forehead and an intelligent eye. He wears neither check nor blinders, and is never blanket-ed, except when he stands out in the street; but his coat is nicely groomed, his hoofs are well oiled; he is usually in the pink of condition; his social affec-

tions and faculties are highly cultivated; interested looks follow him when he takes his daily exercise; and, seen in full progress to a fire, he is an object of respect and admiration, almost of terror.

His work is different from that of any other horse in the world, and it requires a peculiar combination of qualities. The fire steed must be able to

draw an extremely heavy load at a smart gallop; in short, his function is that of a running draft-horse. Engines, with the men who ride on them, usually weigh about 8000 pounds, or four tons: some are a thousand pounds lighter; others as much, or nearly as much, heavier. The chemical engines are less ponderous, varying from 2500 (this kind employs but one horse) to 7500 pounds. The hose carriages attached to the fire engines, and drawn by one horse, are, as a rule, about half the weight of the engines, but sometimes much more. Two-wheel carts were formerly used for this purpose, but they have been superseded, in Boston and in most other cities, by four-wheel wagons, which, though not so picturesque, are much easier for the horse, inasmuch as none of the weight comes upon his back.

Hook and ladder trucks, with their men, vary in weight from 4350 to 10,600 pounds, the only truck which reaches these last-mentioned figures being hauled by three horses, harnessed abreast. There is another very heavy one, weighing 9535 pounds, which is kept on Harrison Avenue, and is drawn by two huge grays, — one of the largest spans in the department. The engines usually fit the horse-car tracks, which is a great advantage; whereas the hook and ladder trucks are too broad for this, and they are so extremely long that a large part of the weight is far from the horses, which of course makes it harder to haul; but, again, the load is more "springy," not so dead as that of the engine, and the two kinds of apparatus are, on the whole, probably about equally difficult to pull. Some of the longest trucks, as most of my readers know, are provided with a sort of steering apparatus for the hind wheels, so that the helmsman, who sits immediately above the axle, is able to turn them sharply in going around a corner. By this device the necessity of a "wide" turn is avoided, and the driver is able to "cut" the corners as

closely as if he had an ordinary length of vehicle behind him. Sometimes a tough spiral spring, made of steel, is inserted in the trace of a fire horse's harness, near the whiffletree, the object being to lessen the strain at starting. This extremely ingenious device enables the horses to exert their strength against a yielding connection, instead of against a dead weight, — a certain momentum being acquired by them before the whole load moves. It is on the same principle that the couplings which unite a train of loaded cars must be somewhat loose, in order that the locomotive may start the train. Motion is then communicated from the first car to the second, and so on (as the spectator may readily perceive); whereas, if all the couplings were tense, the whole train would have to start at once.

In the city proper, where most of the runs are short, the whole distance is usually covered at a gallop, except where some hill or obstruction intervenes; and this performance tries the animal of whom it is required through and through, so that if there be a weak spot in him it is soon discovered. In the first place, he must be big and heavy. Boston fire horses vary from 1200 to 1600 pounds; very few, if any, quite reaching the maximum, and most of them weighing about 1400 pounds, — rather less than more. But the fire horse must also be active, as well as big and strong; he must have good feet, good wind, and finally, to execute his ordinary task, he must be in hard condition. When the horses are first bought, they are almost invariably fat and soft; but they are immediately assigned to a station, without any training or preparation. Consequently, they must be humored, and, if need be, restrained somewhat, during their first months of service. Should they be driven hard at this time, they might easily become "touched in the wind," or otherwise disabled; and this sometimes happens through careless or

unskillful driving. The best and strongest horse in the world, if out of condition, cannot safely be called upon for an extraordinary effort. (There is a hint here, by the way, for fat or elderly people who persist in running for trains.)

Elsewhere the weight of fire horses is commonly about the same as it is in Boston. In Cambridge, in Lynn (which has an excellent department), and in Providence they have none over 1400 pounds; in Chicago the limit is given as 1450; but in Brooklyn comparatively light horses are used, their weight varying from 1150 to 1350 pounds; and the veterinary surgeon attached to this department states that he prefers those approaching the minimum.

As a rule, short-legged and short-backed horses are the best for drawing engines. It is indeed a general equine principle that "weight-pullers" should be formed in this way: they are more nimble, take shorter steps, recover themselves more easily, than longer-legged and longer-striding animals. The trotters who make fast records to skeleton wagons (much heavier than sulkies) are almost invariably of such a construction. I have been told of a pair of tough roans built thus, and weighing not much more than 1200 pounds, who could pull a heavy engine at wonderful speed; but, unfortunately, the near horse had a habit of balking on the threshold of the engine house, when harnessed for a fire, which so delayed the apparatus that his subsequent speed did not make up for the time lost, and he was retired to private life.

One of the best, oldest, and lightest engine horses in Boston is also built on this model. He is a rather plain, brown fellow, weighing only about 1175 pounds, with a strong, short back, splendid shoulder, and stout limbs, with big knees and short cannon-bones. His expression is extremely gentle and intelligent. At present he serves as the off horse on the chemical engine in Bulfinch Street, his mate being a handsome dapple gray,

with white flowing tail. The brown horse is reckoned by the engine men to be twenty-two years old, having been in the service for many years. I suspect that there is some exaggeration in this statement, but he is certainly an old horse. His mate is ten, and considerably larger, but the two step well together, and make a fast team. Their driver assured me that he had once given the protective company a fair beating on Washington Street, in a race to a fire.

Of the gray horse, a good and, I believe, on investigation, a true story is told. In the same building with the chemical engine is an ordinary fire engine, the two "houses" being connected by hallways. At one time the gray horse was transferred to the other engine, and put in one of the stalls behind it. In the middle of the first night after this change had been made, an alarm of fire was sounded. The men tumbled out of bed, rushed down to the engine floor, and found the other horse standing in his place by the pole, ready to have the collar fastened about his neck; but the gray was missing. They looked in his stall, but it was vacant; "neither hide nor hair of him" could be found, and it seemed clear that the animal had been stolen by some bold thief. Presently, however, a horse was heard moving about in the adjoining house, and it proved to be one belonging to the chemical engine, which had already gone to the fire. He was of course immediately put in the place of the missing beast, and the engine finally got under way. The fact was that when the alarm sounded, and the doors of the stable flew open, the gray had gone to his old place on the chemical engine, and pushed aside the horse already standing there, who, finding that he was not wanted, returned to his stall. The men, in the hurry of the moment, harnessed such animals as offered themselves, and were off without discovering the mistake.

There is a reason why ladder-truck horses should be taller than engine horses: the apparatus which they draw is at a much higher level from the ground than is the bulk of an engine, and consequently a low-standing animal would waste part of his efforts in pulling downward instead of pulling forward. Some ladder-truck horses are shaped in one important respect like Maud S., Sunol, and other fast trotters and runners, namely, higher at the rump than at the withers, and with long hind legs. This is not considered a good conformation for a cart horse; but it seems to answer well where, as in the case of a ladder truck, horses are required which have strength, height, and speed.

Such being the kind of horse needed for fire engines, let us now visit a new recruit in his quarters. The weather being warm, the doors of the house are open, a rope being stretched across the entrance. Directly in front of us stands the engine, a polished mass of copper and nickel, with scarlet wheels. The driver's seat is a small box, just big enough to hold him, and behind it, rolled up separately, are strapped the blankets. The harness is suspended from the ceiling in such a manner that it can be let down when the horses stand under it. Back of the engine, and some yards distant as a rule, a partition, composed chiefly of doors, runs across the house. Behind this partition are the stalls; the horses facing the engine, and the front of each stall being a door, with a window in it. Bridles are worn night and day, the bits being slipped out when the animals eat their oats, but kept in while they chew their hay. Some few horses, whose mouths are tender, are bridled in the stables, with the bit hanging loose.

Now, then, we will suppose that an alarm of fire strikes, the hour being midnight. The horses are lying down, out of sight and fast asleep; the men

are upstairs in bed, — all save one, who dozes in a chair beside those mysterious telegraphic instruments, grouped in a corner near the front door. The gas burns brightly, but there is not a sign of animation about the place. It is all so miraculously clean, so neat, well ordered, burnished, and polished, so nearly deserted, so absolutely quiescent, and yet so brilliantly lighted, that it appears rather like an illusion than a reality. The engine might be the huge and magnificent toy of a giant. It looks much too fine for real use. But, as we were saying, an alarm sounds, and the scene changes. In a corner of the ceiling, near the front door, is a circular opening, through which, rising from the floor, there passes a shining brass pole. When the men are called out, they throw themselves on this pole, and come down like a flash of lightning; the feet of the second man almost touching the head of the first, and so on. The horses scramble on their legs, the doors in front of them fly open, and out they rush, their heavy iron-shod hoofs thundering over the floor. Each horse goes to his proper place; the driver, from his seat, lets down the harness; two or three men standing at the pole snap the collars together, fasten the reins to the bits, and off they go. There is nothing more to be done: the girths are not used in running to a fire; the traces are already attached to the whiffletrees and the polestraps to the collars, so that the fastening of two collars and four reins constitutes the harnessing. Often, perhaps commonly, the horses are harnessed and everything is ready for a start before the gong has finished telling the number of the box. Half a minute is about the maximum time for companies in a first-class department to make ready and leave the house; and the ordinary time is, I believe, fifteen or twenty seconds. The fire marshal of the Chicago department informs me that, "on the test of a certain engine, with men in bed and

horses in stalls, the hind wheels of the apparatus crossed the threshold in eleven seconds." For the Brooklyn department the time is given as "from four to eight seconds, according to distance of horses from the engine."

To teach a green nag to come out of his stall at the signal and range himself alongside the pole is not so difficult as might be imagined. We will suppose that a span of new horses are assigned to a certain engine, the old pair, as is the custom, being taken away at the same time. The surroundings are strange and more or less terrible to them, but they are handled very gently and carefully, and gradually lose their fears. The schooling begins at once, the driver being assisted by the other men. The ordinary signal is given, as if for a fire; the stall doors open; the horses are led out, put in position, harnessed, and in a few minutes led back; and then the process is repeated perhaps half a dozen times. Great pains are taken that the animals shall not strike against anything, or by any means become frightened. The unusual spectacle of a harness suspended in the air is apt to disturb them at first, but they are led slowly up to it, induced to smell of it, to inspect it on all sides, and thus to learn that it is perfectly harmless. In the same way they are accustomed to all the other objects about them, being continually patted and encouraged. The chief traits of the horse are the great strength of his memory, especially of his faculty of association, and his timidity. The fireman's task, therefore, is first to convince his pupil, by gentle treatment, that no harm threatens him, and then to establish a connection in his mind between the proper signal, the opening of the stall door, and a progress thence to his station by the engine pole. After being led to their positions what it is thought may prove a sufficient number of times, the horses are allowed to come out at the signal, of their own

accord, a man standing behind to touch them up a little if they do not start promptly when the gong sounds and the doors open.

Of course no two horses learn with equal rapidity, and the difference between them in this respect is greater than might be supposed. Two weeks constitute about the average period of instruction, during which time two or three lessons a day are given: but horses have been known to learn in one lesson; and others, again, have been months in arriving at the same proficiency. A pair of gray horses, newly purchased for the East Street engine, in Boston, were led out three times in the manner just described. They were then left to themselves: the gong sounded, the stall doors opened, and the pair trotted out, each going to his place alongside the pole. They had caught the idea at once. These horses are remarkable not only for intelligence, but for strength and speed. They are both, and the off one especially, of a type different from that of any other fire horses that I have seen, being very tall (the off one is seventeen hands) rangy, slightly wasp-waisted, and having fine, thin necks and small, well-bred heads. They are great gallopers, and the hose-wagon horse has hard work to keep up with them; but this too is a remarkable animal. He is one of the oldest horses in the department, having served ten years, and being, naturally, a little stiff in the legs; but his strength is so great and his courage so good that even these powerful, flying grays cannot draw away from him. He is a big brown horse, with a great shoulder, the best of short legs, and a noble countenance. His original cost was the unusually large sum of \$450, but the bargain has proved a good one for the city. Old as he is, being sixteen or seventeen years at least, he is thought to have made the best run of his life a few weeks ago, galloping all the way from East Street

to Battery Wharf, a distance of a mile, or more. A little blood trickled from his nostrils when he pulled up behind the engine, but otherwise he seemed none the worse for the immense exertion.

Another big horse, of the greyhound type already described, — that is, having long hind legs and standing higher at the rump than at the withers, — was four months in learning the business. He is a gray, with a long, rather coarse head, and small "mouse" ears out of proportion to his size, for he weighs 1380 pounds; but this evidently mongrel beast is not altogether devoid of intelligence, being steady enough on the street to serve as a leader when three horses are used, and on one occasion he allowed the whiffletree to fall on his legs without starting to run. This horse is used with a ladder truck, and his education was finally accomplished by fencing in his path from the stall to the pole with ladders, a method often employed.

Sometimes, it is not want of mind, but nervousness, which makes a fire horse slow to learn the trade, just as some nervous children have difficulty in applying their minds. Such was the case with Peter, a well-bred black horse, used for many years in Boston with the ladder truck in Fort Hill Square. Peter was a noble, strong, spirited animal, and, once taught, he became as prompt and trustworthy as any horse in the department. On one occasion, shortly after his purchase, Peter, exasperated by the schooling, broke away from his instructors, jumped cleanly through an open window without touching the sash, and ran down the street in search of amusement. At another time, while waiting in the blacksmith shop, his shoes having been taken off, but not yet replaced, Peter heard the twelve o'clock alarm strike. This, he knew, indicated the hour of his dinner, and accordingly Peter made off, without saying *By your leave* to the smith, and presently appeared at the

ladder-house door, neighing for admission.

This fine animal met with a sad fate not long ago. While running to a fire, he came into collision with one of the protective wagons, and his leg was broken in two places, so that he had to be shot where he fell in the street. Something even worse happened several years ago to a fire-engine horse in Boston. He was struck by the pole of another engine, which came out of its house just as the first engine dashed by; the force of the blow, unknown to his driver, broke the animal's leg, but he kept on, traveling, of course, on three legs only, and pulling his share of the immense weight behind him, till the place of the fire was reached, nearly or quite one quarter of a mile further. Then the poor beast dropped to the ground, never to rise again. The fire horse is subject to accidents like these, but we must remember that the fireman's danger is greater yet.

It happens occasionally that a horse is bought who proves to be altogether too nervous for the business: he is in a continual state of tension, will not eat unless taken out of his stall, and is so worried with apprehension of an alarm that it is impossible to use him as a fire horse. In a few other cases, the nervousness, though not so extreme, is sufficient to disturb the animal's health, to impair his digestion, to prevent his taking the needed amount of rest, so that, eventually, he too, after being doctored, perhaps, for an imaginary disease, is transferred to some more peaceful occupation.

Now that we have seen how a fire-engine horse is instructed and where he lives, it might be interesting to know in what manner his daily life is ordered. He takes breakfast, in Boston, at five or half past, in some houses as late as six o'clock, — the meal consisting, as a rule, of two quarts of oats. After breakfast he receives a thorough grooming, and about

ten o'clock he goes out to walk for an hour, with an occasional trot, one horse of a pair being ridden and the other led. At half past eleven or twelve he has dinner,—two quarts of oats again, which also is the allowance for supper, at half past five or six. Some old and delicate horses have nine quarts of oats per day. Usually a bran mash is given once a week, and in some houses a little bran is fed every day. In the afternoon the horse has another hour of exercise, supposing that no fire has occurred. Hay is allowed at night only, and in most of the houses it is fed from the floor, so that the horse can eat it while lying down. For several reasons this method is far better than feeding from a rack, especially for the fire horse, who takes a long while to eat his hay, inasmuch as the bit remains in his mouth. In most cities the grain allowance is about the same as it is in Boston, although in Chicago the horses are fed just twice as much, twelve quarts per day, and in Brooklyn, as I am informed, the allowance varies from twelve to eighteen quarts, which is excessive. In Chicago, it would seem, the fire horses do more work than is required in Boston. Ten companies in the heart of that city average thirty-six runs per month; whereas in Boston the average varies, according to the situation, from eight or ten to twenty-five runs per month. In the suburbs many companies do not go out more than once a week, on the average. The hour for bedding down varies from half past five to eight P. M., at the discretion of the driver. It would be better to make this duty obligatory at the earlier hour, and better yet if the bedding were left under the horses by day as well as by night, especially in the case of those companies which do the most work. The more a horse lies down, the longer his legs and feet are likely to endure; and by the supply of a soft and perpetual couch he can often be induced to lengthen his hours

of repose. At eight P. M., it is the custom all over the city to call the horses out and harness them to the engine, and at this time visitors are apt to drop in. Both firemen and horses are always well known in the vicinity, and many civilities pass between the neighbors and the occupants, human and equine, of the engine houses. The children especially are friends with the horses, calling them by their names, and often treating them to candy and other luxuries. In fact, whenever a fire-engine horse is introduced to a stranger, he expects to receive some dainty, and will poke his nose into the visitor's hands and pockets; nor is he easily discouraged by failure to find anything, being evidently convinced that nobody would be quite so mean as to enter his stable without bringing at least a lump of sugar or the fraction of an apple.

There is a handsome gray horse in the Mason Street station, in Boston, who has a great liking for ice, and, when out for exercise, he can never be persuaded to pass an ice wagon without first thrusting his head in behind and helping himself to a small piece. It is needless to say that the firemen (whom, by the way, I found invariably civil and intelligent) make great pets of their four-footed companions, and are a little inclined to exaggerate their good qualities,—“the finest pair in the department” being discovered in almost every engine house. There is, too, a favorite horse at each station,—not always the strongest or handsomest, but the most affectionate, docile, and sociable; and the visitor is always taken first to this animal's stall, whose virtues are thereupon extolled with generous enthusiasm.

From December to April every engine house contains an equine guest, as an extra horse for making up a “spike team,” in case the streets are blocked with snow. Usually this horse is not owned by the department, but is loaned by an ice company or a contractor,—

his keep being reckoned as payment for his services. The new-comer does not serve as a leader: one of the regular team is put in that post, the extra horse taking the other's place at the pole. Some of the engine horses show great intelligence and discretion as leaders. On one occasion a spike team was dashing through a narrow street, where there was barely room to get between a wagon on one side and a light carryall, with women and children in it, on the other. The driver found that he had no control over his leader, and feared a bad accident; but the horse threaded his way so carefully and accurately that the engine swept past the carriage without touching it. When the engine stopped, it appeared that the leader's bit was hanging loose, and that he had served as his own driver.

This same animal — a big bay horse on Fort Hill Square — is also credited with some clever work in his own interest. Immediately in the rear of his stall was a slide where the oats came down, as he had full opportunity to observe at feeding-time. But how could he get them? He was confined in his stall, not of course by a halter, but by a rope stretched behind him, and fastened by an ordinary open hook. First, he discovered that, with some difficulty, he could turn in the stall far enough to get hold of the rope with his teeth, and after many attempts he succeeded in unhooking it. It was then an easy task to step across to the slide, pull it open with his teeth, and thus set running the reservoir of grain above. Two or three times he was found, after achieving this feat, standing in a deluge of oats, and industriously stowing them away in a compartment furnished by nature. But the firemen checkmated him by putting on the rope a snap hook, closed by a spring; and there it may be seen, at once proving the occurrence and preventing its repetition.

There is another sagacious leader,

called John, one of a span of large, handsome, dark mottled grays, used on the Dudley Street ladder truck. These are among the very finest horses in the department: they are strong and symmetrical, with small, clean-cut heads, large eyes, and courageous but gentle expression. John, especially, is as kind as a dog, a favorite with the women and children of the neighborhood, a great pet of the firemen, and quiet as a mouse in the stable, but on the street full of life and animation, and playful enough to have thrown, at one time and another, everybody who has ridden him to exercise, except the captain. John's sense of discipline is so strong that he draws the line there. While used as a leader his stall is different from the usual one; and when, on one occasion, having occupied it for some weeks, the third horse was dispensed with, and John was put back in his old quarters, he rightly and sagaciously concluded that his former place on the engine should be resumed, and accordingly, at the next alarm, he ran to the pole, instead of going in front.

The finest engine horse that I have seen is, I think, the near one of a dark gray team used on the Salem Street engine, in Boston. This is what horsemen call "a big little 'un;" that is, a stout animal on short legs. He is a comparatively small horse, standing 15 hands 3 inches, and weighing 1320 pounds: but he is big where bigness is required. He has a broad chest, a tremendous shoulder, deep lungs, a big barrel, a short back, and strong hind quarters. His legs are flat and clean, his feet of just the right size, and he has a broad forehead and an intelligent eye. Possibly his shoulder is a little too upright, and there is a suspicion of hollowness in his back, but otherwise he seemed to me an ideal engine horse. His mate is handsomer in some respects and more gentle, but a trifle too long in the back and legs.

Beside the engine, hose-wagon, and ladder-truck horses, there are others, used to haul coal and supplies, to carry men and tools for the repair of wires, etc. These are chiefly old, partly broken-down animals, no longer fit for the hard and rapid work of running to fires. Then there are smaller nags, weighing from 950 to 1050 pounds, employed by the engineers in their light wagons. These horses, especially such as are used by the chief engineer, get more practice in running to fires than any others, and they become very clever in picking their way through a crowded street; breaking into a gallop whenever they see an open space before them, and pulling up promptly to avoid collisions. The tough, intelligent, short-stepping Morgan is excellently adapted for this purpose, and one of that breed has been used for eight years past by the veterinary surgeon connected with the department. At least, this animal came from Vermont, and bears all the marks of the Morgan strain. Another, used by the district engineer on Dudley Street, is of about the same size and pattern, and of the same gamy disposition.

The protective (insurance) wagon steeds, though not, strictly speaking, belonging to the fire department, should not be disregarded in this account. They show more "quality" than fire-engine horses, weigh less (about 1150 pounds), stand higher in proportion, and would look, if their tails were docked, like powerful coach horses. There are two protective wagons in Boston: one in Hamilton Street, in the heart of the city, which weighs, with the men, about 7800 pounds; and the other, which is much lighter, at the South End, on Broadway extension. One or both of these wagons respond to every alarm of fire in the city, so that the horses attached to them do a great deal of work. On a certain Fourth of July, one of these companies was called out on nineteen different occasions in the twenty-four

hours; the horses not becoming cool enough throughout that time to be fed, and being supported by draughts of bran and water.

The arrangements in the protective houses differ, for the worse, from those of the fire department. The stalls are in the main room, where the wagon is kept, and at the back of the building is an entrance, the doors of which are apt to be open. The animals are thus exposed to strong and frequent draughts, very bad for horseflesh; and they are also continually annoyed by the noise, by the glare of lights kept burning all night, and by the coming and going of visitors and officials. The object of this arrangement is, of course, to save time; but if the horses stood six feet farther back, and were protected by a partition, probably only one or two seconds more would be required to bring them to the pole. Moreover, they are so often out at night that the suggestion already made in regard to engine horses applies with more force to those engaged in this service, namely, that bedding should be left under them at all times. In the South End house the stalls are open at both ends, so that the horses stand in a thoroughfare for cold breezes; and this was formerly the case in the Hamilton Street station. In the latter house there were for eight years a very fine pair of grays, who were sold, not for unsoundness, but because they were worn out by want of rest. One of them also became vicious. The fact is that, with the possible exception of man, the horse is the most nervous animal in the world, and the least able to endure continual and multiplied annoyances. These grays were last seen drawing a hack, and they have probably long since passed to some lower and more painful stage of equine degradation. Their places were taken by a fine chestnut and brown, well-bred, strong, and speedy horses. At the South End station there is another cross-matched

pair: an oldish gray, a very fine animal still (whose mate fell a victim to pleurisy), and a handsome young black. In fact, the horses of this department seem to have been selected with great judgment.

Connected with a fire department there is usually a veterinary hospital, and in Boston this is situated on Tremont Street; being a part of the building in which ladder truck No. 12 is stationed. It consists of a single box-stall and several straight stalls, but the health of the horses is looked after so carefully that these accommodations are quite sufficient. When I visited the place it contained but two patients. One was a fine gray engine horse, who, while running to a fire, came in collision with a "tow" horse, and was thrown down. His knees and hind legs were badly cut, but none of these injuries proved serious, and he was soon on the road to recovery. The other patient, also an engine horse, was suffering from a bad leg, caused partly by improper shoeing, and partly by the state of his blood. With the exception of these two, all the horses in the department, numbering about two hundred, were in working order, — an excellent showing.

Fire horses, as a rule, give out first and chiefly in their feet. Standing so much as they do on wooden floors, their feet have a tendency to become dry and hard, but this is counteracted by a permanent stuffing of tar and oakum, held in place with a leather pad. Almost all the fire horses of Boston wear these pads, and usually on the hind as well as the fore feet. In other cities, the same result is accomplished by periodical stuffing of the feet with some one of the many materials which horsemen use for this purpose.

¹ Possibly this result might be accomplished satisfactorily by the Charlier process, which consists in channeling the wall of the foot at its base, and inserting in the circular groove so formed a steel shoe. By this method the walls

The worst trouble, however, arises from the concussion produced in the foot by the hard paving-stones of the city. This is bad enough for any horse, but especially bad for the fire horse, because, owing to his great weight, his galloping speed, and his heavy load, he pounds his feet with tremendous force. Often a pair of engine horses whose feet have begun to give out are transferred to a suburban station, where, the roads being less hard and alarms less frequent, they go on very well for some years longer. Great pains are taken with the shoeing, which is under the direct charge of the accomplished "vet" employed by the department. Horses used in the city proper wear corks on all their feet, to give them a better grip on slippery pavements, car-tracks, etc.; but in the suburbs corks are dispensed with, the shoes without them having this advantage, — that they let the foot down lower, so that it supports the weight of the horse in a more natural position. The frog of the foot is intended by nature to lessen the concussion by receiving part of the blow itself; but with an ordinary shoe, especially with one having corks, this function of the frog is very imperfectly discharged, the frog being kept off the ground by the shoe. What the city fire horses (perhaps I might say, what horses in general) need is some method of shoeing which will protect the wall of the foot, and at the same time allow the frog to come in contact with the ground.¹

Fire horses also throw their shoes very frequently, catching them in car-tracks and other projections. In fact, a team can hardly go to a fire without losing at least one shoe between them; and the continual re-shoeing tends, of course, to wear away the hoof. It is desirable,

of the foot are protected as with the ordinary shoe, but, the foot not being raised from the ground, the frog comes into play, just as if no shoe at all were worn.

therefore, to make it grow as fast as possible, and for this purpose it is kept well oiled. Every driver has his own specific, upon the peculiar and wonderful properties of which he will descant with much enthusiasm; but the best of them is probably not more efficacious than a rag tied about the coronet, and kept well moistened with cold water.

Despite the severity of their occasional labors and the hard usage to which their feet are subjected, fire horses in Boston last a considerable time. They are bought, usually, at the age of five or six years (costing about \$325), and they remain in service, on the average, about seven or eight years. In other cities their duration and cost are about the same. In Cambridge, where few of the streets are paved, fire horses are said to last from seven to ten years; but in Brooklyn this period is put as low as six years, — about the length of time that a car horse endures.

In Boston there are at least half a dozen veterans of ten years' standing, and some who have served as fire horses even longer than that. The old hose-cart horse in East Street, of whom I have spoken already, has a record of at least ten years' service. There is another seasoned houyhnhm on Harrison Avenue, — a dark chestnut, of the same heavy, low-standing shape, who has seen twelve winters in the business. About five years ago it was thought that he ought to have an easier life, and accordingly he was transferred to an outlying station, where fires seldom occur. But on the occasion of the first alarm to which he responded the old fellow bolted, and made a complete wreck of the hose cart by dashing it against a stone wall. This was his protest at being removed from the house to which he had become accustomed, and from the society of his familiar friends, human and equine; and so he was put back in the old place, where he still remains in full employment. He is reckoned to be

seventeen years old, and he has a contemporary in the Dartmouth Street station, also a hose horse, who entered the department in the same year.

This is "Grief," so named because of his melancholy aspect. He has a way of standing with his fore legs wide apart, his head hanging down between, and a doleful expression of the face. A visitor, who saw him once in this attitude, remarked that he would make a good "image of Grief," and the name seemed so appropriate that it was adopted by common consent. "Grief" is duly inscribed in large letters over his stall, and as "Grief" he is known through the department and to all the neighbors. Grief is a remarkable horse; in color a rich mottled brown, and in shape much resembling the other old horses already described. He has a massive, well-formed shoulder, strong, straight fore legs, powerful hind quarters (too long a cannon-bone, however), a good neck, slightly arched, a rather intelligent, clean-cut head, but mulish ears. His peculiarity is a philosophical, phlegmatic disposition. He has a hearty appetite and a sound digestion, but he never shows the least impatience for his meals. Other horses paw and neigh when they hear the premonitory rattle of the oat-box, but Grief never betrays the least sign of curiosity or interest. The children of the vicinity often come to this house to give the horses candy, and the span of bays who draw the engine always recognize their benefactors, and will follow them about the stable. But Grief, though glad enough to be fed, never takes the slightest notice of any visitor beyond swallowing what is offered to him. He sleeps a great deal, ruminates still more, and allows nothing outside of business to disturb or excite him; and hence, no doubt, his excellent state of preservation.

But Grief wakes up when the alarm strikes. However long or steep the road, however fast may gallop the stout young

bays in front, he always keeps up with the engine. The strength and nervous force that he accumulates in the stable Grief expends lavishly on the way to a fire. His eye is then full of spirit; his expanded nostrils display the red glow within; his neck curves to the task; his splendid shoulder strains against the collar. He looks twice the size of the horse that was dozing in his stall a few minutes before. Arrived at the scene of action, he draws up as close as possible to the engine. Grief likes to get where the sparks fall in showers about him, and there he will stand, shaking his head to dislodge the burning particles, pleased with the shrieks and roar of the engine, with the shouts of the men, with the smoke and flame of the conflagration. At the fire in Boston on Thanksgiving Day of last year, the engine which he followed was burned within twenty-five minutes after it left the house; but Grief stood by it, firm as a rock, till the flames came near and he was led away.

The patriarch of the department is, however, not Grief, but another horse, stationed in East Boston, and called Old Joe. His age is variously estimated, but I gather that it is at least twenty years, and possibly twenty-four. Joe is not so impassive as Grief; he is more like the rest of us, being swayed by curiosity, touched by social affections, and dependent upon society. He has a gentle, intelligent, courageous eye and a good head and ears. His great age is indicated by an extremely hollow back, but otherwise he is still a grand-looking horse. He, too, is a mottled bay or brown, and not unlike Grief, except that he is even larger. In fact, the four old fire horses whom I have particularly described would have made a great team in their youth, — broad-chested, deep-lunged, rather low-standing, short-backed fellows, with immense shoulders, roomy stomachs, and strong hind quarters. Joe is now an engine

horse. His mate, though in comparison with him a mere colt, is, in truth, an oldish beast; and the two agreed some time ago that they would trot out no more from their stalls when the alarm sounded (having, as it seemed to them, done that sort of thing quite long enough), but would proceed from the stable to the pole at a dignified walk. This resolution has been kept. The firemen have tried to hurry them, but without success. Rattan rods (such as school-boys used to be whipped with) are hung behind their stalls, and descend automatically when the alarm strikes; but the old horses laugh at this gentle flagellation; they refuse to hurry their pace, and, alone among the fire horses of Boston, they advance with slow and measured step from the stable to the engine house.

The only remaining question which we have to ask is this: What becomes of them all? What fate is in store for Old Joe, for Grief, for that veteran hose-cart steed in East Street, who gallops with his heavy load till the blood runs from his nostrils? When thoroughly worn out, fire horses are sold, or, more commonly, handed over to a dealer in part payment for new animals. In some cities, in Brooklyn, in New York also, I believe, they are disposed of at auction; and inasmuch as a certain distinction attaches to them even in decrepitude, they always bring a little more than they are worth as beasts of burden. At most, however, they sell for a song. Broken-down horses are bought by poor men; they have scanty fare, little or no clothing, hard boards to lie on, and, commonly, severe toil to endure. The cast-off fire horse must sadly miss his good oats and hay, his clean, warm stable and comfortable bed, his elaborate grooming and gentle treatment, his companions, brute and human, the caresses and sweetmeats to which he was daily treated. Removed from all these luxuries, his life broken up by a sudden and painful

revulsion, we may be sure that the equine veteran, who spent his best years in helping to save our property from destruction, must very shortly present a spectacle of misery and despair. The next

bony animal that the reader sees pulling a tip-cart may be a once proud and petted fire horse, for whom the only possible boon is now the axe of the knacker.

H. C. Merwin.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE RECENT NORWEGIAN WRITERS.

IN the literature of one kind and another that has been, of late, so suddenly and plenteously evoked by the introduction of the poet Ibsen to the English reader, there is often a curious confusion as to his nationality. In the desire to place him somewhere among the Scandinavian races, he is variously called, in the light of what may be an explicably hazy knowledge of the political divisions of that people, either a Norwegian, a Swede, or a Dane; and, as a logical consequence, his language, or at any rate its literary expression, is in kind stated to be either Norwegian, Swedish, or Danish. Most of the English versions of the plays style themselves simply "translations," ignoring, as now well known, the foreign medium from which they come. On the title-page, however, of at least one of these translations we are told that that particular version of the Norwegian poet is "from the Norwegian." The term, from a linguistic point of view, is, nevertheless, in reality much the same sort of a misnomer that it would be for a German to print on the title-page of his translation of Mr. Longfellow "from the American." There would be, in such a case, the important difference that, while the Norwegian writer might maintain that his language is really Norwegian, the American author would, as probably, with propriety have resented the imputation of having written anything but English, and would have viewed as an ill-earned fate a relegation to the pages of that book alone

whose title called down upon itself the outspoken wrath of Matthew Arnold, the *Primer of American Literature*. That there is no literary language properly called "Norwegian" is as true, in its way, as that there is no literary language properly called "American." The conditions may and do differ in Norway and America, where they have had a widely different origin and growth; but the result ultimately attained in both of linguistic dependency is sufficiently similar to allow a very suggestive parallel to be drawn between them.

To assert that a nation's linguistic conditions depend to a great extent upon that nation's political history is a truism that may go without defense. All Teutonic Scandinavia had at one time a single language, the mother tongue of the scalds and the saga-men, which at the end of the so-called Viking Age, or about the year 1000, had already differentiated itself into three more or less homogeneous dialects, to correspond with the three northern countries, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. This ancient Norwegian language, for various reasons truer than its neighbors to its prototype, maintained itself down to the Calmar Union of 1397, when Norway fell under the sovereignty of Denmark. The Danish rule essentially changed the conditions of language that had hitherto prevailed. Although originally identical with the language of Norway, which, as has already been stated, continued down to this time to be the most conservative

of the Scandinavian group, Danish had pursued its own course of development, and in this period of four hundred years had changed more materially than either of its sister dialects. It had become, accordingly, at the time of its introduction into Norway, to all intents and purposes a distinct language, with well-defined characteristics. As the language of political administration, of education, and of the culture of the day, it in course of time gained complete possession of the field. When literature came to be produced, Danish was no less surely and naturally its medium, and only medium, of expression; and down to the separation from Denmark, in 1814, nothing is heard of a Norwegian language any more than of a Norwegian state. While Danish thus acquired, through perfectly intelligible causes, a literary supremacy, Norwegian, none the less, as a spoken language did not cease to exist, and still exists, in unbroken continuity, down to the present day. From the absence of a recognized norm, it has, none the less, utterly lost the homogeneity that it is safe to assume once prevailed, and has since been divided and re-divided into local dialects, that, according to a recent writer, attain the astonishing number of over four hundred, distinguished from each other by appreciable differentiations.

The summary cession of Norway to Sweden by the Peace of Kiel called again into life the dormant national spirit of the Norwegians, and, in accord with the notion of separation that then arose, things are once more patriotically, but often indiscriminately, called "Norwegian." Although linguistic conditions, in the mean time, had undergone scarcely any material changes, the national appellation was soon given to the literary language, also; and we henceforth hear of "Norwegian," which, nevertheless, differs, at the bottom, from the Danish of the time in very little except fiat. In 1848, the desire for a real na-

tional language for Norway, that should completely dispossess the Danish, found a much more definite expression. Ivar Aasen at this time published a Grammar of the Norwegian Folk-Language, in which he sought to establish, on the basis of the popular spoken dialects, an ideal normal form that should be used in common by the whole land. The idea, at first sight, is not a bad one, and it had the advantage, besides, of being carried out by Aasen with extraordinary acumen and wide linguistic knowledge. It failed, in that the result proposed represented an artificial product that had never existed, and, under the circumstances of development, could never have existed; and although its intention was simply to level dialectic differences, it really became to most parts of Norway a new language, which would have to be laboriously acquired as a foreign tongue. The impetus given by Aasen to this matter of a common speech has been continued, with slightly varying direction, down to the present time. It has, however, gained in intensity, until the movement for a *Landsmaal*, or national language, is one of the most important and widely discussed questions of the day in Norway. Champions of a particular form of language, based upon the local dialect of a particular district, in east or west, are met by others, who suggest a compromise on ground between. In one case, the government, by a liberal money appropriation, has assisted in the furtherance of a form proposed in the north, which has met, however, in spite of this recognition, with but scant general favor. What renders the whole matter especially complicated is the fact that, in the local desire for representation in this national language of the future, the various advocates of a *Landsmaal* have thus far been unable definitely to agree upon a single grammatical form. In point of fact, the matter can never be settled in this way. If the possession by Norway of a language that shall really be

entitled to the name "Norwegian" is to depend upon the adoption of a form thus artificially produced and accepted by decree, the difficulties in the way are so insuperable that it is safe to assume they will never be successfully overcome, and she will be left without one to the end of her history.

In the mean time, the question of a *Landsmaal* has, curiously enough, but naturally, too, in the light of surrounding circumstances, been pursuing a way of its own. While the written language of what may truly be called the Norwegian literature of the present is still undeniably Danish, it is, none the less, no longer the Danish of Denmark, but a markedly different speech, rich in characteristic national elements, and strikingly strong in expression where the other, by contrast, is often feeble and effete. This literary language is, however, infinitely nearer Danish, of which it is strictly to be considered simply a differentiated form, than are the popular dialects, which are, in their turn, as has been said, the true modern representatives of the old Norwegian language. This popular speech naturally finds its way not infrequently into literature in stories of Norwegian life, just as dialect stories in English and German are a perfectly well-recognized form of literary expression. But the difference between it and Danish is so great that they are really different languages, certainly more unintelligible in Denmark than either Swedish or German. A note to one of the short stories in the third edition of Björnson's *Fortællinger* (Copenhagen, 1881) puts this matter much more clearly than can a mere general explanation. "A Dangerous Wooing," it goes on to say, "was originally written in the Danish literary language, and afterward translated [sic] into Norwegian peasant dialect. It has, in the latter form, according to the judgment of the Norwegian reader, received a fresher color and tone, so that the author

is no longer able to dissever them. But since the narrative has thus become less accessible to Danish readers, and since its aim is to give an idea, in simple outlines, of the so-called 'Saturday wooing,' which was originally, and in places is still, a poetic and innocent custom that gives an opportunity to develop both courage and invention, strength and daring, among the youthful wooers of the valley, and holds within it the Norwegian peasant's freshest remembrances of youth, the author has desired to offer the Danish reader a paraphrase."

The real differences between the literary language of Norway and literary Danish are differences in orthography, in vocabulary, and in idiom, but all to a degree scarcely a whit greater than are to be found, for instance, in the literary language of America when contrasted with the English of England. The first volume of Björnson's *Fortællinger*, a book of three hundred and seventy pages, glosses, in the manner of notes at the bottom of the pages, four hundred words and phrases, or a little more than one for each page, and the stories contained in the book are without exception tales of Norwegian life. *Magnhild* (Copenhagen, 1877), another Norwegian story by the same author, a book of one hundred and seventy-four pages, has but thirty words explained in the gloss at the end. The vocabulary, accordingly, cannot be widely different from that of literary Danish, since the whole purpose of the explanations is to make the text intelligible to the Danish reader. None of the works of Ibsen, so far as has been noticed, has been glossed in the manner described; but it is quite safe to assume that the number of these Norwegianisms is no greater in his pages, and in all probability it is not often so great. What differentiates most of all the printed language of the Norwegian writers from the literary Danish of Denmark is the orthography. Björnson and Ibsen in this particular do not essentially

differ. Ibsen's native dialect is that of Skien, in the southwestern part of Norway. Björnson, who has frequently expressed himself on the subject in newspaper articles, brochures, and in his books, uses what may be termed in some respects a middle form between the dialects of the west and east. In his last novel, *The Ways of God* (Copenhagen, 1889), in a note to the reader at the end of the book, he calls attention to the complaints that the Danes, in particular, have raised against his orthography. "The linguistic conditions in Norway are such," he continues, "that if we do not proceed in the direction of the customary pronunciation, the advocates of the provincial dialects have a just cause for criticism; and if we neglect the claim to probability, that also may be made for linguistic forms if the people's speech and habits of thought shall be correctly represented, then that quickly avenges itself in the diction. But the literary language with us has slipped too far away from the colloquial language to permit me to venture to be strictly consistent. The variations, besides, are more than I myself have desired, for I am a bad proof-reader. They, however, who blame me for my good intention should bear in mind what my former publisher assured me, that I lost thousands because of my orthography, — and that I likewise still cling to it."

Björnson's position, thus candidly stated, is wholly a rational one; and the fact that he, the most national of all Norwegian writers, has advocated, by his own use of it, this particular form has given, more than anything else, a definite direction to the movement, and has all but established a national literary norm. Björnson has thus consciously and with result played an important part in the struggle for a *Landsmaal*. That the whole matter has proceeded in quite a different manner from that suggested by the more revolutionary "speech-reformers" is, after all, in complete accord

with natural conditions; and it is an inference amply justified by facts of development, both here and elsewhere, that only by this gradual, but persistent, incorporation of national elements into the blood and bone of a sturdy national literature will it be possible for it to gain still greater signification and weight. Ibsen, in *Peer Gynt*, "the Scandinavian Faust," where opportunity is found to scourge with unsparing hand almost every Norwegian foible, does not forget to turn his lash upon the *Landsmaal*. Since it shows accurately his own attitude toward this struggle on the part of the speech-reformers for a national language, the passage is, perhaps, worthy of quotation in its entirety, particularly as it has never before been rendered into English. *Peer Gynt*, late in his career, finds himself in a madhouse at Cairo. *Begriffenfelt*, its director, to strengthen in *Peer's* mind the idea of the self-sufficiency of the individual, assures him that "nearly all in the world at the outset is new," and, offering to show him an example, calls to an "obscure figure:"

Good-day, Huhu! How, goest thou, my lad,
Thus always about with the impress of sadness?

Huhu. Can I well do else, when the nation,
Age by age, dies unexpounded?
[*To Peer Gynt.*] Thou art strange here, wilt thou listen?

Peer Gynt. [*Bows.*] God forfend!

Huhu. Thine ear then lend me.
Far in East, like wreath on forehead,
Lies a strand, the Malabarish.
Portuguese and men of Holland
All the land bespan with culture.
In addition, dwell there numbers
Of the real Malabar folk.
These folk, now, have mixed their language;
They are of the land the masters.
But in times long since departed
The orang-outang once ruled there,
Was the forest's man and master;
Free he dared to beat and bind there;
As the hand of nature made him,
So he grinned and so he gaped there;
There to screech he was permitted;
He was ruler in his kingdom.
Ah! but then came strange oppression
And confused the forest language.

Long nights, now, of years four hundred
 Over all the ape folk brooded ;
 And one knows that nights so endless
 Set their stamp upon the people.
 Silenced the old sound in forest ;
 Growling there was heard no longer.
 If to paint our thoughts we're able,
 That must be with help of language.
 What constraint for all conditions !
 Portuguese and men of Holland,
 Malabar folk and mixed races,
 Ill have fared they, each and equal.
 I have eke essayed to combat
 For our forest speech, the true one ;
 Tried new life to give the body ;
 For the right to screech I've striven ;
 Screeched myself, and showed how needful
 In the people's songs its use is.
 Little they esteem my efforts.
 Now, I think, thou 'lt grasp my sorrow.
 Thanks that thou thine ear hast lent me.
 If thou help hast, let me hear it !

Peer Gynt. [*Softly.*] One should howl, so
 stands it written,

With the wolves when in the forest.
 [*Aloud.*] Dearest friend, as I remember,
 In Morocco are there thickets
 Where orang-outangs assemble
 With no singer or expounder ;
 There their speech was Malabarish,
 It was fair and exemplary.
 If, like other men of station,
 You have left to bless your fellows —

Huhu. Thanks that thou thine ear hast lent
 me.

I will act as thou advisest.
 [*With a profound gesture.*] Thus the East re-
 jeects its singer !
 The West orang-outangs has ever !

[*He goes.*]

Ibsen, as may unmistakably be read from this speech of Huhu, whom he calls, in his list of *dramatis personæ*, "a speech-reformer from the Malabar coast," imputes but little value to the aims and efforts of the would-be reformers, who, like Aasen and many of his successors, would ideally rehabilitate, with the use so far as may be of modern elements, a previous linguistic condition. Like Björnson, however, and in the same direction, he is still performing his part in gradually, but none the less

surely, Norwegianizing the language of Norway by using a rational form that must perforce impress itself upon his countrymen, because of the strength and value of the message it conveys.

Whether Norwegian as a language will ever exist in any other sense than the limited one that it bears at present will depend, not upon the speech-reformers alone, but particularly upon the conscious efforts of great writers in a succeeding generation in the direction taken by Björnson and Ibsen in this. In the mean time, the literary language of Norway is not Norwegian, but Danish, or, if one chooses, Norwegian-Danish. With the rise of Norwegian literature, Norwegian writers are constantly printed and read in Denmark, and Norwegian expressions, in surprising numbers, are as surely finding their way into the literary Danish of the Danes. It would be a singular working of fate if, in some remote future, with a by no means impossible literary preëminence in Norway, a true Norwegian language not only should develop itself by continual differentiation from the Danish, but, through the influence of the stronger upon the weaker, should even thoroughly Norwegianize that language itself. Such an adventitious result, however, naturally does not enter into the plan of even the most patriotic Norseman, whose object is to have a nationality and a language that he may consistently call Norwegian. In both points he may not improbably attain his end. Of all means that can consciously be employed, if such a separation in language as this between Norwegian and Danish is desired and striven for, a national literature, strong in its originality and its consequent self-assertion, may become the most effective and irresistible propaganda for a characteristic national speech.

William H. Carpenter.

A VESUVIAN EPISODE.

THERE hangs on a wall in my rectory one of the Naples pastels familiar to every traveler in Italy. It represents Vesuvius as it appeared under the exceptional conditions of a snow that fell, and for some days robed at least the ridge of Somma and the cone, in December, 1867.

Shortly before this time, a young Englishman, of refined and cultured family and character, visiting Florence greatly broken in health, brought me a letter of introduction from a near relative and my own friend, a clergyman of the Church. This young man, whom I will call Thorpe, exhausted by close and excessive brain work, was suffering from a singular and morbid state of mind. He had long wished to visit Italy, and especially to see Naples and Vesuvius, with a desire so passionately strong that he had come to fear lest it was in itself sinful, and lest to yield to it would be an almost unpardonable act of self-indulgence.

His friends had persuaded him to take the rest from his duties and the mental relaxation which he so greatly needed; and they had even induced him to come to Italy, — so far, at least, as Florence. But, having reached this city, he was arrested by the conviction that he had guiltily yielded to his longing, and that, instead of going on to Naples, he ought at once, if indeed it were not already too late, to return to London. The morbid peculiarity of his state of mind was this: that no sooner did he reach one decision, either to go on or to return, than all the reasons for the opposite course came back on him in their full force; and he alternately either felt the folly of coming to Italy, and then repressing the intense longing which had brought him there, or, if he persuaded himself to stay and to go to Naples, he

was at once haunted by the presentiment that such a course would be punished by *death*.

It was a strange experience which had given this presentiment such power over him.

A friend of his boyhood, visiting Italy, had died in Leghorn, and had been buried in the little cemetery adjoining the English Church. On reaching Italy, Thorpe stopped to spend Sunday in Leghorn, and, before the time for service, he sought this cemetery and his friend's grave. He found it, and on the headstone he read, after the name and date, this appropriate text: "He brought down my strength in my journey, and shortened my days." At once and morbidly applying these words to himself as a warning, he sat there for some time, lost in thought, until he was aroused, by the sound of the church organ, to the fact that the service had commenced. With some reluctance he rose, and, after a little delay, left the graveyard and entered the church. As he opened the door, he saw the congregation standing, and realized that the service had proceeded as far as the Psalter. It was the twentieth day of the month. The first words which fell on his ear from the officiating clergyman, as he himself stood in the doorway, were, "He brought down my strength in my journey, and shortened my days."

Struck by these words as by a blow, he was only able to stagger to a seat, and was almost oblivious of all that followed, until, during the singing of a hymn, the minister entered the pulpit. The hymn sung, as Thorpe calmed himself to listen, the preacher announced his text, — the twenty-third verse of Psalm cii.: "He brought down my strength in my journey, and shortened my days."

Thorpe sprang up, and rushed from the church.

That this extraordinary concurrence was not imaginary was proven by the fact that I myself subsequently found the grave and this text upon the headstone. The chaplain also told me that on the day when those words occurred in the Psalter he had preached from them, and that he remembered seeing a young man, on the same day, enter during the reading of the Psalter, and suddenly leave the church as soon as he had given out his text.

In this state of mind and under these circumstances, Thorpe came to Florence. For some weeks I did what I could to interest him, to occupy his mind, and to divert his thoughts from himself. Once, on the impulse of the moment, he did actually start for Naples. He went, however, no farther than Rome, where he was so overcome with the reaction that he returned immediately to Florence, and had been there some days before I learned of his return and found him. I now wrote to his relative, and urged that some member of his family should come to him. Meanwhile, finding that I had a great influence over him, — possibly because of being a clergyman, — I kept him as much as possible with me.

About the middle of December, his relative and my friend, Canon Thorpe, arrived in Florence, and some anxious consultations followed during the next two days.

Thorpe's strong desire to see Vesuvius was now intensified by the reports of an eruption which gave promise to be of more than ordinary interest; but with this the conviction of the sinfulness of such a self-indulgence also grew stronger, and the warning of the thrice-repeated text.

The canon and I finally concurred in thinking that the best hope of breaking the spell lay in actually getting Thorpe to Naples, and, if we could do so, to

Vesuvius; but we could not rid ourselves of some anxiety for the result of taking such a responsibility.

We laid our plans for Monday, the 16th. The canon invited me to dine with them at the hotel. I went, taking my valise, and leaving it, unknown to Thorpe, with the porter. While I chatted with Thorpe before dinner, in the reading-room, the canon saw to it that their luggage was ready to be taken down to the porter during dinner. We talked of everything else for some time, and when dessert was brought on, suddenly and for the first time we turned the conversation to Naples and the eruption. As we had anticipated, Thorpe was at once eager to go; and I said, "Come, the omnibus is now at the door; let us all go this evening." "Good!" responded the canon, rising; and Thorpe adding, "Capital!" we all instantly rose, descended to the door, and got into the omnibus. The porter, having had his instructions, when he saw us get in, threw our luggage on the top. This was all done so rapidly that Thorpe had no time to reflect or to demur. But no sooner had the omnibus started than he exclaimed, first in a query about my own sudden departure, and then, "Our luggage!" I gave some sufficing reply, and the canon that our luggage was with us, and Thorpe then, for a while, acquiesced; but before we reached the station the reaction came. He declared that he dared not commit a sin so presumptuous as this would be. Neither the canon nor I attempted to argue with him, but one of us simply said, "Well, we have started; if we give up Naples, better go back at once to London. The train for Paris starts at about the same time." "Yes," replied Thorpe sadly, "it were better to do so." "Very well," we answered, as we drove up and descended.

While they walked up and down in the station till very nearly the last minute, I, trusting to a speedy counter-reaction,

went for the tickets, and registered the luggage to Naples. As I rejoined them, Thorpe turned and appealed to me solemnly to say if it would really be wrong to go to Naples, as we had just planned. On my assurance that it would not, he responded, "Let us go, then;" and we got instantly into the south-bound train and were off. The matter was now out of his hands, and, seeming satisfied, he soon fell asleep. After that there was no opportunity to turn back. It was a through express, continuing all night to Rome, — where alone we could reverse our plan, — and, our luggage being registered and beyond our present control, go through we must.

We reached Naples Tuesday evening, fatigued enough to predispose us all, above everything else, for a good night's rest. We took only a half hour during the evening to walk out on the Chiaia, — to see Vesuvius lighted up by the glowing lava flowing down its side towards us, and by the lurid clouds of steam and smoke which hung overhead.

The next day was rainy, and we were therefore constrained to spend it indoors. The canon and Thorpe went to the Museo. In fact, during the afternoon, quite a storm broke upon us.

The day following, it had cleared off, and, lo! wondrous to behold, the cone and shoulders of Vesuvius were covered with *snow*, and the volumes of smoke and steam rose high and curled up into the keen, frosty air.

Thorpe was now somewhat reassured by the fact that he had come safely, not only to Italy, but to Naples; and, although he recurred two or three times to his warning and to the improbability that he should get away safely, none the less, with the influence of Vesuvius in its novel and weird beauty before his eyes, it was not so difficult to persuade him to concur in the plan to go that afternoon at least to Pompeii. From Pompeii, after a good dinner at the Hotel Diomede, with two guides and

three horses, we set off, between three and four, to make the ascent.

We rode on and up for two hours. It was now beautifully clear, and gave us a magnificent view out to sea and far up the valley southward towards Cava. The shoulders of the mountain were covered with fresh black ashes; the cone and the ridge of Somma, on our right as we advanced, with snow. The contrast was most striking, especially when the snow glowed and glistened in the rays of the now setting sun.

We left our horses at last at a little *pizzicheria*, and walked on to the right, into the valley between the cone and Somma. Here our progress was stopped by the fresh lava slowly oozing down from the fissures in the side of the cone. As it grew darker we went on more slowly. The snowy lining of Somma, opposite the lava, shone with white and rose tints, in the fiery light of the flames which flashed up intermittently from the crater. The lava had first flowed westwardly, towards the Hermitage and Naples; but, being now heaped up on that side, the stream had flowed more to the north, into the valley of Somma, and thence worked round in the direction of Pompeii. We were, therefore, going to meet it. When as near as was wise, we clambered to the top of a little ridge of partly cooled lava, and stopped to enjoy the scene.

At first our position seemed somewhat too dangerous for pleasure. We could feel the lava stream moving under us, for it was only five days old, and even the scoria on which we stood was hot through the soles of our shoes. At the same time, while some of these currents of molten lava moved on before and past us, down into the valley below, there was one large flow which was slowly coming down the cone and lapping its way directly towards us. But the distance was probably greater than it appeared, and the lava moved sluggishly, so that we were able to stand there until

it was quite dark. It was a glorious sight. Behind us, down in the valley and off towards the plains, southward, it was pitchy black. Above, the clear blue sky was studded with stars. To the right, as we stood, the ridge of Somma, and to the left the Pompeian side of the cone, were white or rosy with the snow. Before us were the fiery masses of molten lava working their way down the cone, whose summit was wrapped with alternately black and lurid smoke; and at times, when the wind swept this smoke away from us, we could look to the very apex, and see the white-hot lava gurgling over and out of the crater.

All this while, dull, reverberating explosions burst upon us every three or four minutes, and, when the smoke permitted, we could see red stones shot up into the air like distant rockets; falling back, for the most part, into the crater, but occasionally on one side, and rolling down towards us.

It was intensely fascinating. Thorpe was quiet, — utterly absorbed in the contemplation of the scene, whose sombre magnificence excluded every other thought. When at length we spoke of the necessity of returning, he at first insisted that we should leave him, — that he wished to stay there all night. But when the lava had come as near us as we could suffer with safety, he yielded; we called our guides, and turned to descend.

As we did this, we entered and passed down through a snow-cloud, — a snow-storm, in fact, of some twenty minutes, — coming out again, below, into the clear starlight.

At the little shop where we had left our horses we were detained so long that we were strongly suspicious that it was for some sinister purpose. It was

piercingly cold. Our guides pretended not to understand our inquiries for our horses and our insistence upon proceeding. There were half a dozen fellows around us, very models of brigands; and, late at night as it was, we felt it necessary carefully to avoid a quarrel, firmly to demand our horses, and to keep so closely together, back to back, that none of them could get behind any one of us.

This real or supposed danger was of the greatest advantage to Thorpe. It roused all his manliness; it suppressed every morbid tendency; it directed all his thoughts from himself to us and to the Italians. Finally, the game seemed to be played out, or whatever purpose they may have had was abandoned, for the horses came. We mounted at once and rode on. The storm-clouds, which had been snow above, now overtaking, settled down upon us in the form of heavy rain, so that by the time we reached Torre dell' Annunziata we were drenched. The ride from thence brought us back to Naples by two o'clock in the morning; as a matter of course, tired out.

When we arose, late in the day, refreshed by sleep, Thorpe was bright and cheery. The spell had been effectually broken.

There was an English revenue cutter in port at the time, just returning to England. The two Englishmen secured, through their consul, permission to go in her; and, a fortnight later, I learned that they had arrived home in excellent health and spirits.

Thorpe had seen Naples; he had enjoyed a rare, a most exceptional ascent of Vesuvius; and He whom he honored and served had restored his health in his journey, and lengthened his days.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

AN AMERICAN DEFINITION OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

THERE is a passage in Reber's History of Mediæval Art which, after showing how, during the early part of the twelfth century, the mixture of northern and southern blood in certain of the northern provinces of central France first developed the characteristic type of French character and French nationality, states that this region became the birthplace of Gothic art, partly because of the intellectual activity which arose from its favorable political and social conditions, and partly because, *having no local traditions and but few architectural monuments*, the people of this region were especially prepared to develop a healthy movement in this art, and to introduce new forms.

This observation has a much wider application than the important historical fact to which it relates. Wherever and whenever corresponding social conditions prevail, there must arise some new departure, some fresh impulse, in the progress of mankind, and a new capacity to observe, analyze, discuss, and profit by the experience of the world outside. We, too, are a people made up of diverse elements, which have been gradually moulded into national unity; who, from a state of unparalleled material prosperity, are steadily developing towards a corresponding degree of intellectual activity. We, too, are a nation without traditions and monuments, and should therefore be able to see in true proportion and perspective, and from an unprejudiced point of view, all that has been accomplished in art in the Old World; and, as capacity for appreciation implies capacity for production, we should know how to make the best use of precedent, and to develop new forms.

What we are accomplishing or may be able to accomplish in art to justify these logical expectations is a matter of

curious interest to those who are watching the characteristic tendencies of the time. Apparently, we, as a nation, have not as yet developed a natural taste for artistic expression; and our representatives in Congress are, perhaps, further removed from intelligent artistic sympathy than those of any other government in the civilized world. Certainly, we are not, in this respect, like the Greeks of the age of Pericles, the first Frenchmen of the Ile-de-France in the twelfth century, or the Italian communities of the fifteenth. But we have all the other elements from which success may be reasonably predicted, and the world is waiting for the natural fulfillment of our conditions. We are, geographically, too great a people, too continental, to be able to act one upon another with that promptness of result which happened in the compact art-producing communities of the Old World. Our movements in art, therefore, have not as yet, so far as we can see, taken any characteristic or ethnological shape, except perhaps in architecture, where we may already detect the beginnings of a national exposition, the promise of which resides not only in our powers of independent invention, but in our capacity to amalgamate the arts of the Old World with the spirit of the New. Here and there our architects are following principles, and not forms, and have begun to appreciate, without local prejudice, what elements of ancient precedents are most fruitful and most capable of further development, and to know how to use these precedents as points of departure, and not as absolute formulas of art.

If, in regard to the practice of art, we are but in the beginning of a national movement (which is none the less real because, by reason of proximity and distractions, we are, most of us, unable to

see it), in respect to the history of art we are certainly, if we use aright our opportunities, the only people in the world who occupy a judicial position. Hitherto the writing of this history has been in the hands of the descendants of those who made it. They have been surrounded and overshadowed by the monuments of their ancestors. It has been impossible for them to study these monuments with a mind clear of patriotic partisanship. Thus, an English, a French, or a German history of the same era of art will present it from an English, a French, or a German standpoint of prejudice. It seems evident that an American authority, treating the same subject with equal knowledge, should present it in a manner different from all these writers, occupying, as he does, a point of view uninterrupted by a single national tradition of art. Our literature, however, has, until now, scarcely ventured upon this attractive field of investigation, and we gladly welcome what we may consider the first serious effort of the national mind in this direction.¹

Mr. Charles Herbert Moore, the author of the work in question, is an instructor in drawing and the theory of design in Harvard College. He is known as a careful and conscientious observer, of trained intelligence and of scholarly attainments. The purpose of his present essay is to define the characteristics and proper limitations of Gothic architecture, — a purpose which, it is claimed, has not been adequately carried out in any German or English work, and which has been fulfilled by but one French writer, the late M. Viollet-le-Duc. Mr. Moore's argument is based, not upon dry archæological investigations, but upon a very intelligent and sufficiently lucid discussion of fundamental principles, illustrated and enforced by the results of personal studies of representative monuments. His ar-

gument covers a field very familiar to students of architecture, but it is distinguished by a clear, logical precision of statement, and by a boldness, and not unfrequently by an originality of deduction, such as cannot be found in the works of European scholars, who have labored under the disadvantage of writing from a patriotic rather than from a judicial standpoint.

The American argument may be briefly stated as follows: Among the phenomena coincident with and caused by the decay of the feudal system, the diminution of the power of the monastic orders, the strengthening of royal authority, and the establishment of bishoprics and free municipalities, was the necessity which then arose for the building of a series of great monuments which were partly ecclesiastical and partly civil in their character. These monuments were provided not only as centres of popular religious instruction and worship, but as the great meeting-places of the newly established communes; and as such they were the symbols of municipal power, of social emancipation, and of the beginnings of political liberty. They at first followed the Romanesque traditions of construction, and were distinguished by round arches, thick walls, vaulted ceilings built after the manner of the Roman baths, small windows, and massive supports. But in the districts around Paris, on account of the specially favorable conditions which there prevailed in the twelfth century, the Romanesque methods were then, for the first time, freed from the incubus of ancient traditions, and were so organized, refined, and developed that the church of St. Denis, in which the first conspicuous essay was made, constituted the initial point of a method of building different from all its predecessors, full of the potentialities of artistic life, and worthy to be distinguished by a special

Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

¹ *Development and Character of Gothic Architecture.* By CHARLES HERBERT MOORE. With

name in the history of architecture. This method of building was based on a new system of constructing ceilings of small stones. It consisted in building these vaulted ceilings, not by the intersection of solid barrel vaults, in the Roman manner, but by establishing over the naves and aisles of the churches a skeleton or framework of arched and moulded ribs, connecting opposite piers transversely, adjacent piers longitudinally, with diagonal ribs intersecting these in the centre, thus forming bays of four or six sections, called respectively quadripartite or sexapartite vaults. The open, spherical triangles formed between these ribs were closed in with a paneling composed of slightly arched vaults of light stonework sprung from rib to rib. The important point of detail in this composition resided in the fact that the proper and most convenient intersection of these ribs gave birth to the pointed arch, which had many constructive advantages. Where these ribs were gathered together over the piers there was a concentrated outward thrust, which was counterbalanced by an exterior arched prop (the flying buttress), which bore at the outer and lower end against a massive outlying construction of stone weighted with a heavy pinnacle. The inside pier, supporting the point where these delicately balanced opposing forces met, became gradually more slender, and was divided into bundles or groups of columns, each having its function from the foundation to support one of the vaulting ribs.

The peculiar and especial merit claimed for those who used this structure at St. Denis and in the derivative buildings rests upon the fact that they were the first to make it architectural, the first to base upon it the whole decorative expression of the fabric, thus creating a consistent unity of construction and decoration without suppression or concealment of any functional mem-

ber, and without imposing upon the composition any features extraneous to it. The essential scheme was a framework of piers, vaulting ribs, and flying buttresses. Constructively, the filling in between the ribs, the roof coverings, and the inclosing walls between the buttresses were not essential. Indeed, in respect to the walls, they finally almost disappeared, leaving vast open-arched spaces, subdivided by mullions, which, presently, under the arch, branched into open tracery to support a filling of stained glass. This evolution was developed in a rapid and brilliant succession of experimental cathedrals, of which the form and architectural character generally were made entirely by the structural conditions thus briefly outlined; and, within a century and a half, it culminated in the cathedrals of Paris, Amiens, and Rheims. From the date of these last buildings the system began to decline in a series of competitive *tours de force*, where the attenuation, subdivision, and complication of the original structural elements were carried to extremes, until, finally, the natural limitations of human power were reached, and the style had spoken its last word. When the princes and nobles became more potent than the bishops and the people, and when classic forms came with classic learning from Italy, the palace became more important than the church, and the arts of the Renaissance at length supplanted the emasculated mediæval fabric.

This evolution of structural forms differed from everything which preceded or followed it: it was coincident with and expressive of a condition of mankind during an epoch which had a definite historical beginning (the fall of the feudal system) and a definite historical end (the Renaissance); it carried with it a distinct system of decorative detail, dependent upon the structure and illustrative of it. It was an architecture of principles, not of formulas, and, as such,

Mr. Moore thinks it should be distinguished from the mass of transitional or contemporary monastic, domestic, civic, or military architecture, which, while adopting some of the characteristic features of the great churches, could not exhibit in its structure an equally homogeneous organism, or in its decoration an equal degree of conformity to structure, and therefore occupied a plane much lower in the range of human achievement.

No two writers have entirely agreed upon what should be called and what should not be called Gothic; and as the question seems thus an open one, our author, in the interest of scientific nomenclature, would confine the term to the style created in the structural evolution which we have described; all derivative buildings outside of this evolution being distinguished by the general term "Pointed Architecture," which would include every building in which the pointed arch, the pinnacle, the traceried window, the cuspidated decoration, and the other characteristic mediæval features occurred, without regard to the degree of conformity between the construction and the architectural manifestation.

Gothic architecture, so defined, Mr. Moore considers "was never practiced elsewhere than in France." This bold proposition he undertakes to prove by an analysis and comparison of the different pointed styles of Europe. In this he seems to show that every step in this astonishing evolution was first taken in France; and when it was repeated, later, in England, Germany, or Spain, it was generally found that the foreign example was either developed by imported French masters or by workmen from the school of a French cathedral, or that it was frankly imitated from French models by native workmen, — not, indeed, without undergoing local modifications, which, however, conferred upon the structure no new principles. Thus, according to

familiar usage, there is a Gothic of England, a Gothic of Germany, of Italy, and of Spain, distinguished by certain characteristic manifestations, which in reality were either local embroideries on a basis of French structure, or the result of applying French decoration to native structure. He claims that the Gothic in these countries was an imported article; and when national genius inevitably bestowed upon it local character, the foreign transformations, though always interesting as manifestations of the history of races, and often noble, were made at the expense of the fundamental principles of the style, which were always French.

In following this argument to its necessary conclusions, Mr. Moore may not clearly make the further point that, after the pure French Gothic had reached its final legitimate expression in Rheims, Amiens, and Chartres, even French genius, in the subsequent experiments in the cathedrals of St. Ouen, Beauvais, Troyes, and the other Flamboyant buildings, though, apparently, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it never borrowed from other nations, like them, in attempting to improve the already perfected forms, merely succeeded in enriching and finally in debasing them. For, humanly speaking, it is impossible to make perfection more perfect, completion more complete; and architects, whether of the fourteenth or of the nineteenth century, in using styles which have been already fully developed, are rendering no service to the progress of art. They are merely cultivating a spirit of dilettanteism. But the variations made in the French originals by foreign invention in the Middle Ages are, from an ethnological point of view, in their results perhaps the most interesting and instructive ever made in the history of art. A proper and exhaustive comparative analysis of these differences of style, arising, as they did, directly from the genius and essential spirit of the

nations respectively, is yet to be made. What unprejudiced American scholar will at length open for us those prolific pages, and thus give to the world a series of new and brilliant evidences of the growth of the human mind not elsewhere to be discovered?

We believe that our fellow-countryman has made a good beginning in this work. He has logically defined a great style and fixed its limits. He has proved that it is worthy to be distinguished from the numerous family of its derivatives. He calls this style Gothic *par excellence*. In the interest of scientific nomenclature, he would make this title honorable, and would confine it to buildings directly concerned in the development and perfecting of a principle of art, and would not give it to buildings which merely played with this principle without advancing it, whether they concealed it with capricious conceits or overlaid it with beautiful inventions. If the buildings which he calls Gothic, because they directly and frankly illustrate this principle, are not all French, he has laid the burden of proof on the shoulders of his English and German critics and reviewers. We are curious to see how they will meet this American argument.

Nowhere else outside of the pages of Viollet-le-Duc, and perhaps not even there, can be found an exposition so clear and so entertaining of the character of Gothic sculpture. Mr. Moore's chapter on this theme is written with a fine and delicate discrimination for artistic qualities and values. His comparison of the Greek and mediæval spirit in sculpture, his recognition and explanation of the potentialities of archaic

or primitive expressions in art and of their fusion with architecture, are fair examples not only of sympathetic, but of intellectual criticism. A mind saturated with classic ideals, but hospitable to the powerful and expressive sincerity of primitive sculpture, is capable of throwing new light upon the functions of art.

We are disposed to think that Mr. Moore exhibits in this part of his work a critical faculty more unusual than is to be discovered in his purely architectural discussions, though these are not only original, but lucid enough to commend themselves even to readers unfamiliar with the technical side of the subject. To such readers, also, the orderly development of the argument, the frequent graphic illustrations, — among which, by the bye, those of Mr. Moore's daughter are especially clever and sympathetic, — and above all the exhaustive index cannot fail to serve at once as an invitation to enter upon a charming field of study and an inducement to stay until the last words are said.

It is the peculiar duty and privilege of American scholarship to continue the work thus worthily begun, and to pursue the study of the historical styles until their relationship with the development of the human mind and the growth of nations shall have been definitely established, without bias of partisanship or patriotism. We shall thus discover at what points the progress of incompleting styles was interrupted, and shall be in position to take up the broken threads whenever they may promise to lead us further towards the consummation of a style adequate to represent the complicated civilization of to-day.

THE MASTER OF THE MAGICIANS.

THERE are certain Reservations in the world of human history which have been held pretty exclusively by their original occupants, and kept under the supervision of the encyclopædists and Dryasdust agents; but, little by little, the human mind, in its multiform activity, impatient of exclusion, has been making inroads and camping out in unexpectedly fertile fields, and offering to overturn all arbitrary barriers which serve to separate the Reservation from common territory. Such a Reservation was for a long time Sanskrit Literature and Hindu Philosophy, but the world has been growing familiar with this field, and general literature has adopted much for its own. Another Reservation is the Egyptian, another the Assyrian, and one a little more remote is the Akkadian. The interesting fact to note is that the incurSIONISTS are not only historical students and archæological savans, but photographers of human life, who follow close after and report with nimble minds the results of research. So eager is the desire to know antiquity, not in a museum, but in its conscious activity, that those scholars are listened to most attentively who most effectually diminish the distance between the eye and the subject; and any disclosure of the trivialities of our marble predecessors is hailed with enthusiasm. The Tanagra figurines are looked at with delight, because there is no necessity of feeling any awe, and the mind is relieved by finding representations of antique life that are not severely statuesque.

When it comes to a knowledge of classic antiquity through the medium of modern fictitious reproduction, the mind is apt to be a little virtuous. It reads its Gallus and Charicles with the

determination not to skip the notes and excursuses, and solaces itself with the reflection that these mosaics of fiction cannot be mistaken for genuine pictures. But we are still under the thralldom of Greek and Roman tradition, and dare not substitute modern restorations for the classic remains. It is different when we enter the Reservations. No one feels obliged to read Egyptian in the original hieroglyphics, and so he enjoys Ebers without a qualm. One may openly own up to ignorance of the Hindu vernacular, and take his ideas of occultism from Mr. Isaacs without shame. He may safely deny, in any mixed company, all knowledge of cuneiform writing, and not be set down as an uneducated person; and he may, and probably will, follow his Crawford implicitly in his studies respecting Zoroaster.

And here come Mr. and Mrs. Ward, fresh from their Assyrian studies, with a novel¹ which lays low the fences of the Assyrian Reservation, and enables the sympathetic reader to feel as much at home, nearly, in Babylon as in, say, the Calcutta of to-day. To read this book after a stroll through the Metropolitan museum, and a hasty summary in one's mind of Assyrian life into figures of men with lamplighter-curl beards pulling long bows from which no arrows fly, or sitting in endless reverie with their hands on their knees, is to have a sudden sense that the figures have waked into excessive activity, and would need few lessons to make them very good Americans. No doubt the reader's cheerfulness in reading a record of such a dusty antiquity is greatly increased by his confidence as he strikes the names of old acquaintances. Nebuchadrezzar, — his *r* gives us an agreeable sense of our

¹ *The Master of the Magicians.* By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and HERBERT D.

WARD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

own scholarship; Daniel, with his other name, Balatsu-usur, which we quietly remind our less quick-witted neighbor is the more exact form of Belteshazzar; Allit Arioch, — we candidly admit we had forgotten the Allit part; Ashpenaz, the head eunuch, — these we knew when we were children; and some of the very incidents in the tale gain a certain corroboration by being expanded incidents with which we were familiar in a certain old book. But we do not fail to perceive that this novel could not have been written much earlier than the present year, for generations of men had read the book of Daniel before the archives of the University of Bel were deciphered from their original bricks.

What we admire especially in the art of these collaborators is the lightness with which they wear their learning. There is not a footnote, we believe, in the book, and they are as eager as their readers to get at the life of the Babylonish kingdom, and not at the mere shell of that life. They have bottomed their imagination, apparently, upon the impregnable base of human nature, and have sought, in depicting the variation produced by Assyrian and Hebraic conditions, to bring into prominence as factors in the story those elementary forces which would have had fullest play. Thus, though in conventional style, we may say there is a king and a queen; a wise old man and his lovely *ingénue* daughter; a military man, who is in love with the innocent maiden, and is himself longed for by the amorous queen; a singularly pure young man, who stifles his own love for the maiden; and though all these characters may be met with in modern fiction, in evening dress, the difference between such personages in the fiction which records contemporary life and the same personages in *The Master of the Magicians* is not a merely conventional or external difference. The king has the hard, metallic character which is possible only where authority

is absolute; the queen's amorousness is accompanied by a nonchalant cruelty which has no touch of remorse, — the outcome of a nature which is not merely luxurious, but has never had sympathy with suffering awakened; the sage, though for purposes of the story he is made to feel his magic power crumble, is yet a confident user of his art, and not a mere Polonius; the Daniel — Deronda we were about to add — of the story is set apart rather by virtue of a *possession* than by conscious rectitude. The innocent maiden, indeed, and the impetuous lover can scarcely be distinguished from their modern prototypes, — for we cannot, after all, escape the feeling that modern fiction invented this Babylonish drama, — but the incidents by which the characters assert themselves are so clever and so touched with the decoration of this strange antiquity that even familiar situations undergo a marvelous change, and strike one as fresh and unhackneyed. There are hunting scenes in abundance in modern stories, but it would be hard to match the brilliancy of the scene in this novel where Nebuchadrezzar and Daniel and Allit and Amytis are seen in pursuit of the lions. So, too, the attempted murder of a rival has a melodramatic familiarity, but it gains immensely by its naturalness under the Babylonian régime, and the circumstances of the narrow escape are most effectively narrated.

The authors have availed themselves of the Scripture narrative with a good deal of power in their treatment of the strange affection of the king, and the figure of Nebuchadrezzar is, to our thinking, the most dramatically conceived in the book. It casts a huge shadow throughout the story, and the foregleams of madness which issue in the horrible bestiality hinted at in the book of Daniel are managed with great skill. The success of the writers, indeed, lies largely in the broad strokes which they lay on the canvas; the minuter touches are

of less consequence. They are weakest when they essay to relieve the dignity of antiquity by humor and jocularly. When, for example, they make Nebuchadrezzar say to Daniel, "If thou art his [Jehovah's] representative, verily I will consider the matter; for he appeareth to me to be an intelligent god, quite worthy of some attention;" and add, "Now, as Nebuchadrezzar was known to be pretty constant to one or two pet deities of the highest order, but was also agile in carrying on what might be called a kind of celestial flirtation with many minor gods, Daniel was not as much impressed with his proselyte as he might have been," — when, we say, the authors attempt this light style, we are not helped over hard places. On the other hand, the swiftness of action, the real vim of many passages, make the reader quite

forget that he is threading the mazes of an ante-Christian and circum-Euphrates romance. We think, also, that there is an anachronism of sentiment which sometimes makes one feel that he is witnessing a masquerade, as when, during the hunt, "Amytis would fain have drawn nigh and hung upon the arm of Allit. But Daniel gave her a stern look, and her warm hand dropped at her side;" and when Lalitha, being asked in marriage by Allit, stammers out, "I will mention the matter — to my guardian."

But these are trifling lapses, which amuse us without greatly affecting our judgment of the whole book as a really brilliant piece of story-telling, — so brilliant that we are never long tempted to inquire whether what dazzles us is burnished metal or tin foil.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Poeta Nascitur.

FLORENCE and Siena may contend for the palm of purity of speech, but both will award it to the peasants of the Pistoian mountains. Manzoni appealed to Florentine ladies for advice in the use of words and phrases, when writing his *Promessi Sposi*, but Giusti, D'Azeglio, and Tommaseo tarried with these golden-mouthed mountaineers, and pronounced them the masters of the "sweet idiom." Their valleys and hillsides have a more serious character than the vine-clad plains around Pistoia and Lucca; for rivers and streams dash down narrow passes, slopes and summits are clothed with dark beech and pine, and the ground is covered with heather and Alpine flowers. We still meet on the breezy heights, in storm and sunshine alike, those *vaghe montanine pastorelle* of whom quaint old Franco Sacchetti gives such a picture,

and we wonder whether they are as content with their songs, flowers, and garlands as the jolly story-teller would have us believe. In the wayside churches Luca della Robbia's gleaming madonnas give the touch of far-reaching Tuscan art; and among the people themselves a gift for spontaneous verse seems to cast a poetic glamour over their frugal, difficult lives. The rustic courts his fair in words of such exquisite rhymed flattery and passion that one can but pity the lovers of colder tongues. Montaigne, traveling through Italy over three hundred years ago, describes an *improvisatrice* of this same land of song, in words which may not be inappropriate here: "I had Divizia at the table with us. She is a poor peasant, and neither she nor her husband has any means of livelihood but the labor of their hands. She is a homely woman, thirty-seven

years of age, . . . who can neither read nor write. But in her childhood there was in the house of her father an uncle, who read aloud to her from Ariosto and the other poets; and her soul proved so attuned to poesy that she not only composes verses with admirable readiness, but introduces into them ancient fables, names of the gods, of foreign lands, of the sciences, and of famous men, as if she had been educated to study. She improvised many verses in my honor. To tell the truth, they are only verses and rhymes, but the language is most elegant and flowing."

Our own times, however, present us with a greater than this obscure Divizia in Beatrice di Pian degl' Ontani, a poet-shepherdess who might claim a kinship of fancy with Nuremberg's cobbler-poet and with Jasmin of Gascony. Beatrice died only a few years ago, and almost every proud compatriot can give some little reminiscence which has power to call up before the mind's eye this gentle, talented old woman. Her photographs represent her with a singularly bright face, wavy gray hair tucked under a gay kerchief, and large, lustrous black eyes, which Cavaliere Tommaseo affirms to have possessed an inspired expression beyond that of Petrarch's Laura. You may see her face in the frontispiece to Ruskin's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, as drawn by Francesca. She was born in one of the tiniest of the hamlets which nestle among the hills, and spent her childhood, like Sacchetti's sweet shepherdesses, guarding goats in summer time, and in the winter going down with her father to his work in the Maremma. Though she caught up and dwelt on every song she heard, she composed nothing until her wedding day, in her twentieth year. As the bridal train wound along the narrow mountain path leading to her new home at Pian degl' Ontani, Beatrice felt a strange power invade heart and brain, and, turning to Bernardo, the bridegroom, she for the first time poured

forth her loving thoughts in jubilant verse. All were astonished at the hitherto undiscovered gift, and her uncle exclaimed, "Ah, Beatrice, you have deceived me. If I had known you were so wise, you should have gone to the convent" (to learn). The marriage song has vanished, like the bluebells and daisies which bloomed last year on the grassy slopes, but from that day Beatrice's name went forth among her people; and wherever there was a wedding or family feast among the Pistoian peasantry she was bidden, to make all glad with her God-given gift. Beatrice was very ready in the poetic *gare*, or contests, in which one peasant improvises a stanza or couplet, the opponent answers with another, and the rivalry is kept up until one of the two acknowledges himself or herself vanquished by a lack of divine afflatus. But she was not known outside of her own district until Tommaseo, coming up from Florence to collect folk-lore for his book, *Canti Popolari*, discovered Beatrice, and presented her to the literary world of the peninsula. The distinguished man of letters and the ignorant peasant became fast friends; and in after-years, whenever Tommaseo came to the mountains, he would send for Beatrice to come and stay at his house, and she, calling gayly to her neighbors, "Addio, I must be off; my cavalier has arrived," would set off at once. Both Tommaseo and the Abbate Giuliani have spoken of her delicacy and purity of feeling in rejecting all songs containing any coarse or ignoble reference to love; and here the *litterati* of Italy might well take a leaf out of the book of this unlettered singer.

Her favorite son, the eldest of eight children, inherited his mother's talent, and the country people say it was delightful to hear them improvise together, reciting stanzas alternately, in the Tuscan fashion. It was this son's death which caused her such bitter grief that, ten years afterwards, when Abbate Giu-

liani tried to persuade her to express her sorrow in verse, her choking emotion was such as to affect all bystanders. She did compose four touching stanzas, but broke off with the piteous lament, "Since God took him from me my heart has never been consoled."

In 1836, a terrible overflow of the Lima and Sestajone torrents carried off her humble home, and the family were compelled to take refuge in a hut, where the cold was so intense that she lost three fingers and her children were almost frozen to death. It was determined to erect a little house high up on the mountain-side, and for three months Beatrice worked all day long, carrying heavy stones from the bed of the river up to a considerable height, for the building of the new dwelling.

We think of Shirley's lines,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

when we hear of this woman's kindness to her poorer neighbors. All beggars (and their name is legion here) found something at Beatrice's door; and when she went once on a pilgrimage, taking with her the customary provisions, she returned after a few days, hungry and empty-handed, having given her food to others apparently needier than herself. A golden thread of trust that "providence is kind," that "death ends all sorrows," and that, "if we stand well with God, there is naught to fear," runs through the simple, loving life, which closed at a good old age. Her ashes rest in the peaceful little cemetery of Pian degl' Ontani, — a less dreary spot than most Italian graveyards, for the friendly village is near by, and tall chestnut-trees cast dappled shadows across the green hillside. Over her grave are the words, —

IN MEMORY OF
BEATRICE OF PIAN DEGL' ONTANI
A SHEPHERDESS
HUMBLE, PIOUS, BENEFACTANT
DEAR TO THE TUSCAN MUSES

Promising Blunders. — I have heard a young man maintain that the amusing speeches of children, though commonly called "bright," really indicate stupidity. Any grown person who said such things would be considered a fool, and he could not see why they should win children a reputation for brilliancy. Of course he was wrong. Quite unconsciously, he was employing the very process through which intelligent children obtain such grotesque notions as never enter the brains of dull ones. He was reasoning from imperfect premises. No mental deficiency is implied in a child's ignorance of things which education and experience make plain.

Sometimes, indeed, the falsity of the child's conclusion is due to an illogical mode of thought. A small cousin of mine, on being told by her playmates that there was no real Santa Claus, "it was only your father and mother," argued that it could not be, because your father and mother could n't come down the chimney. But very often the syllogism is perfect in construction, and the fatal flaw lies where the young reasoner has no means of detecting it. From his imperfect knowledge a bright child draws absurd inferences, yet is therein evidently superior to those who escape absurdity by drawing no inferences at all, but taking all their ideas ready made.

A certain little boy expressed a wish that his widowed father would marry the father of a favorite playmate, and defended the feasibility of the arrangement by citing the priest all shaven and shorn, who married the man all tattered and torn. That boy did not understand what he was reasoning about, but he understood how to reason. (N. B. He is now a successful lawyer.) His precedent in this case was fallacious, but he showed the power of very literally putting two and two together. Had he lacked this power, his ignorance would not have come to light.

So, egregious errors are often the first

signs of intellectual strength in one who is passing out of childhood. Hitherto he has received without question whatever he was taught. Now he begins to think for himself, and finds that some long-established beliefs do not commend themselves to his unripe judgment. He turns and combats them vigorously, — probably not without contempt, in the arrogance of his newly discovered faculties.

It is just possible he may be a genius, who discerns the truth to which former generations were blind; but it is more likely that time will bring him back to the approved opinions. He will grow to a comprehension of the reasons which have satisfied the world. He will understand that people do not say these things just because they have got into the habit of it. Meanwhile, his incredulity is a good sign. Even the child who holds that the earth cannot turn round, because if it did everything would fall off, is in advance of him who never thinks to ask how things can stay on while it is upside down.

Comte and his American Disciples. — One could both smile and sigh, to use old Thomas Fuller's phrase, at the homage paid to the founder of the Religion of Humanity by two American disciples, as shown in *Lettres d'Auguste Comte à Henry Edger et John Metcalf* (Paris, 1889). Edger, a native of Fletching, Sussex, had settled at Thomson's Station, Long Island, where his farm bore the singular name of Modern Times. He became an American citizen in 1861, and died at Versailles in 1888, at the age of sixty-eight. Mr. Metcalf, apparently a native American, was his first and chief convert, and is still living in Ohio. Edger opened the correspondence with Comte, in 1854, by a letter inclosing ten francs towards the "sacerdotal subsidy;" that is to say, the fund — about one thousand dollars a year — raised by Comte's disciples for his maintenance. He promised to increase his

contribution as his means improved. Comte's acknowledgment is dated "19 Aristotle, 66;" in vulgar parlance, March 16, 1854. He wished to know Edger's age, so as to judge how far he was susceptible to influence, and what position he might take in the new religion. (Comtist priests must not be younger than forty-two.) He had foreseen that the first great Positivist movement would spring up in that immense colony where western renovators had for two centuries found spontaneous liberty. Except Paris, America was the only part of the world where Positivist worship could be openly practiced. At the moment of receiving Edger's letter, Comte was starting for his weekly visit to the tomb of Clotilde de Vaux, which tomb had for eight years presided over his advance to perfection. Clotilde (his Laura, as Comte styled her) had a husband condemned to the galleys for life, and Comte was separated from his wife. They were, for the last year of her life, platonic lovers. Comte was not a little gratified when Edger named a new-born daughter Sophie Clotilde; Sophie Germain being Comte's devoted servant, or housekeeper, one of his "three angels;" his mother and Clotilde being the other two. "You are the only man," he assures Edger, "whose large heart has permitted full appreciation of my incomparable Sophie without having ever seen her." At the rite of "presentation," the Positivist baptism, he authorized Edger to act as his deputy, directing him to wear a green scarf on the right arm, as the emblem of his priestly office. Mr. Metcalf was godfather, if the term can be used in a religion without a Deity; but there was some difficulty in finding a suitable godmother, though a non-Positivist, provided she had some sympathy with the cause, was eligible.

Edger, though we have not his letters, seems at first to have written hopefully on the prospects of Positivism in

America, and he set about translating some of his master's works. His wife assisted him, a sign of the "restored conjugal harmony," which gave Comte much satisfaction. Comte enjoined Edger, moreover, to direct his propaganda especially to women, who must be disgusted with the dry bones of Protestantism and theism. Yet he had to check his disciple's extravagances. Edger had an idea of establishing a Positivist monastery, a refuge for weary or persecuted souls; but Comte thought matrimony preferable for men tired of isolation, and he saw no reason to fear persecution. Edger also suggested "astrolatric prayers," apparently some kind of planet worship, but this Comte discountenanced. Edger likewise had a notion of utilizing Catholicism as a stepping-stone to Positivism; but Comte, while recognizing Mariolatry as a transitional form of worship, thought this more feasible in Catholic South America than in the Protestant North. Nevertheless, he regarded conversions from Protestantism to Catholicism as ultimately favorable to Positivism, and he approved Edger's resort to Catholic churches as a temporary substitute for Positivist temples. When these latter were built, their axis was to be in the direction of Paris, and private oratories should, if possible, observe the same rule; though otherwise it was enough, when engaged in prayer, to turn the face towards Paris. Edger had thoughts of founding a Positivist township in Long Island, and Comte hoped to see him become the head of the American Positivist church, provided he could go through the "encyclopædic and mathematical initiation" requisite for the priesthood. Discouragement, however, supervened, and Comte resigned himself to the prospect of Edger's remaining a simple apostle. Eventually the latter began studying mathematics and history, and he became one of Comte's Council of Seven. His Anglo-Saxon colleagues were Mr. Congreve and

a Mr. Fisher, a surgeon at Manchester. Comte enjoined these two Englishmen to agitate for the restitution of Gibraltar to Spain.

Comte did not expect more than a millionth of the existing generation to embrace his religion, but this would suffice to leaven posterity. As for those who adopted his philosophy, but rejected his religion, — Stuart Mill was one of them, — he regarded them as his worst enemies, but I believe they were his chief subscribers. He looked upon America, with its Puritanic ancestry and its democratic government, as a promising field for Positivist culture; and extracts from Mr. Metcalf's letters to Edger reminded him of Cromwell's Ironsides, combining religious enthusiasm with political activity. Four of the sixteen letters — Comte's death, in 1857, stopped the correspondence — are addressed to Mr. Metcalf, but these are of less interest than those to "*mon cher disciple*," Edger; and it is enough to say that Comte, practical enough in many things, dissuaded Metcalf from visiting Paris till he had mastered French. There is incidental mention of three Americans: a Miss Blaker (?), for whose memory Comte sanctioned Edger's private adoration, pending fuller investigation before public adoration was permissible; a Mr. H. Wallace, of Philadelphia, who died in 1842, shortly after a visit to Comte; and Dr. Wm. Gillespie, professor of civil engineering at New York, described as a half-believer.

Thirty years have passed, and another generation has sprung up, but the conversion of a millionth of mankind to the Religion of Humanity seems still distant.

In Praise of
Leisure:
A Summer
Symposium. — The "symposium" is the fashion of the hour. Each magazine strives to attract the public by a gathering together of distinguished names, belonging to persons diametrically opposed to each other on the point under discussion; or it obtains what is fondly called a "con-

sensus" of opinion on a topic upon which there is supposed to be more or less agreement, among men who differ widely on other points. Now, I am not aware that The Atlantic has yet had a symposium. But, as holiday time has come, let us of the Contributors' Club provide one, since the editor has neglected to do so. With his permission, I propose for the subject under consideration, Leisure; and for writers thereupon, a King (since crowned heads have taken to writing for the magazines), a Poet, a Romancer, and a Philosopher.

For the opinion of the crowned head in question, I am sorry to say that I have been referred to his (English) publishers, instead of receiving any fresh contribution from himself: "I considered all travail and every right work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. . . . Better is a handful of herbs with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." "This," they write, "is the passage to which His Majesty alludes. In spite of the fate of the latest Copyright Bill, we prefer that you should not use it." I have accordingly condensed it, as the "stars" do show.

Mr. Browning stated through a friend that "he had never known what it was to have to do a certain thing to-day, and not to-morrow; he thought this had led to a superabundance of production, since, on looking back, he could see that he had often been afraid to be idle." But this has been the case with writers, before, and indeed of, Mr. Browning's period; and in the latter case with less happy results. It was possibly the sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne, when he devoted considerable leisure to that agreeable work entitled *The Garden of Cyrus*: or, *The Quincuncial Lozenge*, or, *Network Plantations of the Ancients*, Artificially, Naturally, Mystically Considered; and also the feeling of a less known — I may say a deservedly less known — author, one Thoms by name,

who, in the forty-eighth year of the nineteenth century, devoted xxxix + 398 pages octavo to Part First of a work on *The Number and Names of the Apocalyptic Beasts*.

Having heard from a poet among kings — certain Societies are at liberty to complete the antithesis — and Mr. Browning, I felt that, as a good American, I ought not to neglect home industries. Accordingly I endeavored to extract opinions from Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mr. Thoreau, at one time fellow-townsmen. It was intended that another portion of our country should be represented, but I am told that, as yet, so little leisure is to be found in the West that any attempt to procure an account of it would cause a delay fatal to my symposium. But to continue: Mr. Hawthorne tacitly insinuated that long residence in another and leisure-loving country had perhaps unfitted him for accurate judgment of opportunities of leisure in America; but he long ago not only felt, but said, that "it is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life. No life now wanders like an unfettered stream; there is a mill-wheel for the tiniest rivulet to turn. We go all wrong, by too strenuous a resolution to go all right."

As for Mr. Thoreau, he is perhaps more diffuse than Solomon himself. "It would be glorious," he writes, "to see mankind at leisure for once. It is nothing but work, work, work. I cannot easily buy a blank-book to write thoughts in; they are commonly ruled for dollars and cents. An Irishman, seeing me make a minute in the fields, took it for granted that I was calculating my wages. If a man was tossed out of a window when an infant and made a cripple for life, or scared out of his wits by the Indians, it is regretted chiefly because he was thus incapacitated for — business! I think that there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed

to poetry, to philosophy, ay, to life itself, than this incessant business. . . . If a man walk in the woods, for love of them, half of each day, he is in danger of being regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off those woods and making Earth bald before her time, he is esteemed an industrious and enterprising citizen."

In one of his essays, Mr. Lowell mentions a book, to which, he says, "we are indebted for the invention of the Man of Leisure." And it occurred to me to address myself to the author of that volume for a final opinion upon the subject under discussion. He writes most fully, and there is so much that is charmingly put, full of allusion and delightfully excursive, — a little in the manner of Montaigne, — that I should like to quote more fully than space permits me to do. His ideas about leisure are summed up, however, in one classically phrased sentence: "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise." How much truth is contained in these lines those know best who wish for wider leisure for pursuits which they feel would make their minds quicker, more flexible, and more serviceable to themselves and to others; and who, without it, feel the cobwebs of the brain growing thicker and dustier year by year. But, lest I reach too severe a strain for a midsummer discussion, let me add, in passing, that it is a pity that the works of the writer just quoted — who, although his name is shrewdly suspected, still prefers to give his work to the world unacknowledged — should be so little read. The demand for his books is so small that they

are relegated almost entirely to cheap reprints. Nor can I remember, in fact, ever to have seen a first edition of Ecclesiasticus in really good condition.

And so, since summer holidays have come, let us take our ease in our inn, with a light heart and a good conscience, feeling that leisure may be made the best of investments. Let us remember that comparatively few uncomfortable proverbs originated with Solomon. They came in with Benjamin Franklin, who, knowing when *not* to put them into practice, became thereby an eminently successful man. Do not listen to all his busy maxims, but, supported by H. M. King Solomon, Messrs. Browning, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, and our anonymous contributor, enjoy your leisure all you can. And if you would know what leisure is, and what the so-called ineffective life may be, read the letters of the late Edward Fitzgerald, the most shining example of the man of leisure that our times have known. One can say of him as Mr. Lowell said of Edmund Quiney: —

"Much did he, and much well; yet most of all
I prized his skill in leisure, and the ease
Of a life flowing full, without a plan;
For most are idly busy."

Indeed, it is not by shirking our plain duties that we should gain this leisure; nor need we adopt Charles Lamb's maxim of leaving a day's work early, to make up for undertaking it late. Leisure must be fairly come by. But we hear so much of the duty of honest toil that it is time to hear something of the duty of honest leisure, and to have a care to ask ourselves whether (as some one has well put it), if we spend our lives in getting our living, we are living our lives at all!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Religion and Philosophy. The Unknown God, or Inspiration among Pre-Christian Races, by C. Loring Brace. (Armstrong.) An interesting study in ancient and modern faiths, with a view to disclosing the less fully developed yet common faith in God. Mr. Brace, following the example of S. Paul, would have the modern missionary build upon the existing imperfect faith of heathendom rather than sweep it aside and lay new foundations. In this he is in accord with a growing conviction of Christian thinkers. Maurice was one of the first to set this forth in his little volume of missionary sermons.—Three Sevens, a Story of Ancient Initiations, by the Phelons. (Hermetic Publishing Co., Chicago.) "It has always been the petted weakness of my family to have ancestors." So begins the tale, and the reader stops to ponder what would have been the consequence if there had been a break somewhere in the line, and any one of the family had absolutely refused to have an ancestor. He resumes the tale, and a page or two later discovers that one of the authors of the story solves in the affirmative the question, "Can a man be his own grandfather?" After this anything is possible; and as the story is of the entirely impossible, it becomes necessary for the reader to leave his ordinary reason behind. The authors of the book left theirs.—The Exegesis of Life. (Minerva Publishing Co., New York.) The writer of this philosophical study professes to be an unlettered man and one who is unfamiliar with the English language, but there is little in the book itself to betray this. It is a closely reasoned and intelligible argument to prove the infinity of creation as coexistent with the infinity of the Creator. "Our final conclusion is," says the writer, "that there is a God, and that the nature of God is eternal existence."—An Essay in Refutation of Agnosticism, and the Philosophy of the Unknowable. A review with an analogy. By Rev. Simon Fitz Simons. (Post Express Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y.)—Lectures on the Religion of the Semites, by W. Robertson Smith. (Appleton.) This is the first series, and is devoted to the fundamental institutions. In accordance with a growing tendency among students, the Hebrews, with their most thoroughly exploited history, are grouped with the Arabs, the Phœnicians, the Aramæans, the Babylonians and Assyrians, and the inquiry is carried back of the separate records into the region of a common religious tradition. The subject is a fascinating one, and the increasing

knowledge which we possess of other Semitic tribes makes it possible to tread the ground with greater confidence. The reader who may have a misgiving regarding the method, and a special distrust of Robertson Smith, has this protection, that the documents for a large part of the study are in his possession and quite intelligible in the Scriptures of the Old Testament.—Man and his World; or, The Oneness of Now and Eternity. A series of imaginary discourses between Socrates and Protagoras. By John Darby. (Lippincott.) The form of this book is Platonic, and the author has now and then shrewdness of speech; but the likeness to Plato is rather superficial, and the reader suspects he is paying attention to whimsey rather than to philosophy.—An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy, by F. Howard Collins, with a preface by Herbert Spencer. (Appleton.) This work is professedly a statement, in condensed form, of the general principles of Mr. Spencer's Philosophy, and largely in the original words. With an amusing, unconscious reflection upon the Philosophy itself, it is stated that the reduction is to about ten per cent. of the original.—Evolution. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. (James H. West, Boston.) A composite book, in which the subject of evolution is approached from several quarters; as in the sketches of Spencer and Darwin, the consideration of solar and planetary evolution, the evolution of the earth and of vegetal life, proceeding thus to evolution as related to religious thought, the philosophy of evolution, and the effects of evolution on the coming civilization. At the close of each lecture is a brief report of the discussion which followed the reading.—Unitarianism, its Origin and History. A course of sixteen lectures delivered in Channing Hall, Boston, 1888-89. (American Unitarian Association.) Although the first three lectures seek for the traces of Unitarianism in early Christian history, the bulk of the book is devoted to the exposition of the faith as it has been held in its stronghold in this country. The speakers are all interested in their themes, but they are all more or less conscious of their geographical position.—Review of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's Attacks upon Christianity, by Mrs. Otilie Bertron. (The Author, 3929 Locust St., Philadelphia.) An earnest, somewhat rambling reply to the oratorical antagonist.—The Proposed Revision of the Westminster Standards, by William G. T. Shedd. (Scribners.) Dr. Shedd enters the arena with a polite bow to

his antagonists. You are all good men and true, he says, but your doctrines are all wrong. Once undertake to revise the creed, and you are upon an inclined plane, down which you will slide. It is the old cry, and to those who are confident that God has a "plan of redemption," and that this plan is succinctly stated in Calvinism, it is an effectual one.—Dr. Briggs's now famous book, *Whither?* a *Theological Question for the Times* (Scribners), has been overlooked by us, though we have noted some of its parasitical growth. The value of the work lies in its clear presentation of the historical growth of the creed as held by the Presbyterian church, and in the fearless facing of the difficulties which have risen. It is inspiring to hear a theologian say, as Dr. Briggs does in his preface: "The process of dissolution has gone on long enough. The time has come for the reconstruction of theology, of polity, of worship, and of Christian life and work. The drift in the church ought to stop. Christian divines should steer directly toward the divine truth, as the true and only orthodoxy, and strive for the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." History also is with him in this position, for although external pressure has always had its effect upon the church, reform has come from within. The note of permanence in the church is struck when its representative leaders do not go outside and set up a new church, but remain within and reconstruct the edifice upon truer lines.—*Christian Theism, its Claims and Sanctions*, by D. B. Purinton. (Putnams.) The first volume of a work which in its entirety is designed to state the grounds of belief in the existence of God and in the authority of the Bible. One is struck, in glancing through this part, which is devoted to the being of God, with the almost angry note of the writer. He can scarcely listen with patience to the objections which he cites. It is hard to see how any minds which are troubled with doubts can submit themselves to the teaching of so unsympathetic a mental disciplinarian.—*Jesus the Messiah*, by Alfred Edersheim (Randolph), is an abridgment of the author's well-known larger work. Something of the color of the original is taken out in the process, but, in spite of lavishness in the use of material, Dr. Edersheim's work is marked by sobriety of tone. He is, in truth, an exact and painstaking and learned archaeologist, who brings the wealth of his learning to enrich a plain narrative which follows the customary lines of orthodox interpretation.—*Creed Revision in the Presbyterian Churches*, by Philip Schaff. (Scribners.) Dr. Schaff makes his contribution to the stirring question, and looks forward with the eagerness of

younger men to such confession and such organic life as shall bear in mind the reunion of Christendom in the creed of Christ.—*An Old Religion, a study*, by J. C. F. Grumbine. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Grumbine asserts the decay of church ideas and the rapid spread of freethinking, and falls back upon the essentials of religion in love to God and man as the foundation of a new order. It is a little difficult to see any constructiveness in his views, and it would not be hard to show that the church itself is eagerly insisting everywhere on just these essentials.—*Religion and Science as Allies, or Similarities of Physical and Religious Knowledge*, by James T. Bixby. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) An attempt at demonstrating the common basis of both religion and science in faith and experiment.—*Beneath Two Flags*, by Maud B. Booth. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A semi-official narrative, apparently, of the work of the Salvation Army. It is difficult for one to read such a narrative dispassionately. He is brought face to face with iniquity, and asked if he can condemn the men and women who are fighting it. No, it is not necessary to condemn them; neither is he called on to surrender his judgment on the spot.—*Belief*, by George Leonard Chaney. (Roberts.) Eight discourses on the fundamentals of Christianity in its doctrines and its organization; written in a kindly spirit, and with a desire to restate the matter in terms which shall satisfy a mind at variance with traditional definitions, but ready to accept a reasonable form not opposed to the findings of current philosophy and science.—*The Way out of Agnosticism, or the Philosophy of Free Religion*, by Francis Ellingwood Abbot. (Little, Brown & Co.) Mr. Abbot's little book is so italicized and small-capitalized that it would seem as though he questioned, after all, the willingness of the student to read deliberately and with attention the solution which he proposes of the doubts which assail men. Nevertheless, no one can read far into it without perceiving how earnest Mr. Abbot is in pleading for his positions; and this earnestness will doubtless attract readers who might otherwise be bewildered by the way in which he rans his words into their involved order, with the intent that they rush out upon the intelligence with an insane force.—*Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion*, with a chapter on *Christian Unity in America*, by J. Macbride Sterrett. (Appleton.) An earnest, sometimes headlong, and often brilliant series of notes and essays, thrown together with little regard to unity of design, and affecting one rather as a long tract than as a studied treatise. The writer has taken hold of one or two genetic principles, and works them industri-

ously. His studies constantly bring him face to face with the ecclesiastical questions which interest the Episcopal church in America. — *Why I am a New Churchman*, by Chauncey Giles. (American New Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.) A small book, of a little over a hundred pages, in which the writer answers a question which he has been asked, probably, either directly or indirectly, a great many times. As a matter of personal history, the doctrines of Swedenborg solved the doubts which had assailed the writer, and confirmed him in that faith in God to which he had clung in the midst of his doubts. Answer enough, therefore, for him; and what man but wishes his personal faith to be the universal one? — *The Nature and Method of Revelation*, by G. P. Fisher. (Scribners.) There is a pleasure in reading the calm, confident, and reasonable sentences of Professor Fisher. He is so much at home in his subject, and has traversed the ground from so many approaches, that he needs only to consider the form in which he will present his thought, and this form is always that of a sane writer. The courtesy of his manner toward those who disagree with him is unailing, and the book is a model of what a popular work on apologetics, not aiming to be a systematic treatise, should be. — *The Philosophy of Preaching*, by A. J. F. Behrends. (Scribners.) Lectures given before the Divinity School of Yale College, by an accomplished preacher, who is not formulating a system, but recording an experience. It is plain that he values theology in proportion as it lies behind and gives the word to preaching, and that he is eager to persuade the young men who listen to him that they have a vital message to deliver, and are not first of all to be critics and analysts. — *A Primer of Darwinism and Organic Evolution*, by J. Y. Bergen, Jr., and Fanny D. Bergen. (Lee & Shepard.) A reissue of a book which, under the title of *The Development Theory*, appeared half a dozen years ago. The authors have taken the opportunity to go over their work anew, and revise it here and there. The book is written in a style which is clear, interesting, and agreeable. — *The Psychology of Attention*, by Th. Ribot. (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) A series of essays intended to establish and prove that there are two well-defined forms of attention: the one, spontaneous, natural; the other, voluntary, artificial. The former, it is maintained, is the true primitive and fundamental form of attention; the latter, the result of education, of training, and of impulsion. An interesting, closely reasoned analysis of the mechanism of the subject.

History. Mr. Fyffe's admirable *History of Modern Europe* is brought to a conclusion in the

third volume, just issued. (Holt & Co.) This section of the work begins with the Revolution of '48, and ends with the Treaty of Berlin, 1878; a very important period, covering, as it does, the unification of Germany, the unification of Italy, and the fall of the Second Empire. We know of no other history in which the reader will find these notable events so clearly and compactly set forth. — *The Negro in Maryland, a Study of the Institution of Slavery*, by Jeffrey R. Brackett. (N. Murray, Baltimore.) This is an extra volume in the series of Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, and is at once a very full study from a scientific point of view, and, incidentally, a most interesting sketch of society under the old régime. Mr. Brackett writes, not as a partisan, but as a scholar with humane instincts. — *Mr. James Schouler, whose History of the United States of America under the Constitution has been appearing at irregular intervals in the decade just closed, has now brought out his four volumes with Dodd, Mead & Co., and promises to complete the work with a fifth, when a more thorough estimate of his contribution to United States history can be made; but no one who has read his volumes carefully will withhold credit for great industry and independence of judgment. The work is individual, and is likely to attract more attention as the study of our history increases and readers wish to get a uniform point of view from one or another writer. The very idiosyncrasies of Mr. Schouler's style, though sometimes obstructive, take their place as effective forms of presenting his opinions. He proposes to close his work with 1861, and the period of 1783–1861 is a natural period. — In the *Story of the Nations Series*, a recent volume is *The Story of the Barbary Corsairs*, by Stanley Lane-Poole, with the collaboration of Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N. (Putnams.) The brilliant action of a few American sailors early in this century has given the Barbary States a special interest for American readers; and though the portion of the volume devoted to Decatur and his fellows is necessarily small, the whole story will be read with attention, as giving the causes of the apparently inexplicable tyranny exercised by a few pirates over the commerce of Christendom. — *History of New England*, by John Gorham Palfrey. Volume V. (Little Brown & Co.) A melancholy interest attaches to this volume through the death, just before its publication, of the editor, a son of Dr. Palfrey, who had taken up the manuscript left by his father and prepared it for the press. The work, whose preface is dated in 1876, ends with the battle of Bunker Hill and the appearance of General Washington on the scene.*

In one aspect this was the end of New England. After that, its history is on one hand resolved into the history of States, on the other merged in the history of the Union. Dr. Palfrey was the representative of a strong New England idea, and his work, though it is likely to be superseded in parts by more special treatises, will remain as one of the best examples of a school which had dignity and preserved the traditions of a great era.

Poetry. Spring and Summer, or Blushing Hours, by William T. Washburn. (Putnams.) Some three hundred poems, of varying length. It would seem possible to find some good ones among them, and we do find occasional lines that belong to poetry, but we have not chanced upon any poem which we should like to commit to memory. Many begin with promise, but end ineffectively. — Lays of Middle Age, and Other Poems, by James Hedderwick, LL. D. (Blackwood), is a revised and enlarged edition of a book of meditative verse which attracted much attention when it was first issued, in 1859. Mr. Hedderwick's poems possess many rare qualities, and were well worth reprinting. They are of a kind which is now, perhaps, not in fashion, but they will be warmly liked by thoughtful readers. — Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems, by William Watson (Fisher Unwin), is a volume of very fresh and striking verse. William Watson is a new name to us, but it is the name of a poet. — Easter Gleams, by Lucy Larcom. (Houghton.) Miss Larcom is so careful a workman, and holds poetry in so high esteem, that when she comes to express religious feeling in verse she avoids the pitfalls into which amateur religious poets fall. Her work is strong and artistic as well as fervent and prayerful. — Beads of Morning, by William S. Lord. (University Press Co., Evanston, Ill.) Still within the sound of poetry just read. — The Beautiful City in Song, and Other Poems, by the Rev. Dwight Williams. (Phillips & Hunt.) O Religion, how many poetic crimes are committed in thy name! — The Legend of a Thought, and Other Verses, by Martha Agnes Rand. (Chicago.) Pleasing, unpretentious verses. The poem Bleaching has a pretty air about it. — Gettysburg, and Other Poems, by Isaac R. Pennyacker. (Porter & Coates.) Mr. Pennyacker's poems have in their favor an objectivity which takes them out of the common class in which the minor key prevails. There is an infusion of incident which makes them readable as poetical anecdotes. Occasionally there is a happy poetical figure, so that a few lines are very effective. The rhymes are natural, and there is some dash and spirit about the more important poems; but the rhythm is defective, and there is a hopelessly prosaic charac-

ter to some of the verses. — Gems from Walt Whitman, selected by Elizabeth Porter Gould. (David McKay, Philadelphia.) There can be less objection to snatches from Whitman than from poets not so radically fragmentary. Yet these lines, taken apparently at random, give a more unfortunate impression of Whitman than a collection of selected poems might. The Tupper element seems to come to the front, and there is a sort of St. Vitus dance to the lines which affects one as if the poetic motion were spasmodic. — Cleopatra, by J. C. J. (The Bancroft Co., San Francisco.) Two brief poems, presenting Cleopatra at the height of her ambition in capturing Antony, and at her death. The writer has some vigorous lines and a good deal of dramatic ardor, though her ear does not seem to be always in perfect tune. — In the Morning, by Willis Boyd Allen. (Randolph.) A pleasing fancy lies in several of these poems, and the author takes a genuine pleasure in his work. The sentiment is pure and generally unaffected, but the author trusts a little too much to his sentiment, and neglects sometimes to give the ground of it, as in My Cross. — Lord Healey, and Other Poems, by Sylvester Graham Vance. (The Author, Marshalltown — but he does not say what State.) — In Divers Tones, by Hubert Wolcott Bowen. (Cupples.) About a hundred short poems, some of them quatrains, none of them much more than a breath long. The subjects are light, for the most part, and altogether one looks naturally for daintiness and delicacy of touch. — Poems, by John Hay. (Houghton.) A new issue of Mr. Hay's poems, with a few in the former edition dropped out of sight, and the collection reinforced by some not before gathered. Such a poem as Little Breeches clings to an author's name, for it is easily remembered; but the poet's range is wider, as any one can see who reads this book, and notes the free, even strokes of the artist's brush on many pages. — Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin: comprising the celebrated political and satirical poems of the Rt. Hons. G. Canning, John Hookham Frere, W. Pitt, the Marquis Wellesley, G. Ellis, W. Gifford, the Earl of Carlisle, and others. Edited, with explanatory notes, by Charles Edmonds. (Putnams.) Besides the interest attaching to this reissue of the Anti-Jacobin as a reflection of English politics only just beyond the memory of living men, there is the fun to be enjoyed in the keen wit of much of the matter. Here one may entertain himself afresh with Rogero's song, the Needy Knife Grinder, "A sudden thought strikes me — Let us swear an eternal friendship," and other amusing audacities, which made our grandfathers laugh consumedly. Many of the jokes require painful commen-

tary; but, for that matter, so does the political history, when it is not intentionally funny. To read the book is to look at Gilray's caricatures again, understanding a part and guessing the rest. One of these days Tenniel will require footnotes, and Gilbert and Sullivan may be edited.

Travel. *Bright Skies and Dark Shadows*, by Henry M. Field. (Scribners.) Dr. Field has added to his several volumes of European and Asiatic travel one devoted to the Southern States. There is nothing impersonal about it. At every step he has a good word for his companions, who, luckily, are generally so well known as public men that there is no intrusion on their privacy. There is also more or less study of the color line; and through all there is a kindly, jocular spirit which can even jest over the fatal result of the performance of a simple act of duty, as in the case of the postal agent who was destroyed by a man-eating shark. — *Farrar's Illustrated Guide Book to Moosehead Lake, Katahdin Iron Works and Vicinity, the North Maine Wilderness, and the head waters of the Dead, Kennebec, Penobscot, Aroostook, and St. John rivers*; with a new and correct map of the Lake region; also contains the game and fish laws of Maine (as revised by the last legislature), railroad, steamboat, and stage routes, time-tables, table of fares, list of hotels, prices of board, and other valuable information for the sportsman, tourist, or pleasure-seeker. By Captain Charles A. J. Farrar. (Lee & Shepard.) We have given the title-page quite fully, as it contains a summary of the contents of the volume. It is a hearty sort of book, crammed with detail, from which the sportsman, tourist, or pleasure-seeker will select what is of any use to him; and it is a pity that the author had not himself done more of this work of selection. — *Around and About South America, Twenty Months of Quest and Query*, by Frank Vincent. (Appleton.) Mr. Vincent's journey covered about thirty-five thousand miles, and permitted him to visit all the capitals, chief cities, and important seaports, and to make long journeys into the interior and up the mighty rivers of the continent. Mr. Vincent is an experienced traveler, and in this book he moves swiftly from one subject to another, noting those points to which a person making the journey for the first time would

like to have his attention called. There is little attempt at going below the surface of observation, but the results attained are not indifferent in worth. — *Lake Champlain and its Shores*, by W. H. H. Murray. (De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston.) Mr. Murray opens his book with a fervid and wholesome appeal for outdoor life, and then presents the attractions of nature and history which gather about Lake Champlain. The book has practical points, but its best use is in a glowing address to ingenuous youth to stir them to a natural life. — The League of American Wheelmen (Matthews, Northrup & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.) is doing a good service by issuing a little collection of papers on *Improvement of Highways*, in which practical advice is given as to the formation of roads, the pavement of cities, the nature and use of asphalt, and similar subjects. It has also submitted a memorial on the same subject to the People of Rhode Island. The railroad has done a great deal for the United States, but it has done much mischief by retarding the construction of good roads in the country. — *Costa Rica and her Future*, by Paul Biolley; translated from the French by Cecil Charles. (Judd & Detweiler, Washington.) Mr. Biolley, who has long been a resident of Costa Rica, makes a careful study of the state and its resources under the several captions, *The Country, The Inhabitants, Lands and Cultures, Industries, Commerce and Finances, The Future*. If the work is to be trusted, it will dispel many false notions regarding it. "One can," says Mr. Biolley, "without slightest danger traverse alone and unarmed the most remote and isolated sections of the republic." To be sure, sixty per cent. of the whole number of deaths, which is one to every thirty-nine inhabitants, is of children under ten years of age; but most persons who are seeking a new home are over ten years of age. Earthquakes are not very frequent, and the police regulations, though they do not affect this kind of disturbance, are excellent. Prices are high, but so are wages; and altogether, if one can adjust a Yankee thrift and impatience to the demands of a pretty hot but not necessarily insalubrious climate, if he will be sparing in his use of bananas and lead a temperate life, he may hope to do very well indeed in Costa Rica.

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SIDNEY.

XXIII.

"OH, pray, Sidney," said Mrs. Paul, "don't look so forlorn; I have no patience with people who look forlorn. Sally will do well enough. I don't know why in the world she should keep Katherine with her all the time. It's just like Sally to monopolize any one. You do very well, my dear, but you are not Katherine."

Mrs. Paul was in Scarlett's hands, sitting before her mirror, holding her head very straight, and looking sidewise at Sidney.

"Alan said aunt Sally was not so well this morning," Sidney answered, with persistent anxiety in her face.

"Well, never mind!" cried Mrs. Paul. "Scarlett, have you no sense? That puff is crooked. She'll be all right in a day or two; don't be foolish, Sidney. Now, can't you persuade Katherine to come over? I don't want you, if she can come. Besides, there is nothing of any consequence the matter with Sally; so cheer up at once; do you hear me?" It was unpleasant to have Sidney low-spirited, and so she took the trouble to administer comfort. "I tell you she will be well in a day or two, child. So go and see if you can't induce Katherine to come in for a while."

Sidney's life was too full of real things, just now, for her to be hurt, or indeed aware that Mrs. Paul had very decidedly and completely dropped her. The fact was, the older woman had

found an absorbing interest in Katherine Townsend, who told her bitter truths with a charming air, and refused to do as she was bid with a high-handed indifference as perfect as her own. Katherine had captured all her affection and her pride. Sidney was stupid, Mrs. Paul declared; and instead of making herself miserable over the failure of her plan to marry the girl to Mr. Steele, or furthering her project of bringing dismay to Major Lee by encouraging Alan's suit, she gave herself up to the thoughts of John's marriage. Her one desire was to put an end to the folly of The Independent Press, and make her son bring his wife home.

"He never can support you, my dear," she told Katherine; "and though I love you, I won't be dictated to by Johnny. He has got to come to his senses, if he wants me to continue his income."

Outwardly, Mrs. Paul had made a truce with her son, and, by many contemptuous allusions to himself and his plans, she tried to restore her old supremacy; but things were not the same. During his dutiful weekly visits he listened silently, as of old, to her sneers, but there was a new look in his face, which made her always conscious of that dreadful scene between them. Even her praise of Katherine did not move him to any friendliness, and he scarcely replied to the entreaty, disguised as a command, that he should live at home after his marriage. Indeed, Mrs. Paul

could think of nothing but this home-coming, and took every opportunity to urge it upon Katherine as well as John. So it was really very annoying to have Sally Lee take it into her head to fall ill at such a time, and claim Kate so constantly.

"I am tired to death of hearing about Sally," she announced, as Katherine was about to leave her, on Sunday afternoon, to go over to the other house. "I wish she would get well, or — or do without you!"

John looked at his mother with that interested and impersonal curiosity which struck upon her heart afresh each time she saw him, but Katherine was ready with a reply.

"How frank you are, dear Mrs. Paul! As for me, I am afraid I try to hide my selfishness; I am such a coward that I assume a virtue. But I shall have you for an example now."

"My dear," returned Mrs. Paul, with a wicked smile, "do not be discouraged: you are very much like me; we may even be taken for each other."

"Do you think," cried Katherine, with a laugh, "that the recording angel can make any such mistake? *You* should warn him, really."

"Lord, Kate!" said John, as they left the house, and Katherine's impertinence sobered into anxiety, and a little self-contempt as well, "how you do talk to her!"

"The worst of it is," she confessed, "that what she said is true. I am like her. Oh, dear! why am I not good, like Miss Sally, or true, like Sidney? John, Sidney is so strange. She spoke to me yesterday about love and death; I suppose anxiety about her aunt put it into her mind. It is dreadful that she should be so morbid. Why can't she take life as we do, and let the future alone?"

"Yes," he answered, looking at her with simple and honest tenderness, "life is a first-rate thing, and the major —

I'm fond of him, you know, Kate, but really he is an old fool? And for him to have taught Sidney all that trash — it's too bad!"

"Besides," Katherine went on, "there is heaven. I never think of death unless I think of heaven?"

John nodded. "Of course," he said, in his comfortable, matter-of-fact way; "but I never do think of death, anyhow, — unless I have a fit of indigestion, — though I'm sure I hope I'm prepared for it; but it is morbid to think about it."

Nevertheless, with that word they fell into silence, as though the inevitable shadow had laid a solemn finger upon their happy lips.

Sidney was indeed anxious about Miss Sally, but there had been no thought of her aunt in the one or two troubled words of death and love which she had ventured to say to Katherine. Her mind was dwelling constantly upon those words of Alan's. She felt a trembling exultation as of escape from a great calamity, but there was a consciousness in her face that declared that at last the calm of her life had been broken.

Major Lee saw a change in her, and was quick, although Sidney had told him nothing, to connect it with Alan. The little reserve in the doctor's manner gave the old man a sense of relief and assurance, but he wished that Sidney had seen fit to confide in him; and yet he felt, regretfully, that it would scarcely have been proper for her to do so. In his absorption in his daughter, he was the last person to be affected by Miss Sally's illness. To him it meant, for the most part, that Alan seemed to find it necessary to make a great many visits, and that his own meals had not the punctuality to which he was accustomed. With scrupulous exactness he asked Sidney every day about her aunt, but her knowledge was almost as vague as his. This was partly because it pained her to hear bad news, and so she did not often inquire of Katherine or of the

doctor; but mostly because she kept out of Alan's way as much as she possibly could. Once he had met her in the library, and had told her briefly of Robert's broken engagement. "I thought," he ended, "that you ought to know about it. Miss Sally wishes to explain to the major, when she gets well, the real reason that it is broken off; she told me so the other day. I am only to tell him now that the engagement is at an end. But you ought to know the truth, so that you need not see Mr. Steele when he comes to ask for her. Susan says he comes two or three times a day."

His face puzzled her. "Why do you speak so fiercely? Are you angry with Mr. Steele?"

"Angry?" cried Alan. "I despise him! I am done with him!"

"But why?"

"Why did he do it, do you mean? Because he—I can hardly speak of him!—he felt that he did not love her."

"Well?" she questioned gravely.

"He did a dishonorable thing, Sidney; to break his engagement was dishonorable."

"Was it?" with a doubtful look.

"Why, Alan, I should call it dishonorable not to have told aunt Sally?"

"I despair of making you understand life," he said, love so impatient in his eyes—for hope had grown again, after that first dismay—that the young woman, in sudden terror, left him, without the question she had meant to ask of Miss Sally's condition.

Alan's pity and tenderness were giving Miss Sally a joy which she had never known before, and her small confidences came as naturally to her lips as though the young man had been her brother. "Alan understands," she said to herself, with a sigh of comfort and relief. He never made her feel how foolish she was, she thought, although, of course, he was so much wiser than

she. To her timid suggestion that for such symptoms as hers her manual prescribed coffee, the two hundredth potency, he listened with "as much respect as if she had been—Mrs. Paul!" He never even smiled, when she said, looking up at him with wistful entreaty that he would be patient with her, that the little pills in the vial labeled 1 were for certain disorders of the left side of the body, and those in the vial labeled 2 for indispositions of the right side. It was curious to see with what gentle pertinacity she clung to her belief in the manual, although admitting, with a contradiction which in its entire unconsciousness was distinctively feminine, that Alan knew far more than did the writer of her beloved volume. It was on the third or fourth day after she had been taken ill that she had managed to say to the young man, in a hoarse voice, that she had something to tell him when they were alone. So the doctor was instant to send Katherine out of the room, upon some excuse, and then to take Miss Sally's little hot hand and wait for whatever she might have to say. She looked up at him appealingly, and with a face upon which a veil of years seemed suddenly to have fallen.

"Where is Mr. Steele?" she said.

Alan flushed. "I do not know, Miss Sally."

"I'm afraid he is not happy," she went on, apparently taking for granted the doctor's knowledge of the broken engagement; "but he was so good, Alan, so good and kind to me. And he did just what was right. It would have been cruel to have deceived me, when I trusted him." Alan was silent. "But what I wanted to say was, that I'm afraid Mortimer would n't understand, and—and I don't want him to know that it was Mr. Steele who—who did it. You know what I mean, Alan. I'll explain, when I get well; but will you just tell Mortimer now that I—that I did n't want to get married? He won't

blame me. He 'll think I am — *wise*." She smiled a little as she spoke, and closed her eyes, as though she were tired; but in a moment she looked up brightly. "Will you please give Mr. Steele my love, Alan?"

If Miss Sally had been able to think, she must have had enough worldly wisdom to see the apparent connection between her illness and her broken engagement, and to have explained her honest and mortifying relief. As it was, she concerned herself only with facts; and the little plea made for her old lover, she fell asleep.

Alan, with a brevity which concealed the truth, told the major that Miss Sally desired him to know she had felt it best that her engagement with Mr. Steele should come to an end, and the major received it as briefly. "I have no doubt my sister acts wisely in this matter." He would not let Alan fancy that he could blame a woman of his own house, but he was annoyed at what he thought of as Miss Sally's changeableness. He made up his mind that he would speak of this to Sarah as soon as she was about again.

There are some persons whose place in the world is so small that it is not easy to fancy they may die, and Major Lee had never thought of his sister in connection with anything so great as death. It was only Alan who saw how seriously ill she was.

One day, — Miss Sally had been sick for more than a week, and the household had fallen into that acceptance of discomfort which comes with an illness which promises to be long, — Sidney met the doctor on the staircase, just after he had left her aunt's room. He looked troubled, and for a moment did not seem to notice her; then his face brightened, in spite of his anxiety.

"I want to see you a moment, Sidney. Come into the library, won't you?"

"I am just going to aunt Sally," she

answered quickly. She was on the first landing, where the great square window, with a fan-light over its many little leaded panes, opened outwards, and let a flood of June scents and sunshine pour down into the dusky silence of the hall. She did not look up at him, as he stood on the step above her, his hand resting on the stair rail, and his serious eyes searching her face.

"Then sit down here." He pointed to the broad cushioned seat that ran across the window. "I want to ask you about Miss Sally."

Sidney sat down, reluctantly; but she looked away from him at a trailing spray of woodbine which had crept along the window-sill. One hand, with upturned palm, lay idly in her lap, and the other plucked at the leaves of the vine.

"I am really alarmed about Miss Sally," said Alan. "I want to ask the major to let me bring in some other doctor, so that we may consult. I don't know whom he would prefer, and I must not wait until evening to see him. I thought you might tell me whom he would like to have me call in?"

Sidney had had no experience with sickness, and she did not have the heart-sinking with which one hears that a consultation must be called. On the contrary, she was so much relieved that Alan had chosen this instead of that other subject that she looked directly at him. "I am sure she is better, Alan: she does not talk so much; you said she talked because she was feverish."

"She is a good deal worse," he answered decidedly; "to tell you the truth, I am very anxious about her."

Sidney's face whitened. "Is she going to die?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"I hope not, — I hope not!" cried the young man. "But we must do all we can; and so I want to call in some one else."

Sidney nodded; she could not speak. Alan looked up and down the stairs,

and over his shoulder into the garden. Then, leaning forward, he took her hand in a quick grasp.

"Sidney, have you thought, — have you thought again?" The speechless reproach in her eyes could not silence him. "I had not meant to say anything just now; but — oh, Sidney?" He felt the protest of her silence. "I can't help it. I — I love you, and I can't help telling you about it; perhaps it will teach you to care — a little?"

"Alan," said the girl, her voice trembling, "won't you please let go of my hand?"

He released it, but he lifted it to his lips and kissed her soft white wrist with sudden passion and instant compunction. "Oh, Sidney, I ought not to have done that. I won't do it again — yet."

A kiss is a wonderful thing. Sidney turned white and red; her eyes filled, and her breath came in a sob in her round throat. For a moment neither of them had any words. The sun, pouring in through the great window, fell in a pool of gold at the foot of the bare, dark staircase, where a jug of roses stood on a spindle-legged table; the tarnished gilt of the picture-frames along the wall showed in straight glimmering lines; all was so still down in the dusky hall, one could see the motes floating in the long bar of sunshine.

"Sidney?" he entreated softly.

She glanced at him hurriedly, and then out at the fragrant tangle of the garden.

"I've been thinking ever since," she said, with simple directness, "and it has seemed to me that you did n't know what you were saying, and I felt as though I wanted to tell you how foolish you were, Alan." She was so earnest that he smiled. "I felt as though you had not understood, you had not thought, how dreadful it was to care for any one. And I — I thought I would explain to you. Oh, listen to me, — don't interrupt me! Oh, Alan, love is so terrible!"

"No, you mean that sorrow is terrible," he protested. "Love is only good and beautiful."

"There would be no sorrow if there were no love. Love means grief; it means fear. Oh, truly I do not see how sane people can deliberately invite such suffering by loving each other."

"But, Sidney," he interposed, "we don't keep thinking of death all the time; it is n't natural — it isn't" —

"Oh, but, Alan," she cried, her voice breaking, "death is coming, whether we think of it or not. Why, it seems to me, if some being from another world could look down at us, and see us actually *planning* our grief and misery, arranging for it by loving each other, it would be horrible, but it would be — it would be almost something to laugh at! And yet — that is just what you would do."

The young man looked at her in despair; for a moment he knew not how to oppose to this calm reality, which life studiously ignores, that passion of unreason called love.

"To teach any one to love," Sidney went on, "seems to me selfish; indeed, it does. How could I, *if* I cared for you, — how could I let you love me, when I know that it would mean, some time, sorrow or fear for you? We are such friends, you and I, I can't bear to think that you might suffer, I can't bear to make you unhappy." She had risen, and stood looking down at him, her face quivering with tears. "Oh, how can people bear life? Father is the only person in the world I love, and when I think, when I remember, that perhaps he will — he will — Oh, I cannot say it! When I know that I fear *that*, then I say to myself, I will suffer only *once*; sorrow shall never come to me again. Alan, Alan, I do not love you, and I never will love you; and I would not, for anything this world could offer me!"

Even as he listened, he knew in his

soul that this terrified, entreating woman loved him; he knew it with a pain about his heart that made his face gray. He could not speak, except to say, brokenly, "It is nothing; do not be alarmed."

Sidney, in the terror of ignorance, knew not what to say or do. "What is it? Oh — Alan! what is the matter?"

He caught his breath, and tried to speak, to reassure her, but could only motion with his hand, as though to say again, "It is nothing;" and then, almost before Sidney realized that it had come, the attack had ended, although his breath was still labored and his face haggard.

In that instant, Alan Crossan came face to face with great realities. The physician claimed the consciousness of the lover. He thought, in a sudden flash of intelligence, that he knew what this increasing pain and hurrying breath foretold. It meant that he had asked Sidney to give him what might be only a few months of happiness, and at the cost of lasting grief to her. He could not collect his thoughts enough to reply to her, with this horrible spasm still lingering at his heart, yet he knew that he exulted and resigned at once.

A moment later, he answered her, his beautiful dark eyes radiant with gladness: "My own Sidney, you are not right, not right; love is worth the cost. One does not think of the end with the hope of many years together. But if there may not be many years, then it is not for you to withhold it; it is for me to resign it. So don't grieve; I will not let you love me, Sidney."

XXIV.

Until that day when he had promised Sidney that she should not love him, Alan had felt incapable of delivering Miss Sally's message to Robert. He had seen his old friend once or twice in the

street, or coming out of the major's gate, and had given him some stern, brief greeting, but nothing more; no encouragement, no reproof, no reproach. He knew where Robert was staying, and had been careful to avoid that part of the town. Such avoidance was really, although the doctor did not know it, the protest of a possibility, the fear that he might forgive him. But after those moments with Sidney upon the landing of the stairs, after his glimpse of death and life and love together, Alan entered into that exalted silence which accompanies the glory of renunciation, and in which a man girds himself with joy for any duty.

So, towards evening, still very much weakened by that terrible pain about his heart, he went to find Mr. Steele, that he might tell him what Miss Sally had said. When he reached Robert's door, a new, or rather a very old, tenderness had begun to assert itself in his heart. "Poor Bob!" he said to himself once; adding fiercely, "He deserves all he gets!"

Robert was sitting listlessly at his desk. He looked up, as the doctor entered, with a terrified question in his eyes. "No," said Alan curtly, "but she's worse. I am here — she sent me here to say that you did right, and you were 'always kind and good,'" — Robert dropped his head into his hands, and Alan, with satisfaction, observed that at every word the iron entered deeper into his soul, — "'kind and good,' she said; and she sent her love to you."

"She is going to die?" the other asked, at last.

"Probably." And then silence.

After a while Robert looked up. "I thank you for coming." His face was so changed and strained, so haggard, and, worse than all, so stamped by the relief which he had sought, that something blurred Alan's eyes for one quick instant.

"My God, Steele! *why* did you do it?" he demanded.

"I had no right to deceive her," Robert answered. "She was going to marry me because she thought I loved her. I did not love her. I had to tell her so." There was no question in his voice; only dull despair that the inevitable should have fallen upon him.

"I cannot grasp it!" Alan cried; and then, remembering, "So this is what you asked my advice about, and I spoke of the picture or the jewel?"

The other assented, absently. He had no thought of sharing his responsibility.

Alan struggled with instinct and affection. Robert had been dishonorable, but — he was Robert! "Bob, I know you meant what was right; I — I understand, old fellow, but I can't forget it, ever, nor forgive it. You must have a friend who is greater than I. You must let me go, Bob."

Robert Steele's lack-lustre eyes stared blankly at the emotion in the doctor's face. "Very well," he said.

It was a comment upon the power of that moment which had so shaken Alan's soul, that he felt no repulsion as he saw this betrayal of the return to weakness and vice. He grasped the listless hand of the miserable man before him, and held it hard in his. "I will trust your motives so long as I live, but I detest the expression of them."

He turned as though to leave him; he was too much moved even to warn or entreat him to shake off the habit which was fastening upon him again. His hand was on the door, when Robert, smiling dully, spoke: "I've gone back to hell, Alan. It is retribution; it is just."

"You shall not go back to hell!" cried the other. "I will not let you go!"

He turned, and came again to Robert's side. Neither of the men spoke: Alan because he could not; but the other, his head bowed upon his hands, was apparently as indifferent to silence as he had been to words. At last the doctor began to speak, and told him, pitifully and truly, all about Miss Sally,

and how little hope he had. Yet Alan had to learn, as many another eager and forgiving soul has learned, with tears, that forgiveness may not sweep away the fact; a good deed and a bad deed have, equally, the permanence of the past. His friend seemed to listen, but made no comment. Alan's tenderness, even his remorse for his harshness, could make no difference to Robert in this stress of fate. He had wounded, insulted, humiliated, the woman who had trusted him, and now she was dying. He scarcely noticed when Alan left him, with that speechless sympathy of the grasp of a hand which is better than brave words.

The drift of circumstances in these June days brought Miss Sally into the very centre of her small world; and when her patient feet went down into the valley of death every one's thoughts were upon her. Perhaps it is the possibilities of the Great Silence which so dignify the most insignificant living thing. Miss Sally had never, in all her useful life, commanded such respect as now when her usefulness was drawing to an end. Her dignity silenced even Mrs. Paul, sitting alone in her big drawing-room, and forgetting to rail at neglect which once would have infuriated her; for of course Sidney could not leave her aunt, and Katherine was always at the major's when not giving a lesson. Once Mrs. Paul had cried out impatiently at Sally's selfishness in keeping her; but Katherine's quick indignation had silenced, even while it delighted, the old woman.

Katherine still kept up her teaching, to the annoyance of Mrs. Paul, and the great but protesting admiration of Mrs. Paul's son. To be sure, there was one pupil less, as Eliza Jennings had ceased to experiment upon the organ with twenty-two stops. Katherine had told John that Eliza had dropped her, but she did not see fit to add why. Indeed, it would have needed a more subtle mind

than Katherine Townsend's to have understood why it was that, under all her amusement at the silly little milliner, under her laughter at having been dismissed "without a character," there was a feeling very much like anger when she reflected that Eliza had said she was "in love with Mr. Paul." This was far below the surface. Katherine's mind and heart were too full, while Miss Sally lay dying, to give way to such folly; whereas Eliza had nothing to keep her thoughts from preying upon her own humiliation. Her little freckled face tingled whenever her eyes rested on her organ, which she absolutely refused to open. In vain did her mother implore her to play the hymns with which it was her custom to end every Sunday evening, or to practice "just a bit, to keep your hand in, 'Liza."

"No, ma'am," returned her daughter sternly. "I ain't got any music in me, nowadays."

She said this with such a bitter look that Mrs. Jennings almost wept. Indeed, Eliza's disappointment, which took the form of filial disapproval, wore so upon her mother that Mrs. Jennings' face really looked thinner; her small, twinkling eyes, rimmed with red, grew larger, and their short lashes held very often a glitter of tears. Both mother and daughter had heard that Mr. Paul was to marry Miss Townsend. Mrs. Jennings did not attempt to conceal her anger and spite, but the little milliner set her lips and fell into stony silences, which terrified her mother. Everything had come to an end, Eliza told herself. To be sure, she still occasionally saw John Paul's burly figure lounging across the bridge and hurrying towards Red Lane; but what was that to her, if he loved "Another"? So she let her mother take the toll, and turned her eyes away, lest she might have to say good-afternoon. She had nothing now — this in the diary in violet ink and underlined — "to live for." So, as one will fill a

vacant life with anything, she thought much of Job Todd.

One day, — it was towards the middle of June, — Mrs. Jennings was more than usually unhappy about her daughter. Eliza had been very morose for two days. That morning she had eaten her breakfast in silence, and then had started out for a walk, — at least so her mother supposed; but Eliza vouchsafed no information concerning her plans, although Mrs. Jennings had hinted timidly that the gooseberries and black currants ought to be picked, and she did n't know but what Eliza would like to do it? Eliza, however, ignored the veiled entreaty that she should help her mother in the tiresome task. So Mrs. Jennings, when she was alone, with a sigh which seemed to struggle up from the soles of her feet, took her shining tin bucket, and went out into the garden to do the work herself. The black-currant bushes stood in a row along one of the winding paths, and although it was inconvenient to peer through the leaves, Mrs. Jennings, sitting on the ground and holding the pail between her knees, could still keep an eye on the toll-house window, in case any one wanted to change a nickel. Again she sighed; she wished Eliza could have stayed at home just this once. The soft roughness of the musky leaves was still gleaming with dew, and when she began to pluck the black shining clusters, her hand and sleeve were wet. There was a bush of big pink flowers beside her, which Mrs. Jennings called "piano-roses," that had the pungent scent of peach kernels; she glanced at them as one regards, listlessly, an outgrown interest; then she stopped to smell a spray of lad's love, and stick it in her bosom. But it was habit rather than any enjoyment of the summer sights and scents. On her fat left hand the narrow thread of her wedding ring was sunk deep into the flesh. Mrs. Jennings' eyes filled as she looked at it. "I do believe I'll get thin," she thought;

looking as unhappy as a very stout woman may. (It is strange what poignant misery this thought of lessening weight indicates in a large person.) But her self-pity never reproached Eliza.

The hot sunshine and the glitter of the river below, the glow of her poppies and lady's-slippers, and even the loaded branches of her black currants failed to cheer her. She picked the fruit with dreary steadiness, winking away her tears now and then, and thinking all the while of Eliza.

The hour among the currant-bushes seemed very long to Mrs. Jennings, and she was glad at last to go back into the house, and begin to make her jam and jelly. Still Eliza did not come home. Mrs. Jennings was not an imaginative person, but her trouble because of her daughter's trouble, and her forlorn dismay at being disapproved of during the last two months, had made her really quite nervous; that is, if nerves are ever found in such depths of flesh. At all events, she began to be tremulous and frightened; she glanced often out of the window, along the footpath of the bridge, and once or twice she walked to the little gate, and, shading her eyes with her hands, looked up and down the dusty white road. But there was no sign of Eliza. She found herself remembering with cruel persistency that winter afternoon when the handsome gentleman had jumped from the bridge into the river, because a poor girl had tried to take her own life. Mrs. Jennings shivered and gasped, and went back into her spotlessly clean little kitchen to stir the black-currant jam. Once she heard a noise upon the bridge, and rushed breathless to the toll-window, with a horrible vision of her Eliza being borne home, drowned! Her slow, unused imagination showed her the dripping, clinging garments, the loosened hair, even that strange sneer with which, through their half-closed eyes, the dead sometimes regard the living. She was expe-

riencing that quickening of the mind which comes under the spur of terror or grief; indeed, her anxiety had brought a sort of refinement into her face. The noise, however, was only because a flock of sheep was being driven to the shambles. She stood and watched them, staring into the gloom of the covered bridge. Dusky lines of sunshine stretched down into the darkness from the small barred windows in the roof; they were so clearly defined that the poor silly sheep, trampling and running, leaped over them, one after another. In the past this had often diverted Mrs. Jennings, but it could not divert her now.

The drove of sheep came out into the glare of sunshine, a cloud of dust following them up the road; and then all was still again, — only the splash of the river and the slow bubble of the jam in the kitchen.

Mrs. Jennings could not stand the strain. She dropped into the big rocking-chair, and burst into tears. Rocking and sobbing, she did not hear Eliza enter; but when the little milliner spoke, the change in her voice electrified her mother.

"Ma," said Eliza; then she put her hand behind her, and thrust forward. bashful and uncomfortable, Job Todd.

"La!" gasped Mrs. Jennings.

"Yes," returned Eliza gleefully. "Job's building, 'way up at the end of Red Lane, an' I was walking up there, an' — an' then I coaxed him to come here to dinner."

"Thank the Lord!" said Mrs. Jennings devoutly. "That's just right. An' he shall have the best dinner he ever had in his life."

Job protested, but suffered her to put him in the chair she promptly vacated for him; he then accepted Eliza's offer of cake, and received a fan from Mrs. Jennings' hand. The two women said nothing to each other, but both beamed with happiness, and seemed to consider Job Todd an object of the tenderest

solicitude. Apparently, they thought that he had been through such an exhausting morning that he needed refreshment and repose. Eliza told her mother to hurry and get dinner, "and," she added, "I'll play the organ, so Job can rest." Eliza blushed so prettily as she assumed this air of proprietorship that Mrs. Jennings, before she prepared the dinner, even before she removed the kettles of jam and jelly from the stove, slowly and heavily knelt down by the dresser in the kitchen, and, hiding her face in her hands, breathed a very humble and grateful prayer.

That was a great day at the toll-house. Job spent the whole afternoon in the sitting-room, rocking vehemently in the big chair, or sitting on the horse-hair sofa, at Eliza's side. Once or twice, Mrs. Jennings, first coughing outside the door, ventured to enter, just to see her darling's happiness, and to assure herself that she was forgiven. In Mrs. Jennings' circle, the formality of asking and receiving pardon is not often observed.

In Eliza's mind, however, the end for which this whole blissful day had been created was the manner in which the evening was to be spent. By dint of entreaties and a little pouting, she persuaded Job to go with her to tell Miss Katherine Townsend the great news. "I want her to know it first of all," she confessed, sitting on Job's knee and hiding her face in his shoulder. Of course she did not explain why she wished Miss Townsend to be told, nor did she yield to Job's suggestion that it would be just as well the next night. She was shrewd enough to be perfectly certain that her plan must be carried out on this especial evening, or not at all. This first day was an occasion so solemn, so important, so uncomfortable, that Job could be induced to bear almost anything. Tomorrow it would be quite different. So when, at Miss Townsend's door, Maria told them that her mistress was not at

home, Eliza had one moment of blank dismay, while Job's honest face began to brighten. But the milliner was equal to the occasion.

"Where is she?" she demanded, and Mr. Todd's jaw dropped.

Maria mournfully directed her to Major Lee's house, adding that somebody was sick there, and —

"Never mind," said Eliza; "we're just going to the door," and, taking Job's arm, she marched off triumphantly.

"Well, now, do ye know, really, it seems to me," observed her lover, "I ain't sure but what it would be as well to just fetch up with a walk, 'stead of making a call, 'Liza?" This with a tender look; but Eliza was firm.

It was quite dark when they reached Major Lee's, and under the heavy shadows of the aiantous the unlighted house looked blank and forbidding. There had been no thought of lights in the library, that night, or in the hall; only in the dining-room, where the little group about the table spoke in hushed voices, and fell into long silences.

Miss Sally was very ill; Miss Sally was dying. Alan had told Major Lee so, and Katherine. He could not tell Sidney yet; he would not let her give up hope. He had come down from Miss Sally's room for a cup of tea, and Sidney had slipped upstairs to her aunt as he entered. Major Lee was pacing restlessly up and down. Katherine and John sat silently watching Alan, as he hurriedly ate and drank.

It was just then that little Susan, trembling in a way that told her terror as well as her grief, pushed the door open and looked into the room. It was a comfort to see the people, Susan thought, now, while Miss Sally lay dying upstairs, even if it were only to say there was somebody waiting at the door. "If it had been any one else that was — that was — dyin', Miss Sally would n't 'a' let a girl sit all alone in that big kitchen," she thought, with a sob, looking

fearfully over her shoulder at the shadows on the staircase.

"Miss Townsend," she said, "there's a lady and gentleman to see you, and they won't come in."

"To see me?" Katherine answered, surprised, and rising.

"Shall I not go for you?" John asked, with that lowered voice which is the tribute of life to death; but she shook her head.

She waited for Susan to follow her with a lamp, and then went to the front door, which the servant, uncertain of the character of these callers, had closed, leaving them standing on the porch.

Neither Job nor Eliza could see the anxiety in Katherine's face, for she had taken the lamp from Susan, and was holding it so that the light fell only upon her visitors; but the man was more sensitive than the woman, and felt instinctively that they had made a mistake in coming. He shifted from one foot to the other, and would have shrunk behind his sweetheart, had she permitted it. But Eliza had no intention of permitting it. She put her little rough hand upon his arm and pulled him forward.

"Miss Townsend," she said, an unusual glitter in her eyes and a hint of boldness in her voice, "we came, Job and me, to tell you — to tell you" — Eliza hung her head.

"Yes, Eliza?" Katherine answered, guessing the news at once, but too sad and too absorbed to express the pleasure which she really felt.

"We are engaged!" burst out Eliza. "Miss Townsend, we're engaged, and we expect to be married."

"Liza would come to tell you," Job objected feebly.

"She knew I would be glad to hear it," said Katherine; and then she added some kind and pleasant things, and Eliza, to her great surprise, felt all the old love and respect come back with a rush.

"You are real good, Miss Townsend," she declared, and squeezed her teacher's hand between her own. "Ain't she good, Job?"

"I was always saying that," Job answered gallantly, feeling really very happy.

Katherine was honestly glad of little Eliza's happiness, but she was astounded to find something beside gladness in her heart; was it possible that it was relief? "Well," she thought, listening to Job's clumsy praises of his betrothed, "after all, there is nothing which can surprise one so much as to discover one's own possibilities. Heaven knows what crime I may be capable of, if I have resented Eliza's nonsense!"

She smiled at the lovers in the kindest way, and then, with a word of there being sickness in the house, dismissed them; for it was evident that Eliza was willing to linger for further display of her joy.

Katherine stood in the doorway a moment, holding the lamp high above her head, so that her guests might see their way across the courtyard to the gate; but as she turned to go into the house, she was startled to see a dark figure approach her from the distant end of the piazza.

"Who is it?" she said quickly; and then, "Cousin Robert!"

"How is she now?" he said hoarsely. His face was wrung and torn by suffering, and the tears sprang to Katherine's eyes.

"Oh, have you been out here all alone? Come in, — come in."

He shook his head. "Is it over? Is she dead?"

"No, — oh, no!" cried Katherine.

"She is dying, — I know that; Alan told me."

Katherine could not answer him, for tears.

"I have killed her, Kate," he said dully.

"Dear cousin Robert," she entreated,

“don't stay here in the darkness; come in, and wait and pray with us. We all love her, and while there is life, you know” — She forgot that John Paul was within, — John Paul, who had called this agonized soul “a man too contemptible for contempt.” “Come in, — come in; don't stay out here by yourself. *She* would be grieved to have you suffer so.”

“She would grieve?” His voice broke into a cry. “At least she is spared that.” And then he turned back into the night.

XXV.

Sidney had said, very quietly, that she would sit up with Miss Sally that night. Heretofore, Katherine and Scarlett had divided the watching between them, and for the last two nights Alan had not left the house; but it was a matter of course to every one that Sidney should rest, and, so far as the others knew, she had done so. At least, she had gone to her room. But Sidney was living too intensely, easily to lose herself in sleep. She was leaving her old life to go out into a wider living, and she found Death standing on the threshold. Love did not oppose him, but human instinct did. Her neglect of her aunt, of the pitiful little love which was drifting away from her, stung her with intolerable impatience. She had that helpless impulse to go back into the past which comes with the sense of duty left undone; and the consciousness of the futility of such an impulse is almost anger. It *could* not be too late. She must do something, say something, *now!* Yet, there being no love in her heart, this effort was, although she was not aware of it, for her own relief rather than for Miss Sally's happiness. Again and again, before the dull stupor drowned her aunt's unflinching tenderness, Sidney had tried, in broken, hesitating words, to say, “I am sorry — forgive me.” But Miss Sally never seemed to understand; she was

only feebly concerned that her darling should be sorry about anything. That Sidney could blame herself because she had neglected her aunt was not credible to Miss Sally, whose life had been too full of the gladness of giving to realize that there had been no receiving in it.

As Sidney watched the relentless days carry her opportunity away from her, the pain of self-knowledge grew unbearable. Alan had told her she was selfish? Oh, he had not known how selfish she was; no one knew it but herself. The burden of a human soul fell upon her, — the knowledge of good and evil.

Her remorse filled her with a mysterious fear. It was something outside herself, terrible, inescapable; with it was an insistent suggestion of some different line of conduct, which confused her by its contradiction of all which had been the purpose of her life. What was this impulse to self-sacrifice against which she had always opposed herself, as one who beats against an unseen wind? To turn and advance with it might be peace, for setting herself against it had brought dismay; but the recognition of such an impulse filled her with the terror of the Unknown.

She saw the unloveliness of selfishness, and was quick to turn away from it, with an æsthetic perception of the beauty of holiness. Goodness commended itself to her; she would be good, she would be unselfish. She could not comprehend why, this resolution made, pain should still dominate her consciousness. Anger and fear lifted her out of herself; it was the same tumult of emotion which had clamored in her soul when Love had first whispered to her.

Miss Sally's dim realization of Sidney's pain was too indistinct even for her sweet forgiveness, which would have protested that there was nothing to forgive. She liked just to rest, she said, and let Sidney read the daily chapter in the Bible to her; or, sometimes, to listen to a word or two from Mr. Brown, who

came often, in these last few days, to see her. It was Mr. Brown's presence which pointed out the future to Miss Sally.

"Why, am I very sick, Alan?" she said, in her little weak voice.

"We are anxious, dear Miss Sally," the young man answered tenderly.

She looked up at him and smiled. "Don't be worried," she said, with the old instinct to make other people comfortable; and then, later, as though half asleep, "I thought — that I had all the world, Alan — but I seem — I seem to have eternity, instead." And with great content Miss Sally went down into the shadows.

All that last day, except in the paroxysms of coughing, she had seemed to Sidney to sleep. But it was a strange sleep; and when she roused a little from it, there was no loving look, no murmur of thanks, even when Alan gave her medicine, or when Katherine slipped a bit of ice between her lips.

John Paul stayed very late, that night. Little Susan sat trembling in the kitchen until twelve. The major walked softly and restlessly through the halls, and up and down stairs. Katherine, worn out with watching, had fallen asleep on the broad seat of the first landing, her head resting on a cushion the major had brought her from the library. Alan, quite without hope, sat outside Miss Sally's door; Sidney was within. Everything was tingling with the intensest life to the girl; the dark silence of the stately old house was palpitating with the thoughts of birth and death; the procession of the years had left luminous touches upon the very walls. Everything thrilled with life; the house was alive, and this drama of death was its soul. Sidney was living as she had never lived before; every nerve was tense with terror, not of death, but of life.

As she sat by Miss Sally's bedside, she watched the yellow blur of the night-lamp in the darkness of the further

corner, or glanced at the terrible whiteness of the face upon the pillow; and to each — to darkness, and to death, and to her own stress of life — her soul cried out, *What are you?* The slow hours drifted into each other, marked only by Alan entering or departing, or by Major Lee pausing in the doorway to glance silently, first at his daughter, and then at the small, motionless figure upon the bed.

It had rained early in the night, and now the breath of the wet flowers down in the garden was fresh and cool. Sidney went over to the window, and looked out at the distant darkness of the dawn. The silent night was a hush of breathless expectancy. The gray sky, the stars fading as the east lifted and whitened, the misty outlines of sleeping houses, were all waiting; and for what? Death! She knelt down by the window, resting her face upon her folded arms. Alan was in the next room. What if it were Alan lying there upon the bed, without words, or motion, or remembrance; Alan who was waiting death; Alan who would be — nothing? Down below, the wall between the two gardens began to loom out of the crystal dark; one by one, as though to some unheard call, the trees shaped themselves in the mist. How strangely one were night and day; how all life grew out of death! Human existence, like an endless spiral touching light and darkness, life and death, stretches into eternity: a blossom falls; a seed ripens; another flower blows — to die! Over and over, the pastime of eternity enacts itself, and the heartbreak of the world gathers into one word, "Why?" Yet with the majesty of an inevitable certainty proceeds the universe. Men's cries and wonders echo far into the past, and accompany the present; yet all the while the perfection of detail never falters, — seedtime and harvest, night and day, life and death.

A Lombardy poplar, close to the house,

swayed and shivered in the night wind. Sidney felt rather than saw that flying quiver of its leaves which is a voice made visible. Each smallest leaf obeyed in beauty the same law that orders star systems, scattered thick as dust in the vast silences of space. How all things are only one thing!

What were those words she had read to her aunt? "*All things work together for good.*" What if that were true? What if one could believe it for life and death as well as for the leaf and star? They do work together, surely, — each grows out of the other; but suppose it were for good, suppose it were with some sort of purpose? "Working together for good"? They would be part of a plan, then; there would be a meaning somewhere. It would not matter whether the meaning were understood. The good need not be a human good; it might be an infinite and unknowable good, one which needed men's pain for its perfection; but to think that there was a good somewhere! To feel *that* would make up, perhaps, for grief and for death; one's own death, — yes, surely, a thousand times! "*The Eternal God is thy refuge.*" A purpose, — if there were such a thing, — seen or unseen, would be a refuge. But the Dominant Will which enacts its own tragedy forever is caprice, — traveling without motive, in the circle of eternity! Yet if it were true, — just suppose it were true, and all things did work together for good, all things did have some purpose and meaning, — then one could be content to cease, just as that star dropped out of darkness into the growing brightness behind the edge of the world. But if one loved the star? Would it be enough that it were swallowed up in light, swallowed up in what was itself, if it should not dawn again? Suppose it were Alan lying there, would it be enough to say, The Eternal God is my refuge? That is, there is an Eternal Meaning in it all — if it were Alan?

The bank of mist in the east melted into filmy bars; they throbbed as though they hung before some beating heart of light; the bushes in the garden grew out of the shadows like soft balls of darkness, and the Virginia creeper, hanging from the lintel of the window, showed in wavering streamers black against the sky. Sidney strained her eyes down into the gloom; surely, over against the evergreen hedge, where the tall lilies stood, there was a gleam of white? The garden was very still; not a tremor of air stirred the motionless leaves, or the roses on the lattice below the window; but there was a wandering perfume from the white trumpets of the petunias in Miss Sally's border, and then a breath of the keen sweetness of mignonette brushed her cheek, and she seemed to hear Alan's voice, as she heard it once before in the fragrance of mignonette: "Do you love me, Sidney?" What if it were Alan?

Oh, if there were a refuge! But is there anything that is eternal? Endless desire, endless restlessness, or call it the pain of life, — for is not life desire? Oh, weariness of longing which is the expression of the universe, which is eternal! And the deepest longing is for a meaning. Conduct is not everlasting; conduct is only expediency, the deepest and most subtle selfishness; her father had shown her that beyond a doubt. But expediency is necessity, in one way; or call it Right. "All things work together." Is not conduct part of all? — conduct, and the perception of right, and the pain of sin, and the mystery of love, and that demand of the soul for *Something* which would explain all things, the Eternal Meaning of all. To see a meaning would be to find a refuge; yes, it would be like arms in which one rested and trusted.

What is this which beckons to the stars, or lifts the sweetness from the flowers? What is this which makes

the thought of Alan flash into her brain? What is it which moulds the rain into a drop in the heart of that rose, and brings the instant remembrance of Miss Sally's love of roses to burn Sidney's eyes with tears and lay upon her heart the burden of regret? All working together; all one; an eternal — what? Force? All these were force, and force is *one*, and "force is the energy of a cause." Who said that? Never mind, now; Sidney could not stop for verification, with her hand upon a fact.

Like a person walking in the dark, through perilous places, she had put her hand upon something, firm and sure; she knew not what, but she clung to it. If Miss Sally had spoken to her at that moment, Sidney would not have heard her.

After all, it was this oneness, this cause, — her father stopped at the energy, — which people called eternal, which they chose to name God; that was all. They might as well have named it anything, or left it without a name. It meant nothing; there is no such thing as justice or pity behind phenomena; so how could it help her, how could it comfort her, to admit the unity of the force which produces at once pity and the suffering which calls it forth? But if there were a Purpose, a Meaning, in the expression of this Force, — and phenomena is its expression? Ah, if? Surely then we might be content not to speak of it as it affected humanity; we might be content to leave out such definitions and limitations as "pity" and "justice." That it *was* would be enough. But why should such a Meaning seem so much to her? Only that her soul claimed it; was not this very claiming an expression of it? Might not Death belong to it, and life belong to it; would not love be in it; would not all things be *It*? If this were so, then it was the explanation and the mystery, the certainty and the doubt, the meaning of all things, the refuge and the Eternal God!

The clouds across the east had caught the light upon their rippling gray, and turned to fire. It seemed as though, far up above the world, a wind without noise was blowing across flames. She turned to look at Miss Sally. All was still; the sick woman was sleeping in the profoundest quiet. "That is good for her," Sidney thought, with a strange reverence for her own tenderness, which was not hers, except as she was part of the Eternal Meaning, as she was one with her aunt herself.

The dawn had transfigured Miss Sally's face with a light which thrilled Sidney like a touch out of the darkness. Outside, the brightness in the east widened and spread until the whole sky was a luminous shadow, which began to flush and glow, and along the eastern hills a film of gold rose like a mist across the flames. The Cause; the Meaning; which was always; which was strong; which was right, — at least inevitable. If it were Alan going out into blankness, that is going back into this mystery, or Cause, to be part of it forever, as he had been part of it always, but not to be Alan always, would it seem right? No, "right" was not the word; she could find no word. But the pain would be part of the mystery, part of the Eternal Purpose, and so, bearable. Sorrow worked together with joy in the Meaning of all things, and therefore could be borne. But one could not use little words, little human words like "right" and "justice," to make it seem worth while to suffer. Oh, just to rest upon a certain Purpose! — that would be enough. A Refuge. Yes, yes, but what terror! It did not make life less terrible; it only filled it with confidence and peace. It made it worth living, if it were lived struggling for oneness with the Eternal Purpose, of which sorrow was as much a part as joy, death as life.

Back over the evergreens there was a rim of gold. Sidney held her breath

and looked. How quickly, how greatly, it grew, pushed up from the darkness into the wide spaces of the endless air, fuller and rounder, the whole generous, beautiful soul of light! A bird over by the white lilies twittered, and another answered, and then another, and another. The Eternal: for the sun, for the birds, for her. The Eternal was that exquisite pain of joy in the beauty of the dawn; it was the passion of desire for itself; it was the instinct of unselfishness, the terror of remorse; it was her Refuge. "I don't know how," she heard herself saying in a sobbing breath; "but that I want a Meaning proves it, — it is the *want!*"

Does not the hunger of the body declare that there is bread? Even so the hunger of the soul implies immortal food! She did not speak of love, for love was swallowed up in that of which it is only one single expression.

Outside, the world was waking to its old story of disappointment and continual hope, but Sidney, standing in the golden light, saw a new heaven and a new earth. A thread of smoke went up

from one of the chimneys of the tenements beyond Mrs. Paul's house. The salutation of the dawn smote like a finger of flame upon countless windows, gray a moment before, and beckoned men out to their labor. The splendor of the dawn, the small needs of living, the swaying and murmuring of far-off seas, the flute in a bird's throat, the melting back into It all which we call death, the consciousness of Itself which we call life, — all were one. Sidney looked down at the smile of her garden, and then at the silent, smiling face upon the pillow; as she did so, her father entered. He stopped an instant at Miss Sally's side, and touched her hand; the look upon his face turned Sidney white. "Father?"

"My darling," he said in a whisper, "she is dead."

He would have taken Sidney in his arms, but she put her hands upon his breast, and breathed rather than spoke. "No, not dead, — there is no death. Life and death are one; the Eternal Purpose holds us all, always. Father — I have found God."

Margaret Deland.

THE USE AND LIMITS OF ACADEMIC CULTURE.

ALTHOUGH academic culture has long held a high place in the esteem of the American people, the conditions of their life have, naturally enough, made them in the main seekers for immediate results. They have had a work of pioneering to do, the like of which has never fallen to the lot of any civilized people. They have had to subjugate a rude nature, and bring a continent into a certain fitness for the uses of man. All this they have done with marvelous rapidity; at the same time they have preserved a good share of the spirit of culture. It is one of the most

beautiful incidents of the work done among a people that, though they have been on the very frontier of civilization for more than two centuries, they have retained a lively affection for high ideals of education. Everywhere they have carried with them into the wilderness an aspiration for more culture than their circumstances permitted them to attain. This is nowhere better shown than in the histories of schools, to which they have given not only money, but devotion, and both in a measure never known before. Although, in all their pioneering work, our people have main-

tained the ideal of education even more fixedly than their religious creeds, it is no matter for surprise that their schools have failed to serve the needs of the communities which so carefully cherished them. Their teachers, usually withdrawn in a singularly complete way from the life of their time, have become separated in interests from the society which supports them, and have made little effort to accommodate the training they give the youth to the requirements of the world. The youth just emerged from the seclusion of his college, where he has been in no wise fitted for the rough and tumble of active life, has been the subject of endless jesting in the newspapers. His shortcomings, it is true, have been painted in overhigh colors, but there has been much truth in the rude pictures. His training has not made him sharp at a bargain, his scraps of knowledge have little relation to the affairs in which his fellow-men are engaged, and at the outset of his career he has to unlearn many of the lessons which his schooling has taught him. In a few years he has usually lost all save the mere shadow of the information he gained during his academic life, and at best retains only the general enlargement which his scholastic career impressed upon him. At first, the ampler view of the world which general culture brings is of no distinct advantage to the youth; it serves him best only when he has won his place among men, and then is no longer referable to his college training.

In these ways it has come about that our colleges have gradually fallen into a certain disfavor with the masses of our people. Although new institutions of the name spring up on every hand, although the system of instruction in these schools has undergone and is still undergoing much improvement, they are less and less resorted to by our youth. Each year more find their way to the professions and other educated

callings through schools of a lower grade. They are led by a number of reasons to seek this shorter way to the walks of active life. From much questioning of parents who have selected these more immediate ways of education for their children, as well as of the youths who have themselves chosen this path, I have been led to conclusions which I find to be identical with those of my friends who have made similar inquiries. These are, in effect, that young men are turned away from our higher institutions of learning by the following-named considerations: first, that a college education costs more money than can be afforded for the training of a youth; second, that it requires so much time that a young man is belated in entering upon the practical duties of life; third, that the system of academic training is in general not of a nature to aid a student in most occupations, be they professional or other.

It will not do to dismiss these criticisms with the statement that they are in error, nor is it reasonable to conclude that it is the commercial spirit in our American people which is leading them from the ideals of culture, inducing them to set momentary gain against the interests of the higher education. Our people have clung to the theory of academic training through two centuries and a half of arduous struggle with the difficulties which have beset their efforts to found societies. If their ancient trust in the goodness of colleges is waning, it behooves those who have charge of such institutions to affirm it again, by all proper efforts to accommodate the work of these institutions to the needs of the people they should serve. Moreover, every unprejudiced observer of our colleges is convinced that there is a certain amount of truth in the objections which are urged to the work done in these schools. If he looks closely to their plans of education, he perceives that these plans were devised to meet a very

different condition of society from that which now exists. When the essential features of our schools of collegiate grade were determined, the only youths whose interests could be fitly served by a liberal education were those destined for the church, the law, the medical profession, and the few who were to pursue the career of independent gentlemen. Without the bounds of these occupations there were soldiers, sailors, clerks, and tradesmen, none of whom were usually supposed to require other than a very elementary education, save in the practical training for their respective callings.

This condition of society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries seems to us now as old as that of ancient Rome; in all that relates to the occupations of men, it is indeed much nearer to that olden day than to our own age. Within this century, the development of natural science and the mechanic arts has led to an increase in the scope of duty demanding a high intellectual training, greater than that attained in all the preceding centuries put together. Moreover, the larger part of the education and instruction required for these new and manifold vocations of the engineer, the tasks of railway administration, has found no place in our academic training. Recognizing these facts, the judicious critic sees the reasons for the rough judgment of the careful parent, of the judicious youth, who believe that the college costs too much, requires too much time, and does not fit a man for the work which he needs to do for a living. At the same time, the critical person will see abundant reasons why it is desirable to keep the training of our youths, whether their occupations are to lie within the limits of the ancient professions or in the newer field of educated labor, within academic walks, rather than to transfer it to purely technical schools.

There can be no question that there is an immediate practical advantage in

sending a boy of eighteen, who means to be an engineer or to devote his life to any of the applications of science to the arts, at once to the schools where the curriculum is designed to fit him for such work. Each hour of his exercises and all of the social influences of the place lead him straight forward to his purpose. At the end of three or four years his mind has been trained to activities of a thoroughly purposeful sort, and he goes forth to his task prepared as no ordinary college boy can be for definite employment. If our object in education were alone to make young men effective craftsmen of the better sort, no education could be better suited to this end, and for all but the gentlemen of leisure, divines, physicians, and jurists, the technical school, with its project of direct accomplishment, would afford the ideal system. There are doubtless many persons of intelligence who hold that, all things considered, this plan of turning the youth at once into channels of thought and action which he is to follow through his life is the best for his individual interests, as well as for those of the community which he is to serve. I have heard it maintained that the narrowing of the range of intellectual interests which this system brings about is advantageous, for the reason that the concentration which it secures makes it easier for the youth to win success; for he applies to one kind of thinking energy which, with a wider plan of education, might have been dissipated over many. A little consideration of the large problem of education will, I believe, convince any reasonable person that not only is this a narrow view of the province of education, and unjust to the youths who are cramped by its narrow conditions, but it is otherwise impolitic. There is no better point at which to set forth the essential principles of academic culture than this, for the demands of the practical man bring us to the essence of the whole matter.

No one can well question the statement that the moral and intellectual accomplishments of man afford the most precious heritage which it is the privilege and duty of each generation to transmit to its successors. All our material wealth, all the machinery by which that wealth is created or applied, are but dust beside this store of knowledge which has descended to us from the past or has been created in our time. Few of us can leave our children the gifts of fortune, fewer yet can hope to open to them the ways for great deeds; but to us all it is granted to make our offspring in some measure free to this great heritage, which they cannot share without being enriched and ennobled. Whoever fulfills this duty of transmitting the intellectual gains of men to his successors is faithful to one of the most serious obligations which comes to a man. Whoever fails in this duty thereby tends to break the succession of the best inheritances to which mankind has claim. Therefore we may hold that the first object of all true culture is to enfranchise the youth by showing him all that we can concerning the lofty thought and action of his predecessors, as well as the nature of the universe which has been revealed by their labors. This is a great and difficult task; one which should be approached reverently and executed carefully, without overmuch consideration of the debit and credit of the world's account-books. To do this work our schools of liberal culture have been instituted, or rather, we should say, evolved through centuries of experience.

The first object of an academic institution of the higher grade is to bring together into one society a sufficient number of teachers, each of whom has mastered some branch of learning to the point where he is an authority on that subject; to associate those men in the work of inquiry and instruction, so that the youth may be brought into immediate contact with the theory and practice of

the great divisions of learning. Libraries, museums, and laboratories are necessarily a part of the means which the school uses to accomplish its ends, but the essential feature of the instruction consists in its *personnel*. With two or three score of instructors, the greater part of the realm of knowledge may be properly represented in the teaching and research work of the college; if it be a true university, two or three hundred teachers are required. With such a body of men, at once skilled in the methods of inquiry and in the arts of the teacher, the school may, if its government be rightly constituted, hope to create a noble intellectual atmosphere. It has at least provided one half of the foundations on which a true academic life may be built. The other half of the life of a great school consists in a large body of young men who, by their previous training, have been brought to a state where they are fitted not only to receive instruction, but, by their intelligent sympathy and coöperation, to inspire their teachers in their tasks. From such a union of pupils and teachers arises the combination of knowledge and enthusiasm which constitutes the university spirit. It cannot be created by endowments; it cannot, indeed, be created at all; it must be developed, in most cases slowly, by a process of gradual accretion, such as leads to the formation of all complicated social conditions.

Where the association of fit teachers and students has led to the institution of a well-founded seat of general culture, we find an atmosphere peculiarly suited to secure the rapid intellectual and moral growth of young men. In part, these enlarging influences are due to personal contact with learned men who are devoting their lives to high ends; in part, it arises from association with a large body of youths of their own race, from whom they receive, through the thousand ways of daily intercourse, the best spirit of their time.

A large part of the student body consists of persons who have been more than a year under the control of the school, and who have acquired the tone of the institution from the teachers and from the preceding classes. The resident body of pupils in a good school of any grade may be likened to a great household, where every inmate so shares in giving and receiving influences that there is a common quality imparted to all who dwell beneath its roof. Only those who for years have seen the singular enlargement which this communal life gives to the youths of a great school can have any adequate conception of its value, not only to the individuals who immediately share it, but to the society and the state which in the end have the profit of the work. It has been my peculiar good fortune to spend more than a quarter of a century in intimate contact with the students of Harvard University. Each year I have seen a body of young men come to the institution, in the shape given them by their household education or the training of the fitting-schools. When they appear as members of the lower classes, they represent the whole range of family and school influences of our country. Some of them are already cultivated young persons, with the combined manliness and delicacy which good home training alone can insure; but the greater number of the matriculants are youths who, though of good parts, have had scanty contact with educated men, and are in much need of academic conditions for their enlargement. It is the greatest privilege of the teacher to see how, month by month, and often day by day, the good seed in these young men springs into life, under the forming conditions of their schooling. If it were possible to set before the reader a series of pictures which should show the usual stages of intellectual development of youths in their four years' life in this university, and against them to place a similar series

depicting the history of their playmates who had been nurtured on the scantier fare of real bread-winning life, we should have no further need to debate the value of academic training.

To accomplish its peculiar academic work, a school has to be in a measure separated from the motives of the society in which it dwells, which is in the main employed in bread-winning or less noble forms of getting on in the world. Such a school needs to consider knowledge as good in itself, without much reference to economic profit; while society must ever try acquirement mainly by the tests of utility. Herein lies the chief difficulty in the relation of our higher schools to the people who maintain them, either with money or pupils. The schools must adhere to their idea of learning for culture's sake, for the sake of the enlargement which it brings; the people must see to it that their children do not become, through their education, inapt for the work which life is to impose on them. So far as is consistent with their duty to education, the authorities of these schools should see to it that the methods of training and the subjects taught should fit the needs of the people whom the institutions are meant to serve. It seems to me that, without sacrificing any essential part of the objects or methods of academic culture, our institutions of higher education might meet all the new demands which the intelligent public would put upon them.

Considering only the greater colleges and universities of this country, it is evident that we may regard the professional schools which are grouped about them as not open to serious criticism by any intelligent person, however practical minded he may be. They take the least possible time and preliminary training to fit graduates for their callings. The most commercial-spirited critic is likely to find that they call for too little of either of these investments for the

return they are expected to make. It is against the curriculum and other features of the collegiate or strictly academic training that objections can be made. The question is, What, if anything, can be done to spare time and cost from this period of culture, and to make it better serve the needs of society? In order to approach this question in the best manner, we should first notice the fact that within thirty years all of our greater colleges have very much increased the difficulty of attaining admission to their lower classes. Within that time, Harvard University has required at least one year more of work preparatory to admission to its college course. As the period ordinarily required for attaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts is still four years, the result is that the academic life of the student is prolonged by that one fourth. It has been the expectation of those who have had a part in effecting this change that the preparatory schools would in some way manage to advance the work of their pupils, so that they should enter the college no older than before the change was made; but the fact is, these schools seem unable to bring American boys forward at the same rate that they are advanced in the German gymnasia or the public schools of England. The result is that the American boy matriculates at an average age of eighteen and a half, and graduates at the age of about twenty-two. At the same time, the professional schools have found it absolutely necessary to add at least one year to their course, and those which teach medicine should have at least four years' time for their work. Thus it comes about that the young man who proposes to add professional training to liberal culture is usually six or seven and twenty years of age before he has passed through Harvard College and its professional schools. Add to this the novitiate period, in which the young lawyer or doctor is forming the relations

which lead to profitable practice, and youth has passed before his life-work is fairly begun.

It needs no argument to show that the period of preparation cannot be shortened by taking time from the professional side of the student's work. If we accept the obligation of general culture, it is also unnecessary to argue that lawyers, or doctors, or engineers should have an academic training; therefore, if any gain in time can be made, it must be taken from the collegiate period. There are several ways in which we may reasonably hope to spare time from academic study without very seriously interfering with the objects of that culture: we may diminish the term of college work, at least in the case of those who have rapidly accomplished the objects of such training, by giving the degree of Bachelor of Arts to such persons, say in three years from the time they enter the first class, while retaining for others the academic period at four years; or we may allow the student who is sufficiently advanced in his general development profitably to undertake the task, to enter upon a part of his professional studies in the third year of his college course, and to complete one year of these studies before he gives himself altogether to such work. There is, indeed, the simpler, more practical, yet to the conservative minded less satisfactory project, which is to limit the academic period absolutely to three years; thus in appearance, at least, saving a year of time for professional training, and gaining a proportionally earlier entrance on technical duty.

There are many reasons why it seems to me much better to adopt either or both of the first-described methods, rather than the apparently simpler expedient of cutting away one fourth of the academic period, only a few of which can be noted here. By making the time of change from the academic to the professional training depend in a measure

on the natural parts or acquirements of the young man, we at once take a certain step to correct the injurious and dangerous notion that there is a definite term of years required to attain the culture represented by the Bachelor's degree; by expressing it in terms of accomplishment rather than by college years, we may secure a better understanding as to the purpose of such schooling. The variation in the development of our college boys at the beginning of their Junior year is very great: some of them have already gained all they imperatively need to obtain from academic work, and may be trusted to begin their professional training, with confidence that they will take with them into the new field of work the spirit which the college seeks to impart; others need ampler education; and in the case of those who do not intend to pursue professional studies, the usual academic term of four years is by no means too long for them to follow with profit.

There are many persons who fear that the introduction into college studies of courses of instruction which are evidently designed to fit men for professional pursuits will tend to break up the intellectual freedom of the youth by introducing the immediate ends of the craftsman where those of pure culture should prevail. But such criticism overlooks the fact that our higher professions, not only those of the old-time learning, but many modern occupations as well, demand for their training subjects and methods which lie well within the limits of academic teaching, and which may be pursued with equal profit by those who seek enlargement only and by those who intend to use them to economic ends. The only objection to the latter method is on account of the danger which it brings that the youth will approach the subject with money-getting for his main purpose; but few who know the quality of our young men will attach any importance to this fear. While it would clearly

be most unwise to make our colleges in any considerable way devote their training to professional ends, much would be gained by introducing into the college course as elective subjects a share of those more general studies which are necessary in the preparation of men for any liberal occupation. In the case of young men preparing for the law, the subjects of Evidence, Property, Constitutional Law, and Legal History would perhaps be suited to this end. In medicine, the subjects of Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, including its physiological application, and *Materia Medica*, which are substantially the studies pursued in the Harvard Medical School during the first year of its course, would serve as well for academic teaching as a large part of the courses now taken by undergraduates in Harvard College. In the same way, a considerable portion of the education necessary for the equipment of persons who design following the various branches of engineering, architecture, or other callings demanding professional training could properly be distributed through the college course.

On this last point concerning the effect of the share of the professional motive which this project would introduce among our college students, I feel very sure, because I have had a good deal of practical experience in the matter; perhaps, indeed, more than has fallen to many of my fellow-teachers. For twenty years I have taught geology in Harvard College. This science lends itself to both academic and professional ends. It often happens that a student who first approaches the study with the object of culture alone finally determines to pursue it as a profession. At first, as I was deeply imbued with the notion of the difference between pure and applied science, having always valued academic training for its independence of gainful motives, I was doubtful concerning the effect of mingling this professional study with that designed for culture alone;

but in instances now to be numbered by scores I have seen nothing but good come from this course. The share of the gainful motive which enters into the work of the student is never sufficient to lead him away from the ends of enlargement; if he shows too much inclination to devote himself to one class of studies, a little discussion of the matter will bring him to see that his general education must not be neglected. It often happens that the ablest students, after a time in college, have satisfied their possibilities of culture for its own sake, and can no longer find comfort in endeavors which are not related to deeds they desire to accomplish in active life. To such persons, a choice of courses, pursued with the idea of the deeds they are to do, affords a real inspiration: they become more active minded, and through their quickening find their way to more true culture than they would have attained if their labor had been kept within the limits of the so-called pure studies. I am at length convinced against my original prejudices, the best possible way to well-founded conviction, that it would conduce to the academic development of the greater part of our college students to have a distinct professional motive fixed in their minds soon after they enter college.

It is clear that there is a great educational evil in the utter difference in the motives which characterize our colleges and professional schools. In the colleges it is best to have culture for the standard, and in the schools which fit a man for his occupation that fitness should be the object of the labor; but it is not reasonable to say to a youth, "You shall spend four years of pure developing study, with no mind for practical things, and then at once devote the remainder of your school time to pursuits where you must no longer consider culture as of any particular account." If a college education has value as a preparation for life, it certainly should manifest its

influence in the first steps which young men take towards their occupations. That the student should abandon all effort at enlargement as soon as he has received his degree as Bachelor of Arts, that he should devote all his time thenceforth to purely technical studies, seems to me a great blunder in our method of education. In large part, this abandonment of general culture in the professional stage of our schooling is due to the fact that the student arrives at these schools so late that he must devote all his time to the technical instruction they have to give. There is so much to be acquired in the technique of the professions that there is no room for study which may serve to widen his field of knowledge or deepen his sympathy with learning. If, however, the training which tends towards the chosen profession can be begun in the Sophomore year of the college course, and a year or a year and a half of the professional education be compassed before the young man enters on his more definite preparation for a career, we may hope that the habit of combining especial acquirement designed for bread-winning with learning gained for its own sake may become common.

If this combination of professional and culture work could be in any way contrived, all the interests of education would be much better served by our universities than at present. In place of seeking at first in the college to widen the student's field of view, so that he shall compass as much learning as possible, and then suddenly narrowing that field to matters which concern a single profession, we should have no strong line dividing the professional from the academic training, but men would mingle their tasks in a profitable way. In the colleges, the greater part of the work would have general culture for its particular end, but there would be a gradual increase in the amount of work which was related to occupations; in

the professional schools, this latter class of studies would predominate, but the former would remain to give variety and refreshment. If such a method could be devised, we might hope that the habit of maintaining in after-life an interest in other matters than bread-winning pursuits might become more general than it is at present; for we now provide a method of estoppel by which, so far as in us lies, we prevent the student from developing the interest in learning which the college course may have given him. In a sound plan of education, the life-work should be founded upon a very general training; it should not be suddenly imposed upon this general culture, but should be merged in it, in a way to create no surprise or break of continuity in the methods of thought and action. In our present methods we utterly depart from this rule in making a break between academic and professional education, which is damaging to the best interests of both classes of study.

Not the least of the advantages which would arise from this proposed combination of professional studies with the college work would be found in the greater union of interests between the several faculties of the university. The obvious tendency of our present methods is to separate the academic teachers from those who work in the professional schools as completely as though they belonged in entirely distinct institutions. They have no common interests, and their influence on each other, except through chance relations, is unimportant. This is a great evil, for it is an essential purpose of a university to bring its teachers as well as students into the closest relations, in order that from the association a spirit of broad culture may arise. The proposed system would favor this interaction, while the present system operates to prevent it.

We turn now to the question of the money cost of college training. There can be no question that this is a diffi-

culty which seriously besets the problem of education; it is more serious in this than in other countries, for the reason that in the United States we have come to rely upon these institutions for much of the enlargement which in other lands is secured in divers ways. In countries where there are great museums, a rich architecture, and abundant monuments of the past, there is a kind of culture which the public insensibly attains, which as yet is wanting in this continent. The desire, so common among our people, to secure a college education should be fostered in every way; for through it we may hope to obtain for them access to culture denied by their surroundings, though it is made particularly necessary by the intense nature of their commercial life. The amount of money available for the higher education in any community must, under the existing conditions of the distribution of wealth, always be small. To by far the greater number of households the cost of a college education is an impassable barrier to its use. To send a child to college makes it necessary for the parents to keep him from earning money until he is of man's estate. The tax which a college education puts upon the greater number of people, though serious at all times, has become more so in modern days. The cost of such education has increased within the last fifty years more rapidly than the gain in the average income of households. This is in part due to the higher standard of all the ideals of life among the youth of the colleges, and in part to the considerable increase in the charges for term bills, books, and laboratory apparatus.

The scale of living expenses in a college society is even more affected by social influences than it is in an ordinary community. The very element of sympathy of the youth with his mates which makes the contact of college life so educational tends to this end. The youths are insensibly and most naturally led to

adopt the habits of the place; they are apt to find a charm in connection with the men who, from the superior wealth and culture of the families from which they spring, may have an agreeable finish of manner as well as an acquaintance with the ways of the world, which is very attractive. Here arises a deal of unnecessary and unfit expense, which tells seriously on the family purse, or starts the youth on his career with a burden of debt. The only way out of the evil is through public opinion developed within the walls of the college, which is apt, there as elsewhere, to mend such ills. From all I can hear, I am inclined to believe that this disposition of the poorer young men to ape the rich is diminishing, if not disappearing, from our colleges. Certainly, in Harvard University there has been a great change, of late years, for the better in this regard. This may be due in part to the fact that, relatively, more men of moderate or narrow means resort to this school than in the years following the war. In part, the betterment is explained by the fact that in a large body of about two thousand youths the society is much divided, and the very rich keep so far to themselves and constitute so small a part of the whole corps that they no longer set the fashion of conduct. In larger measure, we may attribute the gain to the keener interest in study which has arisen from the extension of freedom in the choice of work, and the more definite relation of the school tasks to manly duty.

Much remains to be done to bring our greater colleges to the theory of plain living as the best foundation for high thinking. In this connection I may notice an interesting experiment now under trial at Harvard College, which promises to secure an advance towards this ideal. A society of officers and students, known as the Foxcroft Club, have, in a building granted by the college authorities, established a simple dining-

place, with a few good study rooms which contain a small collection of reference books. Here about one hundred students, who desire or need to practice economy, take their meals at a cost of from two to three dollars per week, according as they may choose their portions of food from a simple bill of fare. Having good study rooms at their disposal, they may take lodgings at a distance from the college, where rooms are cheap; they may also save the expense of lights, fire, and the dearer books they need to use. The association forms a natural self-supporting society, strong enough to uphold its members in their economic motives.

The great difficulty connected with the money cost of an academic training arises from the large sum charged for tuition in the greater colleges. In Harvard College this sum is one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, or about one third of the necessary expenses of the student. It is relatively as well as absolutely much greater than it was fifty years ago; that is, it now forms a larger part of the total required expenditure of the undergraduate than of old. The reason for the increase is found in the vast extension of the machinery of instruction, such as libraries, laboratories, and the salaries of instructors. It is now necessary to provide an average of one teacher for each ten students, counting the librarians and other members of the administration staff. The libraries, laboratories, and museums alone at the present time cost more than was required for the support of the whole school half a century ago. In a similar manner, the expenses of all our colleges and universities of a good grade have grown with their gain in numbers. While the gifts to these institutions have been great in amount, they have not been at all proportionate to the increase in their needs created by the advance in the system of education. Although in Harvard University the money available in scholarships,

or in other ways serving to reduce the expenses of students, amounts to more than sixty thousand dollars per year, only one twelfth of it can be promised to applicants before they have proved their ability to maintain a high rank in their studies. The chance of obtaining these ordinary scholarships seems to the student too remote to be reckoned on safely.

It would be much more useful to our colleges to have the gifts designed to aid poor students made directly available for reducing the tuition fee than given, as they now are, for scholarships. It is true, the rich as well as the poor would profit by the reduction; but the numerous collateral disadvantages of scholarships, particularly the evils which arise from the fact that candidates for such places are driven to strive for high rank, and are thus forced to take studies which may not be in the direction of their needed culture, go far to offset this objection. If the tuition fee of Harvard College could be reduced to fifty dollars per annum, it would each year open the doors of that institution to hundreds who now find themselves debarred from its advantages by lack of money. Unfortunately, the immediate loss of revenue from such a reduction would amount to the interest on

about two and a half million dollars. It is doubtful if the interests of the higher education would be served by overmuch diminution in the sacrifices which parents now have to make to procure it for their children. This clearly desirable academic culture should be open to those alone who have some natural fitness to receive such training, and are willing to strive for it; but no one familiar with the struggle of worthy youths to win a liberal education, or with the trials of parents to secure it for them, can doubt that the cost is far too high for the public good.

We may now briefly sum up the present conditions of our academic education with reference to the demands of the people. More attention should be given to the kinds of learning which relate to the work of the world; an order of study is required which will prepare young men for learned occupations at a less advanced age than at present; and, finally, a diminution in the money cost of the higher education is imperatively called for. If these demands receive a fair hearing, and are granted so far as is consistent with the needs of true culture, there is no reason to doubt that our colleges will maintain and affirm the hold which they have always had on the affections of our people.

N. S. Shaler.

MADAME CORNUEL AND MADAME DE COULANGES.

WE know how small a fragment is required by science in order to reconstruct the perfect organism, but what can literature do with only a handful of epigrams out of which to form a living, breathing woman?

Of Madame Cornuel, the wit *par excellence* of Louis XIV.'s court, little more remains to us than a few epigrammatic sayings, which, during that reign,

were in as general circulation as a national currency. Madame de Grignan, in Provence, receiving these *bon mots* through her mother's letters, finds them as charming as did the courtier who first drew them from the mint. Pomponne, the minister of state, "goes into fits of laughter over the epigrams," and begs he may not lose a single one. In fact, contemporary memoirs concern

themselves so exclusively with Madame Cornuel epigrammatically, and not personally, that what survives to us of her individual self is marvelously small. It is a shadow of a shade, a disembodied spirit, keen, shrewd, bright, but unsubstantial.

She was Anne Bigot, daughter of a certain intendant of M. de Guise, who, by virtue of his office, was styled Bigot de Guise. The family came originally from Orleans, and the M. Bigot in question, although he seems to have been involved in certain discreditable business matters, was very rich. He was nevertheless glad and proud to give his daughter to M. Cornuel, *trésorier de l'extraordinaire des guerres*, and brother of the better known President Cornuel.

Anne Bigot is said to have been remarkably pretty, and from her earliest years to have shown close observation, and that keen intelligence to which observation is the handmaid. She was very young when she attracted the attention of the elderly treasurer, — at the burial of his first wife, it is said, although some accounts substitute a rural *fête* as the place of meeting, when, in accordance with local custom, M. Cornuel gallantly removed the bouquet from Mademoiselle Bigot's corsage, to indicate the serious character of his intentions.

M. Cornuel, royal treasurer though he was, was generally esteemed foolish and weak-minded. In his family Madame Cornuel found two young girls of about her own age: Mademoiselle Le Gendre, the child of the first wife by a previous marriage, and M. Cornuel's own daughter, Margot, whom La Grande Mademoiselle mentions among the fine people collected at Forges. By a curious blunder, Mademoiselle Le Gendre is considered by La Houssaye to have been Anne Bigot's daughter; and he says that, having reached the age of forty-five, and finding her mother continue to neglect the duty of suitably marrying her, she reproached her with the same, and drew

from Madame Cornuel the bon mot that, at their age, the only proper sacraments were extreme unction and the viaticum. As the relationship of Mademoiselle Le Gendre to Madame Cornuel was then perfectly understood, this little slander is doubtless invented to supply a *mise en scène* for the epigram which survived without explanatory *entourage*.

The house containing these three young women, all very pretty and *éveillées*, was visited by the world of fashion; for they had, it is said, *bien de l'esprit*, and this *esprit* was a trifle mischievous, "which," explains some chronicler, "is what made it so agreeable."

In that gossip-loving, memoir-writing age, this is all that can be gleaned of the youth of the *bel esprit en titre* of the most brilliant court of Europe in the seventeenth century. The oblivion of time has effaced the blooming girl, but spared the bon mots. In that age, an epigram, acknowledged or anonymous, waited upon every public event, and the witty comments upon current incidents attributed to Madame Cornuel seem as abundant as if she had really delivered them upon official call. One may read the history of the period in her sayings, which are the plums in many a contemporary pudding; yet so impartially are her sarcasms distributed that, unaided by the facts of her personal story, it is impossible to discover her individual opinions upon any question of importance.

She was of the court, yet no historian of court life has ever materialized for us her delicate spirit, Ariel-like in subtlest swift appearing and vanishing. We have never seen a eulogy upon her costume at royal balls or at the king's "after suppers;" yet that she was present is evident from the aptness of her delicate personal criticisms of people who are so much better known to fame than she. That she did not lack for homage within that sacred circle is undoubted. Who could afford to be uncivil to a woman

who, La Feuillade said, "could have turned into ridicule even the battle of Rocroi itself, the finest thing which had occurred since the days of the Romans, had she so inclined"? In fact, her trenchant blade too often struck home not to have been aimed by one thoroughly conversant with the weak points in the armor of each courtier. Of the Comtesse de Fiesque, that best known figure among the ladies of the court of Anne of Austria and of the early years of the reign of Louis le Grand, — she who was styled "Madame la Comtesse" as the wife of the reigning Condé was "Madame la Princesse," the "one and only," — Madame Cornuel has some stinging words on record. She said the countess's beauty was preserved to so great an age, eighty-four years, because "she was salted down in folly," or, as another memoir-writer has it, "preserved in extravagance, as cherries in brandy."

It was this Madame la Comtesse who, Saint-Simon tells us, bought one of the large and very costly mirrors then just coming into fashion, saying to her friends, who knew her slender means and the extent to which she was pillaged by her servants, "I had a miserable bit of land, which yielded me only corn. I sold that, and bought this mirror instead. Who would hesitate between corn and this beautiful glass?"

Madame Cornuel called Madame la Comtesse "a mill which ran by words;" and once, when the lady was defending a friend from the charge of being crazy, she said, "Ah, but you are like people who have eaten garlic."

When Madame de Guerchi, the Comtesse de Fiesque's daughter, died, it was said that the mother did not know whether to laugh or cry. Bussy-Rabutin surmises that "her fun was dearer to her than her children."

Of another courtier, one who was such by nature, and long identified with the etiquette of public royal ceremonies, — that Duc de Richelieu of whom Madame

de Sévigné has so much to say, — Madame Cornuel thought, "The duke *has* a good heart, but to administer so good a heart some judgment is required."

The Marquis d'Alleuye having recently paid her a visit, she remarked that he "looked like a dead man, and so changed that I was on the point of asking him if he had permission of the grave-digger to go to town."

Poor M. Jeaninin de Castille, whom Bussy-Rabutin so cruelly ridiculed, Madame Cornuel said had been "born dead."

She wickedly hinted that the brave Marshal Duras, who commanded at Philipsburg, "was like an almanac, — he made so many predictions that he must sometimes hit the truth."

Madame de Lionne, wife of the secretary of state, Mazarin's most accomplished pupil in diplomacy, was a woman who would never have been tolerated in any other age or society. Madame Cornuel one day said, when called upon to admire her superb diamond ear-rings, "Ah, madame, your jewels remind me of the bacon in the mouse-trap."

This was the Madame de Lionne whom Madame de Sévigné crossed off her list of acquaintances, and whom society at last forced to retire to a convent, that retreat for assorted sinners. There, alas! she did not experience sanctification and final canonization, according to accepted programme, but she forsook it so soon as the public had forgiven (or forgotten) her misdeeds; and this was not long.

None of the faults and failings of humanity seem to have escaped those keenest eyes; yet Madame Cornuel's comments are those of a shrewd and not unkindly nature, rather than such shafts as poison when they wound. Madame de Sévigné says her bon mots were uttered "with abandon, and with that finest grain of malice which rendered them still more agreeable."

She seldom employed that form of

wit whose point lies in the inversion and torture of words. The spirit of epigram she conceived to be of organic growth, not a phantom materialized for a moment's amusement. Many of her bon mots are more delicately witty than those of Madame de Sévigné. In fact, the latter's brilliance was rather that of refined humor, while Madame Cornuel's wit is as keen as anything to be found in French literature.

The most famous and perhaps the best example of her wit was uttered upon the occasion of the death of France's great, perhaps her greatest, general, Marshal Turenne, who was killed at Salzbach, July 27, 1675. After this event Louis XIV. created eight marshals of France to repair the country's loss. Madame Cornuel called them "the small change for Turenne."

M. Gault-de-Saint-Germain says it is astonishing that this exquisite mot should have escaped Madame de Sévigné's notice, who was so fond of securing these airy nothings to inclose in her letters to Provence. Monmerqué, trying to supply the omission, quotes Madame de Sévigné herself as saying that "the king had changed a *louis d'or* into pieces of four *sous*." But her later editor calls this brusque compared with the *spirituelle* character of the Cornuel epigram, "which," he says, "has the tone of good society, and will never be forgotten."

Although in seventeenth-century France wit would have been considered tasteless and dull, if always and altogether free from double-entendre or doubtful suggestion, the bon mots of Madame Cornuel seem to wear the conventional coarseness as the fashionable dress of the day was worn, as a disguise, a mask, a mantle, which concealed nature even while it adorned it.

What license was permitted in the society of that day may be evidenced by the more familiar letters to her daughter of Madame de Sévigné, that thoroughly pure-souled, refined woman, — letters

which are found only in the complete editions of the correspondence, and carefully excluded from *Lettres Choisies*. One wishes some fine prophetic modern perception of delicacy had been vouchsafed to the charming letter-writer and to the brilliant *bel esprit*. But there is enough on record of the true, uncontaminated mind of both women to show what lurked beneath disguise.

It is not necessary to revive these dead and forgotten epigrams to prove the quality of that keen wit which has lost its charm of immodesty for us nineteenth-century Anglo-Saxons. In 1670, they were most eagerly repeated, but we can, without their help, appreciate the *esprit* without reanimating the body of sin.

To explain many of Madame Cornuel's most witty comments upon current events requires that each mot be set in its appropriate surrounding of time and place and circumstance, making a little *historiette* for each.

It was she who gave the name of "Les Importants" to the cabal of that fair-haired darling of the people, the Duc de Beaufort, because "they were always saying they were going upon an affair of importance." The title clung to them for all time. Pasquinade, epigram, lampoon, assailed this party, whose opposition to the court was occasioned by the arrest and imprisonment of the son of the Vendômes for his championship of the oppressed queen of Louis XIII. Its second grievance was perhaps deeper, when the queen, become regent, turned her back upon the friends who had suffered in her cause, having no present need of their services. In return they gave her the Fronde, which turned out the sequel of *Les Importants*.

Of the best known squib upon this subject the following is a stanza: —

"Courir jour et nuit par la rue,
Sans affaire et sans dessein,
Faire aux farces le pied de grue,
Trancher du petit souverain ;

Avoir des brigands à sa suite,
Contrefaire les capitans,
Et des premiers prendre la fuite,
C'est ce que font Les Importants.

Fuir la vertu, suivre le vice,
Parler et rire à contretemps,
Au roi ne rendre aucune service,
C'est ce que font Les Importants."

Madame Cornuel called the Jansenists "Les Importants spirituels."

Another fruitful theme for epigram was the bloodless conquest of France's monarch by the discarded king of England, James II. Driven from his kingdom by the righteous wrath of his subjects, he landed in France in 1689, and was received in royal state and paid royal honors by Louis XIV.

"Le bel âme du roi se plaît à jouer ce grand rôle," wrote some loyal ninny. Alas! all the woes which fell upon that sunny land of France at the opening of the next century may be traced in direct sequence to "ce grand rôle" of the king. Voltaire, too, said of this reception, "Never had our king appeared so great." James's brother, the equally detestable but more fortunate Charles, second of his name, had prophesied that he would not even make a good saint. The king of England used to say that James would lose his kingdom through zeal for religion, and his soul through love for base pleasures, since his taste rejected those of a refined nature.

The ex-king was soon established in the palace of Saint-Germain as a visiting sovereign, with a large pension, a royal household and court. "Old and tired" the curious pronounced him; the queen, "pale, with eyes that have wept much, but beautiful and black."

There were not wanting French eyes clear sighted enough to pierce the shallow waters of King James's mind. Louvois said, "There is a man who has left three kingdoms for a mass." The Paris populace received with acclamations so convenient a hook upon which to hang a jest. Madame de Sévigné, never among

the dim of vision, reports, "The king has a common mind; he relates all that has passed in England with an insensibility which kills one's sensibility for him. A good enough man, who takes part in all the pleasures of Versailles." At a later period, when the ex-king, dispatched to the ill-fated campaign in Ireland, with all the magnificence of a holiday regatta-fleet, was, *en route*, entertained in Brittany by the Duc de Chaulnes, governor of the province, Madame de Sévigné marveled that "he ate, this king of England, as if there were no Prince of Orange in the world."

Speedy and abundant was the crop of depreciatory verse which sprung in ground so meet for culture. It was said of the palace of Saint-Germain:—

"'T is here that James the Second, king
Sans mistress, premier, everything,
Goes every day to early mass,
To preaching every night, alas!"

And thus his life passed, numbering Ave Marias on his beads.

Madame Cornuel said of him that "the Holy Ghost has eaten up his intellect, on account of his imbecility and his devotion."

There was a lampoon upon this theme, whose bitter satire is untranslatable, its point lying in the French rhymes:—

"Quand je veux rimer à Guillaume
Je trouve aussitôt un royaume,
Qu'il a su mettre sous les lois;
Mais quand je veux rimer à Jacques,
J'ai beau rêver, mordre mes doigts,
Je trouve qu'il a fait ses Pâques."

A much-quoted epigram of Madame Cornuel's was upon the appointment of the Marquis de Seignelai as minister to the king, upon the death of his father, Colbert, in 1689. The marquis was then only thirty-six years old, and Madame Cornuel, returning from Versailles, where Maintenon reigned, a queen uncrowned, said, "I have seen strange things,—love at the tomb, and ministers in the cradle."

De Seignelai never outgrew his youth,

but died when thirty-seven years old. On his death, his estate of Sceaux, embellished by the owner's taste for the fine arts, which had been cultivated during prolonged residence in Italy, was sold, and its beautiful pictures were scattered. Madame de Sévigné tells of a splendid fête, to which the famous one at Vaux, which sealed the doom of Fouquet, was but a village festival. When the end came, suddenly and ill timed, she exclaims, "What youth! what future! what possessions! Nothing wanting to his happiness! It would seem as if splendor itself were now dead."

Of all the magnificence of Sceaux, whose glory flamed up anew as scene of the little court of the Duchesse du Maine, nothing now remains save a solitary pedestal surmounted by a statue, mutilated and defaced. That other home of De Seignelai, the tomb in St. Eustache's church, masterpiece of Coysevox and Tubi, and executed from designs by Charles le Brun, has remained uninjured through the long succession of years of change and destruction.

Perhaps no public event in France during the reign of Louis le Grand gave rise to so many epigrams as did the king's rash creation of a large batch of chevaliers of the order of the Saint Esprit, in 1689. The full history of these appointments has probably never been made public. The wheel within wheel of royal diplomacy, of which, in its foreign relations, the state archives have preserved the record, makes it impossible to ascertain the tactics of the king. So curiously mixed was the list of candidates that in more than one instance the ribbon, when offered, was declined. We may be sure that Louis neither forgot nor forgave such insult.

Madame Cornuel said, "I do not know why the king is supposed not to love Paris, in view of the number of bourgeois chevaliers he has created."

Disputing one day with the Comte de Choiseul on the subject of these promo-

tions, she cried, "Take care, or I will nominate *your* comrades."

The order of the Saint Esprit was instituted by Henri III. to detach his nobles from the Huguenot party; no Protestants being admitted to membership therein.

Madame de Sévigné's lively account of the ceremony of investiture with the badge of the order, which took place at Versailles, January, 1689, has been so read and re-read, as a typical specimen of her style and talent for humorous description, that many of us are as familiar with the incidents of that *jour des rois* as if we too had been present with the court.

We know how the naked knees of the Maréchal de Bellefonds amused and amazed an audience unwonted to Highland garb, he having forgotten to tie down his *chausses de pays* with the necessary ribbons; and we see in vision M. de la Trousse, in all his splendor, with that unlucky wig awry and revealing what it should conceal, in spite of frantic efforts on the wearer's part to drag it into place.

Nor do we forget that encounter between M. de Montchevreuil and M. de Villars, who hooked themselves inextricably together, with such fury that lace, swords, ribbons, became interlaced, embarrassed, entangled. "All the little ultimate atoms" (*atomes crochés*) "which, according to Epicurus, form the elementary particles of matter and of all organized being, were so interlocked that no living hand could separate them; and the more they were meddled with, the more complicated grew the problem."

Through those delightful eyes of Madame de Sévigné, so penetrating, so bright, yet so softly sympathizing, we see all the ceremony, thus absurdly interrupted, and behold the climax, when chevalier from chevalier was rudely torn, the victor carrying off the spoils of gold lace and silver ribbon.

We do not wonder that Madame la

Dauphine cannot restrain her laughter at the good Hocquincourt, attired à la Provençal or à la mode de Bretagne, with those fatal chausses de pays, less roomy than desirable, and refusing to conceal the white undergarment. How fruitlessly he tugs at it, how vainly he entreats it to lie *perdu!*

It was a queer assemblage, the king's Chevaliers du Saint Esprit! The Comte de la Vauguyon, one of the number, was of humble birth, and rose to this elevated station through the good services of a *femme de chambre* of the queen mother.

Of M. de la Vauguyon and M. de Courtenay, Madame Cornuel said, upon their promotion, "The difference between them is that one can't have what he wants, and the other has what he does n't want."

Even Madame la Comtesse was moved to poetic expression, and in a burst of impromptu verse exclaimed:—

"Le roi dont la bonté le met à mille épreuves,
Pour soulager les chevaliers nouveaux,
En a dispensé vingt de porter des manteaux
Et trente de faire leur preuves."

The great Colbert himself was at times the butt of Madame Cornuel's wit. Being one day obliged to seek an audience of him, she became out of patience with his well-known and most annoying habit of never replying or giving mark of attention to what was addressed to him. "At least, sir," she begged, "have the goodness to give me some sign that you hear me." Detained in his antechamber, which was crowded to excess by persons seeking interview with the minister, she said she thought she "must be in hell,—it was so warm, and everybody appeared to be so discontented."

Madame Cornuel was treated with extraordinary rudeness by Berryer, lieutenant of police, in 1676, and obliged to await audience in a room filled with lackeys. A respectable man, entering, expressed his fears that she was very

uncomfortable. She replied, "Alas! I am well enough off *here*, since they are only his lackeys. I am not afraid of *them*."

On the occasion of the failure of the Abbé Polignac to bring with him from Rome the expected bulls to the Gallican Church, which the dying Pope Alexander VIII. was coquetting with death to avoid sending, Madame Cornuel said, "Ce ne sont pas des bulles. Ce sont des préambules,"—a bon mot whose point is lost in translation.

This Pope, dying at last, left all his personal fortune to his nephews, whereupon Pasquin said, "It would have been much better for the Church to be his niece than his daughter."

It is curious to note how much of contemporary history is connected with fashion and its nomenclature.

La palatine, a fichu of lace or muslin, took its name from the sturdy German Palatine princess, second wife of Monsieur, only brother of Louis XIV. Courageous, upright, neglected, unattractive, she was the secret critic of the court and commentator upon its manners; and her shocked sense of propriety, in view of the unveiled bosoms of the French ladies, is perpetuated in the name of this "airy nothing."

The *fontange* was so called from the beautiful, soulless Duchesse de Fontange, Louis XIV.'s last broken plaything. Her lovely locks of gold becoming loosened, on a hunting-party, the favorite bound the ringlets with her ribbon garter, their ends falling over her forehead in a shower of tiny curls. This improvised head-dress, christened *fontange* by the enamored king, became the fashion of the day, and, spreading to the provinces, was there carried to extravagant lengths. Women in Provence grew so infatuated with their beribboned ringlets that they made dying requests to be allowed to lie upon the bier with face uncovered and locks à la *fontange*.

Madame de Sévigné says, in a letter

to her daughter, "How stupid these women are, living or dead! It disgusts me with dying in Provence. Give me your word that you will not send for the hair-dresser for me when you fetch the undertaker."

Strange to say, long afterwards, the body of Madame de Sévigné was discovered, in the chapel of Castle Grignan, arrayed in the detested style, with be-ribboned hair, à la fontange.

A peculiar fashion of ornamenting the front of the dress with knots and loops of ribbons, called *échelles*, furnished Madame Cornuel with one of her most brilliant epigrams. To explain it requires the setting of a scene in seventeenth-century history.

In 1679, the Marquise de Brinvilliers and her henchwoman, La Voisin, were put on trial, on the charge of poisoning, before a commission appointed by the king, and called *la chambre ardente*. Historians consider the trial and execution of these criminals as, in the main, just, although doubtless popular excitement exaggerated their guilt. The interest of the case, for us, lies in the accusations brought against some of the most distinguished names in France. Among the clients of Brinvilliers were many, moved by curiosity, who, by visiting her, brought upon themselves arrest, under charge of blackest crime. The most noted of those indicted were Olympia Mancini, Comtesse de Soissons, Marianne Mancini, Duchesse de Bouillon, and the Maréchal de Luxembourg, one of the greatest soldiers of his times. The Comtesse de Soissons, the only one of the three who, judged by subsequent history, could be supposed guilty of the crime charged, being warned of impending arrest, was urged to fly, if guilty. Louis XIV. said to Madame de Carignan, her mother-in-law, "Madame, I am well pleased that Madame la Comtesse has escaped. Perhaps, however, I shall have to give account for it to God and to my people."

The trial of the other highly-born and over-curious woman was strange enough. The Duchesse de Bouillon was escorted to the court-room by the old and *ennuyeux* husband of whose attempted taking off she was accused. Her haughty mien and audacious answers have become historical, and put an end to further interrogation in her case. But subsequent exile taught the lady the cost of an epigram, and also a trait of character of the magnificent king.

The attitude of the royal commission towards the prisoners, and especially towards M. de Luxembourg, who voluntarily subjected himself to imprisonment and insult unparalleled, would be indeed mysterious but for the admission of La Reynie, lieutenant of police, a member of the commission. A colleague remonstrated with him for having introduced into a trial for attempted poisoning a charge of sorcery, — a crime with which the commission had no authority to deal. "I have my orders," said La Reynie, and, thus speaking, uttered that most terrible indictment against Louis XIV. and Louis's minister, Louvois. It is the gravest charge that history can bring against the Bourbon that, as head of the state, he could thus tamper with justice, and use his almost absolute powers to serve the purposes of personal interest or revenge in thus prejudging an innocent man, whose services to the state were recent and very great. One agrees with Madame Cornuel's remark, upon the conviction of Brinvilliers: "That was well so far, but they should have burnt judges and witnesses too."

La Reynie's wife, on one occasion, wore an "échelle" (ladder) trimming upon her gown, and it requires all the previous explanation to understand the savage point of Madame Cornuel's reply when she was called upon to admire it: "I wonder she does not wear the gibbet, too."

Of M. Cornuel there seems so little to be said that the fact of his official

position is almost all of personal history remaining to us.

His brother, President Cornuel, offered to adopt Margot, his niece, but the parents unwisely withdrew her from his care. Madame Cornuel's critic said, with great *naïveté*, "This they did, not foreseeing the great decline in *rentes* on l'Hôtel de Ville, in which M. Cornuel's riches chiefly consisted." President Cornuel would have made Margot his heir; and, in spite of the quarrel between the brothers, she received ten thousand crowns, under her uncle's will.

A solitary anecdote concerning Madame Cornuel's husband outlives the two centuries. When, one day, traveling with two young ladies, the carriage upset, and the party was withdrawn on the brink of a precipice, unharmed, M. Cornuel said, "In two minutes we should all have been of the same age."

Madame Cornuel lived to a great age, dying in 1693, eighty-seven years old. She was epigrammatic to the end. On paying a visit to M. de Montausier, who was very ill, his valet informed her that his master did not receive ladies in his present condition. "Nonsense!" she replied. "There is no question of sex at my age of eighty years."

Her epitaph, long anonymous, is now said to have been written by Titan du Tillet, and is found in the *Recueil des Pièces Curieuses*, published at the Hague in 1694. Its close and climax is an odd commentary upon French society morals. After eulogizing Madame Cornuel's charm of manner and finished grace of speech and discourse "seasoned with Attic salt," the poet sums up all the virtues of her who was visited by all the *élite* of worthy folks thus:—

"In one all attributes to blend,
She was of Ninon's self the friend."

Alas! to translate airy French epigrams into our lumbering, inflexible speech is to prove the truth of Madame de la Fayette's clever saying: "Those stupid translators are like ignorant lackeys,

who change into absurdities the messages with which they are entrusted."

In curious contrast to the vague shadow of Madame Cornuel is the gay, bright, sparkling personality of Madame de Coulanges, esteemed by her contemporaries, says Madame de Caylus, as only second to Madame Cornuel in esprit and in power of delicate epigram.

Yet Madame de Coulanges, while universally credited with witty sayings, has left so few on record that we are forced to take upon the word of her friends that wit which has evaporated in the course of two centuries. But of herself, "the leaf," "the fly," "the sylph," of Madame de Sévigné's playful masquerade, that gay, coquettish being, how vivid the image we receive from the letters of the period! She lives for us in such correspondence rather than in her own letters, which, although always graceful and playful, with an occasional epigrammatic flavor, yet hardly sustain the high reputation they enjoyed among admiring recipients.

Madame de Coulanges was the daughter of M. Gue de Bagnols, a member of the council and intendant at Lyons. She was niece of Madame Le Tellier, and consequently first cousin of Louvois. She was remarkably pretty. Madame de Villiers says no picture could reproduce the charm and vivacity of her countenance; and Madame de Caylus thus describes her: "An agreeable figure and mind, conversation full of brilliant and lively turns, and this style perfectly natural." She married Emmanuel de Coulanges, first cousin of Madame de Sévigné, and this relationship gave rise to the long and close intimacy which existed between the three persons. Coulanges was a *bon vivant*, a professional humorist, who supplied the epigrams (borrowed from other people) and the *chansons* (his own) which entertained the guests at the houses of his noble friends. He eulogized the

châteaux, the estates, the company, the good cheer; nothing exciting, on the whole, his genius more powerfully than the food of which he was the panegyrist. Take, for example, his triolet beginning, —

“Quel bœuf, quel veau, et quel mouton !”

As he says, with a fine burst of feeling, “There is nothing to equal a stomach that digests.”

It is marvelous that a woman of Madame de Coulanges’s fine spiritual fibre could have married a man who has been called “the epicurean pig.” Horace Walpole once exclaimed, indignantly, “You seem to take me for Coulanges, you describe eatables so feelingly !” La Bruyère sums up the sad results of such a life as that of the gay, *insouciant* Coulanges : “In general he who amuses the company does not make himself either loved or esteemed.”

In the days of Madame de Coulanges’s youth she entertained the true butterfly idea of life. When the Princesse des Ursins is appointed to great honor in Spain, Madame de Coulanges wonders how, at the age of sixty-five years, there can be anything left to enjoy. “I never, in comedies, fancied the elderly people, and the distaste clings to me in the theatre of the world.”

She was a member of that coterie to which Mesdames de Sévigné, de la Fayette, and de Sablé belonged, but her firm friendship with them was but one phase of her life. Through her intimacy with Madame de Maintenon, and possibly by reason of her connection with the Le Tellier family, she was established on a most desirable standing at court, and esteemed one of its most brilliant members. When the Dauphine, the bride of Monseigneur, arrived in Paris, in 1680, she expressed immediate and earnest desire to see Madame de Coulanges; telling her that she knew her already by her letters, and, having heard much of her personally, wished to judge for her-

self. Madame de Sévigné, who relates this incident, says that Madame de Coulanges sustained her reputation and blazed with epigrams. After dinner she was admitted to the cabinet, which implied great familiarity. Her friend adds, “But where can it lead? If not always thus honored, what heart-burnings !”

But Madame de Coulanges did sustain for many years the reputation she had acquired, and was the one person whose presence added the crowning joy to festivity. Her beauty, her wit, her joy in life, that very *insouciance* which banished, in her society, all thought of serious things, made her the pet, the idol, of a court which was used to enjoy and then discard all lovely things when the charm of novelty had vanished. Something of this she doubtless experienced, but it was after failing health had compelled her retirement from the favor she so long enjoyed. Madame de Sévigné finally said of her, “If she is attached to that country, the court, it is for the fleeting pleasure she gets there; she is not in the least the dupe of the sort of tenderness and friendship dispensed there.” She herself asserts, with some bitterness, in relation to a misunderstanding, “You do not know the court, if you think a note of justification will be read there, a note even of two lines, no matter what its importance.”

Madame de Coulanges had much native dignity, and would appear never to have traded upon her opportunities. Both her husband and herself would have gladly added to their small fortune, but her friends “gave her nothing but flattery and caresses.” She said, “I am more obliged to M. de Louvois for what he has *not* done than for the contrary.”

She was easily first for wit combined with personal charm in a society where such qualities held chief place. “*Finesse* and delicacy of thought distinguished her; always ready, appropriate, adorning with her own peculiar grace the veriest airy trifles, wrapping up the idea in the

thinnest disguise of cut filigree paper, the true genius of *sous-entendre* and double-meaning." So subtle were her turns of speech that her biographer remarks, "Flattery from her seemed dressed in thorns, and malice to be sugar-coated."

As a letter-writer she became famous even before and above the women of that time who have acquired greater reputation. M. Gault-de-Saint-Germain says there is no doubt that in this respect she was ranked more highly than Madame de Sévigné herself, and that the majority of persons acquainted with the style of both women would not have hesitated to give the palm to Madame de Coulanges; yet how inexplicable appears this verdict! Her personal charm shone for her contemporaries through phrase and expression, recalling the writer's grace and beauty; but this has vanished for us, and with clearer vision we reverse the seventeenth-century decision. Her friend, Madame de Sévigné, often writes of her odd and annoying epistolary habits. Her letters were written upon small bits of paper, which were called "sibylline leaves," *feuilles volantes*, and she insists that they interrupted the thread of the story, until "elles me font enragé. Je m'y brouille à tout moment. Je ne sais plus où j'en suis." Coulanges, on the contrary, liked "good sheets of paper, like those of our fathers' days, with easy room for details." Madame de Coulanges wrote like everybody else in the France of that day, in a sharp, thin, straggling hand. The Princesse de Tarente took time for writing; or would have done so, could she have found things always mislaid. "She mends her pens; her letters are a sort of embroidery, not done in a moment, with fine twirls and twists to the *D's* and *L's*." These ornaments were called the *lacs d'amour*. Coulanges once said, "I am revenged for all the bad jokes she [madame] has indulged in at my expense by the well-

founded hope that her correspondent can never read them."

The letters, when written, were "sealed on both sides, and tied with a bit of white floss silk."

Dividing with Madame Cornuel, as we have said, the honors of *bel esprit en titre*, although in the world's final judgment ranked below her, nothing could be more unlike than the character of their wit. Madame Cornuel's, like a blade kept bright by constant use, was keen, sharp, piercing, while Madame de Coulanges's *bon mots* were carefully studied, graceful inversions, a play upon words; French toys, whose dress of language claimed one's attention, perhaps holding it until the delicate spirit of the epigram had escaped. Once wishing to tell Madame de Grignan that she desired her friendship, she said, "I long too much for your reproaches, to merit them." Madame de Sévigné reports of her, when recovering from a severe illness, "The epigrams are beginning again." The Abbé Gobelin, her confessor as well as Madame de Maintenon's, said, "Every sin of that woman is an epigram."

Her *bon mots* were such as formed the current coin of society in her day. M. Gault-de-Saint-Germain says they were circulated by the Abbé Tetu and repeated by Madame de Coulanges's husband until they became flat and pointless.

On the death of Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, she remarked that there were only two trifles in the way of preaching his funeral discourse, — his life and his death. She described the contestants at the siege of Namur as making war very politely, and killing each other with the utmost good humor.

"Les passions sont horribles. Je ne les ai jamais tant haï que depuis qu'elles ne sont plus à mon usage. Cela est heureux."

In speaking of a friend whom she felt had deserted her, she said, "Ce

n'est pas la voir [the beloved one] que de s'en souvenir," which is a very good example of Madame de Coulanges's delicate humor. It was designed for an audience whose serious life-business it was to retail epigrams, when they could not make them, and who had exhausted the meanings to be evolved from word and phrase. The electric spark passed from lip to consciousness, emphasized and enlightened by sparkling eye, by smiling mouth, by speaking countenance. What can we make of that brilliant Psyche of wit, that butterfly pinned to the page of centuries-old story?

Coulanges well describes the humor of his day in speaking of bon mots "each more delicate and more *Françaises* than the other."

Madame de Coulanges was no doubt "coquette," a word in the vocabulary of the day almost synonymous with "pretty woman." Among her admirers were the absent-minded Brancas, Abbé Tetu, that Gallic Paul Pry, La Fare, and her cousin, the Marquis de la Trousse, with whom her friendship was strictly platonic, although the cause of great uneasiness to the gentleman's wife.

In 1676 she had a severe illness, when her life was in danger. In her delirium she reproached herself with strange expressions of condemnation, begging her husband's forgiveness with a passion of penitence which startled and perplexed her friends. It was like firing a cannon over still waters, bringing to the surface the evidence of crime which those quiet depths had held concealed. She was never "the leaf," "the fly," "the sylph," after that troubling of the waters, although not of the stuff of which *dévotés* are made.

Madame de Sévigné's letters contain all the details of this illness, which attacked Madame de Coulanges and her young lady-in-waiting, Beaujeu, with premonitory chills, at Versailles. We have not far to look for the cause, remembering the army of victims which

fell to celebrate, in true barbaric style, the magnificent king's triumph over nature in the creation of that palace and gardens. The two poor women underwent a terrible ordeal by doctors, and were promptly and frequently bled. The treatment — emetics, bleeding, sacraments — killed poor Beaujeu, while her mistress survived. "It is not so easy to die as one thinks." Madame de Coulanges returned from the dead, with that strange half-awakening, that is yet half-dreaming, which the Lazaruses bring back into this present world from their vision of the unseen. Writing to Madame de Grignan, she says, "Perhaps you would like to hear a bit of news from the other world. I am glad to be no longer dead, since you return this winter. I am in your house. I could not endure the house or bed where I was dead."

In the lapse of years Madame de Coulanges's friendship with Madame de Maintenon grew cool. Little by little, the court and its vanities were appreciated by her at their true value. She was temporarily infected by the mania for devotion, which, however, in her case proved only a *relevé*, while to so many others it formed the chief and only course. Her friendship with Ninon de l'Enclos, who numbered not a few virtuous women among her intimates, grew stronger as time went on. In 1698, she said, "The women run after Ninon now as folks of another kind ran after her formerly. How can people help hating old age, with such an example!"

But as time drew this reluctant victim towards the dreaded period of old age, it brought her, too, its own peculiar healing. Gradually and willingly her hand dropped the objects of her strong desire. Her period of devotion, her friends said, meant "giving a few hours less to the great world, and some hours more to her church or director." Her friends were horrified when, after a disastrous fire which drove the Coulanges from

their home, they took an apartment in the Temple, Rue des Tournelles, where her *media-noctu* of life was passed. A coterie, whose members were certainly a survival of the fittest of her wide circle of friends, still surrounded her with delicate flattery and assiduous attention, applauding her half-sad, half-mocking tirades against time and circumstance. A tender melancholy tinged her reminiscences of former pleasures; a *soupeçon* of malice gave point to her reflections upon court life.

Of Massillon, whose preaching at court had been extraordinarily successful, she said, "One sows in ungrateful soil, often, in sowing in the court; that is to say, people who are much touched by sermons are already converted, and others are waiting for grace. Often they wait without impatience, where impatience would be a great grace."

And again, "Ah, how could one wish to begin again all the visiting days; troubling one's self with events which do not concern one, alert as to journeys to Marly, treating them seriously, going to one side to speak of them with an air of gravity which makes people laugh who see things as they are!"

"'T is the world, — that world which I think I love no more. Heaven grant that I do not deceive myself."

"My taste for solitude increases, or at least for small companies."

With years came also illness and a long period of invalidism. A curious picture of seventeenth-century medicine might be formed from the letters of the Coulanges. The wife's anomalous disease, for which classification was vainly sought, was evidently a trouble of the stomach, and "to establish the stomach" was the confessed aim of the doctors of the day. Madame de la Fayette congratulated herself upon having a fever for which a name was found. But Madame de Coulanges was never so happy. Many a quack fished in the depths of uncertainty, hoping to bring up some-

thing unmistakable upon which to found a diagnosis. Carette, the most notorious empiric of his times, was long physician-in-chief, and had many successors. Coulanges, who says of his wife's ill health, "Cela me donne du chagrin et m'envoie des tristes vapeurs à la tête," fondly dwells upon the number of bottles of Carette's elixir which Madame de Coulanges had taken. Carette gave place to Helvetius, and the patient survived them all, — doctors and their elixirs; outlived even her rosy little husband, of whom she said, "As my years increase, his diminish, so that I am now old enough to be his mother."

But, after all, Madame de Coulanges seems to have enjoyed in some degree this life, in spite of that invalidism, which, as in so many other cases, served as excuse for the non-performance of disagreeable duties. It was said of her that "feeble health, the natural and expected neglect of the court, loss of beauty, small means, did not embitter her. The more she put aside the world, the more it wanted her." Her house was still full of people, all giving advice, and in fact it was playfully called *ce bureau d'adresse*. In 1695, she writes: —

"No family, thanks to God, a distaste for fatiguing occupations, years a plenty, tolerably bad health, — all this keeps me in my chimney corner, with a pleasure which I prefer to all others which appear more sensible."

So attractive was her *salon* that Barillon, returned from his embassy in England, and spending the evening of his days by the chimney corners of his friends, said to Madame de Coulanges, "Madame, your house pleases me. I shall come here every evening when I am tired of my family." To which she replied, "Sir, I shall expect you to-morrow."

La Fare was one of the coterie for a time, but he left her as he left the Marquise de la Sablière, and Madame de Coulanges often said he had deceived her.

In constant attendance was the Abbé Tetu, that busy, important member of society, who was long so very young that "every year seemed to take off two." When he last appears in Madame de Coulanges's letters, he is accompanied by a lamentable train of ills.

Another friend was the Comte de Tréville, of whom Bossuet remarked, "He is a man all of a piece, — he has no joints;" a mot which brought out the response, "If I have no joints, he has no bones," in allusion to the bishop's well-known pliability. He was the devoted friend of all the great Jansenists, and wrote much upon disputed theological points, which he refused to make public. In the quiet of Madame de Coulanges's salon he read to a select few his essays on quietism, which his fair audience considered "the most beautiful things in the world," and felt honored in being thus distinguished.

Archbishop Le Tellier, too, came to the Rue des Tournelles, Louvois's brother, who exclaimed, when Fénelon, on receiving the see of Cambrai, gave up his benefices, "Monsieur, vous nous perdez." He was a violent, turbulent man, with a great fancy for good books, of which he collected in Holland and England a library of fifty thousand volumes, which he bequeathed to the abbey of St. Geneviève.

M. de Villeroi was devoted to the fair invalid. He was the subject of eulogy, of detraction, of admiration, of satire. Selected, for elegance of person and courtly grace, to dance with Monseigneur's bride, upon her arrival at Versailles, he acquitted himself so well that Madame de Sévigné wrote, "He danced so well, was so approved, so often talked of, was dressed in such appropriate colors, that one day the father [Louis XIV.], meeting him, said, 'I fear you want to make my son jealous. I advise you not to.'" But as a general he was not so fortunate, as the chanson written upon his reverses proves: —

"Villeroi,
Villeroi,
A très bien servi le roi
— Guillaume, Guillaume."

Saint-Simon says of him, "He was a man made to preside at a ball, to be judge at a *carrousel*, and (if he had had any voice) to have sung at the opera in the parts of kings and heroes. Perfect as to his dress and for setting the fashion, but having nothing else in him." He was styled "Le Charmant" by Madame de Coulanges.

The enumeration of the *habitués* of that salon in the Temple, adorned with Emmanuel de Coulanges's questionable collection of paintings, would be tedious. Among them were Brancas, the *distract*, and Corbinelli, who, beginning his career by a disastrous connection with the affair of "the forged letter," which procured the Marquis de Vardes years of exile, was now the intimate friend and handy philosopher of the Sévigné coterie; La Rochefoucauld, who had given up war and intrigue for the placid composing of maxims in the society of sympathizing and clever women; the Cardinal d'Estrées, whose subsequent career in Spain and in Rome involved such a course of secret diplomacy and intrigue; "Le bel Orondate," which name had been given the Marquis de Villars on account of his good looks and fine manners. These men, with that brilliant galaxy of women who were so closely united, not only by sympathy of tastes, but by warmest personal friendship, made Madame de Coulanges's circle a representative one, embracing all that was best and brightest in the society of the day.

Meanwhile, M. Emmanuel de Coulanges led a life oddly distinct from that of his wife, although there was plenty of polite deference on the part of each for the other's tastes. She views him, his chansons, his raptures, his marvelous appetite, with a smile, half amused, half superior. "I found," she

writes, "on my return, an elderly child, surrounded by playthings and absorbed in delighted contemplation of his dolls." "I have nothing to present to him but an aged face, nothing new to show him; there is nothing unexpected to discover."

Coulanges felt for his wife an admiring friendship and that delicate anxiety proper to a husband *comme il faut*. Of her health he writes, "Her condition orders my journeys, and is my first solicitude, — a duty I am careful never to fail in; but it is she who begs me to go my own way, and my part is to walk therein prudently."

Thus gayly discharging his domestic duties, he speeds away to visit his better lodged noble friends. He said of himself, "Je suis né pour le superflu, et jamais pour le nécessaire." And with that taste for *les poissons nobles* to which he confesses, he departs to Saint-Martin, estate of the Cardinal de Bouillon, with only the longing regret that Madame de Coulanges cannot see how much more he is at home there than the master of the house; and to Choisy — once Mademoiselle's beloved home, and exchanged for Meudon by her heir, the Grand Dauphin of France — he goes with Madame de Louvois, whom Coulanges calls "his other wife." There he appears as her *aide*, or first gentleman-in-waiting. Or, possibly, he goes to Chaulnes, where the duke and duchess, with his help, keep high state.

It was said that Coulanges's friends would never aid him in maintaining a table of his own, lest he fail to grace their boards. Even of his supernumerary spouse he says, "With all the tenderness in the world for me, the *beaux yeux de la cassette* so dazzle Madame de Louvois that she never sees the little presents she might make me." And with resignation he adds, "Il faut s'en consoler, et mourir heureux au milieu de l'indigence." Thus, with true epicurean philosophy, he pursues his royal progress from château to château, and

writes to Madame de Sévigné letters so wonderfully detailed and picturesque that we almost assist ourselves at the splendors of high life in the seventeenth century. As a specimen of society at that period, he gives an amusing picture in his description of a fête given in Paris by the Duc de Chaulnes: —

"Meanwhile, the dirty spoons were collecting upon the plates, which had been used for one purpose or another; and having, unluckily, called for a *vive*, Madame de Saint-Germain put one of the finest on a plate to send me. I in vain declined sauce, but the lady, assuring me that the sauce was indispensable to the fish, deluged it with the liquid three times, with the help of the spoon fresh from her lovely mouth. Madame de la Salle never served a thing save with her ten fingers. In a word, I never saw more filth, and our good duke was dirtier than all the rest."

He sums up his calendar thus: "The house I know least of is that of Madame de Coulanges, which has its attractions, too."

Thus the tranquil years went on. Madame de Sévigné died, and Coulanges substituted as correspondent the Marquise d'Uxelles, classified as *femme amiable*, the ex-mistress of Louvois. Madame de Coulanges, up to 1704, wrote to Madame de Grignan letters which have been preserved. In the last of these she speaks of the visits of the Cardinal d'Estrées, and says she had been so impolite as to ask him not to carry them to so great an extreme. "My antiquity does not permit me to entertain company after nine o'clock in the evening, and our cardinal, who is more active and young than ever, does not trouble himself to find out what the hour is." Her friends were ceasing to pay her court for urgent reasons of their own, — rheumatism, violent dysentery, cruel colics, *très douloureux cancer*, gout, swollen limbs, and physicians, whether Carette, or Chambon, or that mysterious

Swiss who was credited with killing two patients of rank. These were causes against which protest was vain. When Madame de Sévigné died, Madame de Coulanges said, "I have no friend left." "Je ne m'en consolerais jamais. J'y pense sans fin et sans cesse." The Abbé Tetu, who was "really too young," found youth escape him and woes accumulate, until he became "like Job upon his dunghill." "It is like dwelling alone upon earth to see all whom one has known disappear. This only is certain, — no one will be here long." "On ne peut tenir à trop peu de choses."

But although "I am more solitary than ever, and believe I shall retire to some little desert, for the future is short for me," there were still habitués, old and new, of the salon of the Coulanges and of the old château of Ormessen, which became their country house. That new world of the court, which arose on the ashes of the old with the advent of the charming Duchesse de Bourgogne, is pictured in these later letters, and the interest attaching to the well-known names is carried forward to sons and daughters.

Madame de Coulanges lived until 1723, but after the death of Madame de Grignan, in 1705, there is no personal record. Coulanges, who died in 1716, wrote to the Marquise d'Uxelles, in 1705, a most characteristic letter, in which he incidentally mentioned, "Madame de Coulanges me tiennent fort au cœur," and that is the last record we have of her. She had repeated, in her customary half-jesting strain of moralizing, in her own last letter, "I find myself alone remaining of all the persons with whom I have passed my life. I dwell in solitude, and my existence is very far removed from that of the world." But after this there were still nineteen years of that old age which Madame de Coulanges so dreaded. Perhaps it is fortunate that silence rests on that last period. Now, though there is no pictured face to recall "the leaf," "the sylph," in living beauty, yet she is brought so vividly before us, if not through what she reveals of herself, still by her friends' voices, that it is difficult to remember, of a being so feminine, so graceful, so modern, that she lived and wrote and died nearly two centuries ago.

Ellen Terry Johnson.

FELICIA.

IV.

In her leisure moments, of which she enjoyed some superfluity, Felicia meditated much on the unexpected interview in the Park, and in the course of the next week she evolved the idea that it would be desirable to draw out cousin Robert on the subject of the Kennetts, father and son. This astute design was frustrated. Hearing nothing from him or his wife, she undertook a pilgrimage to the Rectory. The fat old dog on the portico gave a gentle wheeze of recogni-

tion and a tap or two with his tail. As the bell clamored through the house, it had an indefinably hollow sound, and the maid appeared promptly at the door.

"I'm thankful to see you, Miss Felicia!" she exclaimed. "I'm too lunsome to live, with nobody to speak to but the old dog. You didn't know Mrs. Raymond was gone, yet already? Oh, yes'm, since Chewsdays. She'd a telegram that her uncle Lucian is sick up in the country at his house, where her maw is visitin' him. An' her maw is worn out nursin' him. So Mrs.

Raymond left right away already. An' yesterday, Mr. Raymond got another gentleman to take the church next Sunday, an' went himselluf. They never wrote to you, ain't it? Mebbe they forgot it; they was so confused in their minds."

She looked at Felicia benignly from beneath her fluffy flaxen bangs, that innocently exaggerated the fashion, and almost obscured her blue eyes.

"Ach — how be-eu-ti-ful yez are the day!" she cried, rapturously. From the Irish cook at her last place she had secured certain choice idioms, which she had engrafted upon her German dialect with a unique effect that appealed delightfully to Felicia's sense of humor.

Our young lady returned home in puzzled cogitation. She realized that it was possible for Hugh Kennett to make rapid strides in forming acquaintance; in a few more such interviews as their last meeting, similar progress would place him on a footing of close friendship. She desired much to know who he was, what was his place in life, what were his surroundings, his associations, — not so much because of any distinct interest in him as from the wish to relinquish no element of entertainment, and yet to conform to that Mede and Persian law which she had prescribed for her own guidance in such matters.

Shortly after this episode, the young architect, who had been a conspicuous guest on the occasion of the "evening," called at her brother's house. Mrs. Hamilton, actuated by the unwritten but stringent law which, in her own girlhood days, in her village home, conceded the unmarried guest to the entertainment of the young lady of the family, conscientiously conjured up a headache, and Felicia received the visitor alone. There was nothing particularly unacceptable in this young man, whose name was Grafton. He was a little didactic, and not a little conceited; but he was a gentleman; he had fair abilities, and had en-

joyed good opportunities of cultivating them. His mistake was the not unusual mistake of intolerance. His misfortune was that he did not possess what might be called a sense of divination. He could not vicariously experience emotions, apprehend a train of unexpressed thought, or intuitively attribute the correct intention to a phraseology capable of more than one interpretation. Felicia also was intolerant; and, although she had plenty of imagination, her stock of patience was scanty. She thought it possible that she could construe Mr. Grafton's deeper nature if she should give herself to the effort, but she did not deem it worth the trouble; she preferred to translate him through the surface medium of manner and the casual chat of the evening. He seemed to her very unresponsive, self-absorbed, prone to misunderstandings, and almost morbidly appreciative of platitudes. An older woman, of equal mental qualities, or a coquette, might have found entertainment in drawing him out as an exponent of his class, or as a possible victim. Felicia had little interest in types of this sort, and was too proud — or, it may be, too vain — to be definitely and of set purpose a coquette. It must be confessed, however, that, although she would not attempt Alfred Grafton's scalp to wear as a trophy, she did not fail to sharpen the knife, — in other words, she deemed it incumbent upon her to make his call agreeable; this obligation, according to her code, she owed to herself. He could not in reason find fault with her graceful cordiality. At first, he was inclined unreasonably to object to it as insincere. Later, his self-love came to the rescue, and he wondered if this suavity might not be susceptible of a different explanation. Many a man of twenty-four would have thawed under the geniality of this suspicion; but Grafton's nature was one of those which, accepting the most flattering concessions as tribute, do this with a certain grudging, a certain

objection, as if on guard against being surprised into benignity, cajoled, got the better of, in some inscrutable way. It is impossible to say what Felicia would have thought, could she have divined how egregiously he mistook her smile over her big, pretty, gently swaying fan, her gracious eyes, her vivacity, her affability, — that he fancied she was trying to fascinate him. What she did think was something like this: “It is a pity he is such a stick. He is rather good looking: his eyes are set too far back, but they are hazel and well cut; his face is somewhat narrow. Still, he looks refined and intelligent, and as if he ought not to be so terrifically tiresome.”

They talked a little of the weather, and Felicia inveighed against the dust.

“It gives one a taste of martyrdom,” she declared. “St. Simeon Sisanites of Syria need n’t have gone on the top of a column in order to be wretched enough to found a sect of Stylites, if he had lived here. And those watering-carts are only an aggravation. One expects so much of them and gets so little.”

“I think the street-watering system is perhaps as good here as elsewhere,” he replied, looking at her with that expression by which a capable adept can thoroughly chill a conversation without being tangibly rude.

She wondered if she had said anything particularly objectionable; if he had any interest in the matter, — a contract, for instance, to supply the lumbering carts to the city, or the horses. She remembered that he was an architect; for all she knew, the city gave such contracts to architects. Cousin Robert might have mentioned other things she was afraid of learning, besides politics.

It was with a distinct intention of recompensing a possible slight that she smiled upon him now; under these circumstances her smile was very sweet.

“At any rate, this place has many attractions,” she said, “notwithstanding the dust. The parks are lovely, and the

public buildings are so interesting. I suppose the architecture is very fine,” she added, vaguely.

“The architecture is very bad,” he declared, unexpectedly, — “atrociously bad.”

She raised her eyebrows. “Indeed? I had fancied the reverse the case. But I confess I know nothing about architecture. A young lady is lucky in not being expected to take, as Lord Bacon did, all knowledge for her province.”

“Is not her education expected to teach her something about everything?” he asked; and with him a question could be as didactic as an axiom.

“Oh-h-h — but if it does that, she will be a *bas bleu!*” Felicia cried, making her eyes large, and intimating that this was a dreadful thing.

“I feel assured,” he persisted, seriously, “that it is a woman’s duty and privilege to be thoroughly well informed.”

Her eyes resumed their normal dimensions, and into them came a slight expression of weariness. It seemed to her that it would be difficult to conjure what she called *esprit* into this conversation.

“I am one of those who hold that sex should be no disqualification in education,” he continued. “I maintain that women should share higher education equally with men.”

“I should think women would find it rather *ennuyant*,” said Felicia, with a smile.

“Why do you use foreign words?” he asked. He seemed sensible that she might object to this, for he went on, with some suggestion of the manner of conciliation, “I think we have English words that express that idea.”

“Oh, I will talk English, if you prefer, — or American, even!” exclaimed Felicia, with her light laughter, which was now a trifle forced.

The next hour was, perhaps, the most laborious she had ever known; it was not only the fact of uncongeniality, — it

was the necessity to gracefully concede. She found it desirable to maintain a proposition to a certain point, and then relinquish it scientifically, — not too suddenly, — with the judicious amount of argument necessary to keep up the similitude of interest. This is exhausting intellectual exercise, and also a trial to the temper. She wondered why he did not go. The truth was, the reason their talk tired her was the reason it interested him; then, that flattering suspicion afforded a certain agreeable titillation, notwithstanding his stern determination not to be subtly overreached. He did not grow genial, but he was satisfied. He was having what she would have called a good time.

It was abruptly terminated. There came by degrees the roll of rapidly advancing wheels. All at once they stopped in front of the house. There was a sound of quick, light steps, the bell was rung, and, when the front door was opened, a voice, asking for Miss Hamilton, invaded the silence of the hall.

Grafton noticed that, at the first tone of the voice, Felicia turned her head; her color deepened; her expression was expectant. In another moment a gentleman appeared on the threshold. For a second he stood motionless, as he glanced about him; then his eye fell on the young lady, who had risen, smiling. He darted toward her, tucking, with incredible deftness and quickness, his crush hat under his arm, and holding out both hands.

“My dear f-r-r-iend,” he cried, joyously, “how enchanted I am to see you!”

He was so swift, so vivacious, so unexpected, so foreign, that his entrance was as incongruous as if he were a flash of lightning; and a veritable flash of lightning could hardly have demolished more abruptly Mr. Grafton’s measured enjoyment of the evening and his flattering little theory of the young lady’s favor. Was it like this, he wondered,

that she looked at the man she loved? Her eyes, — how lucent they were, how dark with feeling; how smilingly her beautiful lips had curved; what welcome her face expressed! He looked — and his neutral glance had at length become tinged with a distinct sentiment — at the visitor. He saw a man of thirty six or seven; rather under medium height, in full dress, with auburn hair and mustache, fair complexion, delicately cut features, brilliant blue eyes, a vivacious expression, and an alert and graceful figure. He acknowledged the introduction to Mr. Grafton with a suavity which was at once curiously *empressée* and perfunctory; then he dropped on a sofa beside Felicia.

“And how did I discover you were here, eh? The merest accident, ten minutes since, or I should not have dared to call at this unconscionable hour. Met your brother at the opera — went out after the second act to take a — a — smoke — saw Mr. Hamilton in the crowd — caught him — asked news of you — ‘My dear fellow, don’t you know she is at my house?’” He vivaciously mimicked John Hamilton’s voice and manner, and Felicia burst into a peal of silvery laughter. “So I asked the number of his house — called a carriage — ‘Drive as if the furies were after you!’ — and *me voici*, eh?”

He gave a great wave of his hand to intimate the rapidity of the transition. He used many gestures. He was hardly still a moment; he shrugged his shoulders; he threw up his eyebrows; a turn of his flexible wrist would fill out a sentence; he glanced swiftly about the room, apparently taking in everything instantaneously, but casually. The expression of his eyes, coming back to the young lady’s face, and that recurrent “eh?” intimated a friendship that made the impassive Mr. Grafton, looking coldly on from his armchair, set his teeth together with an unwonted intensity of emotion.

He gathered that the stranger was a brother of a school friend of Miss Hamilton's, on a flying business trip through the West. "And a most annoying, disagreeable journey I have had, but for the lucky accident of meeting you. I assure you I am fully recompensed now. And there's no chance of your going back to Madame Sevier, eh? Ah-h-h, she is afflicted to give you up! 'Lucille,' she said to my sister, the day before I left, 'the place can never be the same without my dear Félicité.' Ah-h, with tears! I assure you she wept. And you like the West, eh? I thought not," triumphantly. Then he turned to make an *amende* to the Westerner, who, stiffly erect, sat regarding him as if he were an escaped wild beast,—not dangerous, but very objectionable. "You have a wonderful country, Mr. — er — Grafton. Progress, enterprise, all that,—the future of the nation, all that. But we don't want to relinquish everything to you; we must keep the approval of our own young ladies; we mustn't be too generous. And when," he continued, again addressing Felicia with his sudden swiftness, "are you coming to see Lucille? A visit, a little visit, eh,—you won't deny us that? She will be enchanted that I met you."

Grafton thought Mr. Adolphe Devaux the most odious, insufferable, vain, shallow popinjay he had ever beheld. Mr. Devaux commiserated Felicia's hard fate that she was compelled to play the agreeable to a conceited prig like that. Each attempted to outstay the other, and Grafton succeeded, for train-time is inexorable. The Frenchman, suddenly bethinking himself of the hour, vehemently apologized for looking at his watch; despairingly tossed up his eyebrows and his shoulders at the result; explained comprehensively that he must get back to the hotel, change his dress, pack his traps, swallow some supper, and reach the train in half an hour from this present speaking; and tore

himself away, after adieux which, although rapid, somehow expressed and embodied a vast deal of the genius of leave-taking. There were many messages given him to Lucille; and when Miss Hamilton reached Madame Sevier's turn, her voice suddenly faltered, the color flared up in her cheeks, her violet eyes grew dewy, the hand she had given him trembled in his clasp.

"Ah-h!" he cried, "how glad Madame Sevier will be that you remember her so kindly! She was afraid you would forget her. No fear of that, eh? Adieu, adieu. *Good-evening*, Mr. Grafton. *So* happy to have met you."

When Felicia's remaining caller had also taken leave, she repaired to her own room, where she found her sister-in-law, her round, rosy face beaming with pleasure, awaiting her. This lady, shortly after her graduation from the Young Ladies' Select Institute of her native village, had married John Hamilton, in the chrysalis stage of his career. His semi-rural home, his respectably large provincial business, his juvenile family, and her share in all these phases of life seemed to her to afford full measure of interest, until the wider pageant of cosmopolitan possibilities was presented by their removal to Chilou-natti. Now her ideas were rapidly expanding. Her imagination had compassed ambitions, pleasures, pursuits, half realized heretofore. She developed an interest in the matter of entertainments; she carefully read the fashion articles in the papers and the society columns; she collated scraps of information as to the appropriate *menus* for ladies' luncheons and afternoon teas, for dinners and evening parties. On these subjects she obtruded none of her newly acquired wisdom, but listened and observed with great intentness, and held herself always in readiness to amend her code. She was becoming familiar with minutiae of household management under altered conditions, and had bloomed into a mod-

est splendor of dress on great occasions. Among other phases of this new life upon which she was entering with such zest, Felicia's enjoyments and prospects offered a suggestive theme for congratulatory contemplation. How gay and eventful existence must be to her! She was never a whole day without some agreeable episode, although the "season" was virtually over. Last week, the theatre twice, and the Melville reception; and last Friday the "evening;" and several trips down town this week; and to-night two delightful callers; and — "Oh, Felicia," she cried, as the girl entered the room, "who was he? — the last one, I mean. I know Alfred Grafton came first. Oh, how delighted he seemed to see you! Is he nice? Is he handsome?"

"Oh, yes, he is a dear little man," replied Felicia, as she removed her earrings and carefully bestowed her big fan in its box, — "a dear, dear little man."

Mrs. Hamilton's face fell. This did not seem exactly on the plane of the status she had conjured up.

"And is he very devoted? Is he in love with you, too?" she asked.

Felicia stared at her. "Adolphe Devaux!" she exclaimed. "Why, he's been married ten years, at least."

"Oh-h-h!" said Mrs. Hamilton, disappointed.

And here was John Hamilton, pretty tired, a little out of humor, and, as he expressed it, frantic to go to sleep.

"I suppose, Felicia, you saw that howling swell, Devaux? Rushed at me as if he were crazy. It takes a foreigner to make a fool of himself. Everybody looked at me. I felt like braining him. The opera? Was it good? I don't know. Everybody said so. I didn't pay much attention. Gale asked me to meet some fellows — friends of his from Minnesota — at dinner at the club, and nothing would satisfy him but the opera afterward."

As he tramped out of the room, his

step sounded as if he were indeed very sleepy.

To-night Felicia took stock, in a manner. So much time, — such elements for filling it. She said to herself that she was, perhaps, abnormally dependent on the personality of those about her: their natures were her bane or her blessing; their manners could afflict or delight her. The expression of kindly feeling or the divination of approval was like the breath of her life, — was like the sunshine to a plant. She said she had no idea how much she valued cordiality until Adolphe Devaux, whom she had esteemed slightly enough heretofore, was contrasted with Mr. Grafton. And, as she considered these matters, she said to herself, with a certain satisfaction, that she had shown good judgment in not rejecting the acquaintance of Hugh Kennett, who had manifested some capacity to understand her; whose ideas were congenial with hers; who had intellectual qualities she could respect, and manners she could approve. She admitted to herself that she was pleased that she had met him, and would be pleased to meet him again. Thus Alfred Grafton's call had the perfectly illogical result of strengthening Hugh Kennett's claim upon Miss Hamilton's acquaintance.

However the routine of the Hamilton household might be interrupted, there was one weekly festival that came with unimpaired regularity, — Fred's holiday on Saturdays; and he was very rigorous in exacting all the rights and privileges which he deemed appropriate to the recurrent occasion. Since Felicia, in an unguarded moment, had promised to drive with him on those afternoons, he had held her to the compact with extreme pertinacity, and apparently took as much pride in the fact of the regularity of these drives as if he withstood some strong temptation to forego them. The slight cloud which had obscured the geniality of the last excursion cleared

away during the week, and on the following Saturday they rolled off in high spirits and complete amity.

They found this drive the most agreeable they had yet had. Fred detailed many of his plans, and described his friends and his enemies incoherently. Felicia told him, with point and vivacity, several stories, in which he came out, unexpectedly, the hero of escapades which had considerably slipped from his memory. She mimicked him in the dismay or agitation of these *dénouements* with such genial humor that he laughed uproariously at the figure he presented to his own imagination. Her eyes sparkled; the dimples did not leave her cheeks.

"You're a bully girl!" declared Fred, in high good humor. "You're always jolly."

The consciousness of her various mental exertions regarding Mr. Kennett had a certain disagreeable effect on which she had not counted. As she saw him advancing along one of the picturesque footpaths of the Park which intersected the principal drives, she became aware that she was coloring violently. This startled and disconcerted her, and she did not realize that a crisis of another sort impended until it was imminent.

It chanced that Fred, who insisted on driving, to her exclusion, also recognized Kennett. He had not shown any especial enthusiasm in claiming the acquaintance on the previous Saturday, but now, with the inconsequence of the small boy, he saluted the pedestrian with a loud, eager acclaim, signaled him to stop, pulled the horse sharply across the road, and drew up at its margin. This manœuvre was so sudden that the driver of a great watering-cart, which was just behind the phaeton, taken entirely by surprise, went through a wild contortion in his effort to keep his team from running down the slight vehicle. His struggles seemed for a mo-

ment about to be crowned with success, as he, too, turned his horses into the middle of the road; but his utmost skill did not avail to prevent the wheels of the big, burly cart from sharply colliding with the wheels of the phaeton. There was a sudden crash, a grinding, splintering sound, and an abrupt shock. Henry Clay, disapproving of the noise and the jar, plunged violently, and would have bolted but for the restraining hand of a gardener who was fortunately passing, with his barrow and tools, at the moment. Kennett hastened his steps into a run, and helped Felicia from the phaeton; and she stood looking ruefully at the broken wheel, as Fred and the driver of the watering-cart also descended from their respective perches and surveyed the damage. Each of the Jehus indulged in wild criminations, which, after a time, evolved themselves into a participation in the pending discussion as to what was to be done for the broken vehicle, in this emergency.

"I'll tell ye what it is, miss," said the gardener in an evil moment. "There's a blacksmith shop about two blocks from the north entrance. Why can't the little bye jist get on the horse, an' ride over there an' tell 'm to sind here for the phaeton ter mend it? I can't leave here, or I'd go meself!"

Fred accepted this suggestion with enthusiasm. Felicia remonstrated on the score of safety.

"Can't ride Henry Clay!" sneered Fred, indignantly, as he hurriedly unhitched the traces. "Why can't I, I'd like ter know? Harness! what's harness got ter do with it? I'll show you I can ride him, if he *has* got his harness on him!" He led the horse out of the shafts.

Kennett, too, remonstrated, infusing as much authority as he might into his manner. Fred looked at him in surly surprise, and for reply scrambled upon the horse's back with great expedition and agility. The gardener, realizing

his mistake, glanced, crestfallen, from one to the other. Felicia fired her last shot with all the skill she possessed.

"Oh, Fred, do you think it is right," she cried, "to leave me to go home without you? I shall have to walk to the street cars alone, — three miles, at least."

Fred hesitated. His sense of his own importance was very great, especially his idea of his importance to Felicia. This appeal for herself touched him on his strong suit. But the counter temptation was also strong. He thought that it *was* something of a feat for him to ride Henry Clay, and he knew it would not be permitted by his parents unless his father were one of the party. Then he prefigured the scene of interest and excitement that would ensue at the shop when he should gallop up on the harnessed horse, with the news of the damaged vehicle. It is to be feared that it was Fred's unexpressed intention to figure as the hero of a sensational story. Under the stress of opposing influences, Fred attempted, as wiser people do in emergencies, to evolve a compromise. He looked over his shoulder at her with serious eyes. "You jus' walk ter where the street cars start from," he said, imperatively. "There's plank sidewalks part of the way. You get in the car an' wait, an' I'll be along jus' as soon as I tell them men ter come after this phaeton."

As if afraid of more remonstrances, he "gave his noble steed the rein," and went off at a gallop and with a wild halloo.

Nothing short of an earthquake could have more thoroughly disconcerted Felicia. The annoyance of being stranded here in the Park was greatly aggravated by the prospect of a walk of three miles, at least, through a region unfamiliar to her. Her swift speculation as to the improbability of procuring a carriage in any reasonable time was interrupted by Kennett's voice. He apparently shared none of her anxiety. He turned to her

with a smile. For a moment she almost resented his expression; it held a sort of friendly reliance, seeming to say in effect, "I am very glad to arrange this for you, and I have no doubt you will be glad to let me arrange it."

"It is very fortunate that I came down from town on the river," he declared. "I can save you a dusty walk. The boat-house is just outside the gate, and if you have quite recovered from the shock we will go over and get the boat. I can row you up to the street-car terminus by the time Fred reaches there."

She hesitated. She had found it necessary to amend her theories as to *les convenances* very radically, in view of the difference between Madame Sevier's rule and the more lenient systems prevalent outside those scholastic walls. She had been greatly surprised and a trifle doubtful that people — we are aware that she did not consider all the human race "people" — should permit their young ladies to ride and walk alone with gentlemen, but had realized that the custom of the region makes the law in social matters. This case, however, held certain other elements of difficulty. She had a reluctance to be placed under a distinct obligation, and an obligation to a stranger. But *was* he a stranger? Robert's cousin, closely connected by marriage with her cousin Amy and with Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant. And what else could she do? He glanced at her expectantly, with, she fancied, a trifle of surprise. She had but a moment for cogitation. She rapidly decided that in a matter of the sort ultrafastidiousness is absurd; that to refuse to row with him, and then to plod with him three miles on a dusty turnpike road, — for he would insist on seeing her safely to the cars, at least, — would make her ridiculous, and would be quite as unsuitable as rowing on the river, if either were not *convenable*, according to the Chilounatti code. She conceded the

point gracefully, putting up her parasol, giving one last glance at the disabled phaeton, and turning with Kennett toward the south entrance.

As they walked on in the soft sunshine and the alternating spaces of cool shadow, Felicia was subacutely surprised that her annoyance should diminish so swiftly. There was something singularly restful about him: in the expression of his contemplative eyes, now turning upon her as their desultory talk progressed, now dwelling on the green slopes or the fanciful flower-beds by the roadside; in the tones of his even voice; in the steadiness of his movements; in his candid and natural manner. His manner had, too, a certainty, a definite quality, which had the effect of placing a sort of appropriateness on what he proposed or did. It began to seem a simple and suitable thing thus to stroll with him along these verdure-bordered ways, through the golden afternoon sunshine, toward the Park gates; already in sight they were, as well as the broad, low boat-house beyond.

They mentioned the weather, the beauty of the Park, Fred's singular idea of the duty of an escort.

"Fred thinks I am a necessary annoyance in every expedition, like the sermon in a church which has a show choir," declared Felicia.

"By the way, you know that Robert and his wife have left town?"

"I discovered that fact only yesterday. Will they be long absent?"

"Some weeks. He will take his vacation now, while the church is under repair. I believe I have his note with me."

He extracted several missives from his breast pocket, selected one and handed it to her.

"Your cousin is more considerate than mine," remarked Felicia, feeling aggrieved. "Amy has not vouchsafed me a scrape of a pen."

The note was very short, very familiar, very careless, very fraternal.

The Reverend Robert stated that he was just about to start for the train. Amy left some days since. Mr. Lucian Stanley quite ill. Could n't say when they would return,—the repairs in the church were more extensive than had been anticipated; not for some weeks, probably. Sorry not to see you again. Good-by, and God bless you.

As she replaced the note in its envelope, Felicia noticed that it was directed to one of the hotels.

"I had an idea you lived up town," she remarked. Surely some slight personality might be considered in order, since he was not only cousin Robert's relative, but apparently his Damon as well.

"No doubt you had that impression because I pass the house so frequently. I am the most methodical of men. I walk the same distance at the same time every day. I have discovered that serenity is necessary, if a man wishes to put in his best licks,—if you will excuse the expression,—to accomplish his highest possibilities. And serenity is facilitated by long, contemplative walks. It is a good habit; one has time to think. Living in the midst of such a rush as I necessarily do, it is well for a man to take a little time to think."

They had reached the confines of the Park, had crossed the road, and were soon standing upon the river-bank. Belts of blue, of orange, of purple, of a dazzling white, alternated upon the surface of the water. It was ruffled into waves by the breeze, bearing woodland odors from the Park, and sparkled with myriads of prismatic scintillations, as the sun, slowly tending westward, shot athwart the stream. The boat, which had been fastened to the pier, was rocking gently to and fro. Kennett assisted Felicia to a seat, and took the oars. With one long, smooth stroke the little craft shot out far into mid-stream.

"How strong you are!" cried Felicia. "I should never have thought it!"

The ease, the dexterity, the grace, delighted her. She looked at Hugh Kennett with shining eyes.

It may be suggested that no man, however well balanced, who is capable of athletic achievement, is ever insensible to such a tribute. This man had his foibles and pet vanities well in hand, but he certainly felt a momentary thrill, a glow of ingenuous pleasure, a strong, subtle, delicately intoxicating elation. He flushed a little.

"I find it to my advantage to keep in training, to a degree. It is a good point for me. Besides, I am fond of all athletic pursuits, although my preference is for the oars rather than the gloves, or even the foils."

"There is a class for ladies at the gymnasium," remarked Felicia.

"I hardly think ladies need that sort of thing."

"I don't need it. I am very strong," declared Felicia. "I have no doubt I could surprise you, if I should condescend to row, as much as you surprised me."

But when he rose and offered her the oars with a great show of insistence, she laughed and crimsoned, and leaned back in her place, eagerly declining.

"It is not because I can't," she maintained, as he resumed his seat. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable by excelling you."

"Now, that is *too* kind," he retorted.

She had ceased to wonder that they knew each other so well; it had begun to seem that they had been good friends always. Apparently he had felt this from the first. She had no care what she should say to him; she knew he would be satisfied with whatever she might say; he would share her mood, he would understand it. She did not feel it necessary to agree with him; she felt at liberty to argue, even to contradict, if occasion should offer. Occasion did not offer, however. The two natures were vibrant, and when a chord was

struck the response was instantaneous and in tune. As the boat glided over the water, sometimes, after a silence which was curiously unconstrained, both would speak at once, and would laugh to discover that they had shared the thought which was uttered.

"The sky is like an Italian sky," she observed, looking up at the delicately yet intensely blue vault.

"I was just about to say that," he declared. "All day the air has been so soft that I have been reminded of days in Italy."

"I was abroad a very short time," remarked Felicia. "I should like to go again."

"You will, some day," he returned.

"Why do you say that?" she demanded, with a sort of pleased credulity.

"You are one of those lucky people who get what they desire. Life is going to be very good to you."

"It is delightful to think that," she said. Her face, above the smoke-colored dress she wore, and shaded by the long gray plumes of her hat, was so radiant that he was again reminded of a star in the rift of a summer cloud.

"It is your birthright," he added. "There is even a prophecy in your name."

"I hope it is a prophecy," she said, more gravely, "for I am morbidly afraid of unhappiness. But it was my mother's name. She was very happy, but she died young."

"You are the youngest child?" he asked. He was rowing slowly, his steady gray eyes fixed on hers. The exercise had brought a glow to his face; his lips were slightly parted over the white line of his teeth; his attitude revealed the depth of his chest; through his light cloth coat the play of his muscles was visible; the ease of his movements gave suggestions of covert strength.

"I was her only child. My brother John is my half-brother."

"Oh," he said. Then, after a pause,

"I imagined — I don't know why — that in your own home you had a mother who was very fond of you, who read all your letters many times, and sent you pretty things to wear." He glanced at her soft gray dress, accented here and there with an indistinct shadowy pattern, which added to its cloudy effect.

"You fancied that because you think I am spoiled. Every one thinks I am spoiled." She would not listen to his protest. "Oh, you can't excuse yourself. You *almost* said it; you implied it. I never forget and I never forgive. I am very vindictive. Beware; Nemesis is on your path!" She broke into a peal of laughter. It was pleasant to hear; she was pleasant to see, — so young so happy, so genuine, so freshly and piquantly beautiful. Nature and art had combined their forces very judiciously, he thought. It was charming that she should be spontaneous, even childish, ingenuous, and natural; it was delightfully incongruous that she should have that finish of manner which comes only of elaborate training.

When their mood was graver, they talked discursively of life, of character, of aims. Felicia admitted that once she had been ambitious. That was long ago, when she was very young.

"I pined to do something grand with my life. I did not know exactly what I wanted; to write great books, or to paint great pictures, or even to delve into science, like Mrs. Somerville or Caroline Herschel. I wanted to accomplish something important. I knew it would require hard work, but I believed I was capable of hard work."

"Well?" said Hugh Kennett, expectantly, looking at her with a smile.

"Well, papa thought that was all nonsense. He said that if a woman has capacities she can find ample scope for them in making herself generally cultivated, and that to be a charming woman is as much a career as any other."

"I think he is right," said Kennett, heartily.

"Sometimes I doubt it," returned Felicia, pensively. "How would you like it if there seemed to be no real use for those things which you had spent your life in acquiring?"

"Well, not very much. However, there is this difference: a woman may be learned or not, as she pleases, if only she is charming; but a man must be one thing, or he is nothing."

"And that?"

"Why, a success."

"Ah, you have had ambitions, — that is evident," said Felicia.

He laughed as his eyes rested on the emerald banks. "When I was young, — a long time ago," he said, repeating her phrase. "My ambitions have been like the bag of gold said to be buried at the foot of the rainbow, — when I reach the spot, it is just a little further on."

"That is because you have high ideals," said Felicia, maturely. She sometimes spoke with weight, as of years and experience, and he did not resent her pretty patronage. "That is different from not attaining, from failing. It would break my heart to fail; but pride is my besetting sin."

He would not admit that pride is a sin; he evolved a theory on the spot.

"Pride has the same relation," he submitted, "to the moral nature that imagination has to the intellectual; they are the only qualities that soar."

As the boat glided over the glassy surface, she more than once pointed out some fleeting effect of the scene that escaped him: the flare of a clump of trumpet flowers growing about the bole of a dead tree; the fantastic similitude of a whirlpool on the shining water; the metallic gleam that edged a spray of leaves, definite against the rough gray rocks on the bank, — it might be cast in bronze, she remarked.

"How quick your perceptions are, — how sensitive you must be!" he said.

"I don't want to be sensitive," she declared.

"That depends. Some emotions one need not fear, and others are like vitriol; they spoil everything they touch. Did you ever notice carefully any large collection of people? I have often observed that almost every face — I could point them out, one by one — is burnt by envy, or hatred, or ill temper, or anxiety; most, no doubt, by unnecessary cares, easier, and pleasanter, and more natural to throw aside than to cherish."

"That is rank pessimism," said Felicia. "People don't spoil themselves for pleasure."

"They don't realize it."

"You talk like a very happy man," said Felicia, with her former sedateness. "How would you endure some blow, some bitter disappointment or grief? Don't you suppose the vitriol would burn you, too?"

"You call sorrow vitriol? That does not burn. Sorrow is the pen of the prophet: it writes on the human palimpsest first a mandate, then a history; but it does not necessarily destroy the page. I don't hope to escape that."

He rowed for a time in silence. The clouds were tinged with rose; the waves scintillated with gleams of green and yellow; the willows on shore rustled, as the breeze swept through.

"When a man does see a woman's face," said Hugh Kennett, with a long sigh, "on which no unworthy feeling has left a belittling touch, which is bright with hope like the morning, and strong with intellect, and gentle, and soft, and all womanly, he should thank God for the favor vouchsafed; for he has beheld the face of Eve in Paradise."

The shadows of the trees, ever lengthening, had fallen over the water. And now the trees were fewer, for the suburbs were reached. Scattered residences surrounded with shrubbery had appeared upon the banks; and already here was

the boat-house, craning over the water as if curious to look at its own reflection. And on the slope of the hill beyond there might be seen an ungainly flat surface, suggesting the broad back of some waddling animal, but which was recognizable as the top of the street car.

Kennett was pulling in to the shore. "Layard, and Schliemann, and Di Cennola made valuable researches," he remarked, as he helped her from the boat. "They knew where Nineveh, and Troy, and Salamis were, no doubt; but one other rather notable place they don't exactly locate." He laughed, musingly. "Who could have imagined it was so far west!" he exclaimed.

"What is all that?" asked Felicia, curiously.

But he only laughed again, and said that it was not worth repeating and explaining.

As they reached the car they descried Fred, coming in a violent hurry, flushed and panting. He said that the "boss" at the blacksmith shop had sent a man after the phaeton, who would take the horse home and explain the accident. "He's got there by this time, with Henry Clay, and told papa all about it," said Fred, with a certain satisfaction. Felicia thought Fred manifested considerable acumen in denying himself the pleasure of more equestrian exercise, and the glory of relating his sensational story in the paternal presence. She pictured to herself, with some amusement, his serious, anxious, sunburned face, when he warned the emissary — as no doubt he did — to say nothing of his ride on Henry Clay through the Park, and when he magnified the older charioteer's share in the accident.

The three started in a sufficiently amicable frame of mind. But when Fred learned that Felicia and Kennett had been upon the water, his sky was abruptly overcast; it was difficult to appease him; he wanted to begin the after-

noon over again ; he wanted a new deal ; he would fain, like Joshua, command the sun to stand still. He bitterly and illogically upbraided them with having gone on the river without him. "Always trine ter beat me out'n my fun," he whined. "An' what do I want with this old knife, ennyhow? I met that boy again, an' went an' traded my two good whangs o' leather fur it. An' I ain't been on that river fur a month o' Sundays."

All the way home he was malcontent and morose, and meditated bitterly on his grievances, commercial and social.

It was only the lumbering, ungraceful summer car, drawn by two big mules. No, no; rather, it was an enchanted chariot, rolling through the warm, sunset-tinted twilight, carrying Happiness and Hope, attended by Love and Constancy and all the Graces. Far away, the city stretched in shadowy uncertainty; already the purple vistas were enriched by lines of yellow gleams, that crossed each other in a tangled maze, like a swarm of fireflies; ruby points, advancing and receding, gemmed the dusky streets; the tinkle of bells was borne faintly on the air; the silver sphere of the full moon, slowly appearing above the eastern roofs, outlined them against the darkly blue sky with shining white gleams.

When the trio of pleasure-seekers approached John Hamilton's house, they saw him smoking a cigar, as he leaned in a sufficiently graceful attitude against one of the big fluted pillars at the head of the flight of steps. The lingering daylight showed the flowers in the grass-plot, and the vines about the walls. The windows were open, and through the lace curtains streamed the subdued radiance of a shaded gas-jet.

"That is like a stage-setting," remarked Hugh Kennett. "In another moment you will see advancing down the right centre the first lady, or the villain, or the heavy father."

"There's the heavy father, is n't he, Fred?" said Felicia.

Fred only mumbled that he did n't know, an' did n't care, an' did n't want nuthin' ter say ter her, — always trine ter cheat somebody out'n their fun.

John Hamilton was a cordial soul. When Felicia introduced her companion, though he wondered greatly whether she had met him at Madame Sevier's or at home, he received the stranger like a suddenly found friend, ardently shook hands, and warmly invited him indoors.

Kennett replied that he was sorry he could not come in, but he had not time; he was due down town now.

"We shall be glad to see you at any time," said the master of the house.

The heartiness of tone seemed to awaken reciprocal warmth. Kennett replied, with the air of very amicably receiving an advance, that next week he should be at leisure, and should be glad to avail himself of the invitation. He expected to spend his vacation in Chilounatti. It was an agreeable prospect. He had been knocking about from pillar to post for so long, he thought he should enjoy a rest. Delightful weather just now. And then he lifted his hat and said good-evening.

"Glad to have met you, Mr. Kennett," declared John Hamilton, unreservedly; and as the sound of the stranger's footsteps died away, he turned to his sister.

"Who is that fellow, Felicia?" he asked, with vivacious curiosity.

"That is the Mr. Kennett I mentioned to you. He is a cousin of cousin Robert's," she replied, as they entered the hall together.

"Did you meet him at Raymond's house?"

"Oh, yes. He was there one day when Fred and I happened in."

"What is his business?" asked John Hamilton, somewhat indifferently, now that his curiosity was satisfied.

"I don't know. I never heard him

mention business except what he said to you a moment since. I have met him only three times. He was in the Park last Saturday, and, while I was waiting for Fred, he came up and talked to me. He met us again this afternoon, and I rowed with him from the Park as far as the street railroad."

She said to herself that there should be nothing clandestine about the affair. If any objections were to be made, now was the time to make them.

John Hamilton was apparently disposed to advance none.

"Seems an agreeable sort of fellow," he remarked, casually.

V.

This year, the summer was very long and hot. From early morning till the reluctant sun sank slowly below the horizon, the heated city rarely felt the thrill of a breeze. Sometimes sudden, short, angry thunderstorms passed tumultuously, and left the air warm as ever, but permeated with a heavy moisture. People plied their palm-leaf fans, declared that it was intolerable, and left town in great numbers.

Hugh Kennett, who had promptly availed himself of John Hamilton's invitation to call, was before long a frequent visitor at the house; indeed, almost the only visitor, so general had been the exodus. The method of entertaining him might have been deemed monotonous, but was in a certain sense flattering. He was allowed to slip into the little circle on the footing of a family friend. He came to be received in the sitting-room, and the fancy-work went on undisturbed by his presence. He was invited more than once to dinner, quite informally. He fell into the habit of walking by the house late in the afternoon, and there was usually a plausible excuse to stop and chat with the group disposed on the front steps, after the

custom in Southern and *quasi*-Southern cities: he had brought a book they had had under discussion, or the illustrated papers, with the last political cartoon; some one would give him a hassock; the dusk would deepen; the few moments would multiply; the perfume of heliotrope and roses would burden the warm, languorous air; the gentle voices of the women would rise and fall; the moonbeams would slip down on their hair.

It was Mrs. Hamilton's habit, at a regular hour every evening, to repair to the front room upstairs, to put the baby to bed. This conscientious lady would not attempt to overhear the conversation of the young people; she only undressed the baby near the window, and their voices would float up to her. His was resonant and carried well, and was far more distinct than Felicia's. There seemed to be nothing very important said. Sometimes his laughter rang out: it was a pleasant laugh, peculiarly rich, full, and musical; it had an appreciative suggestion. Occasionally there were long pauses, and no wind stirred the vines, and the flowers gave out a faint, sweet breath, and the white blocks of moonlight on the streets and sidewalks were unbroken by a passing shadow. The discreet matron made the job of undressing the baby a long and elaborate job, and came down, with an innocent face and the consciousness of duty well performed, to take her share in the talk, — for the most part trivial chat concerning the incidents of the day, or the weather, or that unending theme, the dullness of town.

"I should have found it unendurable but for my calls here," he once said, frankly. "I have not had much of the home atmosphere in my life. I had no idea that I should appreciate the home atmosphere so thoroughly as I do."

They grew to know him very well; but he was not a difficult person to know. He was transparent, and in fact sometimes lacked tact. He was not sensitive,

— in the interpretation of being on the alert for slights ; either from pronounced self-esteem or because of reliance on the intention of others, he was apt to place a kindly construction on anything that was apparently equivocal. He seemed to be tolerant in judgment, and generous. There was but slight suggestion of a fiercer stratum underlying the smooth surface of his character. Fred, it is true, had a lurid theory.

"He's got a orful high temper," the boy remarked one day, when the new friend was under discussion in the family circle. "Yer oughter heard him givin' fits ter the man that come so near runnin' over me on Sixth Street with his team yestiddy, when I was jus' crossin' the street, an' warn't thinkin' 'bout nuthin', nor lookin'. An' Mr. Kennett, he happened to be passin', an' he jus' jumped off the sidewalk, an' caught the horses by the reins, an' hollered ter the man ter mind what he was about. An' he was mighty mad, Mr. Kennett was, an' — swore."

He said this in a slightly awed voice, and looked seriously at his mother, doubtful, but impressed. She rose to the occasion.

"You shock me," she said. "How could Mr. Kennett do so ungentlemanly a thing as swear!"

Felicia glanced up quickly, as Fred left the room.

"Why should n't Mr. Kennett swear, if he likes?" she demanded, aggressively.

"According to Fred's account there was no reason," replied Mrs. Hamilton, with a mild giggle.

Notwithstanding her partisanship, something in this episode grated on our fastidious young lady's ideas of the fitness of things, and it might have been with a lurking intention as to the effect of a subtle, unrecognized influence that she contrived, at the first opportunity, to steer the conversation into the subject of self-command, and to lay down some

impersonal, and it might even be said elementary, propositions touching the triviality of character suggested by an incapacity to control the temper. "It is as ludicrous and weak for a man to stamp about, and break things, and swear because he is in a rage as it is for a woman to mope and cry because she feels nervous," said the young Mentor, didactically.

And Mrs. Hamilton, who happened to overhear this, noticed that Mr. Kennett wore a bland and innocent unconsciousness, which induced in the matron the reflection that, if Felicia were ambitious of a missionary career, the heathen offered a more promising field than the one she seemed to have in contemplation.

He was mild mannered and peaceable enough, however, so far as they knew of their own knowledge, and Fred's story might require a grain or two of salt.

In their long interviews he was somewhat given to silence ; he talked little about himself, and was little inclined to reminiscence. Once he spoke of his mother, who had died when he was growing into manhood. She was very strict, he said, very stern and uncompromising ; she was the most devoted of mothers ; she had no happiness but in the welfare of her children. His father he mentioned occasionally, with that tenderness which Felicia had earlier divined had survived a bitter and long-felt grief. Of his sisters, the elder, three years his junior, had died at twenty-two. That loss had broken his father's heart ; he did not live long afterward. The younger sister had married about a year ago, and had been abroad ever since. He said he had been disappointed ; he thought she deserved well of fate ; she was very beautiful and talented. Her husband was a good fellow, but commonplace.

This, in effect, was all that was revealed, in those summer evenings, of Hugh Kennett's past. To Mrs. Hamilton, afterward, it seemed very meagre,

though at the time she felt no lack. And as for him, — when a man is happy he thinks little of his past. He was doing what few can do in a lifetime, — he was living his present; he was interpreting that problem which eludes us when it is attainable, and mocks us when it has slipped by, at once the simplest and the most complex element of existence, that tantalizing mystery, *Now*. His past was narrowed to what was said and glanced yesterday evening; his future was bounded by the possibilities of tomorrow.

Felicia, too, was alive in every sensitive susceptibility to the influences which permeated the intense momentous present of these radiant summer days. Life had come to be enchantment to her; the prosaic episodes of the daily routine were transfigured and dignified; monotony, — it was an unrealized and a forgotten force; thought was reverie. She, too, had no longer need for memory or anticipation. Her beauty had acquired a new softness; there was a sort of tender appeal about her, and yet the delicate and ethereal exaltation which possessed her had a less poetic element. She was prosaically good humored; annoyances that would once have tried her sorely had become merely unexpected opportunity for mirth; she had developed sympathy and tact; she was gentle and amenable, and easily pleased. "A girl in love is a very agreeable visitor in the house," was Mrs. Hamilton's comment, — a mental comment, for she was a prudent woman, and in silence smilingly watched the little drama, in which the actors were too deeply absorbed to remember the spectator.

All this time John Hamilton was absent from home. The day after the evening on which he met Hugh Kennett, he had been called away to certain famous Dakota wheat-fields. He was going into very heavy enterprises; he proposed to himself that his operations in the near future should be still heavier;

he aspired to be the Napoleon of the next great "deal." Fortune, so far, had favored him. He was liberal as well as ambitious. He was ready to give appropriate exponents to his increasing prosperity, and had bought a particularly eligible corner lot, on which he was building a fine house. One of Mrs. Hamilton's reasons for liking Hugh Kennett was the fact that he had so much taste and acumen in the matter of the new house, and she frequently consulted him.

"Don't you think the walls of that east room should be Pompeian red, Mr. Kennett?" she said one day, fixing her eyes on his face as if she would read his very soul. She was constantly growing more assured as to manner, and her increasing prosperity expressed itself more distinctly, still with circumspection, in her dress. She was not less eager, however, to avail herself of the advice and experience of others, and kept her own views in a condition to be instantly modified by circumstances. "Pompeian red, with panels, — those large panels, with arabesques in shaded reds. I showed you the design."

"Well, to be perfectly candid," he replied, "it seems to me those panels are too pronounced, too theatrical."

"Do you think so?" she said, and meditated deeply on this view.

They were going, this afternoon, to look over the new house. Mrs. Hamilton — her plump little figure encased in a gray and white India silk, which seemed refreshingly light and cool — walked in front with Kennett. Her face, flushed with heat and exercise, under the soft brown hair that waved on each side of her candid brow, was a study of anxiety and complacency. Her round, gentle, inquiring eyes took in all the details about the ambitious mansions they passed. Her little remarks were not sufficiently absorbing to prevent his hearing every word uttered by Felicia, who, with Fred as escort, made up the party.

It chanced that, in the course of the expedition, Mrs. Hamilton was upstairs in consultation with the architect, Fred had strolled off, and the other two found themselves in the great unfurnished drawing-rooms. Felicia had been much exercised about various points, and had given her opinion with frankness and vivacity. "When those changes about the sliding-doors upstairs have been made and the frescoing finished, it will be almost perfect; don't you think so?" she said, appealing to Kennett.

He did not reply. He was leaning against the window-frame, his eyes fixed on her, as she stood in the middle of the floor. She had come at a moment's notice, in the lawn morning-dress — white flecked with pink — she was wearing. Nothing could be simpler. She was without gloves. Her garden hat shaded her face. She seemed to him fair and fresh as a flower.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, suddenly, "this is the first time I ever saw you out of spirits. You look dismal. What is the matter?"

"I was thinking," he returned, a trifle embarrassed.

"So I perceived; but of what?"

"Well, to be candid, I was thinking that you ought to have a house like this, — a house of your own."

"Oh," cried Felicia, "I should n't like it!"

"You seem very fond of all this sort of thing," he persisted. "You were describing with actual enthusiasm the upholstery they have selected for this room."

"I am interested — for other people."

"Frankly, now, would n't you like it for yourself?"

She glanced about her critically, — at the big rooms opposite, the big hall, the sweep of the balustrade, the carved newel-post, which had cost Mrs. Hamilton several nights' rest lest it should not be exactly what was desired. She tried to imagine it all when finished, —

the rich and accordant coloring, the pictures, the deep, soft carpets, the sheen of mirrors. Then she turned her eyes on him with a smile.

"I hope it is not discreditable to me," she replied, — "an irresponsible, Bohemian way of looking at things, — but, frankly, I should n't care to have a house like this. Sophie is going to find it a white elephant; a good thing in its way, but a great responsibility."

His face was less grave, but he shook his head. "I am afraid you don't understand relative values," he said.

"Why, you are doing me injustice!" cried Felicia, crimsoning suddenly. "This is the first time I ever knew you to do any one injustice. You must think me very frivolous to care so *much* for things, — mere *things*."

"No, no; you misunderstand me," he protested. "I was only a little curious as to how you feel about such matters. What *do* you care for most, if not for 'things'?"

"Well," began Felicia, appeased, — she was easily appeased, — "I believe I care most for people, agreeable, bright, cheerful people; not glum individuals, who stand in a window and pick a quarrel for nothing. Then I like change and variety. I am fond of things, too, — pretty things; but principally I like people. I have seen so much deadly dullness in the best houses. That is what I hate, — dullness."

All the light had come back to his face.

"What you like," he said, recapitulating, "is brightness, and what you hate is dullness."

"Yes," said Felicia, with her sunny smile. She had perched on one of the carpenter's saw-horses, and leaned her elbow among the shavings scattered about the big, rough work-bench; she supported her head on her hand; her feet did not touch the floor, and as they dangled her dainty boots were visible. She had been running up and down stairs; the

expression of her eyes showed that she was tired.

"And it would not be a bitterness, a trial, to you to give up — I have often thought it a great sacrifice a man situated as I am would ask you to make, if he should tell you — that he — that — that I" —

He was agitated; he hesitated, yet he glanced around in intense impatience because of an interruption, as Mrs. Hamilton came suddenly into the room.

"Felicia," she began, with excitement, "don't you see that carriage stopping in front of the door? Who can it be?" She had rustled to the window. "Why, it is Mr. Raymond!" she exclaimed.

A gentleman had alighted from the vehicle, and was advancing up the pavement. He saw the group at the window, and as they emerged into the hall to meet him he entered at the front door. His face was grave.

"They told me at the other house you were here," he said hurriedly, as he greeted Mrs. Hamilton. "I have bad news. Mr. Stanley died last night, very unexpectedly. The physicians had pronounced him convalescent. I must ask you and Felicia to give some orders for my wife and Mrs. Brant, and" —

He paused abruptly as he caught sight of his cousin; there was much surprise in his face as they shook hands. "Have you been in town all summer, Hugh?" he asked.

"All summer," replied Kennett.

Raymond looked hard at him, the troubled perplexity deepening on his face. Nothing further was said, however. He turned to Mrs. Hamilton to reply to her interrogations and remarks touching the news he had brought, and gave Felicia a note from his wife, — hasty and blotted with tears. There were tears in her sympathetic eyes as she read it.

"You can go with me now?" asked Mr. Raymond. "The stores will be closed in an hour or two."

Felicia assented, and started toward the door.

"Won't you have time, Felicia, to put on a street dress?" cried Mrs. Hamilton, in dismay. She had adopted not a little of the young lady's exacting code of externals.

"Oh, what does it matter at such a time!" exclaimed Felicia; and Hugh Kennett thought loyally how petty, how trivial minded, were the best of women — Mrs. Hamilton was one of the best of women — in comparison with a supremely lovely nature like this. He did not accompany the trio.

"I would only be in your way," he said, as he stood on the sidewalk, by the carriage door. "I will take Fred home before I go down town."

As they drove away, Mr. Raymond remarked, "You seem to know Kennett pretty well."

"Oh, yes, indeed; he has been such a pleasant friend," said Mrs. Hamilton, enthusiastically. "He is *so* agreeable, and high minded, and well informed, and *such* a gentleman."

Felicia's shining eyes — dewy and dark with feeling — were fixed on the speaker; her lips wore that curve which expresses more happiness than a smile. Robert Raymond thought he had never seen her so childlike, so beautiful, so unconstrained, as she sat opposite him, in her simple dress, with her soft, ungloved hands lying lightly in her lap. "How her face reveals her heart!" he thought.

"Yes," he said, "Kennett is an agreeable fellow. Does Hamilton know him?"

"They were introduced to each other the evening before John received the telegram calling him to Dakota. By the way, I am looking for John every day, now."

"He is just back," announced Raymond, suddenly. "We met on the train to-day."

"Oh, dear, perhaps I ought to go

home!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, in a flutter.

"No; he knew I should see you, and he asked me to tell you that he could not leave the office until late, — there is so much to arrange."

"Oh, well, then," said Mrs. Hamilton, settling back contentedly. To be sure, the opportunity was a melancholy one, but even the duty of ordering a friend's mourning is its own recompense, and spending money on so sad an occasion affords the Mrs. Hamiltons of this world a gloomy joy.

It was evident that the time for the purchases was very short, yet as the two ladies were about to enter the store at which the carriage stopped Raymond detained them. He was greatly disquieted; his eye was anxious and wandering; he began more than one sentence, and broke off in its midst.

"There is still something I must see about," he said, uncertainly. "I will come back here and say good-by — or — no — I shall not have time. Perhaps, Mrs. Hamilton, you will drive down to the depot. I will meet you there."

He left them abruptly, and Mrs. Hamilton stared at him as he went. "How funny he is!" she said, wonderingly.

The truth was, the Reverend Robert's conscience was after him, and it pursued him in a lively fashion till he reached the office of Hamilton and Gale — Com-

mission Merchants. He was very nearly left by the train, this afternoon. Mrs. Hamilton and Felicia, still sitting in the carriage, had waited half an hour; the locomotive had pulled into the building; the crowd of passengers was pouring past and boarding the cars before they saw his face framed by the window of a hack that was driven furiously to the depot. He had barely time for hasty adieux. "Good-by, good-by!" he exclaimed. "It is very kind of you to take so much trouble."

He looked hard at Felicia; she did not understand his expression. It was tender; it curiously blended a sort of compassion and a sort of entreaty. After he had started hurriedly from them, he turned back suddenly, took her hand, and held it in a strong clasp. "God bless you, my dear child," he said.

"He is very, very odd, to-day," said Mrs. Hamilton, again gazing vaguely after his receding figure. "How strange, his coming back to bid you good-by again, Felicia, and how strangely he looked at you!"

"I suppose it is because Amy is so fond of me," said Felicia. "Now that she is grieved he feels very kindly to any one she loves."

But she did not quite accept her own explanation, and pondered on that pitiful expression of his in pained bewilderment.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

SOME ASPECTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

WHEN the Society for Psychological Research was first organized in Boston, there was great expectation that some old questions would be answered, some old problems solved, some old mysteries cleared up. As time went on, and these expectations were not fulfilled, there was a good deal of disappointment. Then

hope revived, new interest was felt, and, although familiar faiths were not confirmed, new outlooks were opened. The friends of "Spiritualism" were, in the beginning, confident that their theory would receive complete demonstration. The foes of "Spiritualism" were equally sure that natural causes would be found

for all appearances. In fact, neither was satisfied. The account of the believers in angelic interposition was simply reckoned as one theory among several; while their unreasoning opponents were accused of a want of the scientific spirit. The earliest explanation of the mysterious intercourse between minds was, naturally, that of the influence of departed men and women; just as the earliest explanation of malign occurrences was, naturally, the agency of Satan. This was a most convenient hypothesis; exceedingly comfortable for those who desired a simple solution. It was a short and easy method, admirably adapted to such as did not wish to probe the recesses of evil; a summary way of dealing with an intricate problem; a mode of getting out of a difficulty instead of penetrating to its depths. But as the complexities of evil disclosed themselves, as delicate shades of distinction appeared, this theory receded. So with "Spiritualism." It may be true, the only sufficient view; but then, again, it may not be. There are grave objections to it, — objections that can never be wholly met. Granting that the element of fraud can be finally expelled, the identity of the intelligences at work with people who have once lived on earth must always remain in doubt. Why should there not be an order of beings, distinct from humanity, limited by the atmosphere of the globe, knowing our mundane affairs, capable of interfering in our experiences, able to manifest themselves, even to take on visible forms and simulate the once living? Such a possibility cannot be disproved, and it might in some degree account for the very ordinary tone of the communications, as well as the impish character of many of the performances. The saints and sages do not worthily appear. This difficulty of establishing identity was apparent long ago to candid minds, — to William Lloyd Garrison, for instance, who confessed it; and to me it

still seems insuperable. That there is intelligence outside of palpable human beings may be freely conceded; but it is not necessarily that of departed spirits, that have once been on the earth.

But with this speculation the Society for Psychological Research has no concern. Indeed, it gets continually farther from any spiritualistic conclusions, its interest being mainly fixed on the natural laws that govern the action of mind as such, apart from any consideration of its existence on one side of the grave or the other. It leaves aside the questions of immortality and disembodiment. The mode of communication is the matter to which it addresses itself. Not that there is any disbelief in the immortal life, but simply that such a question lies out of its province, which includes the means of intercourse alone, and this particular explanation is in order only when every other has been exhausted. In the Journal for February, 1890, Mr. Frank Podmore, one of the leaders of the movement in England, deprecated the rashness which finds in the facts (facts of thought-transference) conclusive evidence for the survival of consciousness after the death of the body, as well as the confident skepticism, equally unscientific, which would reject any such explanation as untenable. The prime business is with phenomena; and while these are being collected, classified, and analyzed, all final inference concerning their origin or cause is premature. Mr. Podmore frankly tries to escape from the spiritualistic hypothesis, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers evidently inclines towards it; but both deplore any sudden surmise, both cling to the scientific as contrasted with the moral or sentimental method, both put away personal predilections as far as possible, though no one probably can do so entirely.

As to telepathy, — supposing it to be proved, as many do, — it points in two directions: first, towards some immaterial property in the individual, by virtue

of which he survives bodily dissolution ; or, second, towards a general force, which, like air, is intangible and constant, and which, on certain conditions, hitherto unascertained, lights on a few heads, — a cosmic energy whereof souls partake in consequence of some peculiar attribute.

The first supposition looks in the direction of a spiritual essence, indestructible by physical decay ; not the product of muscle, or nerve, or any physiological combination whatever, but rather setting these at naught, with their implications of space and time. This essence may be resolved into some primary elements by chemistry, but thus far it is not decomposable. It is a quality that defies distance, is instantaneous, is not dependent on terrestrial states, is most apparent in our least conscious moods and in our least wakeful hours, is strongest in the most undeveloped intellectually, is conspicuous in the moments when organization is dissolving, in the hour of death, — is certainly as near to our conception of soul as a thing can be. If there be a power in men that transcends the senses, it may well escape from the tomb.

Of course, this is not all the immortality the Christian believes in. It does not imply even conscious existence ; far less does it involve social relations, or hint at the possibility of communication with those yet in the flesh ; but it furnishes a basis for personal continuity, and it provides a foundation upon which faith may build.

Fourteen years ago, in 1876, Antoinette Brown Blackwell published a book entitled *The Physical Basis of Immortality*, in which she used the following language : “ In what way consciousness will associate itself with coöperative energies in the future, where and in what state we have been in the past, must at present be matter of surmise. But that life, in all orders of being, has a physical basis, through which it can ally itself to

a willingly coöperative universe, is not left to any contingency.”

What an immense change in the attitude of scientific investigation has taken place in the last fifty years ! In 1836, Isaac Taylor, author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, wrote a book called *Physical Theory of Another Life*. In the Introduction he remarks, “ To intrude into ‘ things not seen,’ under the influence of a ‘ fleshly mind,’ is a grave fault ; and especially so if, on the strength of even the most reasonable theory, we are led to bring into question a particle of that which the text of Scripture, duly interpreted, requires us to believe.”

At the meeting, on January 31, 1890, in London, Mr. Podmore, in answer to the question whether he could conceive any circumstances about appearances of the dead which might not be accounted for by some possible extension of telepathy, replied at once that he could not ; that he had tried, and failed. But he added that the evidence might be extended in such a way that, at a certain point, the hypothesis of telepathy from the living would become more improbable than that of communication from the dead. Thus psychical research conducts away from materialism.

The second point shows the tendency towards a form of theism. Not the old-fashioned theism, with its doctrines of Providence and prayer and moral government, but rather, I should say, towards that noble pantheism which enchants the most poetical minds of this generation. The recognition of another power, universal and steady as gravitation, exalts the Divine Majesty, and raises the soul to new heights of wonder and worship. The reign of law is extended and established ; and the nearness of law, its personal influence, is illustrated. Such a power possesses attributes such as gravitation does not claim ; for that deals with ponderable matter only, while this manages impon-

derable elements, mind, the relations of spiritual things, as we deem them. Thus, as the former is an example of a supreme *force*, so the latter is an example of a supreme *power*, and introduces us to the region of living sympathy. The "Power not ourselves" receives a new impressiveness. It becomes human. It lays hold of the heart-strings. It renders more intelligible the name Father. There may be no suggestion of direct purpose, no hint of explicit design, but the thought of a more completely organized universe is forced upon us, making it easier to conceive of a presiding Deity. This kind of pantheism appeals to the imagination, filling it with ideas of wealth, of fullness, of tenderness; touching the sensibilities, enhancing the vision of unity. The older theism addresses itself to the individual, his lot, his experiences, his private concerns, his moods, his emotions. This goes directly to his soul; fosters its aspirations after disinterestedness, purity, serenity, peace.

The effect of psychological research is thus to increase the mystery of the world. Such is the effect of all scientific investigation, even the most rudimentary. The ancient simplicity disappears, to be succeeded by another sort of simplicity, resulting from the combination of many complex phenomena. The elements may be fewer, but the ingredients have multiplied. The old world had no mystery, properly speaking. The mind of the Eternal was unfathomable, his intentions were past discovering, but his outward creation stirred no profound awe. The laws of nature did not exist. There were, here and there, students of stars, flowers, animals, and the more obvious phases of creation. There was an occasional investigator of more secret existences. But the close systematic, organized examination of phenomena was unknown. The real mystery of the world dawned on men when physical science was born; it has deepened with every step of its advance.

The subtle inquiries of the Society for Psychological Research open abysses that ages will not explore. The substitution of facts for fancies, of observation for surmise, of theory as an instrument of investigation for theory as a final dogma, the dismissal of all idols whatever, marks a revolution in discovery. No doubt a great number of other superstitions have been exposed along with multitudes of baneful chimeras, like witchcraft and demonic possession, but reverence, awe, wonder, have increased. We need not fear lest the universe should become prosaic. Imagination already has enough to do, and fresh demands will surely be made on it. A religion will grow out of the revelation of physical science, by and by.

In regard to the other point, — the mystery of the brain, — psychological research is throwing floods of light upon that, disclosing powers hitherto unsuspected. What masses of nebulae have been resolved into stars! What visions, illusions, delusions, hallucinations, have been traced directly to the cerebral organs, and shown to be products of nerve cells! They may be effects of disease; they may be results of temperament. They may be abnormal; they may be normal. At all events, they are inside the constitution. The tricks of the brain are known to be innumerable and most perplexing. The brain of man cannot be examined directly, and surmises are hard to verify; but it is certain that cerebral organization plays strange pranks with us, and of such kind that its agency in matters beyond our present knowledge is gravely suspected. Some years since, a man suffering from decomposition of the brain saw reptiles on the ceiling, serpents on the floor, and creeping things on the sofa where he sat. So real were they that though, being an educated person, he was sure they must be semblances, he dared not move lest he should excite them. In a few moments they vanished, to return

at some new paroxysm of his disease. Medical books abound in similar examples, and they suggest indefinite possibilities of nervous achievement; just as Lord Rosse's telescope led to anticipations that the nebula of Orion would be disintegrated.

The truth is that psychical research is yet in its infancy, and must be for a long time. Its task is extremely difficult, requiring, as it does, keen powers of observation, trained judgment, perfect candor, honesty, courage; in short, the rarest mental gifts. Men of this stamp are few. In this country, they are for the most part professors, physicians in large practice, clergymen with heavy duties. They are more numerous in England, where the two great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, keep up the supply of disciplined men; and an old country affords more leisure. The work is expensive, too, as it involves a good deal of traveling, an extensive correspondence, a liberal supply of time,—costly commodities, all of them. It was necessary, therefore, to make the American society a branch of the English one, which is not only ably managed, but powerfully maintained; men and women,

lords and ladies, members of Parliament, authors, philosophers, experts in science, possessors of wealth, mind, cultivation, energy, being actively devoted to the quest.

The first report of proceedings by the London society was published in October, 1882. In the short time of eight years how much has been accomplished! Considering the elusive nature of the facts; the delicacy of the insight demanded; the inexactness of testimony; the all but impossibility of procuring precise accounts; the association of the phenomena with delusion, deceit, nervous derangement, some kind of eccentricity, with the consequent unwillingness to assume personal responsibility or to allow the use of names, the result has been very remarkable. If the promise of the past is at all justified in the future, we may confidently hope to find some clue to the enigmas that have so long and so cruelly baffled us. But, be this as it may, we cannot withhold our admiration of the patience, industry, devotedness, of those engaged in this inquiry. These qualities are of permanent value, and deepen the impression of earnestness which scientific men make.

O. B. Frothingham.

A NEW RACE PROBLEM.

In the negotiations which terminated in the purchase of Alaska in 1867, it was scarcely contemplated that, in acquiring a quitclaim from Russia for an outlying territory equal in area to five of the greater States of the Union, we were also assuming a new race problem of the most interesting character. The long delay of Congress, until 1884, in making any other provision for the government of the country than applying the customs laws, and authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to lease the two

small seal islands in Behring Sea, in order to preserve the seal rookeries from total destruction, was a reflex of the indifference of the people of the entire country to this most recent acquisition of federal domain.

Ten years ago, the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church first turned its attention to this new field, and sent its agents into Alaska to break the ground for an entirely new missionary enterprise; and while that body, by reason of its priority in preëmpting the

field, has succeeded in establishing nearly all the mission stations which exist in Southeastern Alaska, other church organizations have followed in its footsteps, and support missions and schools to the westward, and in the great Yukon Valley north of Mt. St. Elias. In addition to these private enterprises undertaken to christianize and civilize the natives, Congress, during the last four sessions, has appropriated a sum of money ranging from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars annually, to be expended in the support of the general education of both the natives and the whites, and placed the same under the control of the Secretary of the Interior and of the Bureau of Education in that department. The amount appropriated for the current fiscal year is fifty thousand dollars. For the purpose of wisely distributing this fund, and carrying out the design of Congress, the Secretary of the Interior constituted a local board of administration, consisting of the governor, the United States district judge, a general agent of education residing in the Territory, and two other residents. This board has no authority, however, beyond making recommendations, — the ultimate execution of the law and the application of the appropriations depending upon the will of the Commissioner of Education, subject to the supreme direction of the Secretary of the Interior. The natives, or Indians of Alaska, as they are frequently and perhaps inaccurately designated, are in no sense subject to the Indian Bureau or the Superintendent of Indian Schools at Washington; and the only recognition of their Indian character by any federal official in the Territory is in the courts, in applying the statutes of the United States which prohibit the sale of certain firearms and intoxicating liquors to them.

Whether these people present a new and distinct race problem from that which has vexed the public authorities for several generations elsewhere de-

pends upon the view that is taken of the marked characteristics and peculiar environments which distinguish them from the other aboriginal peoples of the continent. The natives of Alaska are grouped into three great divisions, definitely localized, but having so many things in common, and habits and usages so similar, that some general principles, in the effort to civilize them, are applicable, and deserve attention now, after so many years of absolute neglect on the part of the government. The Eskimo are the occupants of the northeastern shore of Behring Sea, and have their miserable villages in the valleys of the Yukon and the Kuskokwim. The Aleuts, who seem to be ethnologically distinct from the Eskimo, and the people farther down the coast, below Mt. St. Elias, inhabit the Aleutian Islands, which separate Behring Sea from the North Pacific Ocean, and are the favored employees of the Alaska Commercial Company in killing seals, on St. Paul and St. George islands, in Behring Sea. It is a fact that the Aleuts on the seal islands were transferred from the Aleutian group during the period of Russian occupancy, and have acquired the sole prescriptive right to engage in seal killing during the proper season. Beginning in the vicinity of Mt. St. Elias, and extending down the coast to the British boundary, and along the indented shores of the islands of the Alexandrian Archipelago and of the thirty-mile mountainous strip called Southeastern Alaska, an almost entirely different class of natives comes into view. These are of the great Thlinket family. No accurate census has ever been taken of the inhabitants of the Territory.

In 1880, Petroff, a man of mixed Aleut and Russian blood, was employed as the census commissioner, and, while it was wholly impracticable for him to visit the remote villages in Western Alaska, he made an approximate estimate of their number where it was

impossible to make an actual count; and, since then, Congress and other departments of the government have accepted his conclusions, in the absence of more definite information. He placed the native population at forty thousand. Outside of the Russians who remained after the transfer, there were only a few hundred whites in 1880, distributed in very small groups. After the discovery of gold at Juneau and Douglass Island, in Southeastern Alaska, in 1881, and with the subsequent development of the salmon-canning industry all along the coast, the white population increased, so that the most careful and judicious observers now estimate it at five thousand. The villages of the several divisions into which the natives have been distributed occupy portions of the Territory in about equal proportions. In Southeastern Alaska, east and south of Mt. St. Elias, the villages are placed close by the beach in all cases, except those of the Chilcatts, whose three towns are up a river of the same name, about thirty miles. In Western Alaska, the rivers, such as the Yukon and the Kuskoquim, are navigable for canoes and badarkis, or skin boats, for fifteen hundred miles; and numerous villages stand on both sides of those streams as far as they are navigable, but nowhere in the Territory can a village be found more than a few rods distant, on the banks of some such stream, or close by the seashore. Land travel in all Southeastern Alaska is wholly out of the question.

No tribal relations have ever been known to exist among these people, as among the aborigines of the interior of the continent. The family was, and still is, the unit. Whatever political combination there was in the savage state embraced no more than a single village; and while this is yet maintained to some extent, contact with the whites has so weakened this bond that it can scarcely be said to exist. The public authorities in the Territory deal

with the people wholly as individuals, and in that respect they are placed on the same footing with whites. The courts utterly refuse to recognize the force and validity of Indian custom and law. When a native is charged with any offense against the laws of the United States, or the laws of Oregon, which have been made applicable in some cases by the Act of Congress providing a civil government for the Territory, he is tried according to the forms that apply in the case of a white man, and subjected to the same punishment and penalties, whether the offense was committed against a white man or his property, or against one of his own race. Herein there is a marked difference between the rights accorded to an Alaskan Indian and those of a reservation Indian in the States and other Territories, where, if the offense is committed by one member of the tribe against another, the trial is in an Indian tribunal, according to Indian usage and custom.

The elective franchise has never been extended by any Act of Congress to the inhabitants of Alaska. There is no legislative body whatever in the Territory. It is governed entirely by laws enacted by Congress, and executed by officers appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. If the elective franchise were now extended to the people of that country, with no other limitation than that of sex and nonage, every male native of Alaska would become a voter, and count at the ballot-box as much as the most intelligent citizen of any of the States. With the exception of the electoral disfranchisement, which he endures with every white man in the Territory, he has all the civil rights that are accorded to any man in the United States.

How, then, does the race problem as applied to him differ from that of the North American Indian? The Alaskan native is still uncivilized, because the effort to transform him was begun so

recently that little actual change has been made. The country, according to the opinion of those most experienced in public service there, will never be adapted to cattle raising; and hence it will be impossible to introduce the native to that intermediary stage of a pastoral life, which has found much encouragement among those who have regarded it as one of the most important steps in civilizing the Indians of the "plains." The intensely humid climate, with hundreds of days in each year of rain and cloudy weather, and the mountainous topography will forever deny those people the blessings of agriculture. The science of engineering has not yet, and doubtless never will, overcome the obstacles to railroad building, so as to entice capital in the most remote hope of profitable investment. The industries, outside of the seal rookeries, will be the development of coal fields to the westward, with transportation wholly by water; gold mining in the southeastern section; and salmon canning and cod and halibut fishing, from Portland Channel to Behring Sea. The steps already taken in civilization are tending to the increase of the native population, by giving them better dwellings and clothing, and teaching them a greater regard for healthful sanitary conditions; while there are so few inducements to whites to make the country a permanent home that the latter will always remain in a decided minority.

The existence of the capital at Sitka is maintained by about eighty Americans, all told, while the gold mining of Juneau and Douglass Island, one hundred and eighty miles northeast of Sitka, sustains a white population of not more than fifteen hundred; the remaining whites being scattered along the coast, at the fisheries, in groups of eight or ten persons, and at missionary stations. In every instance, this white population is of such a transitory character that local self-government, if now adopted, would

be a mere travesty. If suffrage were granted, without specially excepting the native races, the latter would be entitled to exercise it, and, being settled, for the most part, in compact villages of several hundred adult persons, would only become the tools of designing adventurers. The mountainous character of the entire country will make it impossible to create Indian reservations, on which to herd and teach the natives. They are all self-supporting and easily controlled. Men and women are equally industrious and frugal, and have a strong inclination to improve their habitations, food, and clothing. Hundreds find employment at the salmon canneries, and as common laborers at the gold mines.

No antagonism yet exists between the natives and white laborers in the same kind of employment, under the same employer. The government has never spent anything for their support, and need never do so, if proper and intelligent interest is taken in educating them with reference to their natural environment and the only industries that are capable of development in Alaska. The topography of the country makes it improbable that Alaska's resources can be developed and made valuable in any other way than by the massing of capital through the agencies of corporations. There will be few opportunities for the exercise of the ordinary mechanical trades. The labor, therefore, of the great mass of the natives will come under the control of those corporate enterprises; and if the Territory is accorded self-government, the natives, greatly outnumbering the whites, will become a perplexing element in every political contingency. They are unlike the negroes of the South. They have never been a servile race, nor have they been at war with the whites for a century, and then brought into subjection after defeat, and placed on reservations. They have none of that resentment which the Indian Bureau finds so difficult to overcome in

the case of the other native races of North America. They realize that everything is changing about them, and are anxious to pattern after the whites in better dwellings, more comfortable clothing, and a greater diversity of food, but they fail to realize yet the importance of education. The adults are serious obstacles to the education of the children; and no radical change is possible until attendance at the government schools is compulsory. It is not enough to provide schools and teachers at the public expense, but Congress must go further, and authorize the employment of Indian policemen at every village,

to compel the attendance of the children.

Many of the native schools have an enrollment of sixty pupils, with an average daily attendance of ten. This is due to the total lack of means of enforcing attendance. Until the system is changed, at least two thirds of the annual appropriation for education in Alaska will be wasted; and the race problem presented in the subject of their education and possible participation in the political affairs of the country is of too serious a character to be thus ignored by those who are now responsible for their future development.

John H. Keatley.

A SEARCH FOR A LOST BUILDING.

THE palace which had been reared at the command of Aladdin disappeared in a night. No sign of it remained to gladden the sight of the Sultan, when, in the morning, he looked from his cabinet window upon the spot where but yesterday the gorgeous structure stood. The building had been, but was not, nor could he discover that it had left behind a trace of its former existence.

The perplexity of him who searches for the traces of the first building erected at Cambridge for the use of Harvard College is almost as great as was that of the fabled monarch in the Oriental tale. Titles to real estate founded in town and proprietary grants will aid the searcher in determining the situation of many points of interest in Cambridge. He who visits that city to-day will find, inserted in buildings in the vicinity of the college, tablets inscribed with legends which point out historical associations with the sites. Stones erected by the wayside will aid him in the discovery of places where events of interest have occurred. He will, however, search in

vain for some monument which shall assure him that he looks upon the site of the first college building. No record is extant which fixes positively the spot where the building stood. No fragment of the building, so far as is known, remains in existence to-day. The visitor can study in the vast collections of fossils in the museums the fauna and flora of former geologic periods. He can look upon hieroglyphic inscriptions from Egypt. He can find those who will interpret for him the cuneiform inscriptions on cylinders from Nineveh. The inmost secrets of the lives of the mound-builders are spread before his eyes. The rude stone implements of palæolithic man, gathered by the hundred from the Trenton gravel, are submitted to his inspection. He can see the sketch of a mastodon rudely incised on the surface of a shell, the work of which was done by one who probably saw the living animal. At the Library, specimens of early books, rare tracts, valuable autographic manuscripts, and hundreds of maps, of various degrees of interest, are

to be found. But of articles which have a known association with this building, one or two books of records, which must have been used within its walls, and a single volume from John Harvard's library alone remain.

Historians of the college have dismissed their allusions to the building without attempting description. No print, no drawing, has been preserved to give us an idea how it looked.

The dazed and bewildered Sultan, when he gazed upon the vacant spot where he had hoped to see the palace of his son-in-law, had at least the mental vision, furnished by his memory, of what he expected to see. But a few hours before he had satisfied his pride with a view of the magnificent structure, and the picture then imprinted upon his retina was before him as he entered his cabinet. Although the palace was no longer there, he could not be robbed of his memory. In this respect, at least, the monarch, in his speculations over the missing palace, had a great advantage over him who searches for the lost college building. Yet if the latter has not the adventitious aid of memory to recall in imagination the building which he is seeking to depict, if he cannot find any graphic delineation to aid him in his task, if he derives no assistance from consulting the pages of historians who have selected the college as a topic, he is not absolutely without resources in his work.

The literature of the early history of New England is voluminous. The records of the colony and of the college cover the period when this building was in existence. Contemporary writers visited Cambridge, and mention of the college is made by several in their publications. The collation and comparison of these references, although they are vague and general in character, give some idea of the structure, and of the manner of its occupation. If to these are added a few extracts from the college records

and account-books, we shall have some information at command concerning a building around which cluster so many associations of interest.

The work of collating references to the college from contemporary publications has been already performed, and the publication of the result in the proceedings of societies devoted to special investigations of this nature has placed this information within reach of specialists who know where to look for such matters. To make the result of this work more accessible to general readers, and to add thereto a few hints as to the building, culled from unpublished records, is the purpose of this article. If the fragmentary nature of the details shall, when thus grouped together, fail to satisfy the desires of those interested in the history of the building, it will at least be true that they will find something new on the subject. History cannot hope to vie with magic. Aladdin, by invoking the very powers which removed his palace, was able to restore it to its former situation. It is not probable that any search through publications and records will ever furnish much more knowledge than we now possess as to the site and construction of the college building. Yet if we consider the various references, published and unpublished, we can get a much better idea of the manner of building that it was, and of the discomforts which its tenants must have suffered, than will be suggested by meagre, detached allusions scattered through printed and written pages, some of which are only to be consulted with trouble, and the perusal of all of which would require great patience.

In the fall of 1636, a grant of "£400 towards a School or College" was made by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay. A little over a year thereafter, the same court ordered the college to be at New Town, or Cambridge, as the place was soon thereafter called. Nathaniel Eaton was chosen professor, and

to him was entrusted the disbursement of the funds "for the erecting of such edifices as were meet and necessary for a college, and for his own lodgings." A copy of an account of these disbursements exists, in which Eaton charges himself with receiving from the executors of John Harvard's estate £200. This account has no date, and no other credit is given the college for moneys received by Eaton. John Harvard died in September, 1638. Eaton was dismissed from his position the next year, for cruelty to his pupils. It is therefore probable that work upon the building was begun in the latter part of 1638. The town of Cambridge in 1638 made a grant of two and two thirds acres of land "to the Professor," "to the town's use forever for a public school or college." The location of the grant is only approximately known, and the preponderance of evidence points to another lot, which in 1638 stood in Eaton's name, as the site of the first college building. This lot was on Braintree (now Harvard) Street, opposite the street now known as Holyoke Street.

In 1643, a tract entitled *New England's First Fruits* was published in England. The college building is described therein as follows: "The edifice is very fair and comely, within and without, having in it a spacious hall, where they daily meet at Commons, Lectures and Exercises, and a large library with some books in it, the gifts of diverse of our friends, their chambers and studies also fitted for and possessed by the students, and all other roomes and offices necessary and convenient, with all needful offices thereto belonging." Still another description is given in *Johnson's Wonder Working Providence*, where Cambridge is likened to a bowling-green, and the college building is spoken of as a "faire building," "thought by some to be too gorgeous for a wilderness, and yet too mean in others apprehension for a Colledge." Johnson's book

was published in London in 1654. The next description of the building which contains matter of sufficient interest for our purposes occurs in the report of Edward Randolph, king's commissioner, in 1676. He says, "There are three colleges built in Cambridge, a Town seven miles from Boston. One built of timber and covered with shingles of cedar, at the charge of Mr. Harvard, and bears his name." He then proceeds to describe the Indian College as a small brick building, and the new college building as a "fair pile of a brick building and covered with tiles."

The college records furnish us with a copy of the bill for the glass used in the building, in which charges are entered for glass in the hall and school, the lanthorn, the turret, the staircase, the hall study, and in six other studies and eight chambers, designated by the names of the occupants. This bill was dated March 5, 164 $\frac{1}{2}$. The total, including a charge for mending, was only £15 16s. 4d.,—a sum which would seem to have been inadequate for the complete glazing of the building.

There are also a series of charges in the names of students, for work done in the several studies and chambers, from which it may be inferred that these rooms were finished under the direction and at the expense of the tenants who then took possession of them. Some of them were ceiled with cedar; some were calked and daubed with clay; some were plastered and whitened. Those students fortunate enough to share the benefits of a chimney bore their proportion of the expense of construction.

There is a table of the income of the studies which enumerates the rent of each room. There is also a list of studies in the handwriting of President Chauncy, in which they are classified according to their rents. Beside these, there is an inventory of the college property in 1654, in which the college building is described as follows: "The

building called the old college, conteyning a hall, kitchen, buttery, cellar, turret and five studies, and therein seven chambers for students in them, a pantry and small corner chamber, a library and books therein valued at £400." In addition to these entries, which deal specifically with the building, there are certain orders of the Overseers regulating the tenancy of the rooms, and prescribing rules to govern the conduct of students and college servants, which throw light upon the occupation of the building. For instance, an order prohibiting students from bringing candles into the hall, coupled with charges, in students' accounts, for the use of the public candle and the public fire, vividly portrays the slender resources of the times.

When Eaton was removed the building was but just begun. Work upon it was continued under the supervision of Samuel Shepard. In his account there is one date of 1642. In an account of Tyng, the country treasurer, there is a charge against the college for 4000 boards in 1642. The charges for completing the studies are dated 1643. The bill for glass is in the spring of 1644. Winthrop is authority for the statement that most of the government of the college were present, in 1642, at the first Commencement, and dined in commons. It is a fair inference that this dinner was in the college building, but it is probable that the building was not completed until the latter part of 1643.

The search for traces of its construction brings us in contact with the record of its decay, which began within less than a decade from the time of its completion. Petitions from the Corporation and Overseers from time to time recite the progress of this decay, and in 1677 we find the record of the final collapse of the building. In 1680, Cambridge was visited by Dankers and Sluyter, two Dutchmen who made a tour in the colonies, and on their return home sub-

mitted a report of their trip. No mention of this building is made in the graphic account which they gave of their visit to Cambridge.

When we peruse the records of the brief existence of this building, and reflect upon the rude finish of its interior, we shall probably be disposed to doubt whether it was, after all, fair and comely within and without; and it is not unlikely that our sympathies will run rather with those who apprehended it was too mean for a college than with those who feared it was too gorgeous for a wilderness.

Charges in Eaton's account for "felling, squaring, and loading lumber" show that he paid for cutting trees which entered into the construction of the building. The frame was set up in the yard, and apparently before this work was concluded it was determined that the projected building was on too small a scale, for in the original account a charge is entered for "additions to be made to the frame." The bricks used in the chimneys were made for the college, and the wages of the workmen who made them were paid by the person who had the work in charge.

From the various records which have been alluded to, the following facts with reference to the building can be deduced: In the first place, it had a cellar. The charge for excavation appears in Eaton's account, and the cellar itself figures in the inventory of 1654. There was a kitchen, a buttery, and a larder or pantry. There was a fair and spacious hall and a large library. The hall was used for commons, as well as recitations and exercises. Some idea of its size may be gained from the fact that most of those who formed the government of the college in 1642 were present at Commencement, and dined "with the scholars ordinary commons." The government of the college was at that time composed of the magistrates and elders of the six nearest churches. In

1643, the synod met in Cambridge, and the number of elders present was about fifty. "They sat in Commons, and had their diet there, after the manner of the Scholars' Commons, but somewhat better, yet so ordered as it came not to above sixpence a meal for a person."

There were eight chambers in the building. Two of them were small, and apparently were intended for use by single students. In each of the larger chambers there were three or four studies; provision being thus made for a joint occupancy. That one, at least, of the smaller rooms was for a sole tenant appears from the assignment of a bedroom to Sir Alcock, "which was to him alone." Beside the studies in the chambers, there were five studies in the turret. Four of them were designated in the table of incomes by points of compass, and all four were evidently on the second floor. The fifth was called the "lowest study," and in Chauncy's list is styled "the study at the stairs at the foot of the turret." It requires no great stretch of the imagination to fill up what is wanting in the description of the turret, and thus interpret the meaning of this entry. The main entrance to the building was through the turret. The space of the ground floor in that portion of the building was occupied by a staircase, which finds mention in the glazier's bill and in Chauncy's list, by the passage-way leading to the hall, and by "the study at the stairs at the foot of the turret;" the latter being probably the portion of the hall beneath and in the rear of the stairs, which was inclosed and utilized as a study.

What were these studies, of which there were three in some chambers and four in others, whose walls were "daubed," or "plastered and whitened," or "ceiled with cedar"? It is plain that they must have been small, and it is not improbable that the partitions which separated them from the chambers did not reach to the ceiling. In one of the vol-

umes, containing miscellaneous papers, now in the archives of the college, there is a plan for a college building which is attributed to Thomas Prince, in which studies are plotted which were apparently about five feet square. The building of these separate compartments for study, connected with rooms in college buildings allotted for sleeping purposes, at a time when so great economy had to be practiced in every department of life, requires some explanation. It is perhaps to be found in the fact that similar arrangements existed in the colleges in England. Readers of Froude will recall Anthony Dollaber's account of his arrest in 1528. Dollaber says, "I shut my chamber door unto me, and my study door also." Each student who lodged in the first college building at Cambridge was, like Anthony Dollaber at Frideside College, provided with a study for his separate use; and although the size of these private rooms must have been exceedingly diminutive, still he had a place where he could be secluded, and carry on his studies without interruption.

In the table of incomes, two studies are enumerated as having fires in them. These must have been rooms of fair dimensions, otherwise the fire would have been unendurable. The situation of those rooms which enjoyed the privilege of a fire must have been determined by the chimneys. One of them is mentioned in the charges against Bulkley, and is described as "the study with the fire, the highest over the kitchen." Where there were several studies in one chamber, the latter must of course have been jointly occupied by the tenants of the several studies. It does not appear in what chambers the students lodged who occupied the studies in the turret, but it is probable that provision had to be made for them in the larger chambers. The rule, however, was that to each chamber as many students were assigned as there were studies, as will appear from the orders of the Overseers approved

in 1667, among which was the following: "In case any shall leave a Study in any chamber, wr in some doe yet remaine, such as remaine shall stand charged with ye care of ye vacant Studies."

In the chambers were "cabins," or closets, which were specifically assigned. Sometimes the cabin allotted to a student was not situated in the chamber where he lodged; thus Bradford's study carried with it "the right to a cabin in the great chamber."

Three of the chambers were designated as the "low east chamber," the "east middle chamber," and the "highest east chamber." There were, therefore, three east chambers, one over the other. In other words, the eastern end of the building was devoted to lodging-rooms. The "low" and the "middle" east chambers each had four studies. On the lower floor, the first in order of mention was "ye study of ye hall;" then came the "middle study in the same row;" then the "northernmost study;" and after that the "lower study over against it."

The studies in the second story were classified in a similar way, except that the first is designated as the "southernmost." In the "highest east chamber" there were three studies, the "southernmost," the "middle," and the "northernmost."

It is probable that the structure was a two-story building, with an attic sufficiently high to admit of rooms being finished off in it. Westward of the "low east chamber," and "betwixt it and ye turret," was another "low chamber." The turret was therefore separated, on the ground floor, from one end of the building by the width of two chambers. There were on the ground floor, beside these chambers, the hall, the kitchen, the buttery, and the pantry. Hence it may be assumed that the front of the building was broken by a turret in the middle. There was no

"highest" chamber, or study, mentioned as being in the turret. Perhaps the architectural finish of the turret did not permit a chamber at that elevation. There is a charge in the glazier's bill for glass in the "lanthorn." The use of this term would seem to point to an ornamental finish to the top of the turret. On the other hand, it appears from the records that, "in 1658, John Willett gave the college a bell, which was placed in the turret." From this, it may be inferred that there was, at any rate, an open belfry in the turret.

With the detailed enumeration of the rooms given in the table of incomes, it would seem as if we could almost trace the footsteps of the person who made up the list, as he passed from room to room, and noted, by descriptive title, each chamber, and located each study within it. There are, however, difficulties in the vagueness of such phrases as "the corner study over against it," and the "sizer's study over the porch of that chamber," etc., which are insuperable. If any meaning can be attached to the "east chamber," it would seem that the building must have faced to the north or to the south. If the site of the building be accepted as on the Eaton lot, then it must have faced to the south, towards Harvard Street. The kitchen, buttery, and pantry were at the west end, the hall in the middle, and the east end was devoted to chambers.

A comparison of this suggestion as to the plan of the first building with the description of the first Harvard Hall, given in the life of Timothy Pickering, will show that the same general plan was followed in the new building, although the occupation of the eastern and western wings was reversed, the kitchen and buttery in the new building being in the eastern wing.

It has already been suggested that the building was partially occupied before it was finished. The glazier's bill

was not rendered until the spring of 1643, while the magistrates and elders dined at commons in 1642. It is not unlikely that, for a time at least, oiled paper was used as a substitute for glass, in some of the windows. If we needed proof that this conjecture is within the range of probability, it is to be found in the statement, made by Dankers and Sluyter, that they looked into the Indian College through a broken paper sash. The sum allowed by the commissioners of the United Colonies for the construction of the Indian College was £120, exclusive of the cost of glass, showing an intention to have some glazing in the building. The charges in the glazier's bill against separate studies in the first college building were from one to two shillings each, sums inadequate for much glass.

The phrase "covered with cedar shingles," as used by Randolph, probably referred merely to the roof. He describes the new building as "covered with tiles," an expression that we should naturally limit to the roof. That does not, however, militate against the possibility of the sides having been finished in the same way. It was, at that time, a common method of construction employed in Boston. Dankers and Sluyter described the Boston houses, in 1680, as "made of thin small cedar shingles, nailed against frames, and then filled with brick or other stuff." Clapboards, we know, were exported from early times; and in Shepard's account, he charges himself with one payment made to him in clapboards. All that we can say is, that the finish might have been either shingles or clapboards.

Without other knowledge of the external appearance of the building than has already been given, we must rely upon the prevailing custom of the times, if we assert that the rudely constructed little building was two stories high, and had a gambrel roof, with dormer windows in the attic story. It will require

no great feat of the imagination to picture such a building, having its front broken by a projecting turret or tower, the top of which was finished off with a belfry.

We can look into the kitchen and see the busy scene as the modest meals were prepared, which were to cost the members of the synod not above sixpence apiece. The luxury of "turnspit Indians," for whose services charges are made in the steward's accounts, can only be associated with the first Harvard Hall, if we rely exclusively upon the dates of these charges; but it is not improbable that the primitive simplicity of the meals which were served to the synod gave place to luxuries like those indicated in these charges, even during the life of the first building. We can see the hall with its "sanded floor," now in use for religious services, now with tables spread for commons, and again occupied as a recitation room. As the scene of commons is brought before us, we note that each student receives his sizing of food upon a pewter plate, and his beer in a pewter mug. These are delivered by the butler to the servitor, and from the buttery hatch the former keeps watch to see that no vessels or utensils belonging to the college are borne from the hall. Forks are as yet unknown at Cambridge, and each student feeds himself with the knife which he carries upon his person.

If we think of the scene in summer, we imagine the students, with the windows of their chambers and studies swung open, and fastened in position by the "window-hooks," enjoying to the full the fresh, cool sea-breeze, which sweeps unpolluted across the plain described as like a bowling-green. The very defects of the building made it comfortable in warm weather; but when the cold blasts of winter swept through the cracks caused by the shrinking of the timbers as they seasoned, openings disclosed themselves which no calking

or daubing could keep closed, and the scene presented for our consideration is far different. At such times as these, the chambers and the studies must have been deserted; and the students must have collected within the "settle," where, by the light of the "public candle," covering over the "public fire," they found the only place where they could with any sort of comfort pursue their studies during the long winter evenings.

I have said that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to recall mentally an approximate picture of the lost building, which for a little over a third of a century was known as Harvard College. However rude the building, and however uncomfortable it may have been, still it was a college building, containing dormitories, life in which must have yielded to the students many experiences which characterize student life to-day. If we should undertake to recall the scene of the adjustment of accounts between the steward and the students, the task would be much more difficult. The wildest fancy could not conceive of the treasurer of Harvard College receiving his pay to-day in live cattle and sheep; in grain, malt, and apples; in beef, pork, and bacon; in sugar and salt; in wool and sacking. The adjustment of the value of an "old cow," and the settlement of the allowance for "her hide" and for "her suet and her inwards," would hardly be considered within the range of the duties of the financial officer of an institution of learning. Charges for sending twice for the same cow might perhaps be regarded as reasonable, but it would be difficult to justify a charge for pasturage while the animal was awaiting appraisal. We can understand how the college might to-day make use of cattle, of grain, of sugar, and of suet; and we know the use which in those days was made of the malt and the runlets of sack which figure as credits in the steward's

accounts; but what could have been done with 14s. 6d. worth of rose-water, or with a sword valued at 8s. 6d.? How many accountants would it take to keep track of the students' bills, if the college assumed such personal charges as those for cutting hair, and for making and mending clothes and shoes? Yet these charges and credits figure in the steward's account-book, and bring before our eyes more vividly the evils endured by the infant colony, through lack of circulating medium, than does the attempt of the General Court to supply the deficiency by making wampam-peg a legal tender, "the white eight to a penny, the black at four, so as they be entire without breaches or deforming spots." They mark more distinctly the difference between student life then and now than would any comparison between the modern buildings and the one which is the subject of this article.

It has been already stated as probable that timber which was standing on the stump when the first college building was begun entered into its construction. Of course, a building so constructed could not last long, and we can readily believe that Dunster spoke the truth when, in his petition to the Indian commissioners in 1649, he said, "Seaventhly, seeing the first evil contrivall of the college building, there now ensues yearly decay of the roof, walls, and foundation, which the study rents will not carry forth to repair." From that time forth until 1677, when a portion of it fell down, complaints as to its condition are frequently encountered.

Hubbard, writing in 1679, merely refers to the building in the past tense. Cotton Mather, a quarter of a century later, finds nothing worth saying about it, except that it bore the same name as the new building.

The wish was expressed by the editor of Winthrop's New England that he could exchange fifty pages from a well-known will, probated in the early days

of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, for one which could be identified as from that of John Harvard. Cotton Mather graduated at Cambridge in 1678. He was therefore in college when the old building became unfit for occupation. If to what he wrote in his *Magnalia*

concerning the college he had added but one page devoted to a description of the first building, and of student life therein, who shall measure the exchange that we would gladly pay in pages selected from other parts of this ponderous work?

Andrew McFarland Davis.

REVULSION.

“A CERTAIN rich man possessed many sheep, and herds of cattle, and great flocks of goats, and countless broodmares fed in his pastures; and he had shepherds, both slaves and freedmen, whom he hired, neatherds and goat-herds, and hostlers for his horses. He had also vast estates, many of which he had inherited from his father, but many more he had himself acquired; for his one ambition was to increase his goods, by lawful or unlawful means. Neither cared he greatly for the gods. Many wives had he, and children, both sons and daughters, among whom, when he came to die, he divided his possessions, without, however, having instructed them in the proper administration of their wealth; for he had fancied that the mere number of his children would suffice to preserve his possessions, and he had used no effort to make his heirs good men. Hence the beginning of their mutual injuries. For each one, in imitation of his father, desired himself alone to have the whole, and so attacked his brethren, . . . until slaughter prevailed on every side, and the gods permitted the consummation of a frightful tragedy.

“The patrimony was allotted by the edge of the sword, and all was dire confusion.

“The children overthrew the altars which their father before them had despised, and despoiled of many gifts even those of their own ancestors.” Jove then

appealed to his divine son, Apollo, and to the fatal sisters to assist him. “And to the sun-god he said, ‘Seest thou this little boy?’ (It was a forlorn and neglected offshoot of the family, nephew of that rich man who was dead, and cousin to the heirs.) ‘He is of thy race. Swear to me, by thy sceptre and mine, that thou wilt have him in thy special keeping, and govern all his ways, and heal him of his ills. Thou seest him, sordid, miserable, and obscure, thine own divine spark in him well-nigh extinguished. Take him and train him for thy work.’ And the father of the gods commanded Minerva — the virgin born of no mother — to aid the sun-god in bringing up the child, who thenceforth grew and waxed strong.”

It is thus, under a thin guise of fable, that the Roman Emperor, Flavius Claudius Julianus, commonly known as the Apostate, has told the story of his own escape from the general massacre, by Constantius, of the collateral heirs of Constantine the Great, and of the divine interposition whereby he so devoutly believed that he had been preserved and brought to the throne. The fable occurs in the second of two discourses against the Cynics, composed by Julian during the prolific last year and a half of that crowded life which closed in the Asian desert at thirty-one. The philosophical views of the royal youth were no less luminously conceived and firmly arrested

than his reactionary religious beliefs. He was an ardent Stoic, and Marcus Aurelius was his patron saint. He introduces the tale of his early wrongs incidentally, by way of illustrating an argument he has been making in favor of myth as a vehicle of instruction: "You will force me, too, to become a fabulist." And he dismisses it with the same negligent grace: "Is this a fanciful tale or a veracious history? I know not."

The accent of the enthusiast, not to say the fanatic, is conspicuous here. We recognize the man of dreams and visions, of supersensual intimations, mystic inner meanings, and trances of silent receptivity. But this is only one aspect of an exceedingly rich and many-sided though eccentric nature. Julian was as keen of wit as he was devotional in spirit, as vigorous in action as he was dreamy in speculation. His brief life, moreover, was so incessantly and intently occupied by one tremendous purpose, he was so pathetically "straitened" till this impossible work of his should be accomplished, that he had little care for his own consistency; and the self-revelation of his writings is complete.

It is proposed on the present occasion to turn resolutely away from the controversies with which Julian's name is inevitably associated, and to consider, if possible without prepossession, the enigmatical but highly distinguished nature of the man himself, as outlined in his own unstudied works and in those of some of his most famous contemporaries.

The principal facts and dates of his life must first be rapidly recapitulated.

He was born in Constantinople, on the 6th of November, 331. His father was Julius Constantius, brother of Constantine the Great. His mother was Basilina, a member of the noble Roman house of the Anicii, the first, and for a considerable time the only, family of patrician rank which professed Christianity.

On the 22d of May, 337, when Julian

was five and a half years old, Constantine died, leaving the kingdom of the world to his three sons; and a few days later, Constantius, who had succeeded to the throne of Constantinople, sanctioned that general massacre of his kindred to which Julian alludes in the fable already quoted, and which he describes in plainer language in the letter of apology which he addressed to the Senate and people of Athens, after his own assumption at Paris, twenty-five years later, of the imperial crown:—

"It is known to all that on my father's side I am of the same blood as Constantius. His father and mine were brothers, — children of the same father. These, then, were the dealings of that most humane Emperor with us, his nearest relations. My six cousins, who were equally his own; my father, who was his uncle; another common uncle on the paternal side; and, finally, my own eldest brother, he put to death without trial. He desired also to have slain my other brother" (Gallus) "and myself, but was content to send us into exile, and in the end he set me free; while, shortly before he murdered him, he gave my brother the title of Cæsar."

The life of the baby Julian was saved by the intervention of some Christian ecclesiastic, but such a number of bishops in later times laid claim to this distinction that it is no longer possible to determine his name. The children were separated at first, but both were educated conformably with their rank; Julian being confided to the care of a certain Scythian eunuch, named Mardonius, by whom he was thoroughly grounded in the principles of the Stoic philosophy.

When Julian was fourteen years of age, and his brother Gallus about twenty, the two were dispatched in company to the magnificent royal castle of Maccellum, near Cæsarea, a strongly fortified place, where they were kept for six years under strict surveillance, and carefully instructed in the minutiae of Chris-

tian doctrine. They were even made readers in the church, and the fact that they had to be clean-shaven for this purpose may help to account for the fanatical attachment which Julian manifested in after-years for his own luxuriant beard. The feebler Gallus proved a docile pupil, and, though his life shed little lustre on his faith, the sincerity of his Christian profession was never questioned; but Julian, while outwardly conforming to the requirements of his position, kept himself clear of the personal vices which defaced his brother's character, and thought to such extraordinary purpose, on his own behalf, during this period of splendid constraint, that he always afterward dated from the year 350, when he was nineteen, his own definitive rejection of Christianity, and return to a belief in the pagan gods.

In 351, when the death of the two brothers of Constantius had left the latter sole Emperor, Gallus was first invested with the purple, and almost immediately put to death. On this occasion Julian's life was saved by the intercession of the Empress Eusebia, and he passed the ensuing five or six years as a pupil in the philosophical schools of Athens, Nicomedia, and other Eastern cities. It was at Ephesus, in this interval of studious retirement, that Julian formally, although still secretly, renounced Christianity, and was initiated into certain pagan mysteries, in the course of which the stain of baptism was supposed to have been effaced by washing in the blood of a bullock, newly slain, and the neophyte devoted himself to the especial worship of the sun-god.

In 355, Constantius abruptly summoned Julian to Milan, bestowed on him the rank of Cæsar and the hand of his sister Helena, who died before Julian's accession to the empire, and appointed him governor of Gaul. There could not have been a more critical position for an untried ruler. The affairs of the Western Empire had fallen into

dire confusion, the Franks and Alemanni were in open revolt. But if Constantius had flattered himself, as we can hardly doubt, that the visionary and inexperienced youth would fall an easy prey to the insurgent barbarians, he was doomed to signal disappointment. The world knows how astonishing was the military genius developed, under pressure, by the dreaming scholar, how soon and thoroughly the wild German tribes were reduced to order, how austere was the private life of the young commander, how impassioned the devotion which he soon came to inspire among the soldiery of whose hardships he partook. Only a few years had passed, when Constantius began to see in the loyalty of Julian's legions a more serious menace to his own ascendancy than he had ever yet foreboded.

An imperial edict was dispatched to the headquarters at Lutetia, — Paris, — detailing the best of the veteran troops of Gaul to service in the Persian war. This arbitrary order the army flatly refused to obey. They demanded that Julian should himself assume the imperial crown, and swore that they would follow him as Emperor to the ends of the earth. The Stoic prince made a feint, perhaps a sincere effort, of resisting the will of his troops, but yielded, after a night of inward conflict, to what he recognized as the will of Heaven. He was crowned, in default of any other diadem, with the golden torque of one of his officers; making open profession at the same time of his long-dissembled pagan belief, and announcing his intention, while permitting perfect liberty of conscience throughout his dominions, to restore the public worship of the divinities of Olympus, and constitute paganism once more the religion of the state. His rapid march across central Europe, at the head of his legions, has ever been reckoned one of the miracles of strategy. He was fully prepared to defend his usurpation at the point of the sword,

when the news met him at Sirmium of the death of Constantius from fever contracted at Antioch; and so, after all, the empire of the world fell peaceably into the hands of the reactionary.

After a short season of vigorous administrative reform in the corrupt court at Constantinople, he started, at the head of his army, to prosecute that Eastern war which had been bequeathed him by Constantius; and there, a few months later, by the banks of the Tigris, on the 26th of June, 363, while leading his troops to repel a sudden attack of the Persian army on his rear, he received a javelin wound from an unknown hand, and breathed out, a few hours later, in the shelter of his tent, his fiery spirit, his vast and daring purposes, his fateful devotion to a cause already extinct.

Let us now return to the testimony of this extraordinary being concerning himself.

Comparatively little of his early writing has been preserved. There are, however, several important letters, and one, of special though still fanciful interest, whose date can with reasonable probability be assigned to a period earlier by a couple of years than the usurpation at Paris. It is addressed to his physician, Oribasius, a pagan, one of the two men who professed always to have been in his confidence concerning the state of his religious convictions.

The letter begins abruptly: "The dream-gates are two," says the divine Homer, and they command different degrees of confidence concerning future events. My opinion is that you have had an authentic vision of the future, if such a thing ever was. I, too, have seen what I will now describe. Methought that a certain lofty tree was bending to its fall, but attached to its roots was a tender young shoot, growing well. And I was concerned for the tiny tree, lest it should be uprooted along with the great one. Then, as I drew nearer, I

perceived that the large tree was actually prostrate on the ground, but the little one seemed erect, only suspended above the soil; and in great disquiet I exclaimed, 'What a mighty tree was this, and now there is danger lest even the small offshoot should perish!' Then a man whom I did not know approached, and said, 'Look closer, and be of good cheer. The little tree has a root attached to the ground. It will be saved and increase in strength.' Such was my dream, but God knows the interpretation of it."

Julian was also a seer of visions, no less than a dreamer of dreams. There are frequent references to facts of this kind in the priceless pages of that calm and lucid historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, who was a member of Julian's body-guard during the Persian campaign, and present at his death. Thus, in describing the tumultuous eve of Julian's coronation at Paris, he says:—

"During the night before he was proclaimed Augustus, the Emperor related to his immediate attendants how, in the quiet, he had seen a something which resembled the representations of the Genius Publicus, and which addressed him with a certain severity: 'For a long time, now, O Julian, I have lingered unseen about the threshold of your dwelling, desiring to increase your honors. Sometimes, as feeling myself repulsed, I have turned away. But now, if, in obedience to the desire of so many, you receive me not, I shall depart, sad and dejected. Remember, therefore, and let it sink into your heart, that if I go I shall thenceforth abide with you no more.'"

To this may best be appended here another quotation from Ammianus, from that portion of his history in which he speaks as an eye-witness, and tells us in his own simple and convincing fashion what took place in one of the last nights of the Emperor's life:—

"He, after some anxious hours of

broken rest, betook himself, as was his wont when sleepless, to writing in his tent, after the fashion of Julius Cæsar, and to meditating, in the night-watches, on the thoughts of some philosopher. Then saw he again, as he told his people, that same vision of the Genius Publicus which had appeared to him in Gaul, when he had attained his imperial rank. But lacking now its former splendor, and with its veil covering the cornucopia as well as the head, it glided sadly through the tent and disappeared. Transfixed for a moment with wonder, he presently surmounted all fear, and committed the future to the will of the gods. Afterward, while it was yet deep night, he arose from his low couch, and offered propitiatory sacrifices to the divinities; and then it seemed to him that he beheld a blazing torch, which furrowed the air like a falling star, and faded away. Whereupon a deep dread seized him lest it should be the star of Mars which had appeared under so threatening an aspect."

Later on in the letter to Oribasius which has been already quoted, casual reference is made to another member of the small circle of Julian's trusted friends. After alluding to the intrigues which perpetually thwarted his administration in Gaul, and to the directly divine assistance whereby he felt that his victories had been won, he says: "If I myself have to suffer, there will be no small consolation in the consciousness of having acquitted myself well. I pray the gods that I may be permitted to keep with me that upright man, Sallust. But if a successor to myself be presently forthcoming, I shall not, I hope, repine. A brief season, well spent, is better than years of ill-doing. So say the Peripatetics, and I do not find their maxims less manly than those of the Stoics."

Julian's main philosophical creed was, however, as has been said, the Stoic one, and his aim was to follow as closely as might be in the footsteps of Marcus

Aurelius. It was in emulation of the blameless Emperor that he regularly divided his nights into three parts, giving only one to slumber, the second to affairs of state, the third to the Muses. In his panegyric of his friend and protector, the Empress Eusebia, composed probably in the autumn of 357, or some two years after he had been made governor of Gaul, he expresses his profound and touching gratitude for her gift of a Greek library.

"Thanks to her," he says, "even Gaul and Germany have become to me museums of Greek letters. Always keeping fast hold of these treasures, I can never forget her from whom I received them; and whenever I go on any expedition, I take with me, as part of my military equipment, some one of these books, which then seems to me as if it had been long ago written for this especial purpose. For the carefully preserved memorials of the wisdom and experience of our ancestors offer a clear and vivid picture of the great days of old to those who came too late to behold them."

Nevertheless, there is a letter dated some two years later, but belonging to the same period of Julian's rude campaigns against the Alemanni, and addressed to two of his fellow-students at Athens, in which a sigh of envious regret breaks from the unwilling warrior, at the thought of their noble and peaceful avocations:—

"To Eumenius and Phareanus: If any one has ever attempted to persuade you that there is aught sweeter or better for humanity than to philosophize in peace and security, that man is mistaken, and would fain mislead you. But if the old ardor for knowledge remains with you, and has not gone out like a crackling flame, I hold you to be happy men. Four years and almost three months have passed since we parted, and I would gladly know what progress you have made in that interval of time.

For my own part, I have contracted such barbarous habits in these countries that it is a wonder if I can still speak Greek. But for yourselves, do not, I beseech you, neglect any branch of study, neither oratory, nor rhetoric, nor poetry. Let your greatest zeal be for knowledge. The works of Plato and Aristotle contain the sum of it all. Devote yourselves to these. They are base, foundation, building, and roof. All the rest is but ornament. . . . God is my witness, it is because I love you like brothers that I offer these counsels."

One is reminded of that passionate admonition of Arthur Hugh Clough's:—

"Not as the scripture saith, I think is the fact. Ere our death-day,
Faith, I think, does pass, and Love; but
Knowledge abideth.
Let us seek knowledge; the rest must come
and go as it happens.
Knowledge is hard to attain, and harder yet
to adhere to.
Knowledge is painful often, and yet when
we know we are happy."

Later, after he had assumed the title of Augustus, and was on his way to the East, Julian wrote as follows, apparently in answer to a lost-letter from that Themistius whom he afterward made senator and prefect of Constantinople, and whose rule was so conspicuously just and moderate that, though an unswerving pagan, he was continued in office by the succeeding Christian Emperors:—

"I desire most earnestly to fulfill the hopes which you say you have conceived of me, but I fear I shall never succeed in this, my powers being quite unequal to what you have promised yourself and others on my behalf. It is a long time now since the thought of having to emulate such men as Alexander and Marcus Aurelius and others of the greatest has filled me with alarm and discouragement, lest I should fall far short of the valor of the one and the perfect goodness of the other. It was this which made me decide for the contemplative life. I loved to dwell on the

discourses of Athens, and my sole desire was to lighten the way a little for you, my friends, by singing along the road, like a traveler laden with his pack. But your last letter has renewed and increased my apprehensions; and how doubly difficult is the task you propose for me when you say that God seems to have set me where of old he placed Hercules and Bacchus, who, being both philosophers and kings, did purge the earth and the sea of all the scourges and the iniquities which prevailed in their time! . . . This part of your letter has greatly impressed me. I know you to be incapable of flattery or deceit, but I am also conscious that there is no great excellence in me, whether natural or acquired, save this, that I have loved philosophy."

Then follows a long argument, or rather a species of meditation, on the rival charms and the comparative opportunities for good afforded by a life of research and a life of action. His heart is plainly in the former, but he closes his epistle in these words:—

"It all comes to this: it was no aversion to labor, or excessive attachment to my own ease and comfort and pleasure, which made me shrink from the engagements of public affairs, but rather, as I said before, the conviction that I had neither the native ability nor the acquired knowledge which they demand. I dreaded also the thought of compromising and bringing into discredit that very philosophy which I so dearly love, and which is not too much esteemed, for the rest, by the men of this time. . . . But now may God award me good fortune, and a wisdom which shall be worthy of the same. More than ever, it seems to me, I have need not only of the divine assistance, but of the support of all you philosophers, for whose sake, and to win whose approval, I have come forward and exposed myself to so many dangers. If it prove true indeed that God intends for man, through

me, more of good than I feel myself equal to bestow, you will readily pardon the language which I have used. I claim but one virtue, — that of not thinking of myself more highly than I ought to think, and of ordering my life accordingly. Do not, therefore, I beseech of you, expect of me great and wonderful things, but commit all to God. For so I may be held guiltless, even though I fail; while, if the event should answer my prayers, I shall still be humble and grateful, not assuming any merit or honor which may be due to others, but right-ly referring everything to that divinity to whom will still be due my thanks, and yours for me.”

The monotheistic phraseology of this and many of Julian’s writings was partly, perhaps, a Christian survival, but also a common enough habit of speech among the Stoics. Marcus Aurelius too speaks continually, and as it would seem unconsciously, of God, rather than of the gods.

Themistius, the elevation of whose counsels may be judged by the tone of Julian’s reply, was also the author of one of those many panegyrics of the Apostate whose wholesale destruction was rigidly enforced by the Christian authorities after his death. We are especially sorry to have missed the estimate of so conscientious and high minded a man.

One of the lightest and liveliest letters of Julian which we possess — and he could write, upon occasion, with a charming gayety — is addressed to the philosopher Eugenius, who is supposed to have been the father of this same Themistius: —

“We all know how Dædalus made waxen wings for Icarus, attempting thus to overcome nature by art. I admire his ingenuity, but not his wisdom, in being the first within the memory of man to entrust the safety of a child to so feeble and fragile a support. My own choice would be to be changed into

a bird, as sings the bard of Teos;¹ not that I might pour forth my amatory complaints, nor yet take wing for Olympus, but simply make for your own mountain heights, where, in the words of Sappho, I might ‘embrace my only joy.’ Since, however, nature keeps me in the prison of this body, and suffers me not to soar aloft, I will come to you upon the wings of words, and be with you, as I may, by my pen. For when Homer talks of winged words, he can only mean words which are able to penetrate all places, darting whithersoever they will, like birds of swiftest pinion.

“And now, dear friend, please to answer my letter. Your facility in this kind of flying is surely equal to my own, or rather very superior, and you are able to touch the hearts of your friends in all places, and to gladden them as if by your presence.”

Just after receiving the news of the death of Constantius, which cleared so suddenly and unexpectedly his way to universal empire, Julian wrote a characteristic letter to one Hermogenes, ex-prefect of Egypt, whose partisanship of the usurper had evidently exposed him to some special peril: —

“Let me say with the poet, ‘O saved when hope was gone!’ It seems too wonderful to believe that you should have escaped that hundred-headed hydra. I do not mean my cousin Constantius, — he was what he was, — but those ferocious associates of his, whose hungry eyes were on every man, who rendered so much more cruel one who was by nature less merciful than he appeared to many. He is gone, and may the earth, as they say, lie light above him; while as for those miscreants, I call Jove to witness that I do not desire them to suffer more than is just; only, since so many have accused them, they must stand their trial.”

¹ The lyric of Anacreon here referred to has not survived.

And again, at the same critical juncture, to his maternal uncle, Julian : —

“At the third hour of the night, having no one to write for me, because all are so occupied, I seize a moment in which to pen this word for you. I am alive, blessed be the gods! and freed from the necessity either of suffering or inflicting the uttermost evil. I call to witness the sun-god, whose aid and protection I have always first invoked; I call to witness also Jupiter, the king, that I have never desired the death of Constantius. Nay, more, it has been my earnest wish that this might not befall. Why, then, am I here? Because the gods most clearly and unmistakably enjoined it; promising me safety if I should obey, but if I should hesitate — that which may they never inflict! So, then, having been declared a public enemy, my desire was to create a certain alarm, in order that matters might afterward be more quietly and amicably adjusted by converse between him and me. Yet if it had come to the arbitrament of the sword, I would have committed all things to fortune and to the gods; awaiting whatever issue their clemency might have ordained.”

The triumphal entry of Julian into Constantinople took place on the 11th of December, 361, and he immediately set about effecting a general reform in the administration of the government; calling to his assistance the friends on whom he felt he could most surely rely, and, among others, “that upright Salust,” to whom we have already seen him allude. For an account of his retrenchments in the expenses of the palace we may go to the philosopher Libanius : —

“These most important matters dispatched, he turned his eyes toward the imperial household, where he found a mob of useless persons being fed to no purpose, to wit, one thousand cooks and

the same number of barbers, many more cup-bearers, a perfect swarm of builders, and of eunuchs more in number than the flies who torment a shepherd upon a summer day. . . . To all these the Emperor gave a year’s wage instead of notice, and turned them out forthwith.”

Per contra, Julian is vaguely charged with having loaded his own creatures with emoluments; but, as a matter of fact, the most considerable private gift of which we possess any record is described in the pleasant letter which follows, to one Evagrius, of whom otherwise we know nothing : —

“I have a small estate in Bithynia, comprising four fields, inherited from my maternal grandmother,¹ of which I propose to make you a present, for your love of me. It is much too trifling a gift to be proud of or to make a man feel himself rich, but it has its own charm, as I shall proceed to show; and I may be allowed, I hope, to jest a little with a man of your amiability and refinement. It is not more than twenty stadia from the sea,² but neither peddler nor rude and talkative seaman will ever torment you upon that spot. Yet will you not be bereft of the bounty of Ne-reus, for the freshest of fish will be always ready to your hand; and if you care to mount a little hill hard by the house, you will have a view of the Propontis and its islands, and the city which bears the name of the noblest of kings.³ Meanwhile, you will not find your footsteps entangled in moss and seaweed, and those other unpleasant, not to say unmentionable, things which the sea casts forth upon the sandy beach, but in smilax and thyme, and all manner of sweet-smelling herbs. When you have been poring over your books, and would fain rest the eyes which have grown weary with reading, you will find this outlook over the sea and her ships quite agreeable. I was particularly fond of

¹ The wife of the prefect Anicius Julianus.

² That is, about two and a half miles.

³ Constantinople.

this estate when I was a little fellow, because of its water-springs and its fine bath, over and above the garden and the trees. Afterward, as I grew older, my fancy for the place continued, and it never disappointed me. There is a small monument there of my zeal as an agriculturist. I mean a tiny vineyard, which produces an exceedingly smooth wine with a good bouquet, which loses nothing by age. So, you see, you will find both Bacchus and the Graces there. The grapes, even while hanging on the vine, and still more in the press, yield the odor of roses; while as for the must in the casks, 't is a 'veritable nectar,' to use the expression of Homer. You will perhaps inquire why, if the vines are so remarkable, I have not devoted more acres to their culture. It may be that I am but an idle husbandman; but the truth is, I think, that, being a devotee of the nymphs rather than of Bacchus and his cup, I have not cared to produce more wine than would suffice for myself and my friends, — a very select few!

"Now, therefore, my dear fellow, I make it all over to you; no great gift, certainly, but pleasant as from friend to friend, and 'all in the family,' as the poet Pindar says. I have written in haste and by lamplight, so, if you discover any errors, you must not be severe upon me, as though you were a master and this a theme."

In contrast with the simplicity of his personal habits, the sums which Julian expended as Pontifex Maximus, by way of restoring in their utmost magnificence the public offices of the old religion, were enormous. It was jestingly said that if he returned victorious from the Persian expedition the breeds of oxen and sheep would become extinct. For all this, a general and marked reduction of taxes was effected during his

reign of twenty months; and among those who had suffered most severely under the old régime, and were most signally relieved by the new, were the Jews. For them, on the ground of their rejection of Christ, Julian felt a distinct sympathy; and he was always disposed to favor them in a peculiar manner. There is extant a letter of his addressed to the whole Jewish nation, of which the authenticity has been disputed, but whose tenor is so perfectly in accordance with the action of the Emperor in his well-known attempt to restore the temple at Jerusalem that I incline to believe it genuine: —

"Your condition of servitude in the time which is past cannot in itself have been so oppressive as the unlawful edict whereby you were compelled to pay immense sums of money into the imperial treasury. Much of all this I have seen with my own eyes; more I have learned from going over the complaints which have been lodged against you. I have therefore forbidden the new tax which was about to be levied. I have put down this detestable iniquity. I have even burned the documents inculcating you which I found stored up in my archives, so that henceforth you will have nothing to fear from that quarter. Nevertheless, I do not think that my distinguished cousin Constantius himself was so much to blame in this matter as those brutal and impious beings who lived at his table. These men I have had seized and executed in prison. No trace remains among us of the manner of their end. But being also desirous of conferring upon you still greater benefits, I have commanded your brother, the most worthy patriarch Julius, to abate that impost which is called the *apostolate*,¹ and to suffer no one henceforth to extort money from you on any such pretext.

¹ This tax was exacted from all the synagogues, both of the East and West, for the ostensible purpose of maintaining the rabbis

at Jerusalem. The men who collected it were called *apostoli*. It was subject to great abuses.

“To the end, therefore, that you may have peace and security in my day, and for the greater glory of my reign, I request you to address prayers to your own sovereign God, the Maker of the world, who has deigned to crown me with his most pure hands. For those who are beset by care and anxious in their minds can never quite collectedly and confidently lift up their prayers to God; but being delivered from all trouble and wholly glad at heart, you will surely raise the hands of suppliants on my behalf to that Supreme Being with whom it lies to make my reign as prosperous as I could desire. Let this be your first and most earnest care; and I, on my part, should the Persian war terminate favorably, will straightway restore that holy city of Jerusalem, which now for so many years you have longed to see inhabited; and therein, with you, I will give thanks to the Most High.”

A great many accounts have come down to us of Julian's abortive attempt to restore the beautiful temple which Titus had destroyed, and these narratives agree in all essential particulars. In a general way, the ecclesiastical writers attribute the project to a desire of being specially offensive to the Galileans, while the pagan historians credit the Emperor with merely wishing to leave a signal monument of his own boundless religious tolerance.

The charge of the work was committed to one Alypius, a native of Antioch, who had once been prefect of Britain, and had also written a geographical treatise, — it is conjectured about the regions of Palestine. We have two very friendly letters from the Emperor to Alypius, both of which contain clear references to the business in hand. The work was prosecuted for a time with much vigor, and the extraordinary manner of its abrupt arrest may best be described in the concise words of Ammi-
anus: —

“But just when Alypius, ably sec-

onded by the ruler of the province, was pushing on these labors with great zeal, there occurred a sudden and profuse eruption of horrible fire-balls from about the foundations of the building, making the place inaccessible to the workmen, some of whom were burned to death; and so, the elements themselves repeatedly forbidding the undertaking, it was abandoned.”

This prodigy may well have appealed to the superstitious imagination of Julian no less than to that of the Christians, who had felt their faith insulted by the proposed restoration of the great temple. Gibbon and others are probably right in referring the catastrophe to an explosion of fire-damp from the immense subterranean vaults which are known to have underlain the old temple, and which had now been choked up by débris for nearly three hundred years. It is curious that St. Jerome, who was at this time living in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, makes no allusion to the occurrence, in his voluminous works; but Julian himself mentions it quite simply in one of the latest and most interesting of his compositions, — the fragment of a Letter to a Pagan Pontiff: —

“Can the prophets of the Jews, who inveigh against us, explain how it is that their temple, three times overthrown, has never been restored up to the present day? I do not say this by way of reproaching them, because I myself but lately desired to raise it up again from its ruins, in honor of the divinity who was worshiped there.”

In the same letter we find injunctions of the most earnest description concerning all forms of practical benevolence: —

“Where is the man who was ever impoverished by his gifts to others? I am myself but a poor financier, yet have I received high interest from the immortal gods on all that I have given to the poor, and have never on any occasion had reason to repent of liberality.

I do not speak of my present position. It would be unjust to compare the charity of a private person with the *largesse* of an Emperor. But when I too was but an insignificant individual, I remember that I used to give alms; . . . and when I recovered that maternal heritage which had been torn from me by violence, though by no means a rich man, I shared it with the needy. . . . Nay, more I will say, though this is not the common opinion: that I hold it a just and pious act to feed and clothe even our enemies; for we give to the man, and not to his manners. Nor will the course of justice be interrupted, if we minister to the wants of those who are in prison. . . . We talk of the gods of the nations; we invoke Jove as the guardian of the household, and yet we treat as aliens those of our own flesh and blood. For every man, whether he will or no, is indeed the relative of every other. When Jove created the world, he let fall some drops of his own sacred blood, whence sprang the human race. Hence we are all of one blood."

In another epistle, addressed to Arsacius, the sovereign pontiff of Galatia, he takes a somewhat different tone, endeavoring to shame the pagan into an emulation of Christian virtues:—

"But why do we rest in what is done, and not rather consider the means whereby that impious belief" (the Galilean) "has so increased, namely, charity toward strangers, care for the burial of the dead, and that sanctity of life which they affect? We, too, ought to devote ourselves to every one of these things. . . . A shame indeed for us that there should not be a beggar among the Jews; that the Galileans should feed and cherish not their own people only, but ours!"

From the outset of his reign, however,

he strenuously enforced that perfect liberty of conscience for which the written laws indeed provided, but which had gradually become a dead letter under the Constantinian Emperors. On the 1st of August, 362, we find him writing to the men of Bostra:¹—

"I had imagined that the Galileans" (that is to say, the orthodox Christians, in distinction from the Arians, whose cause Constantius had espoused) "would feel more grateful to me than to my predecessor on the throne; for during his reign many of their number were exiled, persecuted, and imprisoned, while of so-called heretics whole shoals were strangled, . . . so that entire towns were laid waste and ruined. During my reign the contrary has occurred. Permission to return has been accorded the banished, and those whose goods had been confiscated have been able to recover them by a provision in one of my laws. But they have reached such a state of fury and madness that, being prevented from tyrannically retaliating on others what they erewhile suffered, and carrying out their purposes against those of us who piously cherish the divinities,² inflamed with anger, they leave no stone unturned, but encourage the people in sedition: in which they show themselves regardless alike of the gods and my own edicts, although these are full of humanity. Most assuredly, I will not suffer that any one of them should be dragged unwilling to the altar. On the contrary, as I have formally made known to them, if any one desire to join in our lustrations and libations, he must first purify himself, and secure the good will of the gods. . . . Once more I repeat my injunction to those who incline to the true religion, that they inflict no injury on the Galileans, attack them in no way, vex them with no insults; for those

¹ There were several places of that name. This one appears from Ammianus to have been a city in Arabia.

² An edict of the then Bishop of Bostra con-

tains these significant words: "Though the Christians were equal in number to the pagans, my exhortations prevented the slightest excess."

demand pity rather than hate who are mistaken in matters of the highest importance. The greatest of all blessings is a reverent piety and religion, and, on the other hand, impiety is the greatest of evils. In this way are those punished by their own act who transfer their affections from the immortal gods to dead men and their relics. We grieve for those who are in any trouble, but when they are freed and delivered by the gods we greatly rejoice."

A curious light is also shed on the religious dissensions of this time by a passage from the ecclesiastical history of Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrene, who flourished within a century after Julian's death:—

"There was a man of Bercæa, illustrious for holding the first rank among the *curiales* of that city, and still more illustrious for his" (Christian) "zeal. He, when he saw that his son had fallen into the current impiety" (that is, relapsed to paganism), "turned him out of his house and publicly disowned him. The son betook himself to the Emperor Julian, who chanced to be encamped near the city, and set forth his own belief and the treatment which he had received from his father. The Emperor told him to control himself and be easy in his mind, for that he would undertake to reconcile him to his parent. So when Julian had come to Bercæa, he invited the principal dignitaries to a feast. The father of the youth was among them, and with his son was commanded to share the imperial couch. Then, in the midst of the feast, the Emperor turned toward the father, and said, 'It does not seem to me right to do violence to those who think differently from ourselves, or to force upon them an opinion from which they recoil. Do not you, therefore, attempt to coerce your son into an unwilling acceptance of your dogmas. I do not compel you to accept mine, although I might easily do so.' Then the father, goaded by his faith in

things divine, exclaimed, 'Do you speak, O Emperor, of that miscreant, abhorred of God, who has preferred a lie to the truth?' But the Emperor answered, with an air of great mildness, 'Cease your violence, man!' and, turning to the youth, 'I,' he said, 'will have a care of you, since I cannot persuade your father.'

"This occurrence," observes the bishop, "I have set down, not without reflection, but by way of showing the praiseworthy boldness of the man" (that is, the father) "who, with many others, defied the power of this Emperor."

The chief and almost the only occasion on which Julian was false to his own principle of universal tolerance was when he issued an edict forbidding Christians to instruct in grammar and rhetoric; that is to say, in subjects whose traditional treatment required a perpetual appeal to pagan mythology and philosophies. For this piece of glaring inconsistency the impartial Ammianus is very severe on the master whom he loved so well, but to whose faults he was never blind:—

"The laws which he enacted were for the most part merciful, neither compelling nor restraining his subjects in an arbitrary manner. There were, however, a few exceptions, and prominent among them that oppressive edict, which forbade Christian masters of grammar and rhetoric to teach, unless they should first abjure. It was an intolerable abuse of power."

This is one of the few passages in which we seem to catch a glimpse of the private prepossessions of Ammianus. But if he were indeed a Christian, as appears upon the whole most probable, his eloquent testimony to the great qualities of Julian acquires additional weight. Theodoret, when he chronicles the same edict, merely mentions Julian's own apology for it: "We are, indeed, as the proverb says, 'hoist with our own petard,' if in our own books

they find weapons wherewith to wage war against us."

From the letters of Julian may also be gleaned many an indication concerning the state of religious parties in the great cities of Alexandria and Antioch. The pagans were a minority in both places, but there was bitter contention between the sects of the Christian Church. In cultured Alexandria, where, in the next century, Hypatia taught and died, Christians and Arians were about equal in numbers, and elected rival bishops. Constantius, being rather more of an Arian than anything else, had supported the claims of the famous — not to say infamous — George of Cappadocia, so that when Julian came to the throne, he found this man in possession of the see; while the orthodox bishop, Athanasius, who gave the creed his name, having lately been inhibited by his spiritual head, Pope Liberius, was wandering in the desert from hermitage to monastery, or lying painfully *perdu* in Alexandria itself.

Meanwhile, pagans, and Christians who were not of the Arian sect, had alike become exasperated by the tyranny of George; until, finally, apropos of a church which he had undertaken to build on the site of a temple of Mithra, an *émeute* occurred, in the course of which the infuriated mob seized upon the bishop, and literally tore him to pieces. It was a way they had; but the humane spirit of Julian, who cherished a scholar's romantic affection for Alexandria and her literary treasures, was outraged by this act of brutality, and he sent a very sharp letter of reproof to the Alexandrians for having dared thus to take the law into their own hands: —

"If you revere not your founder, Alexander, nor the great god Serapis, you might at least attend to the dictates of reason, patriotism, and common humanity. . . . What! shall the people rend a man in pieces, like so many dogs, and feel no shame? Will you defile

with blood the hands you lift up to the gods? Say not that George deserved his fate. He may have done so, and even a sharper one, and that for the wrongs which he had inflicted on you, but not at your hands! There are such things as laws, which all are bound to reverence and obey."

Julian thought it no harm, however, to keep an eye on the splendid library of the murdered bishop, which was very rich in historical works of all kinds, and especially in those which referred to the Galilean doctrine, and he sent immediate orders for the books to be kept together and forwarded to himself at Antioch.

Athanasius, who took advantage of his rival's tragic end to resume his own episcopal functions, was hardly one to conciliate the pagan Emperor, who once more belied his own principles, to a certain extent, by his peremptory manner of expelling the orthodox ecclesiastic from his see. To Ecdicius, the prefect of Egypt, he writes in 362: —

"Whatever else was neglected, you ought to have written me concerning that arch-enemy of the gods, Athanasius, since you must long since have received our august decree concerning him. I swear by the great Serapis that if Athanasius, the foe of the gods, be not expelled from Alexandria, and also from Egypt, before the 1st of December, I will fine your own legion a hundred-weight of gold. You know how slow I am to condemn, and how much slower yet to pardon after I have condemned."

(Added by the Emperor's own hand.)
"The contempt of the gods is grievous to me. The best news I can get from you will be that Athanasius has been driven beyond the boundaries of Egypt, — a man who has dared, in my reign, to compel Greek ladies of illustrious lineage to be baptized!"

What took place at Antioch, where Julian passed the last winter of his life, was even more striking and picturesque.

Amnianus tells us that Julian had become possessed of a fancy for opening the Castalian fount, which the Emperor Hadrian had caused to be walled up, lest the "musical chant of its waters should prophesy empire to some other man, as it had done to himself. He therefore ordered the removal of all the bodies interred near by, and he took the same measures for purification as the Athenians had done in the case of the island of Delos."

The Castalian fount was within those precincts of the Daphnean Apollo of which Sozomen has left us a fascinating description:—

"Daphne, that noble suburb of Antioch, is beautiful by a great grove of cypresses, interspersed with other species of trees which are planted among them. Under the trees, as the seasons change, blossom all manner of sweet-smelling flowers, and so thick are the boughs and the leafage that they seem to afford a ceiling, rather than a screen, and no ray of sunshine can penetrate to the ground. Also, the place is made lovely and pleasant by the beauty and abundance of its water-springs, and its genial climate and balmy breezes. It was here, as the Greek fable tells us, that Daphne, daughter of the river Lado, flying out of Arcady from her lover Apollo, was changed into the tree which bears her name."

The same historian also tells us that while Gallus, the short-lived brother of Julian, resided at Antioch, he had attempted to silence the world-famed oracle of Apollo (not that of the Castalian fount, which was merely in the neighborhood) by building opposite the temple a Christian church, and burying within it the remains of the martyred Babylas, a former bishop of Antioch. "And from that time, they say, the god ceased to give his accustomed responses. . . . But Julian, having resolved to inquire of that oracle concerning certain business which he had in hand, entered

the temple, and adored the god with sacrifices and gifts the most magnificent. After that he prayed fervently that a response might be vouchsafed him concerning his intention. But the god, not confessing openly that oracles could not be given on account of the martyr Babylas, whose sarcophagus was hard by, replied that the place was full of dead men's bones, and this it was which impeded the responses. Then, the Emperor, conjecturing that, though Daphne had become a common cemetery, the martyr was, after all, the chief obstacle, commanded his sarcophagus to be removed. So the Christians assembled, and bore the shrine to a spot some forty stadia nearer the city, where it still remains, the place being called by the martyr's name. On which occasion, it is said that men and women, youths and maidens, old men and little boys, all assisted in carrying the shrine, exhorting one another and singing psalms the whole way. They professed to lighten their labors by so singing, but in reality they were all aflame with holy zeal against the Emperor, who thought otherwise than they did concerning God. Those who intoned the psalms went forward, ahead of the rest, and the whole multitude made the responses in unison, dwelling especially upon the verse, 'Let all those be confounded who worship graven images.' . . . Not long after, the temple of the Daphnean Apollo unexpectedly took fire, and the whole of the roof, as well as the great image, was destroyed, so that only the naked walls, and the porch of the temple, and the hinder part remained standing. Now, the Christians believed that God had sent this conflagration in answer to the martyr's prayers, but the Gentiles maintained that it was the work of the Christians themselves."

This point was never determined, notwithstanding the fact that both a priest of the temple and one of the leading Christians were examined by torture.

The abstemiousness of Julian's private life had rendered him exceeding unpopular among the luxurious inhabitants of Antioch. He was already deeply offended by the calumnies concerning himself which circulated in the city; and now, irritated beyond control by the ruin of the Daphnean temple, he gave vent to his accumulated wrath in the diatribe entitled the *Misopogon*,¹ where, under the ironical pretense of lamenting his unfortunate inferiority to the Antiochenes in breeding, culture, and personal beauty, he deals not a few telling thrusts at the gross effeminacy of their manners, their bad taste, bad logic, and general ingratitude to himself. Toward the close of this epistle, he quits his adroit fence, and comes directly and haughtily to the point:—

“The listener is undoubtedly the accomplice of the speaker, and he who hears a calumny with pleasure is on a par with him who utters it, although he incurs less risk. Bad jests about my miserable beard have been current throughout the whole city, but they have been directed against one who never had and never will have good manners, in your sense of the term; for he will assuredly never afford you the spectacle of such a life as you live, and as your principles require. I have therefore permitted you freely to spit out your venom against me, both in your private intercourse and by publishing satirical anapests, only reserving to myself the right of exercising a yet greater freedom. You run no risk, by such conduct, of being either strangled, scourged, imprisoned, or chastised in any way. Only, since I and my friends, by the temperance and moderation of our lives, by declining to exhibit any splendid shows, have rendered ourselves contemptible and obnoxious among you, I am resolved

to depart. . . . In so doing, I call the gods to witness, and especially Jove, the patron of the forum and keeper of the city, that you are ingrates.”

One is reminded by these words, and by the general spirit of the *Misopogon*, of that French aristocrat, who turned round in the tumbril, and delivered to the mob that was screeching, “*A la guillotine!*” that most superb of repartees, “*On y va, canaille!*”

Nevertheless, there are suspicious indications in the language of this final broadside against the men of Antioch, as well as in the edict against Christian teachers and the employment of torture upon the supposed incendiaries of Apollo's temple, that the later years of Julian, had he lived, might have belied the fair and philosophic promise of his early reign. If so, his death was indeed timely, and the gods to whom he had devoted himself did not withhold that which the Greek proverb tells us is the crowning pledge of their love.

Libanius, the sophist, who was living at Antioch, and exercising the functions of quæstor, did his best to allay the ill feeling between Julian and his own fellow-townsmen. He also wrote an elaborate description of the ruined temple, mentioned by the Emperor in a letter dated March, 363, or some two months later than the issue of the *Misopogon*, which he dispatched to Libanius from Hierapolis, the point at which the ill-fated Persian expedition had then arrived.

“Next, *Batnæ* received me as her guest. I have seen no place in your part of the world fit to be compared to this, except *Daphne*,—*Daphne*, which, while the temple and the statue were intact, I would not have hesitated to set before *Ossa*, *Pelion*, *Olympus*, and all the vales of *Thessaly*.

¹ That is to say, “*Beard-Hater*.” The smooth-faced Christians were especially scandalized by the amount of hair that Julian wore, and the roughs of the street, with their habit-

ual delicacy of sarcasm, used to call after him, as he passed, “*Little fellow with the goat's beard*,” or, “*Shave, and make ropes of your hair*.”

"This locality is consecrated to Olympian Jove and the Pythian Apollo; but as for Daphne, you yourself have written concerning it as no other man now living could have written, and scarce any of the ancients. God forbid that I should dwell on a theme which has called forth so brilliant an oration as yours! Batnæ, then,—for such is its barbarous name,—is a Greek town. The odor of incense pervades it in every part, and you see on all sides the apparatus of sacrifice. But, pleasing as this spectacle naturally was to me, I found something excessive about it, and alien to the true spirit of divine worship; for this ought, I think, to be conducted quietly, in a spot remote from noise and tumult, whither those who bring gifts and conduct victims should come for this purpose only, and no other. I hope before long to effect a reform in this respect. Meanwhile, Batnæ stands in a wooded glen, surrounded by groves of young cypresses, without a single old or decaying tree among them, but all clothed in the same fresh greenery.

"The royal residence is not in the least sumptuous. It is merely a house built of wood and clay, with no variety of ornament, and the garden is very modest. It contains a tiny plantation of cypresses, as well as a row of trees set at regular intervals along the wall, and within the inclosure are beds planted out with vegetables and all sorts of fruit trees. Do you ask me what I did there? I offered sacrifice at dusk and at early dawn, as is my custom every day."

The picture of Julian at his pagan prayers in the homely garden close at Batnæ is almost the last impression of the man which we derive from his own correspondence, for no letter of his has been preserved later than this to Libanius. Hierapolis, whither he went from Batnæ, was the appointed rendezvous of his troops, and the events which followed their assemblage there are minutely recorded by Ammianus. For three months

they advanced unopposed across the endless plains, until at last, one day, in the early summer dawn, something was discerned upon the far horizon "like smoke, or a mass of whirling sand," which proved to be the skirmishers thrown forward before the great body of the Persian host.

From the fateful moment when this mysterious cloud arose, the quiet narrative of Ammianus becomes dramatic and deeply moving. We are carried swiftly along through the terrible onset, the three days' fighting, the repulse of the Romans, to the hour when the silent spectre arises beside the sleepless Emperor, as if to prepare him, not ungenially, for the end.

The address of Julian to the heart-stricken groups that gathered about his death-bed seems long as Ammianus gives it; but Ammianus was there, and the remark of Gibbon, who will have his sneer, that the young Stoic had probably composed it long before, and rehearsed it for the final scene, appears especially out of place. The very lingering phraseology, the repetitions, the loose connection of ideas in the earlier sentences, and the diffidence about naming a successor are exactly what might be expected of a sinking man, on the dreamy borders of delirium. But his mind cleared as he went on.

"Having said so much with all serenity, he proceeded to dispose of his private fortune, dividing it among his friends. He then inquired for Anatolius, the master of the offices; and when the prefect Sallust replied that he was happy, the Emperor understood that he was among the slain, and he who so despised his own death lamented for that of his friend. Then, when he perceived that those about him were weeping, he chid them with all his old spirit, saying that it was weak in them to mourn for a prince who was joining the company of the stars in heaven. Afterward, when they had controlled themselves and were

still, he entered into a closely reasoned discussion with Maximus and Priscus, two philosophers, concerning the transcendent nature of the soul; and this he continued, until his wound opened and his veins swelled so as to affect his breathing, when he asked for some cold water, which he drank, and immediately afterward expired, without a struggle, at the moment when the night is darkest."

The tragic tidings ran through the incredulous army; then, rapidly, as ill news will, it spread through all the mighty empire, and Antioch and Alexandria, at least, hailed the announcement with joy.

"The city of Antioch," observes Theodoret, "when the catastrophe became known, made merry and feasted. Not in the churches only, with discourses concerning the martyrs, but in the very theatres, they preached the triumph of the cross, and scoffed at the prophecies of him who was gone. Tradition has preserved the very words of the Antiochenes, and how they cried out with one accord, 'Where now are thy oracles, O king? God liveth, and his Christ.'"

In Alexandria, Sozomen tells us, the death of Julian was made known, at the moment of its occurrence, to one Didymus, who was watching in the cathedral, by a vision of white horses, which came rushing through the air, ridden by men who cried out, "Announce to Didymus that on this day and in this hour Julian is dead!"

"And within my own memory," Sozomen adds, "the Alexandrians were wont to celebrate by a great festival this anniversary, which they call the 'birthday of the earthquake.' Multitudes of lights were lit all over the city, and prayers and actions of grace went up to God, and the celebration was altogether pious and magnificent. For while that man reigned there was great scarcity, and all manner of fruits failed, and the very salubrity of the atmosphere seemed to be impaired. Deprived of their proper nutriment, men were forced to eat the food of brute beasts, and the consequence was a great pestilence, of which many died.

"These things happened in the time of Julian."

H. W. P. and L. D.

FLAMMANTIA MCENIA MUNDI.

I STOOD alone in purple space, and saw
 The burning walls of the world like wings of flame
 Circling the sphere. There was no break nor flaw
 In those great fiery battlements, whence came
 The spirits who had done with time and fame,
 And all the playthings of earth's little hour.
 I saw them pass; I knew them for the same,—
 Mothers and brothers and the sons of power.

Yet were they changed; the fires of death had burned
 Their perishable selves, and there remained
 Only the pure white vision of the soul,—
 The mortal part consumed, and quick returned
 Ashes to ashes; while, unscathed, unstained,
 The immortal passed beyond the earth's control.

Annie Fields.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

IX.

I OFTEN wish that our Number Seven could have known and corresponded with the author of "The Budget of Paradoxes." I think Mr. De Morgan would have found some of his vagaries and fancies not undeserving of a place in his wonderful collection of eccentricities, absurdities, ingenuities, — mental freaks of all sorts. But I think he would have now and then recognized a sound idea, a just comparison, a suggestive hint, a practical notion, which redeemed a page of extravagances and crotchety whims. I confess that I am often pleased with fancies of his, and should be willing to adopt them as my own. I think he has, in the midst of his erratic and tangled conceptions, some perfectly clear and consistent trains of thought.

So when Number Seven spoke of sending us a paper, I welcomed the suggestion. I asked him whether he had any objection to my looking it over before he read it. My proposal rather pleased him, I thought, for, as was observed on a former occasion, he has in connection with a belief in himself another side, — a curious self-distrust. I have no question that he has an obscure sense of some mental deficiency. Thus you may expect from him first a dogma, and presently a doubt. If you fight his dogma, he will do battle for it stoutly; if you let him alone, he will very probably explain its extravagances, if it has any, and tame it into reasonable limits. Sometimes he is in one mood, sometimes in another.

The first portion of what we listened to shows him at his best; in the latter part I am afraid you will think he gets a little wild.

I proceed to lay before you the paper

which Number Seven read to The Teacups. There was something very pleasing in the deference which was shown him. We all feel that there is a crack in the teacup, and are disposed to handle it carefully. I have left out a few things which he said, feeling that they might give offence to some of the company. There were sentences so involved and obscure that I was sure they would not be understood, if indeed he understood them himself. But there are other passages so entirely sane, and as it seems to me so just, that if any reader attributes them to me I shall not think myself wronged by the supposition. You must remember that Number Seven has had a fair education, that he has been a wide reader in many directions, and that he belongs to a family of remarkable intellectual gifts. So it was not surprising that he said some things which pleased the company, as in fact they did. The reader will not be startled to see a certain abruptness in the transition from one subject to another, — it is a characteristic of the squinting brain wherever you find it. Another curious mark rarely wanting in the subjects of mental strabismus is an irregular and often sprawling and deformed handwriting. Many and many a time I have said, after glancing at the back of a letter, "This comes from an insane asylum, or from an eccentric who might well be a candidate for such an institution." Number Seven's manuscript, which showed marks of my corrections here and there, furnished good examples of the chirography of persons with ill-mated cerebral hemispheres. But the earlier portions of the manuscript are of perfectly normal appearance.

Canticuere omnes, as Virgil says. We were all silent as Number Seven began the reading of his paper.

Number Seven reads.

I am the seventh son of a seventh son, as I suppose you all know. It is commonly believed that some extraordinary gifts belong to the fortunate individuals born under these exceptional conditions. However this may be, a peculiar virtue was supposed to dwell in me from my earliest years. My touch was believed to have the influence formerly attributed to that of the kings and queens of England. You may remember that the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, when a child, was carried to be touched by her Majesty Queen Anne for the "king's evil," as scrofula used to be called. Our honored friend The Dictator will tell you that the brother of one of his Andover schoolmates was taken to one of these gifted persons, who touched him, and hung a small bright silver coin, either a "fourpence ha'penny" or a "ninepence," about his neck, which, strange to say, after being worn a certain time, became tarnished, and finally black, — a proof of the poisonous matters which had become eliminated from the system and gathered upon the coin. I remember that at one time I used to carry fourpence ha'pennies with holes bored through them, which I furnished to children or to their mothers, under pledges of secrecy, — receiving a piece of silver of larger dimensions in exchange. I never felt quite sure about any extraordinary endowment being a part of my inheritance in virtue of my special conditions of birth. A phrenologist, who examined my head when I was a boy, said the two sides were unlike. My hatter's measurement told me the same thing; but in looking over more than a bushel of the small cardboard hat-patterns which give the exact shape of the head, I have found this is not uncommon. The phrenologist made all sorts of predictions of what I should be and do, which proved about as near the truth as those recorded in Miss Edith Thomas's charming little poem, "Au-

gury," which some of us were reading the other day.

I have never been through college, but I had a relative who was famous as a teacher of rhetoric in one of our universities, and especially for taking the nonsense out of sophomorical young fellows who could not say anything without rigging it up in showy and sounding phrases. I think I learned from him to express myself in good old-fashioned English, and without making as much fuss about it as our Fourth of July orators and political haranguers were in the habit of making.

I read a good many stories during my boyhood, one of which left a lasting impression upon me, and which I have always commended to young people. It is too late, generally, to try to teach old people, yet one may profit by it at any period of life before the sight has become too dim to be of any use. The story I refer to is in "Evenings at Home," and is called "Eyes and No Eyes." I ought to have it by me, but it is constantly happening that the best old things get overlaid by the newest trash; and though I have never seen anything of the kind half so good, my table and shelves are cracking with the weight of involuntary accessions to my library.

This is the story as I remember it: Two children walk out, and are questioned when they come home. One has found nothing to observe, nothing to admire, nothing to describe, nothing to ask questions about. The other has found everywhere objects of curiosity and interest. I advise you, if you are a child anywhere under forty-five, and do not yet wear glasses, to send at once for "Evenings at Home" and read that story. For myself, I am always grateful to the writer of it for calling my attention to common things. How many people have been waked to a quicker consciousness of life by Wordsworth's simple lines about the daffodils, and what he says of the

thoughts suggested to him by "the meanest flower that blows"!

I was driving with a friend, the other day, through a somewhat dreary stretch of country, where there seemed to be very little to attract notice or deserve remark. Still, the old spirit infused by "Eyes and No Eyes" was upon me, and I looked for something to fasten my thought upon, and treat as an artist treats a study for a picture. The first object to which my eyes were drawn was an old-fashioned well-sweep. It did not take much imaginative sensibility to be stirred by the sight of this most useful, most ancient, most picturesque, of domestic conveniences. I know something of the *shadoof* of Egypt,—the same arrangement by which the sacred waters of the Nile have been lifted from the days of the Pharaohs to those of the Khedives. That long forefinger pointing to heaven was a symbol which spoke to the Puritan exile as it spoke of old to the enslaved Israelite. Was there ever any such water as that which we used to draw from the deep, cold well, in "the old oaken bucket"? What memories gather about the well in all ages! What love-matches have been made at its margin, from the times of Jacob and Rachel downward! What fairy legends hover over it, what fearful mysteries has it hidden! The beautiful well-sweep! It is too rarely that we see it, and as it dies out and gives place to the odiously convenient pump, with the last patent on its cast-iron uninterestingness, does it not seem as if the farmyard aspect had lost half its attraction? So long as the dairy farm exists, doubtless there must be every facility for getting water in abundance; but the loss of the well-sweep cannot be made up to us even if our milk were diluted to twice its present attenuation.

The well-sweep had served its turn, and my companion and I relapsed into silence. After a while we passed another farmyard, with nothing which seemed

deserving of remark except the wreck of an old wagon.

"Look," I said, "if you want to see one of the greatest of all the triumphs of human ingenuity,—one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most useful, of all the mechanisms which the intelligence of successive ages has called into being."

"I see nothing," my companion answered, "but an old broken-down wagon. Why they leave such a piece of lumbering trash about their place, where people can see it as they pass, is more than I can account for."

"And yet," said I, "there is one of the most extraordinary products of human genius and skill,—an object which combines the useful and the beautiful to an extent which hardly any simple form of mechanism can pretend to rival. Do you notice how, while everything else has gone to smash, that *wheel* remains sound and fit for service? Look at it merely for its beauty. See the perfect circles, the outer and the inner. A circle is in itself a consummate wonder of geometrical symmetry. It is the line in which the omnipotent energy delights to move. There is no fault in it to be amended. The first drawn circle and the last both embody the same complete fulfilment of a perfect design. Then look at the rays which pass from the inner to the outer circle. How beautifully they bring the greater and lesser circles into connection with each other! The flowers know that secret,—the marguerite in the meadow displays it as clearly as the great sun in heaven. How beautiful is this flower of wood and iron, which we were ready to pass by without wasting a look upon it! But its beauty is only the beginning of its wonderful claim upon us for our admiration. Look at that field of flowering grass, the *triticum vulgare*,—see how its waves follow the breeze in satiny alternations of light and shadow. You admire it for its lovely aspect; but when you

remember that this flowering grass is *wheat*, the finest food of the highest human races, it gains a dignity, a glory, that its beauty alone could not give it.

"Now look at that exquisite structure lying neglected and disgraced, but essentially unchanged in its perfection, before you. That slight and delicate-looking fabric has stood such a trial as hardly any slender contrivance, excepting always the valves of the heart, was ever subjected to. It has rattled for years over the cobble-stones of a rough city pavement. It has climbed over all the accidental obstructions it met in the highway, and dropped into all the holes and deep ruts that made the heavy farmer sitting over it use his Sunday vocabulary in a week-day form of speech. At one time or another, almost every part of that old wagon has given way. It has had two new pairs of shafts. Twice the axle has broken off close to the hub, or nave. The seat broke when Zekle and Huldy were having what they called 'a ride' together. The front was kicked in by a vicious mare. The springs gave way and the floor bumped on the axle. Every portion of the wagon became a prey of its special accident, except that most fragile looking of all its parts, the wheel. Who can help admiring the exact distribution of the power of resistance at the least possible expenditure of material which is manifested in this wondrous triumph of human genius and skill? The spokes are planted in the solid hub as strongly as the jaw-teeth of a lion in their deep-sunken sockets. Each spoke has its own territory in the circumference, for which it is responsible. According to the load the vehicle is expected to carry, they are few or many, stout or slender, but they share their joint labor with absolute justice, — not one does more, not one does less, than its share. The outer end of the spokes is received into the deep mortise of the wooden fellics, and the structure appears to be complete. How long would it take to

turn that circle into a polygon, unless some mighty counteracting force should prevent it? See the iron tire brought hot from the furnace and laid around the smoking circumference. Once in place, the workman cools the hot iron; and as it shrinks with a force that seems like a hand-grasp of the Omnipotent, it clasps the fitted fragments of the structure, and compresses them into a single inseparable whole.

"Was it not worth our while to stop a moment before passing that old broken wagon, and see whether we could not find as much in it as Swift found in his 'Meditations on a Broomstick'? I have been laughed at for making so much of such a common thing as a wheel. Idiots! Solomon's court fool would have scoffed at the thought of the young Galilean who dared compare the lilies of the field to his august master. *Nil admirari* is very well for a North American Indian and his degenerate successor, who has grown too grand to admire anything but himself, and takes a cynical pride in his stolid indifference to everything worth reverencing or honoring."

After calling my companion's attention to the wheel, and discoursing upon it until I thought there were signs of impending somnolence on the part of the listener, we jogged along until we came to a running stream. It was crossed by a stone bridge of a single arch. There are very few stone arches over the streams in New England country towns, and I always delighted in this one. It was built in the last century, amidst the doubting predictions of staring rustics, and stands to-day as strong as ever, and seemingly good for centuries to come.

"See there!" said I, — "there is another of my 'Eyes and No Eyes' subjects to meditate upon. Next to the wheel, the arch is the noblest of the elementary mechanical composites, corresponding to the proximate principles of chemistry. The beauty of the arch

consists first in its curve, commonly a part of the circle, of the perfection of which I have spoken. But the mind derives another distinct pleasure from the admirable manner in which the several parts, each different from all the others, contribute to a single harmonious effect. It is a typical example of the *piu nel uno*. An arch cut out of a single stone would not be so beautiful as one of which each individual stone was shaped for its exact position. Its completion by the locking of the keystone is a delight to witness and to contemplate. And how the arch endures, when its lateral thrust is met by solid masses of resistance! In one of the great temples of Baalbec a keystone has slipped, but how rare is that occurrence! One will hardly find another such example among all the ruins of antiquity. Yes, I never get tired of arches. They are noble when shaped of solid marble blocks, each carefully beveled for its position. They are beautiful when constructed with the large thin tiles the Romans were so fond of using. I noticed some arches built in this way in the wall of one of the grand houses just going up on the bank of the river. They were over the capstones of the windows, — to take off the pressure from them, no doubt, for now and then a capstone will crack under the weight of the superincumbent mass. How close they fit, and how striking the effect of their long radiations! "

The company listened very well up to this point. When he began the strain of thoughts which follows, a curious look went round among The Teacups.

What a strange underground life is that which is led by the organisms we call *trees*! These great fluttering masses of leaves, stems, boughs, trunks, are not the real trees. *They* live underground, and what we see are nothing more nor less than their *tails*.

The Mistress dropped her teaspoon. Number Five looked at the Doctor, whose face was very still and sober. The two Annexes giggled, or came very near it.

Yes, a tree is an underground creature, with its tail in the air. All its intelligence is in its roots. All the senses it has are in its roots. Think what sagacity it shows in its search after food and drink! Somehow or other, the rootlets, which are its tentacles, find out that there is a brook at a moderate distance from the trunk of the tree, and they make for it with all their might. They find every crack in the rocks where there are a few grains of the nourishing substance they care for, and insinuate themselves into its deepest recesses. When spring and summer come, they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be whisked about by it; for these tails are poor passive things, with very little will of their own, and bend in whatever direction the wind chooses to make them. The leaves make a deal of noise whispering. I have sometimes thought I could understand them, as they talked with each other, and that they seemed to think they made the wind as they wagged forward and back. Remember what I say. The next time you see a tree waving in the wind, recollect that it is the tail of a great underground, many-armed, polypus-like creature, which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially in summer-time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage.

Do you think there is anything so very odd about this idea? Once get it well into your heads, and you will find it renders the landscape wonderfully interesting. There are as many kinds of tree-tails as there are of tails to dogs and other quadrupeds. Study them as Daddy Gilpin studied them in his "Forest Scenery," but don't forget that they

are only the appendage of the underground vegetable polypus, the true organism to which they belong.

He paused at this point, and we all drew long breaths, wondering what was coming next. There was no denying it, the "cracked Teacup" was clinking a little false, — so it seemed to the company. Yet, after all, the fancy was not delirious, — the mind could follow it well enough; let him go on.

What do you say to this? You have heard all sorts of things said in prose and verse about Niagara. Ask our young Doctor there what it reminds him of. Isn't it a giant putting his tongue out? How can you fail to see the resemblance? The continent is a great giant, and the northern half holds the head and shoulders. You can count the pulse of the giant wherever the tide runs up a creek; but if you want to look at the giant's tongue, you must go to Niagara. If there were such a thing as a cosmic physician, I believe he could tell the state of the country's health, and the prospects of the mortality for the coming season, by careful inspection of the great tongue which Niagara is putting out for him, and has been showing to mankind ever since the first flint-shapers chipped their arrow-heads. You don't think the idea adds to the sublimity and associations of the cataract? I am sorry for that, but I can't help the suggestion. It is just as manifestly a tongue put out for inspection as if it had Nature's own label to that effect hung over it. I don't know whether you can see these things as clearly as I do. There are some people that never see anything, if it is as plain as a hole in a grindstone, until it is pointed out to them; and some that can't see it then, and won't believe there is any hole till they've poked their finger through it. I've got a great many things to thank God for, but perhaps most of all that I

can find something to admire, to wonder at, to set my fancy going, and to wind up my enthusiasm pretty much everywhere.

Look here! There are crowds of people whirled through our streets on these new-fashioned cars, with their witch-broomsticks overhead, — if they don't come from Salem, they ought to, — and not more than one in a dozen of these fish-eyed bipeds thinks or cares a nickel's worth about the miracle which is wrought for their convenience. They know that without hands or feet, without horses, without steam, so far as they can see, they are transported from place to place, and that there is nothing to account for it except the witch-broomstick and the iron or copper cobweb which they see stretched above them. What do they know or care about this last revelation of the omnipresent spirit of the material universe? We ought to go down on our knees when one of these mighty caravans, car after car, spins by us, under the mystic impulse which seems to know not whether its train is loaded or empty. We are used to force in the muscles of horses, in the expansive potency of steam, but here we have force stripped stark naked, — nothing but a filament to cover its nudity, — and yet showing its might in efforts that would task the working-beam of a ponderous steam-engine. I am thankful that in an age of cynicism I have not lost my reverence. Perhaps you would wonder to see how some very common sights impress me. I always take off my hat if I stop to speak to a stone-cutter at his work. "Why?" do you ask me? Because I know that his is the only labor that is likely to endure. A score of centuries has not effaced the marks of the Greek's or the Roman's chisel on his block of marble. And now, before this new manifestation of that form of cosmic vitality which we call electricity, I feel like taking the posture of the peasants listening to the Angelus.

How near the mystic effluence of mechanical energy brings us to the divine source of all power and motion! In the old mythology, the right hand of Jove held and sent forth the lightning. So, in the record of the Hebrew prophets, did the right hand of Jehovah cast forth and direct it. Was Nahum thinking of our far-off time when he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings"?

Number Seven had finished reading his paper. Two bright spots in his cheeks showed that he had felt a good deal in writing it, and the flush returned as he listened to his own thoughts. Poor old fellow! The "cracked Teacup" of our younger wits, — not yet come to their full human sensibilities, — the "crank" of vulgar tongues, the eccentric, the seventh son of a seventh son, too often made the butt of thoughtless pleasantry, was, after all, a fellow-creature, with flesh and blood like the rest of us. The wild freaks of his fancy did not hurt us, nor did they prevent him from seeing many things justly, and perhaps sometimes more vividly and acutely than if he were as sound as the dullest of us.

The teaspoons tinkled loudly all round the table, as he finished reading. The Mistress caught her breath. I was afraid she was going to sob, but she took it out in vigorous stirring of her tea. Will you believe that I saw Number Five, with a sweet, approving smile on her face all the time, brush her cheek with her handkerchief? There must have been a tear stealing from beneath its eyelid. I hope Number Seven saw it. He is one of the two men at our table who most need the tender looks and tones of a woman. The Professor and I are *hors de combat*; the Counsellor is busy with his cases and his ambitions; the Doctor is probably in love with a

microscope, and flirting with pathological specimens; but Number Seven and the Tutor are, I fear, both suffering from that worst of all famines, heart-hunger.

Do you remember that Number Seven said he never wrote a line of "poetry" in his life, except once when he was suffering from temporary weakness of body and mind? That is because he is a poet. If he had not been one, he would very certainly have taken to tinkling rhymes. What should you think of the probable musical genius of a young man who was particularly fond of jingling a set of sleigh-bells? Should you expect him to turn out a Mozart or a Beethoven? Now, I think I recognize the poetical instinct in Number Seven, however imperfect may be its expression, and however he may be run away with at times by fantastic notions that come into his head. If fate had allotted him a helpful companion in the shape of a loving and intelligent wife, he might have been half cured of his eccentricities, and we should not have had to say, in speaking of him, "Poor fellow!" But since this cannot be, I am pleased that he should have been so kindly treated on the occasion of the reading of his paper. If he saw Number Five's tear, he will certainly fall in love with her. No matter if he does. Number Five is a kind of Circe who does not turn the victims of her enchantment into swine, but into lambs. I want to see Number Seven one of her little flock. I say "little." I suspect it is larger than most of us know. Anyhow, she can spare him sympathy and kindness and encouragement enough to keep him contented with himself and with her, and never miss the pulses of her loving life she lends him. It seems to be the errand of some women to give many people as much happiness as they have any right to in this world. If they concentrated their affections on one, they would give him more than any mortal could claim as his share. I saw Number

Five watering her flowers, the other day. The watering-pot had one of those perforated heads, through which the water runs in many small streams. Every plant got its share: the proudest lily bent beneath the gentle shower; the lowliest daisy held its little face up for baptism. All were refreshed, none was flooded. Presently she took the perforated head, or "rose," from the neck of the watering-pot, and the full stream poured out in a round, solid column. It was almost too much for the poor geranium on which it fell, and it looked at one minute as if the roots would be laid bare, and perhaps the whole plant be washed out of the soil in which it was planted. What if Number Five should take off the "rose" that sprinkles her affections on so many, and pour them all on one? Can that ever be? If it can, life is worth living for him on whom her love may be lavished.

One of my neighbors, a thorough American, is much concerned about the growth of what he calls the "hard-handed aristocracy." He tells the following story:—

"I was putting up a fence about my yard, and employed a man of whom I knew something, — that he was industrious, temperate, and that he had a wife and children to support, — a worthy man, a native New Englander. I engaged him, I say, to dig some post-holes. My employee bought a new spade and scoop on purpose, and came to my place at the appointed time, and began digging. While he was at work, two men came over from a drinking-saloon, to which my residence is nearer than I could desire. One of them I had known as Mike Fagan, the other as Hans Schleimer. They looked at Hiram, my New Hampshire man, in a contemptuous and threatening way for a minute or so, when Fagan addressed him:—

"'And how much does the man pay yez by the hour?'

"'The gentleman does n't pay me by the hour,' said Hiram.

"'How mosh does he bay you by der weeks?' said Hans.

"'I don' know as that's any of your business,' answered Hiram.

"'Faith, we'll make it our business,' said Mike Fagan. 'We're Knoights of Labor, we'd have yez to know, and ye can't make yer bargains jist as ye likes. We manes to know how many hours ye worrks, and how much ye gets for it.'

"'Knights of Labor!' said I. 'Why, that is a kind of title of nobility, is n't it? I thought the laws of our country did n't allow titles of that kind. But if you have a right to be called knights, I suppose I ought to address you as such. Sir Michael, I congratulate you on the dignity you have attained. I hope Lady Fagan is getting on well with my shirts. Sir Hans, I pay my respects to your title. I trust that Lady Schleimer has got through that little difficulty between her ladyship and yourself in which the police court thought it necessary to intervene.'

"The two men looked at me. I weigh about a hundred and eighty pounds, and am well put together. Hiram was noted in his village as a 'rahstler.' But my face is rather pallid and peaked, and Hiram had something of the greenhorn look. The two men, who had been drinking, hardly knew what ground to take. They rather liked the sound of *Sir Michael* and *Sir Hans*. They did not know very well what to make of their wives as 'ladies.' They looked doubtful whether to take what had been said as a *casus belli* or not, but they wanted a pretext of some kind or other. Presently one of them saw a label on the scoop, or long-handled, spoon-like shovel, with which Hiram had been working.

"'Arrah, be jabers!' exclaimed Mike Fagan, 'but has n't he been a-tradin' wid Brown, the hardware fellah, that we boycotted! Grab it, Hans, and we'll

carry it off and show it to the brotherhood.'

"The men made a move toward the implement.

"'You let that are scoop-shovel alone,' said Hiram.

"I stepped to his side. The Knights were combative, as their noble predecessors with the same title always were, and it was necessary to come to a *voie de fait*. My straight blow from the shoulder did for Sir Michael. Hiram treated Sir Hans to what is technically known as a cross-buttock.

"'Naow, Dutchman,' said Hiram, 'if you don't want to be planted in that are post-hole, y'd better take y'rself out o' this piece of private property. "Dangerous passin','" as the sign-posts say, about these times.'

"Sir Michael went down half stunned by my expressive gesture; Sir Hans did not know whether his hip was out of joint or he had got a bad sprain; but they were both out of condition for further hostilities. Perhaps it was hardly fair to take advantage of their misfortunes to inflict a discourse upon them, but they had brought it on themselves, and we each of us gave them a piece of our mind.

"'I tell you what it is,' said Hiram, 'I'm a free and independent American citizen, and I an't a-gōn' to hev no man tȳrannize over me, if he doos call himself by one o' them noblemen's titles. Ef I can't work jes' as I choose, fur folks that wants me to work fur 'em and that I want to work fur, I might jes' as well go to Sibery and done with it. My gran'fther fit in Bunker Hill battle. I guess if our folks in them days did n't care no great abaout Lord Percy and Sir William Haowe, we an't a-gōn' to be scārt by Sir Michael Fagan and Sir Hans What 's-his-name, nor no other fellahs that undertakes to be noblemen, and tells us common folks what we shall dew an' what we sha'n't. No, sir!'

"I took the opportunity to explain to

Sir Michael and Sir Hans what it was our fathers fought for, and what is the meaning of liberty. If these noblemen did not like the country, they could go elsewhere. If they did n't like the laws, they had the ballot-box, and could choose new legislators. But as long as the laws existed they must obey them. I could not admit that, because they called themselves by the titles the Old World nobility thought so much of, they had a right to interfere in the agreements I entered into with my neighbor. I told Sir Michael that if he would go home and help Lady Fagan to saw and split the wood for her fire, he would be better employed than in meddling with my domestic arrangements. I advised Sir Hans to ask Lady Schleimer for her bottle of spirits to use as an embrocation for his lame hip. And so my two visitors with the aristocratic titles staggered off, and left us plain, untitled citizens, Hiram and myself, to set our posts, and consider the question whether we lived in a free country or under the authority of a self-constituted order of *quasi-nobility*."

It is a very curious fact that, with all our boasted "free and equal" superiority over the communities of the Old World, our people have the most enormous appetite for Old World titles of distinction. Sir Michael and Sir Hans belong to one of the most extended of the aristocratic orders. But we have also "Knights and Ladies of Honor," and, what is still grander, "Royal Conclave of Knights and Ladies," "Royal Arcanum," and "Royal Society of Good Fellows," "Supreme Council," "Imperial Court," "Grand Protector," and "Grand Dictator," and so on. Nothing less than "Grand" and "Supreme" is good enough for the dignitaries of our associations of citizens. Where does all this ambition for names without realities come from? Because a Knight of the Garter wears a golden star, why does the

worthy cordwainer, who mends the shoes of his fellow-citizens, want to wear a tin star, and take a name that had a meaning as used by the representatives of ancient families, or the men who had made themselves illustrious by their achievements?

It appears to be a peculiarly American weakness. The French republicans of the earlier period thought the term *citizen* was good enough for anybody. At a later period, "le Roi Citoyen" — the citizen king — was a common title given to Louis Philippe. But nothing is too grand for the American, in the way of titles. The proudest of them all signify absolutely nothing. They do not stand for ability, for public service, for social importance, for large possessions; but, on the contrary, are oftenest found in connection with personalities to which they are supremely inapplicable. We can hardly afford to quarrel with a national habit which, if lightly handled, may involve us in serious domestic difficulties. The "Right Worshipful" functionary whose equipage stops at my back gate, and whose services are indispensable to the health and comfort of my household, is a dignitary whom I must not offend. I must speak with proper deference to the lady who is scrubbing my floors, when I remember that her husband, who saws my wood, carries a string of high-sounding titles which would satisfy a Spanish nobleman.

After all, every people must have its own forms of ostentation, pretence, and vulgarity. The ancient Romans had theirs, the English and the French have theirs as well, — why should not we Americans have ours? Educated and refined persons must recognize frequent internal conflicts between the "*Homo sum*" of Terence and the "*Odi ignobile vulgus*" of Horace. The nobler sentiment should be that of every true American, and it is in that direction

that our best civilization is constantly tending.

We were waited on by a new girl, the other evening. Our pretty maiden had left us for a visit to some relative, — so the Mistress said. I do sincerely hope she will soon come back, for we all like to see her fitting round the table.

I don't know what to make of it. I had it all laid out in my mind. With such a company there must be a love-story. Perhaps there will be, but there may be new combinations of the elements which are to make it up, and here is a bud among the full-blown flowers to which I must devote a little space.

Delilah.

I must call her by the name we gave her after she had trimmed the Samson locks of our Professor. Delilah is a puzzle to most of us. A pretty creature, — dangerously pretty to be in a station not guarded by all the protective arrangements which surround the maidens of a higher social order. It takes a strong cage to keep in a tiger or a grizzly bear, but what iron bars, what barbed wires, can keep out the smooth and subtle enemy that finds out the cage where beauty is imprisoned? Our young Doctor is evidently attracted by the charming maiden who serves him and us so modestly and so gracefully. Fortunately, the Mistress never loses sight of her. If she were her own daughter, she could not be more watchful of all her movements. And yet I do not believe that Delilah needs all this overlooking. If I am not mistaken, she knows how to take care of herself, and could be trusted anywhere, in any company, without a duenna. She has a history, — I feel sure of it. She has been trained and taught as young persons of higher position in life are brought up, and does not belong in the humble station in which we find her. But inasmuch as the Mis-

tress says nothing about her antecedents, we do not like to be too inquisitive. The two Annexes are, it is plain, very curious about her. I cannot wonder. They are both good-looking girls, but Delilah is prettier than either of them. My sight is not so good as it was, but I can see the way in which the eyes of the young people follow each other about plainly enough to set me thinking as to what is going on in the thinking marrow behind them. The young Doctor's follow Delilah as she glides round the table, — they look into hers whenever they get a chance; but the girl's never betray any consciousness of it, so far as I can see. There is no mistaking the interest with which the two Annexes watch all this. Why should n't they, I should like to know? The Doctor is a bright young fellow, and wants nothing but a bald spot and a wife to find himself in a comfortable family practice. One of the Annexes, as I have said, has had thoughts of becoming a doctress. I don't think the Doctor would want his wife to practice medicine, for reasons which I will not stop to mention. Such a partnership sometimes works wonderfully well, as in one well-known instance where husband and wife are both eminent in the profession; but our young Doctor has said to me that he had rather see his wife — if he ever should have one — at the piano than at the dissecting-table. Of course the Annexes know nothing about this, and they may think, as he professed himself willing to lecture on medicine to women, he might like to take one of his pupils as a helpmeet.

If it were not for our Delilah's humble position, I don't see why she would not be a good match for any young man. But then it is so hard to take a young woman from so very humble a condition as that of a "waitress" that it would require a deal of courage to venture on such a step. If we could only find out that she is a princess in disguise,

so to speak, — that is, a young person of presentable connections as well as pleasing looks and manners; that she has had an education of some kind, as we suspected when she blushed on hearing herself spoken of as a "*gentille petite*," why, then everything would be all right, the young Doctor would have plain sailing, — that is, if he is in love with her, and if she fancies him, — and I should find my love-story, — the one I expected, but not between the parties I had thought would be mating with each other.

Dear little Delilah! Lily of the valley, growing in the shade now, — perhaps better there until her petals drop; and yet if she is all I often fancy she is, how her youthful presence would illuminate and sweeten a household! There is not one of us who does not feel interested in her, — not one of us who would not be delighted at some Cinderella transformation which would show her in the setting Nature meant for her favorite.

The fancy of Number Seven about the witches' broomsticks suggested to one of us the following poem: —

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR, THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES.

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come
back!

They hanged them high, but they would n't lie
still,

For cats and witches are hard to kill;
They buried them deep, but they would n't
die, —

Books say they did, but they lie! they lie!

— A couple of hundred years, or so,
They had knocked about in the world below,
When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,
And a homesick feeling seized them all;
For he came from a place they knew full well,
And many a tale he had to tell.
They longed to visit the haunts of men,
To see the old dwellings they knew again,
And ride on their broomsticks all around
Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

In Essex County there's many a roof
Well known to him of the cloven hoof ;
The small square windows are full in view
Which the midnight hags went sailing through,
On their well-trained broomsticks mounted
high,
Seen like shadows against the sky ;
Crossing the track of owls and bats,
Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives,
The sights we see in our daily drives :
Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,
Brown's bare hill with its lonely tree,
(It was n't then as we see it now,
With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow ;)
Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake
Glide through his forests of fern and brake ;
Ipswich River ; its old stone bridge ;
Far off Andover's Indian Ridge,
And many a scene where history tells
Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, —
Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of dread,
Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,
(The fearful story that turns men pale :
Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would fail.)

For that "couple of hundred years, or so,"
There had been no peace in the world below ;
The witches still grumbling, "It is n't fair ;
Come, give us a taste of the upper air !
We've had enough of your sulphur springs,
And the evil odor that round them clings ;
We long for a drink that is cool and nice, —
Great buckets of water with Wenham ice ;
We've served you well on earth, you know ;
You're a good old — fellow — come, let us
go !"

I don't feel sure of his being good,
But he happened to be in a pleasant mood, —
As fiends with their skins full sometimes are, —
(He'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Bos-
ton bar.)

So what does he do but up and shout
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out !"

To mind his orders was all he knew ;
The gates swung open, and out they flew.
"Where are our broomsticks ?" the beldams
cried.

"Here are your broomsticks," an imp replied.
"They've been in — the place you know — so
long
They smell of brimstone uncommon strong ;
But they've gained by being left alone, —
Just look, and you'll see how tall they've
grown."
— "And where is my cat ?" a vixen scalded.

"Yes, where are our cats ?" the witches
bawled,
And began to call them all by name :
As fast as they called the cats, they came :
There was hob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed
Tim,
And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
And many another that came at call, —
It would take too long to count them all.
All black, — one could hardly tell which was
which,
But every cat knew his own old witch ;
And she knew hers as hers knew her, —
Ah, did n't they curl their tails and purr !

No sooner the withered hags were free
Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree ;
I could n't tell all they did in rhymes,
But the Essex people had dreadful times.
The Swampscott fishermen still relate
How a strange sea-monster stole their bait ;
How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,
And they found dead crabs in their lobster-
pots.

Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,
And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops.
A blight played havoc with Beverly beans, —
It was all the work of those hateful queans !
A dreadful panic began at "Pride's,"
Where the witches stopped in their midnight
rides,
And there rose strange rumors and vague
alarms
'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms.

Now when the Boss of the beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping
round,
He called, — they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles ;
The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.
"Come here, you witches ! Come here !"
says he, —
"At your games of old, without asking me !
I'll give you a little job to do
That will keep you stirring, you godless
crew !"

They came, of course, at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all ;
He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain.
"Now, then," says he, "you've had your fun,
And here are the ears you've got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We don't want horses, we don't want steam ;
You may keep your old black cats to hug,
But the loaded train you have got to lug."

Since then on many a car you'll see
 A broomstick plain as plain can be;
 On every stick there's a witch astride, —
 The string you see to her leg is tied.
 She will do a mischief if she can,
 But the string is held by a careful man,
 And whenever the evil-minded witch
 Would cut some caper he gives a twitch.
 As for the hag, you can't see her,
 But hark! you can hear her black cat's
 purr,
 And now and then, as a train goes by,

You may catch a gleam from her wicked
 eye.

Often you've looked on a rushing train,
 But just what moved it was not so plain.
 It could n't be those wires above,
 For they could neither pull nor shove;
 Where was the motor that made it go
 You could n't guess, *but now you know.*

Remember my rhymes when you ride again
 On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

JUNE IN FRANCONIA.

"Herbs, fruits, and flowers,
 Walks, and the melody of birds."

MILTON.

THERE were six of us, and we had the entire hotel, I may almost say the entire valley, to ourselves. If the verdict of the villagers could have been taken, we should, perhaps, have been voted a queer set, familiar as dwellers in Franconia are with the sight of idle tourists, —

"Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
 And they were butterflies to wheel about
 Long as the summer lasted."

We were neither "rapid" nor "gay," and it was still only the first week of June; if we were summer boarders, therefore, we must be of some unusual early-blooming variety.

First came a lady, in excellent repute among the savants of Europe and America as an entomologist, but better known to the general public as a writer of stories. With her, as companion and assistant, was a doctor of laws, who is also a newspaper proprietor, a voluminous author, an art connoisseur, and many things beside. They had turned their backs thus unseasonably upon the metropolis, and in this pleasant out-of-the-way corner were devoting themselves to one absorbing pursuit, — the pursuit of moths. On their daily drives, two or

three insect nets dangled conspicuously from the carriage, — the footman, thrifty soul, was never backward to take a hand, — and evening after evening the hotel piazza was illuminated till midnight with lamps and lanterns, while these enthusiasts waved the same white nets about, gathering in geometrids, noctuids, sphinges, and Heaven knows what else, all of them to perish painlessly in numerous "cyanide bottles," which bestrewed the piazza by night, and (happy thought!) the closed piano by day. In this noble occupation I sometimes played at helping; but with only meagre success, my most brilliant catch being nothing more important than a "beautiful *Io*." The kind-hearted lepidopterist lingered with gracious emphasis upon the adjective, and assured me that the specimen would be all the more valuable because of a finger-mark which my awkwardness had left upon one of its wings. So — to the credit of human nature be it spoken — so does amiability sometimes get the better of the feminine scientific spirit. To the credit of human nature, I say; for, though her practice of the romancer's art may doubtless have given to this good lady some peculiar flexibility of mind, some special, individual facility in subordinating a lower truth to a higher, it surely may be affirmed, also,

of humanity in general, that few things become it better than its inconsistencies.

Of the four remaining members of the company, two were botanists, and two — for the time — ornithologists. But the botanists were lovers of birds, also, and went nowhere without opera-glasses; while the ornithologists, in turn, did not hold themselves above some elementary knowledge of plants, and amused themselves with now and then pointing out some rarity — sedges and willows were the special desiderata — which the professional collectors seemed in danger of passing without notice. All in all, we were a queer set. How the Latin and Greek polysyllables flew about the dining-room, as we recounted our forenoon's or afternoon's discoveries! Somebody remarked once that the waiters' heads appeared to be more or less in danger; but if the waiters trembled at all, it was probably not for their own heads, but for ours.¹

Our first excursion — I speak of the four who traveled on foot — was to the Franconia Notch. It could not well have been otherwise; at all events, there was one of the four whose feet would not willingly have carried him in any other direction. The mountains drew us, and there was no thought of resisting their attraction.

Love and curiosity are different, if not incompatible, sentiments; and the birds that are dearest to the man are, for that very reason, not most interesting to the ornithologist. When on a journey, I am almost without eyes or ears for bluebirds and robins, song sparrows and chickadees. Now is my opportunity for extending my acquaintance,

and such every-day favorites must get along for the time as best they can without my attention. So it was here in Franconia. The vesper sparrow, the veery, and a host of other friends were singing about the hotel and along the roadside, but we heeded them not. Our case was like the boy's who declined gingerbread, when on a visit: he had plenty of that at home.

When we were nearly at the edge of the mountain woods, however, we heard across the field a few notes that brought all four of us to an instant standstill. What warbler could that be? Nobody could tell. In fact, nobody could guess. But, before the youngest of us could surmount the wall, the singer took wing, flew over our heads far into the woods, and all was silent. It was too bad; but there would be another day to-morrow. Meantime, we kept on up the hill, and soon were in the old forest, listening to bay-breasted warblers, Blackburnians, black-polls, and so on, while the noise of the mountain brook on our right, a better singer than any of them, was never out of our ears. "You are going up," it said. "I wish you joy. But you see how it is; you will soon have to come down again."

I took leave of my companions at Profile Lake, they having planned an all-day excursion beyond, and started homeward by myself. Slowly, and with many stops, I sauntered down the long hill, through the forest (the stops, I need not say, are commonly the major part of a naturalist's ramble, — the golden beads, as it were, the walk itself being only the string), till I reached the spot where we had been serenaded in the morning by our mysterious stranger. Yes, he was

¹ Just how far the cause of science was advanced by all this activity I am not prepared to say. The first ornithologist of the party published some time ago (in *The Auk*, vol. v. p. 151) a list of our Franconia birds, and the results of the botanists' researches among the willows have appeared, in part at least, in different numbers of the *Bulletin of the Tor-*

rey Botanical Club. As for the lepidopterist, I have an indistinct recollection that she once wrote to me of having made some highly interesting discoveries among her Franconia collections, — several undescribed species, as well as I can now remember; but she added that it would be useless to go into particulars with a correspondent entomologically so ignorant.

again singing, this time not far from the road, in a moderately thick growth of small trees, under which the ground was carpeted with club-mosses, dog-tooth violets, clintonia, linnæa, and similar plants. He continued to sing, and I continued to edge my way nearer and nearer, till finally I was near enough, and went down on my knees. Then I saw him, facing me, showing white under parts. A Tennessee warbler! Here was good luck indeed. I ogled him for a long time ("Shoot it," says Mr. Burroughs, authoritatively, "not ogle it with a glass;" but a man must follow his own method), impatient to see his back, and especially the top of his head. What a precious frenzy we fall into at such moments! My knees were fairly upon nettles. He flew, and I followed. Once more he was under the glass, but still facing me. How like a vireo he looked! For one instant I thought, Can it be the Philadelphia vireo? But, though I had never seen that bird, I knew its song to be as different as possible from the notes to which I was listening. After a long time the fellow turned to feeding, and now I obtained a look at his upper parts,—the back olive, the head ashy, like the Nashville warbler. That was enough. It was indeed the Tennessee (*Helminthophila peregrina*), a bird for which I had been ten years on the watch.

The song, which has not often been described, is more suggestive of the Nashville's than of any other, but so decidedly different as never for a moment to be confounded with it. "When you hear it," a friend had said to me several years before, "you will know it for something new." It is long (I speak comparatively, of course), very sprightly, and peculiarly staccato, and is made up of two parts, the second quicker in movement and higher in pitch than the first. I speak of it as in two parts, though when my companions came to

hear it, as they did the next day, they reported it as in three. We visited the place together afterwards, and the discrepancy was readily explained. As to pitch, the song is in three parts, but as to rhythm and character, it is in two; the first half being composed of double notes, the second of single notes. The resemblance to the Nashville's song lies entirely in the first part; the notes of the concluding portion are not run together or jumbled, after the Nashville's manner, but are quite as distinct as those of the opening measure.

As there were at least two pairs of the birds, and they were unmistakably at home, we naturally had hope of finding one of the nests. We made several random attempts, and one day I devoted an hour or more to a really methodical search; but the wily singer gave me not the slightest clue, behaving as if there were no such thing as a bird's nest within a thousand miles, and all my endeavors went for nothing.

As might have been foreseen, Franconia proved to be an excellent place in which to study the difficult family of flycatchers. All our common eastern Massachusetts species were present,—the kingbird, the phœbe, the wood pewee, and the least flycatcher,—and with them the crested flycatcher (not common), the olive-sided, the trail, and the yellow-bellied. The phœbe-like cry of the trail was to be heard constantly from the hotel piazza. The yellow-bellied seemed to be confined to deep and rather swampy woods in the valley, and to the mountain-side forests; being most numerous on Mount Lafayette, where it ran well up toward the limit of trees. In his notes, the yellow-belly may be said to take after both the least flycatcher and the wood pewee. His *killie* (so written in the books, and I do not know how to improve upon it) resembles the *chebec* of the least flycatcher, though much less emphatic, as well as much less frequently uttered,

while his *twee*, or *tuwee*, is quite in the voice and manner of the wood pewee's clear, plaintive whistle; usually a monosyllable, but at other times almost or quite dissyllabic. The olive-side, on the other hand, imitates nobody; or, if he does, it must be some bird with which I have yet to make acquaintance. *Que-que-o* he vociferates, with a strong emphasis and drawl upon the middle syllable. This is his song, or what answers to a song, but I have seen him when he would do nothing but repeat incessantly a quick trisyllabic call, *whit, whit, whit*; corresponding, I suppose, to the well-known *whit* with which the phœbe sometimes busies himself in a similar manner.

Of more interest than any flycatcher — of more interest even than the Tennessee warbler — was a bird found by the roadside in the village, after we had been for several days in the place. Three of us were walking together, talking by the way, when all at once we halted, as by a common impulse, at the sound of a vireo song; a red-eye's song, as it seemed, with the faintest touch of something unfamiliar about it. The singer was in a small butternut-tree close upon the sidewalk, and at once afforded us perfectly satisfactory observations, perching on a low limb within fifteen feet of our eyes, and singing again and again, while we scrutinized every feather through our glasses. As one of my companions said, it was like having the bird in your hand. There was no room for a question as to its identity. At last we had before us the rare and long-desired Philadelphia greenlet. As its song is little known, I here transcribe my notes about it, made at two different times, between which there appears to have been some discussion among us as to just how it should be characterized: —

“The song is very pretty, and is curiously compounded of the red-eye's and the solitary's, both as to phrase and quality. The measures are all brief; with

fewer syllables, that is to say, than the red-eye commonly uses. Some of them are exactly like the red-eye's, while others have the peculiar sweet upward inflection of the solitary's. To hear some of the measures, you would pass the bird for a red-eye; to hear others of them, you might pass him for a solitary. At the same time, he has not the most highly characteristic of the solitary's phrases. His voice is less sharp and his accent less emphatic than the red-eye's, and, so far as we heard, he observes decidedly longer rests between the measures.”

This is under date of June 16th. On the following day I made another entry: —

“The song is, I think, less varied than either the solitary's or the red-eye's, but it grows more distinct from both as it is longer heard. Acquaintance will probably make it as characteristic and unmistakable as any of our four other vireo songs. But I do not withdraw what I said yesterday about its resemblance to the red-eye's and the solitary's. The bird seems quite fearless, and keeps much of the time in the lower branches. In this latter respect his habit is in contrast with that of the warbling vireo.”

On the whole, then, the song of the Philadelphia vireo comes nearest to the red-eye's, differing from it mainly in tone and inflection rather than in form. In these two respects it suggests the solitary vireo, though it never reproduces the indescribably sweet cadence, the real “dying fall,” of that most delightful songster. At the risk of a seeming contradiction, however, I must mention one curious circumstance. On going again to Franconia, a year afterwards, and, naturally, keeping my ears open for *Vireo philadelphicus*, I discovered that I was never for a moment in doubt when I heard a red-eye; but once, on listening to a distant solitary, — catching only part of the strain, — I was for

a little quite uncertain whether he might not be the bird for which I was looking. How this fact is to be explained I am unable to say; it will be least surprising to those who know most of such matters, and at all events I think it worth recording as affording a possible clue to some future observer. The experience, inconsistent as the assertion may sound, does not in the least alter my opinion that the Philadelphia's song is practically certain to be confused with the red-eye's rather than with the solitary's. Upon that point my companions and I were perfectly agreed while we had the bird before us, and Mr. Brewster's testimony is abundantly conclusive to the same effect. He was in the Umbagog forests on a special hunt for Philadelphia vireos (he had collected specimens there on two previous occasions), and after some days of fruitless search discovered, almost by accident, that the birds had all the while been singing close about him, but in every instance had passed for "nothing but red-eyes."¹

For the benefit of the lay reader, I ought, perhaps, to have explained before this that the Philadelphia vireo is in coloration an exact copy of the warbling vireo. There is a slight difference in size between the two, but the most practiced eye could not be depended upon to tell them apart in a tree. *Vireo philadelphicus* is in a peculiar case: it looks like one common bird, and sings like another. It might have been invented on purpose to circumvent collectors, as the Almighty has been supposed by some to have created fossils on purpose to deceive ungodly geologists. It is not surprising, therefore, that the bird escaped the notice of the older ornithologists. In fact, it was first described,—by Mr. Cassin,—in 1851, from a specimen taken, nine years before, near Philadelphia; and its nest remained unknown for more than thirty years longer, the

first one having been discovered, apparently in Canada, in 1884.²

Day after day, the bare, sharp crest of Mount Lafayette silently invited my feet. Then came a bright, favorable morning, and I set out. I would go alone on this my first pilgrimage to the noble peak, at which, always from too far off, I had gazed longingly for ten summers. It is not inconsistent with a proper regard for one's fellows, I trust, to enjoy now and then being without their society. It is good, sometimes, for a man to be alone,—especially on a mountain-top, and more especially at a first visit. The trip to the summit was some seven or eight miles in length, and an almost continual ascent, without a dull step in the whole distance. The Tennessee warbler was singing; but perhaps the pleasantest incident of the walk to the Profile House—in front of which the mountain footpath is taken—was a Blackburnian warbler perched, as usual, at the very top of a tall spruce, his orange throat flashing fire as he faced the sun, and his song, as my note-book expresses it, "sliding up to high Z at the end" in his quaintest and most characteristic fashion. I spent nearly three hours in climbing the mountain path, and during all that time saw and heard only twelve kinds of birds: red-starts, Canada warblers (near the base), black-throated blues, black-throated greens, Nashvilles, black-polls, red-eyed vireos, snowbirds (no white-throated sparrows!), winter wrens, Swainson and gray-cheeked thrushes, and yellow-bellied flycatchers. Black-poll and Nashville warblers were especially numerous, as they are also upon Mount Washington, and, as far as I have seen, upon the White Mountains generally. The feeble, sharp song of the black-poll is a singular affair; short and slight as it is, it embraces a perfect crescendo and a perfect decrescendo. Without ques-

¹ Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, vol. v. p. 3.

² E. E. T. Seton, in *The Auk*, vol. ii. p. 305.

tion I passed plenty of white-throated sparrows, but by some coincidence not one of them announced himself. The gray-cheeked thrushes, which sang freely, were not heard till I was perhaps half-way between the Eagle Cliff Notch and the Eagle Lakes. This species, so recently added to our summer fauna, proves to be not uncommon in the mountainous parts of New England, though apparently confined to the spruce forests at or near the summits. I found it abundant on Mount Mansfield, Vermont, in 1885, and in the summer of 1888 Mr. Walter Faxon surprised us all by shooting a specimen on Mount Graylock, Massachusetts. Doubtless the bird has been singing its perfectly distinctive song in the White Mountain woods ever since the white man first visited them. During the vernal migration, indeed, I have more than once heard it sing in eastern Massachusetts. My latest delightful experience of this kind was on the 29th of May last (1889), while I was hastening to a railway train within the limits of Boston. Preoccupied as I was, and faintly as the notes came to me, I recognized them instantly; for while the gray-cheek's song bears an evident resemblance to the veery's (which I had heard within five minutes), the two are so unlike in pitch and rhythm that no reasonably nice ear ought ever to confound them. The bird was just over the high, close, inhospitable fence, on the top of which I rested my chin and watched and listened. He sat with his back toward me, in full view, on a level with my eye, and sang and sang and sang, in a most deliciously soft, far-away voice, keeping his wings all the while a little raised and quivering, as in a kind of musical ecstasy. It does seem a thing to be regretted — yes, a thing to be ashamed of — that a bird so beautiful, so musical, so romantic in its choice of a dwelling-place, and withal so characteristic of New England should be known, at a liberal estimate, to not

more than one or two hundred New Englanders! But if a bird wishes general recognition, he should do as the robin does, and the bluebird, and the oriole, — dress like none of his neighbors, and show himself freely in the vicinity of men's houses. How can one expect to be famous unless he takes a little pains to keep himself before the public?

From the time I left my hotel until I was fairly above the dwarf spruces below the summit of Lafayette, I was never for many minutes together out of the hearing of thrush music. Four of our five summer representatives of the genus *Turdus* took turns, as it were, in the serenade. The veeries — Wilson's thrushes — greeted me before I stepped off the piazza. As I neared the Profile House farm, the hermits were in tune on either hand. The moment the road entered the ancient forest, the olive-backs began to make themselves heard, and half-way up the mountain path the gray-cheeks took up the strain and carried it on to its heavenly conclusion. A noble processional! Even a lame man might have climbed to such music. If the wood thrush had been here, the chorus would have been complete, — a chorus not to be excelled, according to my untraveled belief, in any quarter of the world.

To-day, however, my first thoughts were not of birds, but of the mountain. The weather was all that could be asked, — the temperature perfect, and the atmosphere so transparent as to be of itself a kind of lens; so that in the evening, when I rejoined my companions at the hotel, I found to my astonishment that I had been plainly visible while at the summit, the beholders having no other help than an opera-glass! It was almost past belief. I had felt some dilation of soul, it was true, but had been quite unconscious of any corresponding physical transformation. What would our aboriginal forerunners have said

could they have stood in the valley and seen a human form moving from point to point along yonder sharp, serrated ridge? I should certainly have passed for a god! Let us be thankful that all such superstitious fancies have had their day. The Indian, poor child of nature,

“A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,”

stood afar off and worshiped toward these holy hills; but the white man clambers gayly up their sides, guide-book in hand, and leaves his sardine box and eggshells — and likely enough his business card — at the top. Let us be thankful, I repeat, for the light vouchsafed to us; ours is a goodly heritage; but there are moods — such creatures of hereditary influence are we — wherein I would gladly exchange both the guide-book and the sardine box for a vision, never so indistinct and transient, of *Kitche Manitoo*. Alas! what a long time it is since any of us have been able to see the invisible. “In the mountains,” says Wordsworth, “did he feel his faith.” But the poet was speaking then of a very old-fashioned young fellow, who, even when he grew up, made nothing but a peddler. Had he lived in our day, he would have felt not his faith, but his own importance; especially if he had put himself out of breath, as most likely he would have done, in accomplishing in an hour and forty minutes what, according to the guide-book, should have taken a full hour and three quarters. The modern excursionist (how Wordsworth would have loved that word!) has learned wisdom of a certain wise fowl who once taught St. Peter a lesson, and who never finds himself in a high place without an impulse to flap his wings and crow.

For my own part, though I spent nearly three hours on the less than four miles of mountain path, as I have already acknowledged, I was nevertheless somewhat short-winded at the end. So long as I was in the woods, it was easy

enough to loiter; but no sooner did I leave the last low spruces behind me than I was seized with an importunate desire to stand upon the peak, so near at hand just above me. I hope my readers are none of them too old to sympathize with the boyish feeling. At all events, I quickened my pace. The distance could not be more than half a mile, I thought. But it was wonderful how that perverse trail among the boulders did unwind itself, as if it never would come to an end; and I was not surprised, on consulting a guide-book afterwards, to find that my half mile had really been a mile and a half. One's sensations in such a case I have sometimes compared with those of an essay-writer when he is getting near the end of his task. He dallied with it in the beginning, and was half ready to throw it up in the middle; but now the fever is on him, and he cannot drive the pen fast enough. Two days ago he doubted whether or not to burn the thing; now it is certain to be his masterpiece, and he must sit up till morning, if need be, to finish it. What would life be worth without its occasional enthusiasm, laughable in the retrospect, perhaps, but in itself pleasurable almost to the point of painfulness?

It was a glorious day. I enjoyed the climb, the lessening forest, the alpine plants (the *diapensia* was in full flower, with its upright snowy goblets, while the *geum* and the *Greenland sandwort* were just beginning to blossom), the magnificent prospect, the stimulating air, and, most of all, the mountain itself. I sympathized then, as I have often done at other times, with a remark once made to me by a Vermont farmer's wife. I had sought a night's lodging at her house, and during the evening we fell into conversation about *Mount Mansfield*, from the top of which I had just come, and directly at the base of which the farmhouse stood. When she went up “the mounting,” she said, she liked

to look off, of course; but somehow what she cared most about was "the mounting itself."

The woman had probably never read a line of Wordsworth, — unless, possibly, *We are Seven* was in the old school reader, — but I am sure the poet would have liked this saying, especially as coming from such a source. I liked it, at any rate, and am seldom on a mountain-top without recalling it. Her lot had been narrow and prosaic, — bitterly so, the visitor was likely to think; she was little used to expressing herself, and no doubt would have wondered what Mr. Pater could mean by his talk about natural objects as possessing "more or less of a moral or spiritual life," as "capable of a companionship with man, full of expression, of inexplicable affinities and delicacies of intercourse." From such refinements and subtleties her mind would have taken refuge in thoughts of her baking and ironing. But she enjoyed the mountain; I think she had some feeling for it, as for a friend; and who knows but she, too, was one of "the poets that are sown by Nature"?

I spent two happy hours and a half at the summit of Lafayette. The ancient peak must have had many a worthier guest, but it could never have entertained one more hospitably. With what softly temperate breezes did it fan me! I wish I were there now! But kind as was its welcome, it did not urge me to remain. The word of the brook came true again, — as Nature's words always do, if we hear them aright. Having gone as high as my feet could carry me, there was nothing left but to go down again. "Which things," as Paul said to the Galatians, "are an allegory."

I was not asked to stay, but I was invited to come again; and the next season, also in June, I twice accepted the invitation. On the first of these occasions, although I was eight days later than I had been the year before (June 19th instead of June 11th), the diapen-

sia was just coming into somewhat free bloom, while the sandwort showed only here and there a stray flower, and the geum was only in bud. The dwarf paper birch (trees of no one knows what age, matting the ground) was in blossom, with large handsome catkins, while Cutler's willow was already in fruit, and the crowberry likewise. The willow, like the birch, has learned that the only way to live in such a place is to lie flat upon the ground and let the wind blow over you. The other flowers noted at the summit were one of the blueberries (*Vaccinium uliginosum*), Bigelow's sedge, and the fragrant alpine holy-grass (*Hierochloa alpina*). Why should this sacred grass, which Christians sprinkle in front of their church doors on feast-days, be scattered thus upon our higher mountain-tops, unless these places are indeed, as the Indian and the ancient Hebrew believed, the special abode of the Great Spirit?

But the principal interest of this my second ascent of Mount Lafayette was to be, not botanical, but ornithological. We had seen nothing noteworthy on the way up (I was not alone this time, though I have so far been rude enough to ignore my companion); but while at the Eagle Lakes, on our return, we had an experience that threw me into a nine days' fever. The other man — one of the botanists of last year's crew — was engaged in collecting *viburnum* specimens, when all at once I caught sight of something red in a dead spruce on the mountain-side just across the tiny lake. I leveled my glass, and saw with perfect distinctness, as I thought, two pine grosbeaks in bright male costume, — birds I had never seen before except in winter. Presently a third one, in dull plumage, came into view, having been hidden till now behind the bole. The trio remained in sight for some time, and then dropped into the living spruces underneath, and disappeared. I lingered about, while my companion and

the black flies were busy, and was on the point of turning away for good, when up flew two red birds and alighted in a tree close by the one out of which the grosbeaks had dropped. But a single glance showed that they were not grosbeaks, but white-winged crossbills! And soon they, too, were joined by a third bird, in female garb. Here was a pretty piece of confusion! I was delighted to see the crossbills, having never before had the first glimpse of them, summer or winter; but what was I to think about the grosbeaks? "Your determination is worthless," said my scientific friend, consolingly; and there was no gainsaying his verdict. Yet by what possibility could I have been so deceived? The birds, though none too near, had given me an excellent observation, and as long as they were in sight I had felt no uncertainty whatever as to their identity. The bill alone, of which I had taken particular note, ought in all reason to be held conclusive. So much for one side of the case. On the other hand, however, the second trio were unmistakably crossbills. (They had been joined on the wing by several others, as I ought to have mentioned, and with their characteristic chattering cry had swept out of sight up the mountain.) It was certainly a curious coincidence: three grosbeaks — two males and a female — had dropped out of a tree into the undergrowth; and then, five minutes later, three crossbills — two males and a female — had risen out of the same undergrowth, and taken almost the very perch which the others had quitted! Had this strange thing happened? Or had my eyes deceived me? This was my dilemma, on the sharp horns of which I tried alternately for the next eight days to make myself comfortable.

During all that time, the weather rendered mountain climbing impracticable. But the morning of the 28th was clear and cold, and I set out forthwith for the Eagle Lakes. If the grosbeaks were

there, I meant to see them, though I should have to spend all day in the attempt. My botanist had returned home, leaving me quite alone at the hotel; but, as good fortune would have it, before I reached the Profile House, I was overtaken unexpectedly by a young ornithological friend, who was himself half decided to climb Lafayette. We were creeping laboriously up the long, steep shoulder beyond the Eagle Cliff gorge, and drawing near the lakes, when all at once a peculiarly sweet, flowing warble fell upon our ears. "A pine grosbeak!" said I, in a tone of full assurance, although this was my first hearing of the song. The younger man plunged into the forest, in the direction of the voice, while I, knowing pretty well how the land lay, hastened on toward the lakes, in hopes to find the singer visible from that point. Just as I ran down the little incline into the open, a bird flew past me across the water, and alighted in a dead spruce (it might have been the very tree of nine days before), where it sat in full sight, and at once broke into song, — "like the purple finch's," says my note-book; "less fluent, but, as it seemed to me, sweeter and more expressive. I think it was not louder." Before many minutes, my comrade came running down the path in high glee, calling, "Pine grosbeaks!" He had got directly under a tree in which two of them were sitting. So the momentous question was settled, and I commenced feeling once more a degree of confidence in my own eyesight. The loss of such confidence is a serious discomfort; but, strange as it may seem to people in general, I suspect that few field ornithologists, except beginners, ever succeed in retaining it undisturbed for any long time together. As a class, they have learned to take the familiar maxim, "Seeing is believing," with several grains of allowance. With most of them, it would be nearer the mark to say, Shooting is believing.

My special errand at the lakes being thus quickly disposed of, there was no reason why I should not accompany my friend to the summit. Lafayette gave us a cold reception. We might have addressed him as Daniel Webster, according to the time-worn story, once addressed Mount Washington; but neither of us felt oratorically inclined. In truth, after the outrageous heats of the past few days, it seemed good to be thrashing our arms and crouching behind a boulder, while we devoured our luncheon, and between times studied the landscape. For my own part, I experienced a feeling of something like wicked satisfaction; as if I had been wronged, and all at once had found a way of balancing the score. The *diapensia* was already quite out of bloom, although only nine days before we had thought it hardly at its best. It is one of the prettiest and most striking of our strictly alpine plants, but is seldom seen by the ordinary summer tourist, as it finishes its course long before he arrives. The same may be said of the splendid Lapland azalea, which I do not remember to have found on Mount Lafayette, it is true, but which is to be seen in all its glory upon the Mount Washington range, in middle or late June; so early that one may have to travel over snow-banks to reach it. The two flowers oftenest noticed by the chance comer to these parts are the Greenland sandwort (the "mountain daisy"!) and the pretty geum, with its handsome crinkled leaves and its bright yellow blossoms, like buttercups.

My sketch will hardly fulfill the promise of its title; for our June in Franconia included a thousand things of which I have left myself no room to speak: strolls in the Landaff Valley and to Sugar Hill; a walk to Mount Agassiz; numerous visits — by the way, and in uncertain weather — to Bald Mountain; several jaunts to Lonesome Lake; and wanderings here and there in the path-

less valley woods. We were none of us of that unhappy class who cannot enjoy doing the same thing twice.

I wished, also, to say something of sundry minor enjoyments: of the cinnamon roses, for example, with the fragrance of which we were continually greeted, and which have left such a sweetness in the memory that I would have called this essay "June in the Valley of Cinnamon Roses," had I not despaired of holding myself up to so poetic a title. And with the roses the wild strawberries present themselves. Roses and strawberries! It is the very poetry of science that these should be classified together. The berries, like the flowers, are of a generous turn (it is a family trait, I think), loving no place better than the roadside, as if they would fain be of refreshment to beings less happy than themselves, who cannot be still and blossom and bear fruit, but are driven by the Fates to go trudging up and down in dusty highways. For myself, if I were a dweller in this vale, I am sure my finger-tips would never be of their natural color so long as the season of strawberries lasted. On one of my solitary rambles I found a retired sunny field, full of them. To judge from appearances, not a soul had been near it. But I noticed that, while the almost ripe fruit was abundant, there was scarce any that had taken on the final tinge and flavor. Then I began to be aware of faint, sibilant noises about me, and, glancing up, I saw that the ground was already "preempted" by a company of cedar-birds, who, naturally enough, were not a little indignant at my poaching thus on their preserves. They showed so much concern (and had gathered the ripest of the berries so thoroughly) that I actually came away the sooner on their account. I began to feel ashamed of myself, and for once in my life was literally hissed off the stage.

Even on my last page I must be per-

mitted a word in praise of Mount Cannon, of which I made three ascents. It has nothing like the celebrity of Mount Willard, with which, from its position, it is natural to compare it; but to my thinking it is little, if at all, less worthy. Its outlook upon Mount Lafayette is certainly grander than anything Mount Willard can offer, while the prospect of the Pemigewasset Valley, fading away to the horizon, if less striking than that of the White Mountain Notch, has some elements of beauty which must of necessity be lacking in any more narrowly circumscribed scene, no matter how romantic.

In venturing upon a comparison of this kind, however, one is bound always to allow for differences of mood. When I am in tune for such things, I can be happier on an ordinary Massachusetts hilltop than at another time I should be on any New Hampshire mountain, though it were Moosilauke itself. And, truly, Fortune did smile upon our first visit to Mount Cannon. Weather conditions, outward and inward, were right. We had come mainly to look at Lafayette from this point of vantage; but, while we suffered no disappointment in that direction, we found ourselves still more taken with the valley prospect. We lay upon the rocks by the hour, gazing at it. Scattered clouds dappled the whole vast landscape with shadows;

the river, winding down the middle of the scene, drew the whole into harmony, as it were, making it in some nobly literal sense picturesque; while the distance was of such an exquisite blue as I think I never saw before.

How good life is at its best! And in such

“Charméd days,

When the genius of God doth flow,”

what care we for science or the objects of science, — for grosbeak or crossbill (may the birds forgive me!), or the latest novelty in willows? I am often where fine music is played, and never without being interested; as men say, I am pleased. But at the twentieth time, it may be, something touches my ears, and I hear the music within the music; and, for the hour, I am at heaven's gate. So it is with our appreciation of natural beauty. We are always in its presence, but only on rare occasions are our eyes anointed to see it. Such ecstasies, it seems, are not for every day. Sometimes I fear they grow less frequent as we grow older.

We will hope for better things; but, should the gloomy prognostication fall true, we will but betake ourselves the more assiduously to lesser pleasures, — to warblers and willows, roses and strawberries. Science will never fail us. If worse comes to worst, we will not despise the moths.

Bradford Torrey.

THE KINGBIRD'S NEST.

To study a nest is to make an acquaintance. However familiar the bird, unless the student has watched its ways during the only domestic period of its life, — nesting time, — he has still something to learn. In fact, he has almost everything to learn, for into those few weeks is crowded a whole lifetime of

emotions and experiences which fully bring out the individuality of the bird. Family life is a test of character, no less in the nest than in the house. Moreover, to a devotee of the science that some one has aptly called Ornithography, nothing is so attractive. What hopes it holds out! Who can guess

what mysteries shall be disclosed, what interesting episodes of life shall be seen about that charmed spot?

To find a newly built nest is the first June work of the bird-student, and this year a particularly inviting one presented itself, on the top branch of a tall oak-tree near my "inn of rest." It was in plain sight from the veranda. The builder evidently cared nothing for concealment, and relied, with reason, upon its inaccessible position for safety. To be sure, as days went by and oak leaves grew, a fair screen for the little dwelling was not lacking; but summer breezes were kind, and often blew them aside, and, better still, from other points of view the nest was never hidden.

To whom, then, did the nest belong? I hoped to the kingbird, who at that moment sat demurely upon the picket fence below, apparently interested only in passing insects; and while I looked the question was answered by Madame *Tyrannis* herself, who came with the confidence of ownership, carrying a beakful of building material, and arranging it with great pains inside the structure. This was satisfactory, for I did not know the kingbird in domestic life.

For several days it seemed uncertain whether the kingbirds would ever really occupy the nest, so spasmodic was the work upon it. Now one of the pair came with a bit of something, placed it, tried its effect this way and that, and then disappeared, while for hours every day both might be seen about the place, hunting insects and taking their ease on the fence as if no thought of nesting ever stirred their wise little heads. The last addition to the domicile was curious: a soft white feather from the poultry yard, which was fastened up on the edge, and stood there floating in the breeze; a white banner of peace flung out to the world from her castle walls.

Peace from a kingbird? Direful tales are told of this bird: "he is pugnacious," says one writer; "he fights everybody,"

adds another; "he is a coward," remarks a third. Science has dubbed him tyrant (*Tyrannis*), and his character is supposed to be settled. But may there not be two sides to the story? We shall see. One kingbird, at least, shall be studied sympathetically; we shall try to enter his life, to judge him fairly, and shall above all

"bring not

The fancies found in books,
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch our own."

Nearly two months that small dwelling on the oak was watched, day after day, early and late, in storm and in sunshine; now I know at least one family of kingbirds, and what I know I shall honestly tell, "nothing extenuating."

The house was built, the season was passing, yet housekeeping did not begin. The birds, indeed, appeared to have abandoned the tree, and days went by in which I could not see that either visited it. But the nest was not deserted, for all that; the curiosity and impertinence of the neighbors were simply amazing. (Perhaps the kingbird has some reason to be pugnacious!) No sooner was that tenement finished than, as promptly as if they had received cards to a house-warming, visitors began to come. First to show himself was an orchard oriole, who was in the habit of passing over the yard every day and stopping an hour or more in the neighborhood, while he scrambled over the trees, varying his lunches with a rich and graceful song. Arrived this morning in the kingbird tree, he began his usual hunt over the top branch, when suddenly his eye fell upon the kingbird cradle. He paused, cast a wary glance about, then dropped to a lower perch, his singing ended, his manner guilty. Nearer and nearer he drew, looking cautiously about and moving in perfect silence. Still the owner did not come, and at last the stranger stood upon the edge. What joy! He looked that mansion over from foundation to

banner fluttering in the wind; he examined closely its construction; with head turned over one side, he criticised its general effect, and apparently did not think much of it; he gratified to the full his curiosity, and after about one minute's study flew to the next tree, and resumed his singing.

The next arrival was a pewee, whose own nest was nearly built, in a wild cherry-tree not far off. The fence under the oak was his usual perch, and it was plain that he made his first call with "malice aforethought;" for, disdaining the smallest pretense of interest in it, he flew directly to the nest, hovered beneath it, and pulled out some part of the building material that pleased his fancy, — nothing less than pure thievery.

Among the occasional visitors to the yard were two American goldfinches, or thistle-birds, in bright yellow and black plumage, both males. They also went to the new homestead in the oak, inspected it, chatted over it in their sweet tones, and then passed on. It began to look as though the nest were in the market for any one to choose, and the string of company was not yet ended.

Soon after the goldfinches had passed by, there alighted a gay Baltimore oriole, who, not content with looking at the new castle in the air, must needs try it. He actually stepped into the nest and settled down as if sitting. Who knows but he was experimenting to see if this simple, wide-open cradle would n't do as well for oriole babies as for kingbirds? Certainly it was a curious performance. It made an impression on him too, for the next day he came again; and this time he picked at it, and seemed to be changing its interior arrangement, but he carried nothing away when he flew. Even after sitting began, this oriole paid two more visits to the nest which so interested him. On the first occasion, the owner was at home, and gave him instant notice that the place was no longer on view. He retired, but, being no

coward, and not choosing to submit to dictation, he came again. This time, a fly-up together, a clinch in the air, with loud and offensive remarks, cured him of further desire to call.

More persistent than any yet mentioned was a robin. Heretofore, strange to say, the guests had all been males, but this caller was the mother of a young brood in the next yard. She came in her usual way, alighted on a low branch, ran out upon it, hopped to the next higher, and so proceeded till she reached the nest. The kingbird happened to be near it himself, and drove her away in an indifferent manner, as if this interloper were of small account. The robin went, of course, but returned, and, perching close to the object of interest, leaned over and looked at it as long as she chose, while the owner stood calmly by on a twig and did not interfere. I know he was not afraid of the robin, as later events proved; and it really looked as if the pair deliberately delayed sitting to give the neighborhood a chance to satisfy its curiosity; as if they thus proclaimed to whom it might concern that there was to be a kingbird household, that they might view it at their leisure before it was occupied, but after that no guests were desired. Whatever the cause, the fact is that, once completed, the nest was almost entirely abandoned by the builders for several days, during which this neighborhood inspection went on. They even deserted their usual hunting-ground, and might generally be seen at the back of the house, awaiting their prey in the most unconcerned manner.

However, time was passing, and one day Madame Tyrannis herself began to call, but fitfully. Sometimes she stayed about the nest one minute, sometimes five minutes, but was restless; picking at the walls, twitching the leaves that hung too near, rearranging the lining, trying it this way and that, as if to see how it fitted her figure, and how she should

like it when she was settled. First she tried sitting with face looking toward the bay; then she jerked herself around, without rising, and looked awhile toward the house. She had as much trouble to get matters adjusted to her mind as if she had a houseful of furniture to place, with carpets to lay, curtains to hang, and the thousand and one "things" with which we bigger housekeepers cumber ourselves and make life a burden. This spasmodic visitation went on for days, and finally it was plain that sitting had begun. Still the birds of the vicinity were interested callers, and I began to think that one kingbird would not even protect his nest, far less justify his reputation by tyrannizing over the feathered world. But when his mate had seriously established herself, it was time for the head of the household to assume her defense, and he did.

As usual, the kingbird united the characters of brave defender and tender lover. To his spouse his manners were charming. When he came to relieve her of her care, to give her exercise or a chance for luncheon, he greeted her with a few low notes, and alighted on a small leafless twig that curved up about a foot above the nest, and made a perfect watch-tower. She slipped off her seat and disappeared for about six minutes. During her absence he stayed at his post, sometimes changing his perch to one or other of half a dozen leafless branchlets in that part of the tree, and there sitting, silent and watchful, ready to interview any stranger who appeared. Upon her return he again saluted her with a few words, adding to them a lifting of wings and spreading of his beautiful tail that most comically suggested the bowing and hat-lifting of bigger gentlemen. In all their life together, even when the demands of three infants kept them busy from morning till night, he never forgot this little civility to his helpmate. If she alighted beside him on the fence, he rose a few inches above

his perch, and flew around in a small circle while greeting her; and sometimes, on her return to the nest, he described a larger circle, talking (as I must call it) all the time. Occasionally, when she approached, he flew out to meet and come back with her, as if to escort her. Could this bird, to his mate so thoughtful and polite, be to the rest of the world the bully he is pictured? Did he, who for ten months of the year shows less curiosity about others and attends more perfectly to his own business than any bird I have noticed, suddenly, at this crisis in his life, become aggressive, and during these two months of love and paternity and hard work make war upon a peaceful neighborhood?

I watched closely. There was not an hour of the day, often from four A. M. to eight P. M., that I had not the kingbird and his nest directly in sight, and hardly a movement of his life escaped me. There he stood, on the fence under his tree, on a dead bush at the edge of the bay, or on the lowest limb of a small pear-tree in the yard. Sometimes he dashed into the air for his prey; sometimes he dropped to the ground to secure it; but oftenest, especially when baby throats grew clamorous, he hovered over the rank grass on the low land of the shore, wings beating, tail wide spread, diving now and then for an instant to snatch a morsel; and every thirty minutes, as punctually as if he carried a watch in his trim white vest, he took a direct line for the home where his mate sat waiting.

A few days after the little dame took possession of the nest, the kingbird had succeeded, without much trouble, in making most of his fellow-creatures understand that he laid claim to the upper branches of the oak, and was prepared to defend them against all comers, and they simply gave the tree a wide berth in passing. The robin, it is true, with the persistence of his family, called twice

after that, and was chased away. The most troublesome meddler was, as might be expected, an English sparrow. From the time when the first stick was laid till the babies were grown and had left the tree, that bird never ceased to intrude and annoy. He visited the nest when empty; he managed to have frequent peeps at the young; and notwithstanding he was driven off every time, he still hung around, and his prying ways were so exasperating that he deserved a thrashing, and I wonder he did not get it. He was driven away repeatedly, and he was "picked off" from below, and pounced upon from above, but he never failed to return.

Another visitor of whom the kingbird seemed suspicious was a purple crow blackbird, who every day passed over. This bird and the common crow were the only ones he drove away without waiting for them to alight; and if half that is told of them be true, he had reason to do so.

With none of these intruders had the kingbird any quarrel when away from his nest. The blackbird, to whom he showed the most violence, hunted peacefully beside him on the grass all day; the robin alighted near him on the fence, as usual; the orioles scrambled over the neighboring trees, singing and eating, as was their custom; even the English sparrow carried on his vulgar squabbles on his own branch of the oak all day; but to none of them did the kingbird pay the slightest attention. He simply and solely defended his own household.

In the beginning the little dame took sitting very easy, fidgeting about in the nest, standing up to dress her feathers, stretching her neck to see what went on in the yard below, and stepping out upon a neighboring twig to rest herself. After a few days she settled more seriously to work, and became very quiet and patient. Her mate never brought food to her, nor did he once take her place in the nest; not even during a

furious northeast gale that turned June into November, and lasted thirty-six hours, most of the time with heavy rain, when the top branch bent and tossed, and threatened every moment a catastrophe. In the house, fires were built and books and work brought out; but the bird-student, wrapped in heavy shawls, kept close watch from an open window, and noted well the bad-weather manners of Tyrannis. Madame sat very close, head to the northeast, and tail, narrowed to the width of one feather, pressed against a twig that grew up behind the nest. All through the storm, I think the head of the family remained in a sheltered part of the tree, but he did not come to the usual twigs which were so exposed. I know he was near, for I heard him, and occasionally saw him standing with body horizontal instead of upright, as usual, the better to maintain his position against the wind. At about the ordinary intervals the siter left her nest, without so much as a leaf to cover it, and was absent perhaps half as long as common, but not once did her mate assume her post.

How were this pair distinguished from each other, since there is no difference in their dress? First, by a fortunate peculiarity of marking, the male had one short tail feather, that, when he was resting, showed its white tip above the others, and made a perfectly distinct and (with a glass) plainly visible mark. Later, when I had become familiar with the very different manners of the pair, I did not need this mark to distinguish the male, though it remained *en évidence* all through the two months I had them under observation.

During the period of sitting life went on with great regularity. The protector of the nest perched every night in a poplar-tree across the yard, and promptly at half past four o'clock every morning began his matins. Surprised and interested by an unfamiliar song, I rose one day at that unnatural hour to trace it

home. It was in that enchanting time when men are still asleep in their nests, and even "My Lord Sun" has not arisen from his; when the air is sweet and fresh, and as free from the dust of man's coming and going as if his tumults did not exist. It was so still that the flit of a wing was almost startling. The water lapped softly against the shore; but who can

"Write in a book the morning's prime,
Or match with words that tender sky"?

The song that had called me up was a sweet though simple strain, and it was repeated every morning while his mate was separated from him by her nest duties. I can find no mention of it in books, but I had many opportunities to study it, and thus it was. It began with a low kingbird "Kr-r-r" (or rolling sound impossible to express by letters), without which I should not have identified it at first, and it ended with a very sweet call of two notes, five tones apart, the lower first, after a manner suggestive of the phœbe.—something like this: "Kr-r-r-r-ree-bé! Kr-r-r-r-ree-bé!" In the outset, and I think I heard the very first attempt, it resembled the initial efforts of cage-birds, when spring tunes their throats. The notes seemed hard to get out; they were weak, uncertain, fluttering, as if the singer were practicing something quite new. But as the days went by they grew strong and assured, and at last were a joyous and loud morning greeting. I don't know why I should be so surprised to hear a kingbird sing, for I believe that one of the things we shall discover, when we begin to study birds alive instead of dead, is that every one has a song, at least in spring, when, in the words of an enthusiastic bird-lover, "the smallest become poets, often sublime songsters." I have already heard several sing that are set down as lacking in that mode of expression.

To return to my kingbird, struggling with his early song. After practicing

perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, he left his perch, flew across the yard, and circled around the top bough, with his usual good-morning to his partner, who at once slipped off and went for her breakfast, while he stayed to watch the nest.

This magic dawn could not last. It grew lighter; the sun was bestirring himself. I heard oars on the bay; and now that the sounds of man began, the robin mounted the fence and sang his waking song. The rogue!—he had been "laughing" and shouting for an hour. "Awake! awake!" he seemed to say; and on our dreamy beds we hear him, and think it the first sound of the new day. Then, too, came the jubilee of the English sparrow, welcoming the appearance of mankind, whose waste and improvidence supply so easily his larder. Why should he spend his time hunting insects? The kitchen will open, the dining-room follows, and crumbs are sure to result. He will wait, and meanwhile do his best to waken his purveyor.

I found this to be the almost invariable programme of kingbird life at this period: after matins, the singer flew to the nest tree, and his spouse went to her breakfast; in a few seconds he dropped to the edge of the nest, looked long and earnestly at the contents, then flew to one of his usual perching-places near by, and remained in silence till he saw the little mother coming. During the day he relieved her at the intervals mentioned, and at night, when she had settled to rest, he stayed at his post on the fence till almost too dark to be seen, and then took his way, with a good-night greeting, to his sleeping-place on the poplar.

Thus matters went on through June till the 29th, when, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, there was an unusual stir about the kingbird castle. I saw that something had happened, and this must open a new chapter. But before

beginning the chronicle of the kingbird babies, I should like to give my testimony about *one* member of the family. As a courteous and tender spouse, as a devoted father and a brave defender of his household, I know no one who outranks him. In attending to his own business and never meddling with others, he is unexcelled. In regard to his fighting, he has driven many away from his tree, as do all birds, but he never picked a quarrel; and the only cases of anything like a personal encounter were with the two birds who insisted on annoying him. He is chivalrous to young birds not his own, as will appear in the story of his family. He

is, indeed, usually silent, perhaps even solemn, but he may well be so; he has an important duty to perform in the world, and one that should bring him thanks and protection instead of scorn and a bad name. It is to reduce the number of man's worst enemies, the vast army of insects. What we owe to the flycatchers, indeed, we can never guess, although, if we go on destroying them, we may have our eyes opened most thoroughly. Even if the most serious charge against the kingbird is true, that he eats bees, it were better that every bee on the face of the earth should perish than that his efficient work among other insects should be stopped.

Olive Thorne Miller.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

FIFTY-THREE years ago certain American and British authors petitioned Congress for an act to establish what is now known as International Copyright. These petitions were referred to a committee, and in due time the committee reported in favor of the legislation prayed for. Very few committee reports in our history can show such a list of distinguished names among their signers as this first report on international copyright; for the chairman of the committee who drew the report was Henry Clay, and his four associates were Daniel Webster, James Buchanan, William C. Preston, of South Carolina, and Thomas Ewing. One would have thought that the support of five such men would have sufficed of itself to carry any measure which, like this, was wholly outside of party politics; and yet the very opposite happened. The little men and selfish interests long since forgotten were too powerful for the well-remembered big men of enlarged views, and the report served only to show that the five states-

men who signed it were ahead of their time and their civilization,—a distinction in leadership which apparently they still continue to enjoy on this subject, in regard to our time and our civilization of the present year of grace.

Without tracing the history of international copyright during the half century which has come and gone since Henry Clay wrote his now famous report, it is enough to say that within recent years the movement in behalf of honesty in copyright has taken on new life and has been pushed with fresh vigor. Conflicting interests for some time prevented action, but finally they were reconciled, and in the last Congress the House committee were able to say in their report that, "for the first time, authors, publishers, type-setters, electrotypers, booksellers, and all others engaged in making and distributing books have with singular unanimity agreed upon a bill which they ask us to pass." To this list may be added the association of American newspaper publishers who,

on February 13, 1890, gave their hearty approval to the demand of American authors for the fuller security of literary property, and who commended the bill for international copyright as "in the interest of the national honor and welfare." The bill, thus powerfully supported by interests so diverse, and as important as they are intelligent, came to a vote in the House of Representatives on May 2, 1890, and was defeated. In recent years a similar bill has passed the Senate, but the question has never before come to a vote in the House. The vote by which the bill was defeated and the arguments made in opposition to it are not a little depressing; and even if the reconsideration which is still open should succeed, there would be no reason to change this criticism. If it had been a matter of annual failure, the vote would not have been nearly so important, for the result would merely have marked the comparative progress or decline of the movement; but it is disappointing to the last degree to know that after half a century's discussion a bill providing for international copyright should come for the first time to a vote in the House of Representatives and suffer a serious defeat. International copyright is one of those rare questions where it is very difficult to discover more than one side, and for this reason it is not easy to argue in its behalf with proper coolness and discretion. The only way, however, to deal with any question is to practice patience, and to understand the arguments, or what pass for arguments, against a measure demanded alike by common honesty and common sense.

Let it be said frankly, at the outset, that international copyright is not a panacea for all existing wrongs, or a solution of any considerable number of the problems which disturb humanity. Like all measures of improvement, it excites among those most interested much enthusiasm, and its ardent supporters give

to it a reach and importance which no single legislative measure ever has possessed or ever will possess. It is well that this should be the case; for if the movement did not excite just such enthusiasm, its chances of life and of success would be small indeed. At the same time, it must be remembered that the zealous claim of the earnest supporters of any proposition, no matter how well founded, are sure to arouse resentment, while human nature is constituted as it is now and always has been. Hotspur was but the type of humanity when he was wroth with the dapper courtier who told him, weary from the fight, that

"The sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise."

Harry Percy's natural and proper instinct was undoubtedly to reply that people hitherto had always got along very well with mutton tallow, and that he was opposed to "parmaceti;" but as there were other circumstances of irritation, his answer was even less considerate. It is important, therefore, — more important than many persons realize, — to place any measure of reform on the exact ground which belongs to it, and which will be found in the end to be the strongest. It is seldom worth while to enter into a discussion of natural rights or the immutable principles of abstract justice; for the things which pass under those names are usually anything but natural or immutable, being almost invariably the fruits of much hard fighting and debate, slowly established by man in his long journey, through the centuries, over the rough and dusty road which has brought the race from the dim lands of savagery to the point we have reached to-day. The best, surest, and most convincing way to argue this or any similar question is to stick to the facts and conditions which now confront us, and to prove by them that the cause we advocate rests on grounds of right and justice much stronger than anything which nature or abstract reasoning can give.

This is especially true of international copyright; for international copyright is a question of property of a very refined sort, and property rights, more truly than almost anything else, have been the results of much painful human labor, and of much argument drawn from expediency and from the illogical logic of facts. Property in its origin is a simple question of force. The famous line that "they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," sums up the earliest conception of property rights. As men emerged from barbarism, and began to form communities and states and to establish governments, organized society intervened to protect its members in their enjoyment of the property rights which each man had maintained before by the strength of his own right hand. Thus the title deed replaced the sword as an evidence of ownership, and the lawyer superseded the man at arms as its defender. Property in land and in things visible and corporeal is now of great antiquity, and the same idea has been extended more recently to evidences of property as well as to the property itself. During this development, however, the rights of property advanced in another direction. At first, they were admitted and guarded only among the members of the community or of the state which made the protecting law. The property rights of the alien and the stranger were not recognized in the beginning; they have been only slowly and grudgingly acknowledged, and they did not become complete until comparatively recent times. The last step of all to be taken was that which recognized property in ideas, and which gave to the inventor and the writer an owner's legal right in the product of their brains. By the Statute of Anne, property in literature, or copyright, received its legal recognition in the English-speaking world; and when the framers of the Constitution came together, they too recognized the rights of the

inventor and the writer by giving to Congress the power to pass patent and copyright laws. As in the case of other property rights, the next step was to accord to the foreigner and outsider the same legal protection in the matter of ideas which was given to the natives of the state. This has now been done by all nations of high civilization except the United States. In this country, we recognize property, both personal and real, and protect it by law; and we offer the same protection to the real and personal property of the stranger within our gates as to that of our own citizens. We also give protection to our own authors, but there we stop. We say in effect to the outsider, "Your pocket-book and your merchandise are as safe here, under our laws, as the pocket-book or the merchandise of the American citizen, and those who take them from you without warrant of law shall be punished according to law. To your ideas, however, — a species of property which we, in common with the rest of the civilized world, recognize as such among our own citizens, — we will give no protection and no recognition: these ideas and thoughts of yours we will take; we will pay you nothing for them, and you shall have no redress." That is a plain statement of the case as it stands to-day. We steal the literary property of foreign authors, and decline to give up the engaging practice. No effort has ever been made to controvert the statement that we rob the foreign author, but it appears to have little effect on those who advocate literary piracy. Apparently, it is necessary to argue with these persons on this point, although it seems preposterous, at this stage of the world's history, to make a very detailed argument in behalf of the eighth commandment. The proposition that it is not right to steal has been established so long that most persons have got out of the way of thinking it necessary to support it with elaborate reasoning; yet this very proposition, that it is

not right to steal from the foreign author and thinker, is one that the opponents of international copyright brush aside, with a fine disregard which gives one a respect for their audacity, whatever may be thought of their morals or their understanding.

When one's opponent, however, says in substance that he does not care whether the taking of the property of foreign authors is right or wrong, according to the principles of right and wrong accepted among all civilized men, it is at least obvious that it is a waste of time to attempt to argue with him on that ground. The only thing to do is to meet him on his own ground, and deal there with what he is pleased to call his argument. That which he puts forward under this honorable name consists of two parts, — a misstatement of facts and an appeal to prejudice.

The opponent declares that international copyright ought not to be permitted because it will make literature dear, and thus injure the American people at a most important point; and this is all he says, although he says it at great length and with many rhetorical decorations. The attack can be answered as briefly as it is made. The statement that international copyright would make literature dear is a mere assertion, with no fact to warrant it. Whether books shall be published in cheap or in expensive editions depends entirely on the character of the book and the conditions of the market. The United States, with its vast reading population, demands cheap books of the popular kind; and the people of the United States, accordingly, will have cheap books, whether there is international copyright or not, for an inexorable law obliges the seller of anything to meet the demands of his market. The English system of the three-volume novel, published at a high price and obtained through circulating libraries, is peculiar to England, is as clumsy as the English

currency, and would have been done away with long ago were it not for the intense conservatism of the English people. It is a thoroughly bad system, and never could and never would be transferred to any other country. France and Germany both have international copyright, and both furnish the people with cheaper books than any we have ever been able to produce in this country. The French and the Germans have their "libraries" or "series" just as we have, and they are sold as low as five, and even two, cents a number. But there is one marked and painful difference between the cheap publications of France and Germany and our own: they are made up of all that is best in the literature of their respective countries and of the world, while at least ninety per cent. of our publications of a similar character contain what is worst and most trivial in literature. The reason for this poor quality in the cheap publications of America is the absence of international copyright. The publishers who make their living from cheap publications, being tempted by the desire for novelty; and by the fact that they can get the latest works of foreign authors without paying anything in return, are led to confine themselves almost exclusively to current foreign publications. The result, of course, is that the great mass of these reprints consists of fiction; and as the amount of good fiction is extremely limited, while the demands of these cheap libraries are incessant, it comes to pass that the vast majority of these publications are novels of the poorest class, either absolutely vicious or hopelessly debilitating to the mind. If an international copyright law were passed, the cheap libraries would go on, because the market requires them, and literature would be no dearer, although the profits of the publisher might be less. But instead of reprinting all the trash that comes from the presses of London and Paris, the pub-

lishers, having to pay copyright to every writer, would print only the best books, because they would desire to have, so far as possible, something intrinsically valuable for their money; and at the same time they would take the work of the American writer more quickly than that of the foreigner. In other words, under international copyright we should have just as much cheap literature as at present, but there would no longer be a temptation to discriminate against the American author and against decent literature generally, in order to reprint anything foreign, no matter how bad or how poor, merely because it cost nothing. In fact, the temptation would be reversed. Publishers would be encouraged to reprint in cheap forms only the best of modern books, upon which it was worth while to pay copyright, or the best of those books on which copyright had expired, for the simple reason that only the best, in this latter instance, would survive.

So much for the argument that international copyright would make literature dear to the people. It is so false that it is difficult to discuss it patiently. International copyright would leave the price of popular literature just where it is, and at the same time would improve its standard enormously.

Now for the second part of that which the foes of international copyright call their argument, but which is in reality a mere appeal to prejudice. It is said by them that the measure is in the interests of the publishers, so that they may form a trust, and raise the price of literature for their own benefit, and incidentally for the benefit of a few American authors and of foreign authors generally. Like most appeals to prejudice, this allegation is absolutely untrue. The only trust in books that has come to light thus far is one which has been proposed in foreign reprints, and that which promotes a trust is the present restriction upon the American

author. It is not profitable to print an American author's works, no matter how popular, in a cheap form, because it is necessary to pay him copyright, while the works of the foreign writer can be obtained for nothing. Thus the American writer is deprived of his right to copyright in other countries, is shut out from the best part of his own market, is sometimes shut out from his own market entirely, and is always severely discriminated against, while the great body of the American people are driven to read the works of foreign writers, and are not permitted, on account of the price, to read those of their own.

It is untrue, therefore, that this bill would benefit the publishers or would create trusts. It is perfectly true that it would benefit the American author. It would enable him to secure copyright in other countries where his works are reprinted, and, what is of infinitely more importance, it would give him a fair chance in his own market, and not subject him to the ruinous competition of stolen goods. It is also true that it would benefit the foreign author. The royalty which belongs to the foreign author, and of which we now deprive him would, under international copyright, go into his pocket instead of into the pocket of the American publisher; for it is a complete delusion to suppose that the fruits of this stealing go to the American people. Robin Hood, we are told in various pleasant ballads and legends, took from the rich to give to the poor; but it is to be feared that robbery has degenerated since that time, or else that the accounts which we get of ancient thieving are like many other attractive traditions, largely mythical. The modern robber, so far as observation teaches us, does not, as a rule, distribute the fruits of his theft among his less fortunate fellow-citizens. In accordance with the enlightened selfishness which lies at the bottom of modern civilization, he puts the product of his labors into his

own pocket; and in accordance with this same principle, the men who rob the foreign author of his copyright put that copyright into their pockets, and not into the pockets of those to whom they sell the spoils of their victims.

One hesitates to offer any argument in behalf of international copyright other than that which is contained in the simple statement that it is right and honest. Nevertheless, there are many cogent arguments resting upon the foundation of expediency and good sense. If we establish international copyright, we shall benefit American authors, who surely deserve fair play at the hands of the American people. The writers of the United States, the journalists, the essayists, the novelists, and the historians, all men who work with their pen, would be benefited by this law; and that which helps one class of the community without injuring another helps all. The writers of the United States do not ask Congress for subsidies or subventions, for bounties or protection. They ask simply for a fair field and justice. They ask that American publishers shall not be offered a premium to buy the writings of outsiders. To this they are entitled, and their character and importance among an intelligent and free people demand that the justice which cannot long be refused shall be speedily accorded. To the men who share with the writers in the making of books, to the printers who set the type and pass the sheets through the press, to the binders, the electrotypers, and the rest, the bill which has been under discussion would be of great benefit, for it would enlarge at once the amount of work involved in book-making. All foreign books, practically, for which there was any demand would be reprinted here, and many works which it now does not pay to reprint, and which are sold in foreign editions, under international copyright, would be made and printed in the United States. Moreover, the

United States has the largest number of readers of any nation in the world, and international copyright would surely make New York the centre for the publication of books written in the English language, because business will always concentrate in the largest market.

More important than any of these considerations is the fact that international copyright would go far to shut out the flood of cheap foreign fiction with which we are now deluged. By our existing laws, we force into the hands of the boys and girls, of the young men and women, of America, at the most impressionable age, when the mind is especially touched by works of the imagination, a mass of fiction which presents a set of ideas, social, moral, and political, utterly different from our own, and in most respects much worse. By our barbarous discrimination against the American writer and against good literature, we compel them to read the "scrofulous French novel on gray paper, with blunt type," and second-rate English fiction, devoted to describing the British aristocracy from the point of view of the footman and the lady's-maid. Let us have a system which shall encourage the publication, in the cheapest possible forms, like that of France and Germany, of the best literature in the world, and which shall also encourage the cheap publication of the works of American writers who are in sympathy with American ideas and American thought.

The world owes a greater debt to its writers of books, probably, than to any other men who have lived. In the noble words of Dr. Johnson, they are the men who "help us to enjoy life, or teach us to endure it." It is an insult to the most generous people on earth to suppose that they would grudge to the men and women who minister to their amusement and their instruction, who comfort them in the hour of sickness or weariness, with whom they have laughed and cried, and shuddered and rejoiced, the

small percentage which is awarded to the author upon each copy of his book. The American people are more than ready to do this act of justice, and the trusts and combinations so much cried out against will be found, not on the side of the American author, but against him, — among the news companies and the publishers of cheap reprints, who stimulate and sustain the opposition made against international copyright in the name of the people, and who cannot be convinced even of the truth of Dr. Franklin's maxim, that honesty is the best policy, if nothing more.

For the sake of the American author who is now robbed, for the sake of the

foreign author who is now plundered, for the sake of that vast body of people who read books in the United States, and upon whom we now force all the worst and cheapest stuff that the presses of the world pour forth, a bill for international copyright ought to be passed. Most of all, it ought to be passed for the sake of the country's honor and good name. It does not become the United States, holding high place in the forefront of the nations, to stand like a highway robber beside the pathway of civilization, and rob the foreign author of his property with one hand, while it deprives the American author of his rights with the other.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

HAVERHILL.

1640-1890.

READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY, JULY 2, 1890.

O RIVER winding to the sea!
 We call the old time back to thee;
 From forest paths and water-ways
 The century-woven veil we raise.

The voices of to-day are dumb,
 Unheard its sounds that go and come;
 We listen, through long-lapsing years,
 To footsteps of the pioneers.

Gone steepled town and cultured plain,
 The wilderness returns again,
 The drear, untrodden solitude,
 The gloom and mystery of the wood!

Once more the bear and panther prowl,
 The wolf repeats his hungry howl,
 And, peering through his leafy screen,
 The Indian's copper face is seen.

We see, their rude-built huts beside,
 Grave men and women anxious-eyed,

And wistful youth remembering still
Dear homes in England's Haverhill.

We summon forth to mortal view
Dark Passaquo and Saggahew, —
Wild chiefs, who owned the mighty sway
Of wizard Passaconaway.

Weird memories of the border town,
By old tradition handed down,
In chance and change before us pass
Like pictures in a magic glass, —

The terrors of the midnight raid,
The death-concealing ambushade,
The winter march through deserts wild,
Of captive mother, wife, and child.

Ah! bleeding hands alone subdued
And tamed the savage habitude
Of forests hiding beasts of prey,
And human shapes as fierce as they.

Slow from the plough the woods withdrew
Slowly each year the corn-lands grew ;
Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill
The Saxon energy of will.

And never in the hamlet's bound
Was lack of sturdy manhood found,
And never failed the kindred good
Of brave and helpful womanhood.

That hamlet now a city is,
Its log-built huts are palaces ;
The cow-path, which the founders knew,
Is Traffic's brick-walled avenue.

And far and wide it stretches still,
Along its southward sloping hill,
And overlooks on either hand
A rich and many-watered land.

And, gladdening all the landscape, fair
As Pison was to Eden's pair,
Our river to its valley brings
The blessings of its mountain springs.

And Nature holds, with narrowing space,
From mart and crowd, her old-time grace,

And guards with fondly jealous arms
The wild growths of outlying farms.

Her sunsets on Kenoza fall,
Her autumn leaves by Saltqstall;
No lavished gold can richer make
Her opulence of hill and lake.

Wise was the choice which led our sires
To kindle here their household fires,
And share the large content of all
Whose lines in pleasant places fall.

More dear, as years on years advance,
We prize the old inheritance,
And feel, as far and wide we roam,
That all we seek we leave at home.

Our palms are pines, our oranges
Are apples on our orchard trees;
Our thrushes are our nightingales,
Our larks the blackbirds of our vales.

No incense which the Orient burns
Is sweeter than our hillside ferns;
What tropic splendor can outvie
Our autumn woods, our sunset sky?

If, where the slow years came and went,
And left not affluence, but content,
Now flashes in our dazzled eyes
The electric lights of enterprise;

And if the old idyllic ease
Seems lost in keen activities,
And crowded workshops now replace
The hearth's and farm-field's rustic grace;

No dull, mechanic round of toil
Life's morning charm can quite despoil;
And youth and beauty, hand in hand,
Will always find enchanted land.

No task is ill where hand and brain
And skill and strength have equal gain
And each shall each in honor hold,
And simple manhood outweigh gold.

Earth shall be near to Heaven when all
That severs man from man shall fall,

For, here or there, salvation's plan
Alone is love of God and man.

O dwellers by the Merrimack,
The heirs of centuries at your back,
Still reaping where you have not sown,
A broader field is now your own.

Hold fast your Puritan heritage,
But let the free thought of the age
Its light and hope and sweetness add
To the stern faith the fathers had.

Adrift on Time's returnless tide,
As waves that follow waves, we glide.
God grant we leave upon the shore
Some waif of good it lacked before;

Some seed or flower or plant of worth,
Some added beauty to the earth;
Some larger hope, some thought to make
The sad world happier for its sake.

As tenants of uncertain stay,
So may we live our little day
That only grateful hearts shall fill
The homes we leave in Haverhill.

The singer of a farewell rhyme,
Upon whose outmost verge of time
The shades of night are falling down,
I pray, God bless the good old town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SOME RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.¹

M. HENRI LAVEDAN, one of the later aspirants for fame in the ranks of French fiction, — at this distance from Paris we hesitate to use the word "new" in the superlative, — was introduced to English

¹ *Les Inconsolables*. Par HENRI LAVEDAN. Paris: Ernest Kolb.

Sire. Par HENRI LAVEDAN. Paris: Librairie Moderne.

Une Gageure. Par VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Paris: Librairie Hachette.

readers some months ago by the Baroness Blaze de Bury, in the Fortnightly Review. He is a stylist and a cynic; his credentials and the insignia of his art are a picked vocabulary and a drop of

Les Trois Cœurs. Par EDOUARD ROD. 3me édition. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

Idylle et Drame de Salon. Par HENRI RABUSSON. 3me édition. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Pierrille. Par JULES CLARETIE (de l'Académie Française). Paris: E. Dentu.

Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

gall. Among the "giddy offenses that he hath taxed the whole race withal" — for both sexes come under the lash — "there are none principal." His aptitude for condensation and keen sense of form necessitate, however the selection as a theme of some special phase or crisis, and in both the stories before us he has poured his generalization into the mould of the particular by making his observations at that point where a man puts off the garment of his folly, which his successor dons in tribute to his memory. A funeral, to M. Lavedan, is the scene in which human pretensions and human results are measured back to back, and in which the disproportion is greatest between the sentiments which people actually experience and those which they are supposed or suppose themselves to have. Upon this scene he accordingly expends the better part of the talent entrusted to him, and the strength of his drop of bitterness. His forte may be said to lie in "a nice derangement of epitaphs." A sense of the unreality of funerals is not confined to moralist or cynic. The merest child, seeing in the acting of his elders a grief which he feels he ought to feel, and knows he does n't, is haunted by it. The most sincere mourner is in presence of a mystery which interposes a void between his sorrow and its object. Man playing his little part before the mirror of death is a sufficient subject for observer, humorist, or poet; a spectacle for amusement, pity, or it may be reverence. M. Lavedan's gifts have not the amplitude essential to poetry or humor; he has a suggestion of these qualities, attenuated in the one case to picture-making, in the other to satire. Of his qualifications as an observer it would be unfair to judge from two stories which deal but little either with the manners of the day or the development of character.

In *Les Inconsolables* the personages are but two, and they are of the ordinary type which has been elaborated to the

last degree of finish by a host of clever writers of comedy and vaudeville, and now stands ready for hire in the French literary market. It is their situation which is novel, and it is not rendered less amusing by the conventionality of the actors, who are excellent histrions in their line. They meet before an open grave, each in the capacity of husband of the deceased: the one being recently widowed, the other bereaved some years previously by divorce. The not unnatural embarrassment of the first moment having worn off, they discover that a common grief is a bond of union, take up their abode together, and vie with each other in dual manifestations of woe, which in the end are duly and dually laid aside for a rivalry in neutral tints and hues of festivity. It is a comedy in crape, which, if presented to us in English, would be termed a farce. The treatment which M. Lavedan bestows upon it, skillful as it is, can hardly be said to remove it from that category; and the production seems rather commonplace for so delicate a writer, though the ironic intention which runs through it and the bit of cenotaphic word-painting in the first pages are of finer grain.

We can engage to call nothing common in *Sire*, though there are passages which prevent us from carrying out the remainder of the injunction. The costuming, decoration, and adjective-hunting suggest an apprenticeship to Gautier, though a certain joy in these occupations, which generally managed to get into the pages of the master, is conspicuously absent. Here, again, the cast includes but two leading characters: the Countess of Saint-Salbi, rich and no longer young, who, reared in the monarchical cult, and leading a narrow, solitary life, has fastened her atom of mind with all the tenacity and fanaticism of weakness upon one idea, — that of the existence and possible restoration of Louis XVII.; and an ex-postilion, who, provided with the requisite costume and

snuff-box, is introduced to her as Louis XVII., incognito, and secures her fortune by a morganatic marriage. Pending the day when the king shall claim his own, they reside in an old castle belonging to the countess, where "le Roy" seeks relief from *ennui* in the society of the bottle and the laundrymaid; while his spouse, recognizing as part of the tradition a royal license in the matter of pleasure, is consumed with mortification that the object of a king's passion should be of lower rank than a marquise. This tale of imitation royalty is adorned with touches of a mock symbolism, and with the resources of a style of which the most noticeable feature is its power of giving relief to objects suggestive of plastic rather than literary effects. The sun and the moon lend their glory to the illusion, and are decorated for their services with capital letters. The *dramatis personæ* have little responsibility beyond that of contributing to the general rococo character of the scene: the countess is a graceful, faded outline in tapestry; the impostor swaggers with an ancient air even in the privacy of his actual character. Of living, human interest there is none; the book is not a representation of life, but an epigram on it. There is a flight from Paris, made in the strictest incognito, with no retinue save a coachman; his Majesty is lost in thought, or some other medium, while the countess, respecting "this silence of a surety filled with the most poignant recollections," thinks, "It is Varennes over again." There is a death-bed scene, in which the impostor makes full confession, and the victim for an instant sees the whole fabric of her religion totter. But *noblesse oblige*; she is true to her faith, sets aside the confession as an utterance of delirium, and in all the etiquette of court mourning devotes herself to the obsequies and memory of "le Roy."

"That night, the next day, and the second night following the catastrophe,

madame, refusing all food, gaining from her grief all the strength that came to her, remained by the bedside of the prince, who lay in full dress on a bed of state, with *rouge de Portugal* on his cheeks and white gloves, in the supreme irony of his royal attire. She could not take her eyes from the face, from which the usual element of vulgarity, invisible to her alone, had disappeared, now that it lay like a block of marble on the cushions of blue velvet. Illuminated thus by the wavering lights of torches and candelabra, the head of le Roy, clear cut and firm, with holes of shadow about the temples and in the hollow of the jaws, seemed the ready-modeled head of his own statue. . . . Shortly before the body was transferred to the bier, the countess, worn out, sat down by the window, which was wide open on the chill dawn of a late November day. . . . In the sky, the very night clouds had erected, in honor of the sovereign who had yielded his soul to God, an immense catafalque, with its foreground and background, its framework, its vault, and its hangings of darkness. It was still lit as by pale candles with a last few stars; a smoke rose at its corners as from half-extinguished torches, and long shredded veils, each a mile of black tulle, floated gently, like funeral scarfs. But all at once the fragile, colossal machine trembled and split; its steps gave way; the wind blew out the candles, overturned the columns, demolished the great triumph of mortuary art, and its warped remains soon vanished to the northward, driven by a slow, heavy cloud shaped like a giant dung-cart. And madame sat still in her place. Hypnotized in a fashion by a spectacle in which she longed to find some prophetic token, she suddenly comprehended, as by intuition, looking through a momentary vista of the future, that an end had come to that undefined and glorious essence which is called monarchical Prestige. The monarchy itself could never have expired with him

who lay ready for burial; it would still live for ages and prosper in that France which owed to it her indestructible greatness. In spite of revolutions which should break its power in the morning, to demand it again at night, it would rise ever stronger and more complete from its ashes, but without Prestige; without the charm, the glamour, and the grace which once embroidered and adorned it; without that flower of etiquette, its powdered, ever watchful politeness; without the worship and religious adoration of a whole people."

This is a great outlay of talent to convince one poor lady of a small fraction of truth; and even looking over her shoulder and seeing many things disappear with the capitalized Prestige, we cannot help feeling that the sun and the moon and M. Lavedan have been at great pains to tell us very little. Man the little and Death the flat-nosed, la Camarde,—these are the actual hero and heroine, the real personages, of these stories; but it is hardly necessary to a proper mortuary culmination to eliminate so carefully as M. Lavedan has done all traces of life; and though it is doubtless the correct thing artistically to sit upon velvet cushions and discourse of the nothingness of man, we prefer, as plain novel-readers, to have his existence sufficiently taken for granted to insure a likeness.

M. Cherbuliez comes back to us with his old interest in the intricacies of character and his old belief in the efficacy of literary machinery as fresh as ever. He is an established favorite with American readers of French novels, and Une Gageure shows no falling off in cleverness, though it is less translatable than its predecessors, and, while by no means immoral in tone, may better be left to its native yellow covers, and to an audience of novel-readers more mature than our usual American one. There are two writers perceptible in M. Cherbuliez, and he is a great deal too fond of

contrast and paradox to make any attempt to reconcile them. There is a story-teller, who has the talent and the vice of ingenuity, who relies on trapdoors and coincidence, and gives us mysterious staccato personages of the Count Kostia order; and there is also an analyst, who proceeds by finer and more subtle methods,—who initiates us into plausible and intricate workings of the human mind, and introduces us to a set of characters who, if they never existed, have at least acquired a sort of intellectual right to do so. Each of these writers has merit in his special line of a high, though by no means of the highest order. Our own preference is for the Cherbuliez of Prosper and the creator of Didier Randoce, that clever study in idiosyncrasy, which came so near to being, and to being so admirable. It is the analytical Cherbuliez who is uppermost in Une Gageure, and Mademoiselle Claire Vionnaz, with her docile intelligence, her ignorance of the world, and her ready-made conceptions, her capacity for loving and her exaggerated ideal of friendship, is one of his best achievements. The tale of her vow of celibacy, of her marriage, of her subsequent revulsion of feeling on being told, in the interval between the civil and religious ceremony, that her husband does not love her, and of the wooing that follows, is an interesting one, in which the story-teller as well as the analyst is in good trim, though he now and then grates upon our sensibilities by an excess of zeal. We like Claire, far too well not to regret that the gifts which she wears with such modesty and grace should include a turn for forgery, a talent of so little practical service to her that it might easily have been dispensed with. Any other tool would have done as well to force the *dénoûment*, which is really brought about very pleasantly and naturally by her love for her husband, and by the attitude of self-assertion to which she is forced at the last. Her friend,

the Duchesse d'Armanches, who as an amateur artist was so brilliant that she could never discover why she failed of reaching the highest professional standard, is less carefully and truly worked out, but admirable as a conception.

"The Duchesse d'Armanches had not the faculty for combining and driving abreast her undertakings, so as to leave no one of them at a disadvantage. This superior woman, intellectually so rich and so fired with ambitions and endowed with diverse talents, was incapable of caring for two things at once, or of being interested in two persons at one and the same time. It is only large hearts which can give themselves freely without being exhausted, and in her organization everything was on a large scale except the heart. A mother with ten children can give her whole soul to each one of them; but the duchess was destined never to know maternal love, or anything resembling it. Whatever occupation she took up, she gave herself completely to it, and was then obliged to take herself completely back again in order to bestow herself anew. When she had a picture in hand, the universe suddenly disappeared, and she created around her a solitude to which Mademoiselle Vionnaz alone was admitted. There were whole weeks, and even months, in which she cared for nothing but music: song appeared to her the only language worth speaking, — the one in which to pour out one's secrets, to reveal one's inmost being; she was in love with her golden voice, and despised her paintbrush. In her attacks of worldliness, she belonged wholly to the world. A clever woman of business, she sometimes gave herself up to speculating, which generally turned out successfully; it was done only as an amusement, but it was an amusement which had the character of a fever. Then, if the fancy for travel seized her, she left all, and forbade her broker to write to her save in a case of the utmost extremity. Thus one nail

drove out another, and burning passions were followed by long periods of forgetfulness, of mortal indifference. She was a person of great distinction, but she was also a very incomplete one, and she suffered secretly from that fact."

The complications of the story are brought about by the fact that when the duchess gives herself to lying, she is like Méta Holdenis, and can "lie to the grave." She is one of those characters whom the author delights to pursue and to prove in the wrong. The impartiality of novelists who treat all their personages alike is not for M. Cherbuliez. But we will not defend the duchess, who is a type, not an individual, and represents that attitude of art without heart which would soon rule the world were it capable of producing anything that could count as a masterpiece.

We hear a good deal of talk nowadays about the impropriety of novelists taking upon themselves to explain their art instead of leaving it to be divined by their readers. But the phenomenon is not very surprising, after all, save in a country where the interest in literature is largely of an unliterary sort. True, we have not the authority of the older writers for such a proceeding, but with each generation customs arise which Moses omitted either to enjoin or prohibit. Literature is the natural medium for the expression of ideas upon literature, and the fullness with which writers nowadays take readers into their confidence results from the quickening on both sides of a conscious interest in the means by which literary works are produced, and in the relation which they bear to life. The critic, at least, cannot afford to censure; for a criticism which has for its primary object the perception and disclosure of an author's meaning will be ready to accept any aid in arriving at that object, even from so direct a source. In France, it is no new thing for an author to set forth his methods and convictions, or to presuppose an

interest in them on the part of his readers. M. Edouard Rod's chapter of literary autobiography, given as a preface to *Les Trois Cœurs*, is by no means the least interesting part of the book. M. Rod set out, as he tells us, ten years ago, as an enthusiastic naturalist, — more enthusiastic than natural, we suspect; and now, at a considerable distance from the camp, he retraces the steps by which he left it. He characterizes his own naturalism as a matter of conviction rather than of temperament, and notes the existence throughout the school, and by his own confession in Zola himself, of a *levain romantique*. Our own acquaintance with the novels of M. Rod had not, we regret to say, begun, in the days when he was a naturalist; but, judging from the present book, and making full allowance for the rebound of a convert, it is difficult to imagine that his achievements in the realistic line can ever have been great. The first intellectual doubts came to him from the founder of the faith. Zola's theory of the experimental novel, substituting a potential for an indicative mood, and placing a larger executive responsibility in the hands of the novelist, was seized by his disciple as an escape from the novel of observation, of which the limitations — or the requirements — had proved irksome to some of the younger members of the school.

"It will not do to forget that there were developing within us cravings which naturalism could not satisfy; being in its essence limited, self-satisfied, materialistic; interesting itself in manners rather than in souls. We were — and we were destined to become in a still higher degree — restless minds, smitten with a longing for the infinite; idealists, careless of manners, and looking through appearances to man."

To disaffection within the ranks were joined beguiling voices from without. We will mention only two of the literary influences felt by M. Rod: that of

the Russian novelists and that of Dante Rossetti. Having proceeded from naturalism to symbolism without, so far as we can perceive, experiencing any very radical change, M. Rod has set himself to discover a method of novel-writing by which he can embody some of his new convictions; and, while recognizing the fact that there have been too many attempts at schools in France, and that it requires "a unilateral faith" to believe implicitly in terms, he has erected for himself a sort of provisional government under the name "intuitivism."

What is an intuitive novel, and how does it differ from other novels whose writers may be supposed to have been blessed now and then with intuitions? Intuitivism M. Rod defines as inward observation; the study of self, not as an end, "but as a key to the mysteries of the human mind." With this key Shakespeare no doubt unlocked more hearts than his own, though he has left us no record of having done so. "Look into thine own heart and write" is no new maxim, and it is one which would have been pretty sure to be followed in some fashion or other, if it had never been formulated; for we comprehend the minds of others by our own, as we see through the eyes bestowed upon us. But the programme of intuitivism as set forth by M. Rod is a more special matter. It does away with most of the materials which are accumulated by other than intuitional methods. "I have sought, in this little book, to disengage the novel from some of the tares which prevent it from developing in the way that I have indicated: to free it, in the first place, from description, which appears to me affected and often illusory, since it takes up a great deal of space, says little, and explains nothing; secondly, from retrospective narrative, which, intended simply to introduce the characters, has become in time a stereotyped discussion on childhood, youth, and education, and which, when signifi-

cant, has the drawback of making the outline too precise; and, finally, — though not to as great an extent as I could have wished, — from ‘scenes,’ which have always an artificial and theatrical air.” Theoretically, these are steps in a right direction, though the old-fashioned novel-reader may be tempted to inquire what is left after this wholesale elimination. After an attentive reading of *Les Trois Cœurs*, we cannot say that we think there is much left. M. Rod might almost have included conversation among his omissions, for we get very little of it, except of a new order, which we might call solitary conversation, if we had not the better word “intuitive” supplied to us.

In his inward investigations, M. Rod has not failed to note the fact that, alongside of our active life, there takes place a sort of drama of idleness; that much of our existence is passed among imaginary scenes and conversations. The mind anticipates events, shapes them at its own will, and produces those castles in the air erroneously assumed to be the exclusive property of youth; those inward dialogues in which we ourselves shine so brilliantly, and the other party becomes a mere echo. One of the most striking points in the Russian novels, to one curious of methods in novel-writing, is the place given to this double action of the mind. Those men of the steppe know all the elves and demons by which solitude is peopled. Tolstoï and Turgenieff, with their rich storehouse of experience, gleaned from within and without, are observers, psychologists, realists, and idealists in one. But in France the differentiation of talent is carried, nowadays, to such excess that we meet with novelists apparently endowed, like M. Cherbuliez’s duchess, with an incapacity for beholding two things at once. In *Les Trois Cœurs*, we are introduced to the hero, Richard Noral, and his wife, as they sit at their fireside, each carrying on a line of meditation, from which

we get alternate passages, making a sort of unspoken dialogue. When a man dreams in a style too generally ascribed by novelists to members of the weaker sex, — “I have never loved enough! . . . Whenever a new feeling beat within my heart, I have driven it away by reason. I have never let myself go. I have analyzed all my desires. I have known no intoxication;” when he is filled with “*un ardent soif d’inconnu*,” and aspires “*à des mystères d’âme et de chair*,” and his wife thinks, “He is unhappy, and my love for him is vain; I can do nothing for his happiness,” — there are rocks ahead, as any novel-reader can tell. This inward drama not only serves as the exclusive medium through which we watch M. Rod’s characters; it also dominates and shapes their action. Richard Noral, egoist and dreamer, breaks three women’s hearts in his attempts at an outward realization of his rather commonplace aspirations, and is rewarded by a momentary contact with the real aspect of things, and by the discovery that in pursuing the shadow he has let the substance flee. The scene of the book is an interior one. The inward, invisible symbol is substituted for the outward and visible fact. Were it not for the incident which disposes of the American adventuress, whose name M. Rod has sought across the Channel rather than on this side of the Atlantic, we should have been allowed to hope that M. Noral’s misdemeanors and attractions had been taken a little too seriously by the author as well as by himself, and that the hearts of Hélène, Rose-Mary, and Madame d’Hays might be susceptible of recovery in a clearer atmosphere. But the breaking of hearts is a question which a prudent critic will forbear to meddle with. M. Rod’s experiment in novel-writing has interested us more than his novel. No large result in fiction could ever be obtained by looking at life in sections, but we may reason-

ably expect interesting studies from such an undertaking. There are, no doubt, many lives wrecked upon unsubstantial reefs, and the life of an egoist, intuitively viewed, may bring to light a number of truths, of however unpleasant a variety. But M. Rod's intuitions play as persistently upon the surface as if his subject were contemporary manners. They give us no real insight, no new fact. His intuitive novel is neither realistic nor in any true sense ideal, but a slice of the conventional French fiction dipped in a solution of Rossetti. Even among his own countrymen, Rossetti has not always been happy as an influence, and an imitation House of Life is tolerably sure to meet with the fate of a house built upon sand.

M. Rabusson has no subtleties to unfold, no psychological investigations to make; he is content with the outside of things, likes his personages to be strong and well, and tells their story in a straightforward manner. There is a certain English element in M. Rabusson's books; at least, it is one not common in French fiction. He is at his best in scenes of outdoor and country-house life; his heroines are bright-eyed, athletic, independent beings, and he makes a hearty plea for more air and exercise in the training of young France, contrasting town and country, with an allegiance to the latter almost as uncompromising as Cowper's. The present book is a protest against society influences and surroundings for young girls, but the moral is not too prominent. M. Rabusson preaches by story rather than essay, and chooses his examples without exaggeration. Mademoiselle Béatrix de Laverdun has just enough high spirits and love of pleasure to excuse the uneasiness of her lover, and leave room for a shade of doubt as to the result of a struggle between hereditary tendency and influence, on the one hand, and education and early surroundings, on the other. She is submissive and conven-

tional to a degree which would rarely be reached by or expected from American girls, yet she preserves an amount of independence which does great credit to her original force of character. She is, in short, a nice fellow, and so is her boy lover; and, though an English-speaking reader may wish that the author had omitted, in describing their good points, to mention all the unwholesome sentiments which they might have entertained, but did not, it is perhaps too much to ask of the author of a virtuous French novel that it should refrain from showing off its virtue. The parlor idyl of these two young people is joined to the drama of their elders in a way that is well indicated and in the end very happy, and the double story makes a readable and pleasant, though not particularly powerful novel.

Pierrille is a veritable idyl, with its scene laid as far as possible from the madding crowd, and its prose loitering within the borders of poetry. It was M. Claretie's first book, and won him a cordial recognition from George Sand. The reprint before us, with its graceful little French pictures, which tell us so much in the corner of a page, will be a delightful acquisition to students of French, for the charm and simplicity of the style. It was written in 1859, — the year, by the way, in which Mirèio appeared, — and the scene, which is laid in Périgord, is southern enough to recall the Provençal poem to readers of Miss Preston's translation. Among the peasant feasts and customs, we find mention of a corn-husking, which is like a bit of our own country; but the peasants in M. Claretie's tale, with their affectionate expansion and overflowing emotions, are very unlike anything in the Bay State or Granite Hills. They are pleasant *bonnes gens* to read of, and the courtesy and native breeding which they display make of this rustic idyl, as compared with many rural pictures, almost an *idylle de salon*.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Last
Friend of
Napoleon.

THERE may still be octogenarians who as children remember seeing Napoleon, but Madame Thayer, who passed away in December, 1889, at Paris, was possibly the last survivor of those who had conversed with him. She was herself of Anglo-French, and her husband of American extraction. Her father was General Bertrand, Napoleon's most faithful follower; her mother was Françoise Elisabeth Dillon, daughter of General Arthur Dillon. The Dillons, between 1688 and 1789, were divided in nationality and allegiance; their hearts were in France, but their estates were in Ireland. Arthur, son of the eleventh Viscount Dillon, though born in Berkshire, was colonel of the Irish-French regiment bearing his family name. He had been a courtier, but he sympathized with the Revolution, fought against the Prussian invaders in 1792, and was intimate with Desmoulins. He was guillotined at Paris in 1794 as the leader of the pretended prison plot, his real offense being a correspondence with Lucile Desmoulins with a view to effecting her husband's escape.

The Bertrands had one daughter, Hortense, born at Paris in 1810. She was not merely the namesake, but the god-daughter, of Queen Hortense, Napoleon III.'s mother. She accompanied her parents to Elba and to St. Helena. After a time they became uneasy as to her education, and Bertrand asked Napoleon for a few months' leave of absence, that he might take her to France and place her in a school. The Emperor died, however, as they were on the eve of starting, and the whole family returned to France. In 1836, a Catholic pamphleteer, Beauterne, represented Napoleon as having held long conversations on religion with Bertrand, and as having

been convinced by his arguments of the divinity of Christ. The fact was, as Bertrand publicly protested, that such topics were never touched upon, nor did Napoleon, as alleged by Beauterne, ever advise little Hortense to be a good Catholic and to learn her catechism.

In 1828, Hortense married Amédée Gourcy Williams Thayer. Thayer was born at Orleans in 1799. He was the son, by a rich and accomplished Englishwoman from Suffolk, of James Williams Thayer, — an American, claiming descent from Roger Williams, — who had settled in France during the Revolution. James Thayer had an uncle John, a Boston clergyman, who, after visiting England and France, went to Rome, and there joined the Catholic Church. He went back to Boston as a priest, but spent the latter part of his life in Ireland, where he died in 1815, aged sixty. James Thayer was an enterprising merchant and speculator. In 1793, a Genoese ship chartered by him was fired upon by a French coast battery, and to avoid sinking had to run ashore. The convention awarded him 40,751 francs compensation. Apparently removing to Paris, where a second son, Edward James, was born in 1802, he bought part of the gardens of the Hôtel de Montmorency, adjoining the site of the Bourse, and built the Passage des Panoramas, one of the covered passages then in favor, and still standing. This yielded him a handsome profit. After his death his widow remained in Paris, and her receptions were frequented by many notabilities, including Rossini, Malibran, Sontag, and other musicians. It was a grief to her when her sons, both married to daughters of Napoleonic generals, became Catholics.

Amédée had been trained for the bar, but never practiced. He inherited his

mother's taste for painting and music, and studied art for seven years under Gros. When scarcely of age, he and his brother visited Italy, and spent six months in England. He married Hortense Bertrand in 1828; was mayor of Drancey in 1837-8; became, after his change of faith, an active member of Catholic societies; sympathized with the new liberal school; and was intimate with Lacordaire, Ravnigan, and Montalembert. He took his wife and son, on account of ill health, to Rome, where they were graciously received by Gregory XVI. The son died there. Thayer also interested himself in agriculture, his wife having inherited from her uncle an estate at Touvent. When Louis Napoleon, in 1852, created the Senate, Thayer was nominated a member of it, and when the Pope's temporal power was in danger he spoke in its defense. He again visited Rome, and had a flattering reception from Pius IX. He died in Paris, from paralysis, July 6, 1868. According to a brief French biography, he left bequests to his father's kindred in America and to his mother's in England.

Edward Thayer, more of a politician and less of a theologian than his brother, was in early life a zealous Freemason, and in 1826 published two addresses delivered at his lodge. He married the only daughter of General Arrighi, Duke of Padua, a young lady whom Louis Napoleon had at one time thought of marrying. "If," wrote the future Emperor to his father in 1834, "I persist in matrimonial designs, the best thing I can do is to fix my eyes on Mademoiselle de Padone." In June, 1848, as a captain in the National Guard, Edward Thayer was severely wounded while combating the socialist insurgents. When Louis Napoleon was elected President of the republic, he placed Thayer at the head of the post office. In 1852 he became a member of the Council of State, and in the following year a Sena-

tor, so that the two Americans sat together in the Upper House. Both brothers were noted for their liberality. Edward died at Fontenay les Baies, Seine-et-Oise, in 1859.

Both died childless, and with the death of Amédée's widow the name of Thayer becomes extinct in France. Madame Thayer has bequeathed to Prince Victor Bonaparte her share of the Napoleon relics brought from St. Helena, and divided, on Bertrand's death, in 1844, between his son and daughter. (The son's share had already been left to the prince by his widow.) These include the red velvet robe worn by Napoleon on grand occasions, such as the Te Deum at Notre Dame in honor of the Concordat; the saddle and holsters used at Austerlitz; a cashmere shawl fastened round his waist at the battle of the Pyramids; an osier chair from his bedroom at St. Helena; the teapot, sugar basin, and candlestick which stood on his table when he died; the sheet and pillow-case on which he breathed his last; the handkerchief with which his face was wiped when he was dying; and the box of mathematical instruments which he took with him in all his campaigns. It does not appear, unfortunately, that Madame Thayer, in daily contact with Napoleon from her fourth to her eleventh year, had written down her recollections of him. It would have been interesting to know his manners and habits from a child's standpoint, after his fall and at the close of a life of such vicissitudes.

Another Side — The Contributor who, in *of Rural Life*, the May number of *The Atlantic*, writes of *The Sadness of Rural Life* leaves with the reader a mournful impression indeed. To one who not only "knows something more of country life than appears on the surface to the eyes of the summer sojourners in our pleasant New England villages," but has lived in one of these villages most of his years, and known of its life inti-

mately, as no "spectator" could know, the dark side of country life seems not so dark, and its bright side much brighter than this Contributor would believe.

It is generally granted that all beings are capable of enjoyment just in proportion as they are capable of suffering. Then, either the country dweller suffers no more from the "joyless monotony" of his existence than he enjoys from the delights which call the summer sojourner, or he appreciates his happinesses as keenly as the man of more culture, though he might not tell you so as felicitously, and bears the loneliness and sorrow of his lot much as other human beings might. Is it possible that quiet peacefulness and "joyless monotony" might seem one and the same to a spectator?

Let me tell something of what *I* know of life in one village, one of the prettiest to be found among our New England hills. In this, too, "the houses of the more well-to-do" are more or less pleasing and tasteful; and about even the poorer sort bloom in charming array, or often in more charming disarray, the old-fashioned posies our grandmothers loved. I could not say that "the lives of the inmates are seldom cheerful ones."

In a large white house set back from the street live a family moderately well-to-do. The mother is an invalid, who suffers much and requires much care; yet a sweeter and happier face one must look far to find. She has for every comer a pleasant, sparkling word, often a serious, thoughtful one, never a complaining one. No one can go out from her presence without feeling that he has been lifted up. An unmarried daughter lives at home, and gives her loving service to her mother's need, never once thinking it a burden. The only son manages the estate, and he is — a cripple. A handsome, vigorous young man at twenty-eight, with a wife and one little son, he was visited by a long, serious illness, which resulted in many months

of life in a wheel-chair. He now goes about on crutches, prematurely aged and bowed. Yet he has his mother's happy temperament and "pluck," and never once have I heard a complaint fall from his lips. His "acquiescence" is far from "spiritless," though, and his life anything but a "stupid" one. I often contrast in thought this life with that of a young man I have known in one of our largest cities, likewise a cripple, and compelled to live in a wheel-chair. He has all that wealth can give, a negro servant to wait on him and wheel him about; but a sad soul looks from his eyes, and life appears to him utterly purposeless. In this country home, at least there is happiness; and the child-life in it is natural and unburdened.

When sorrow has found us out, I wonder if oftener in the city mansion than in the country home the older inmates bravely take up their bereaved and saddened lives, so as to deprive the children of none of the gladness that belongs to them. Is it easier to do this in the city, with its bustling, unresponsive life, or in the country, with its calm solitudes and stillnesses that speak comfort to the aching heart?

I have in mind another home, where there is an only son. The father and mother do not absolutely need him, as they are neither very old nor feeble, but they cling to him with the more absorbing affection as he is all there is left to them. It had been an ardent dream of the young man to go West. But his father wanted him. That settled it, though not until after a sharp struggle. But that son is to-day by far the stronger and nobler man for his sacrifice. He has come nearer to securing happiness, too, that most elusive possession that is found not by direct seeking. After all, life becomes heroic only as it presents difficulties to be overcome.

Not far away lives an old lady of ninety-three, of enfeebled body, but keen and active mind. Her faculties scarcely

impaired, she takes as great an interest in the life about her as she ever did. Bright and entertaining, she and her daughter have many visitors; and I can fancy her amused surprise if any one spoke of her lot as a "dreary" one.

Scores of homes I know, where recent books and magazines, helpful friends, happy and healthful pursuits, absorbing — hobbies, if you will, occasional outings and social pleasures, bind old and young together in a state which seems far indeed from "stupid, spiritless acquiescence in the inevitable miscalled content."

I should fancy there must be few places, city or village, where there is no "poverty of the proud and independent kind." A life not of absolute want or pauperism, but somewhat limited and restricted as to means, develops wonderfully ingenuity and genius, often talents that in a life of luxury might have remained dormant. Too many men whom America delights to call great — poets and statesmen, national leaders and heroes — have received their training in this proud and independent school for us to speak regretfully of its existence.

Is it true that "the young women of superior intelligence and refinement have no escape but by marriage"? Suppose some do not consider country life as a state one should long to escape

from! If one does, do you fancy her superior intelligence shows her no other than this one avenue of escape? I imagine the emphatic dissent of the army of countrywomen in our larger towns and cities, successfully proving their own ability and independence. As to their marrying, it is true that "their superiority limits their choice." I am wondering if the fact that our girls are cultivating more and more the higher intellectual powers, while our boys so often neglect them in the mad race for money, might not partially explain the large numbers of unmarried women in city and country.

But, after all, what makes a cheerful, a happy life? What is the best our infinitely varied sensibilities can give to us for enjoyment? Let me quote from Dr. Hopkins: "This good (or enjoyment) may come from the action upon our organization of those surroundings God has so wonderfully correlated to it; or from our independent activity; or from the interaction of our minds with other minds; or, which is highest of all, from such spiritual revelations as God can make of himself directly, and not through his works."

Our happiness depends mostly upon ourselves; yet surroundings modify it wonderfully. And I have yet to be convinced that a rural life offers its help more grudgingly than a city life.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science. Characteristics of Volcanoes, with contributions of facts and principles from the Hawaiian Islands, including a historical review of Hawaiian volcanic action for the past sixty-seven years, a discussion of the relations of volcanic islands to deep-sea topography, and a chapter on volcanic-island denudation, by James D. Dana. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This work is the result of studies extending over nearly sixty years, and including personal travel

both in the volcanic regions of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic and in the Hawaiian Islands. Professor Dana makes large use also of the observations of the missionaries in Hawaii; he looks upon the volcanic disturbances of the Pacific islands as more productive of ideas than the better known volcanoes of Europe, and not only gives in full the result of his own studies, but sketches in outline the possible investigations which remain to be made. The

volume is a striking testimony to the freshness of interest and continuous labor of this veteran physicist. — At the same time with this publication, the publishers issue a new edition, uniform with it, of Professor Dana's classic work on Corals and Coral Islands. The author has made important additions and changes, with special reference to the recent discussion on the Darwinian theory of coral reefs. — *Falling in Love, with Other Essays on More Exact Branches of Science*, by Grant Allen. (Appleton.) A score of lively papers, in which a man of taste in science, as another might be a man of taste in literature, discourses lightly upon fractions of subjects. He is usually entertaining, sometimes even when he is flippant, and his scraps of information have an air of veracity about them; so that if one wishes a jaunty companion in the outskirts of the scientific world, he may go farther and fare worse. — *The Physical Properties of Gases*, by Arthur L. Kimball. (Houghton.) The second of a new series entitled the *Riverside Science Series*, and discriminated from similar series, so far as we can make out, by a special attention to the practical application to modern life of the fundamental scientific facts. This cannot be asserted emphatically of the book before us, which is, however, a plain, clear exposition of a subject which lies close to the fundamentals of science, and presents with force the latest conclusions rather than the latest guesses of investigators. — *Garden and Forest; a Journal of Horticulture, Landscape Art, and Forestry*. Conducted by Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard College, etc. (The Garden and Forest Publishing Co., New York.) The two volumes thus far published, covering the years 1888 and 1889, indicate well the scope and high character of this publication. It represents the interests of intelligent students of nature, whether deriving their living from gardening or only their pleasure. It pays special attention to the subject of public parks, to the encouragement of beautifying highways, to the enrichment of gardens, and to the discovery of the treasures of the byways of nature. The lover of nature does not need to be a specialist or a professional person to get great enjoyment out of the work, any more than one necessarily must be an architect to enjoy *The American Architect*. Both journals are conducted by those who know their professions, but the appeal is to educated taste. — *The Village Community, with special reference to the origin and form of its survivals in Britain*, by George Laurence Gomme. (Scribner & Welford.) Mr. Gomme's strong antiquarian interest stands him in good stead in this work, since it leads him to look closely

into those vestiges of ancient Britain which really form the basis of all scientific investigation of village communities. His book is thus a contribution to the general subject of early forms of society, and not a mere reproduction of Germanic studies. The American student will find some of his own researches illustrated in an interesting fashion. Mr. Gomme makes no reference to the reappearance of these early forms in American colonial life, but we repeat, he is not engaged in confirming a theory, but in collecting facts which shall serve as a bottom for theories. — *Heat as a Form of Energy*, by Robert H. Thurston. (Houghton.) The third in the new *Riverside Science Series*. Professor Thurston gives the reader a good introduction to the subject by a rapid survey of the philosophers' ideas of heat, after which he outlines the science of thermodynamics, then treats of heat transfer and the world's industries, and finally, in succession, air and gas engines and the development of the steam engine. He writes with fluency and clearness, and is so genuinely interested in his subject, of which he takes a broad, comprehensive view, that he is quite sure to communicate his interest to his readers. — In the general *Bibliography of the More Important Contributions to American Economic Entomology*, prepared by authority of the Secretary of Agriculture, by Samuel Henshaw (Government Printing Office), Part III. is devoted to the more important writings of Dr. C. V. Riley, and contains fifteen hundred and fifty-four titles, from contributions to newspapers to large volumes. We wonder how much Dr. Riley's less important writings would swell the total. — *The Suppression of Consumption*, by Dr. G. W. Hambleton, is the first of a series of small books entitled *Fact and Theory Papers*. (N. D. C. Hodges, New York.) This is an English production, but the writer seems familiar with American conditions. His theory is that "consumption is the direct result of the reduction of the breathing surface of the lungs below a certain point in proportion to the remainder of the body, and is solely produced by conditions that tend to reduce the breathing capacity." His remedy is a recourse to physical development, the reduction of the restraints of a refined civilization as respects modes of life, and a deliberate cultivation of expansion of the breathing apparatus.

Sport. The Modern Chess Instructor, by W. Steinitz. (Putnam's.) The first part of an extended work on chess by a player of great distinction. It is, in the words of the author, "the theoretical application of new principles and of the reasoning by analogies of positions which have been my guide in practice, especially during the last twenty years." — The

Art of Dancing, by Judson Sause. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A manual of popular dances, together with chapters on the benefit and the history of dancing. It is odd how awkward diagrams of dancers who are not dancing appear. The men, especially, have an anxious look about their legs.

Humor. The Golden Age of Patents, a Parody on Yankee Inventiveness, by Wallace Peck. (Stokes.) Rampant fun, which needed only to be less extravagant to be more witty. — Said in Fun, by Philip H. Welch. (Scribners.) Entertaining drollery, with capital pictures. If our society papers were made up of pleasantry of this sort, the world could afford to pay the bills. — Three Men in a Boat, by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) An English extravaganza upon the American model, the boat journey being up the Thames, and the characters young men who had received their intellectual training principally through a course of Mark Twain. — Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, a book for an idle holiday, by the same author (Holt), is a more entertaining book. The writer slouches along, with premeditation to be sure, but hits off clever things from time to time, and, being free from the necessity of constructing persons, can give his whole mind to the more familiar task of constructing paragraphs. — Stage-Land; Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants. Described by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) Much the most successful of this writer's *jeux d'esprit*. In it, the hero, the villain, the heroine, the servant-girl, the good old man, the Irishman, the detective, and the other familiar figures of the modern conventional stage are capably characterized in a mock-serious fashion. What could be better, unless it be the picture that accompanies it, than the description of the hero's method of making love? "He always does it from behind. The girl turns away from him when he begins (she being, as we have said, shy and timid), and he takes hold of her hands and breathes his attachment down her back."

Books for Young People. Little Miss Weezy's Sister, by Penn Shirley. (Lee and Shepard.) A bright little book, with the kind of polish which results from a very highly polished reflector behind the light of actual childhood. Penn Shirley belongs to the school of the author of Little Prudy. — English Lands, Letters, and Kings, from Elizabeth to Anne, by Donald G. Mitchell. (Scribners.) The second in a short series, which, though not addressed distinctively to the young, is from its manner of chief value to them. Mr. Mitchell saunters through English history with a literary rather than a topical guide in his hand, and stops now and then to point out parallels between earlier and later writers, as be-

tween Cowley and Tennyson, Butler and Trumbull. He is always genial, and if his work is not very profound it accomplishes what it intends, an agreeable introduction to history and literature, by one who holds a friendly position toward the reader rather than a critical one toward his subject. — Java, by Mrs. S. J. Higginson. (Houghton.) A little volume in the Riverside Library for Young People. Mrs. Higginson writes from a personal knowledge of Java, and has endeavored conscientiously to present the salient features of that interesting island; but we wish she had interjected more of her own personal experience, since we think it would have served to humanize the matter of her book and to fix the facts more surely in the minds of the young. Too much impersonality in books for the young is to be deprecated. — Girls and Women, by E. Chester, in the same series, is an exceptionally wise book for girls. The author draws apparently from a wide experience, and her advice and suggestions are so sane, so generous, and so free from a merely conventional or a timid view of life that her readers will instinctively recognize their value. The young naturally look askance at books of advice, but they know an honest, frank, and wise friend when they meet such.

Bibliography and Books of Reference. American Notes and Queries, Volume II. (The Westminster Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) Modeled on its English prototype, this work is by no means confined to American subjects, nor do we think they predominate. If the communications seem to proceed from a less scholarly class than that which interests itself in the earlier, more famous serial, the range of topics is considerable, and the work only needs to maintain a good standing to become gradually the general receptacle of the odds and ends of literature, history, science, and folk-lore. — Bulletin of the Boston Public Library. (Printed for the Trustees by Rockwell & Churchill.) The present Number 4 completes the eighth volume of this useful serial, and besides the regular lists of books, under convenient classifications, gives Judge Chamberlain's very interesting report on the alleged Shakespeare signature which has come into the possession of the Library. He reaches cautiously the conclusion that "the Library autograph presents many reasons in favor of its genuineness, and too few objections to warrant an adverse judgment." Several plates are added containing copies of Shakespeare's signature, from which the careless observer would draw the natural inference that we had very few examples of the great dramatist's handwriting because it nearly broke his back just to write his name. — The Library of Harvard Univer-

sity also issues a serial, not of accessions, but of bibliographical studies. Number 34 is devoted to the Dante Collections in Harvard College and Boston Public Libraries, by W. C. Lane, including a note on portraits of Dante. Number 37 is a Bibliography of William Hogarth, by Frank Weitenkampff, of the Astor Library. — The Annual Index to Periodicals for 1888, being Number 7 of Cumulative Indexes. (W. M. Griswold, Bangor, Me.) This index, which is much less complicated than a single glance would lead one to think, is of great convenience to one who is hunting down some special subject, and wishes to know what has been published in the most important American periodicals above the grade of weeklies. — The Oxford Dictionary, as it is sometimes called, more exactly A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society, and edited by James A. H. Murray, has reached Part V., covering the words between "Cast" and "Clivy." (Macmillan.) As the editor points out, the number is especially interesting from the variety of material gathered upon the words formed upon "Christ." We are pleased to see that there once was a real Christmas-box, made of earthenware. Running our eye over the pages, we notice that "to chance" it is not a bit of American slang, as we had supposed; that "cement," a noun, has almost given place to "cement," after the verbal form, though we thought the penultimate accent, which dates from the fourteenth century, was rather gaining ground; that "chaff" is still on probation as a correct social word; that the term "Civil Service" originated with its use in the East India Company. There is a long and very interesting article on Church, and another on City. Indeed, the old jest of the disconnected character of dictionary stories hardly applies to this number, for in the historical treatment of these important words a most attractive narrative is made of the development and variation of ideas. — The second volume of The Century Dictionary is also at hand (The Century Co.), covering the words from "Conocephalus" to "Fz," which we leave the reader to look out to gratify his curiosity. The special feature which attracts one in Murray is the pedigree of uses of words, the tracing of shades of meaning from the earliest English use to the present day. The Century Dictionary also has illustrative quotations, but its strength lies in other directions, — in the fullness of its vocabulary, in its defining pictures, in its wide reference to technical uses. Occasionally it seems to emulate Murray in the detail of its treatment, as in its account of "do." It is not so interesting to take up and read steadily as its English

rival, but its arrangement is so clear, and it aims at such compactness of presentation, that it at once impresses the user as a capital book of reference. — The Musical Year-Book of the United States, compiled and published by G. H. Wilson. (152 Tremont St., Boston.) This annual for the season of 1888-1889 is the sixth in the series, and contains a very convenient record of concerts and festivals, with an excellent index, by which one can gauge the popularity of composers. — The April Bulletin of the Boston Public Library, published by the Trustees, contains, besides a classified list of the books placed in the Library from June to December, 1889, with author and subject indexes, a valuable list of the bibliographies of special subjects, and an index to notes upon books and reading to be found in library catalogues, in periodicals and other publications. The Public Library throws its treasures open to the public in a double sense when it gives free access to its books and sets up these inestimable guides to its great store. — Records of Living Officers of the United States Army, by William H. Powell. (L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia.) The list is alphabetical in order, and covers the names of more than twenty-seven hundred officers. By the use of convenient abbreviations, a good deal of space is saved, and the biographical statements are as a rule concise. In some instances, however, it looks as if the editor had allowed the vanity of his correspondent to get the better of him. — The Records of Living Officers of the United States Navy and Marine Corps, compiled from official sources by Lewis Randolph Hamersly. (Hamersly.) The arrangement in this volume is by rank, and in each instance by seniority. A full index obviates the difficulty of reference which otherwise might occur. The narratives are fuller, and are in effect in many cases readable biographical sketches. For bibliographical as well as biographical reasons, it is a pity that the editors of these two useful volumes had not made a persistent effort to secure full names. — Volume V. of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) extends from Friday to Humanitarians. The first article, we regret to say, is devoted to the day, not to the man, Friday. We should like to know something more about the man. A valuable feature of this encyclopædia is the summary of authorities at the close of each article of importance. The articles are not colorless. A good deal of forcible characterization, for instance, may be found in some of the biographical articles. Henry George, by the way, contributes the brief article on himself. It is a little doubtful, to our thinking, whether it is wise for an encyclopedia, to which one goes for facts, to assume the function of

a critical journal, and pass upon the qualities of men, especially living men, as is done in the case of several papers. There are signs of great contemporaneity, as where, in the article on Harvard University, the very recent gift to the Semitic Museum is recorded. This volume sustains well the reputation of the work for compactness in the presentation of large subjects, as is evidenced by such papers as those on Greece and the Greek Church, the Gypsies, which indeed is fuller than we should look for, and Great Britain. The cuts are modest, the maps clear and effective.

Education and Text-Books. Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb, by W. W. Goodwin. (Ginn.) This is a new edition of a standard text-book. Mr. Goodwin made his mark with the editions of 1860 and 1865, and now, almost a generation later, he offers what is practically a new book, his original positions being enlarged by a wealth of illustration and discriminated by delicate distinctions. It is not too much to say that American classical scholarship has in this work a more world-wide fame than in any other. The three copious indexes add greatly to the practical value of the book as a work of reference. — The Teacher's Manual of Geography, by Jacques W. Redway. (Heath.) This little work is in two parts: the first containing Hints to Teachers; the second, Modern Facts and Ancient Fancies. It is interesting to see how a specialist in teaching is pretty sure to make his particular subject the centre of all knowledge. Thus in this book geography includes mineralogy, climatology, geology, astronomy, and history. It is not a text-book, but a convenient hand-book of suggestions to teachers. The second part is a rambling, discursive account of various matters of interest to those who are working up the subject of geography in the class-room. — Topics in Geography, by W. F. Nichols. (Heath.) A book of somewhat similar intent, but more systematic and detailed. By means of it, the teacher who knows everything may carry a class without a text-book all over the globe. — An Elementary Treatise upon the Method of Least Squares, with Numerical Examples of its Applications, by George C. Comstock. (Ginn.) Intended for students of physics, astronomy, and engineering, as an aid in their computations. — Manual of Empirical Psychology as an Inductive Sci-

ence, by Dr. Gustav Adolf Lindner; authorized translation by Charles De Garmo. (Heath.) An interesting application of psychology as based upon psycho-physics to the needs of teachers. If any writer can make a real connection between psychology and pedagogy, he will win the gratitude of American teachers who have a vague feeling that there ought to be such a connection, but have been left largely to make it for themselves after patient study of Bain or Sully. — The School Room Guide to Methods of Teaching and School Management, by E. V. De Graff. (Bardeen.) The author is an institute-conductor. The fact that "seventieth edition" is on the title-page leads the unprofessional critic to hesitate about expressing an opinion unfavorable to the book, but it strikes us that there is a good deal of unnecessary fiddling work in it, as in the minute instruction how to gum a postage-stamp on an envelope, and the reasons for the same; also that there is an air of hurry about the method, as if the compiler had ten minutes allotted for each subject. Analysis, moreover, is carried *ad nauseam*, as where a commonplace, sentimental little poem is given, and the commonplace and the sentiment are then studiously dug out, as if they were precious ore.

Oratory. Orations and After-Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew. (Cassell.) The versatility of Mr. Depew is noticeable in this volume, and the reader looks for further explanation of his attractiveness as a speaker. We think it is to be found largely in the offhand character of his speeches. There is no great distinction between the set speeches and those given after dinner. If one who has something to say can cultivate the art of speaking in the first person without being egotistic, he will be likely to have Mr. Depew's effectiveness. Of wit there is no great amount, but plenty of badinage and easy-going clatter. — Political Orations from Wentworth to Macaulay, edited, with an introduction, by William Clarke. (Walter Scott, London.) Although three centuries are covered, seven eighths of the book is devoted to the last hundred years, and about two thirds to the period covered by Chatham, Burke, Erskine, and Fox. It would be foolish to say that political oratory is a lost art, but certainly the conditions, both in England and in this country, are not now favorable to its cultivation.

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THE PERILS OF HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

I HOPE to show how the elements and concomitants of historical narrative are imperiled by perversion and accident; how their accuracy is often little more than a question of belief; how they are emasculated by what is called the dignity of history; how they are debilitated by the so-called philosophy of history; how they are modified by unavoidable change in men and manners, and subject to revision through the development and readjustment of material in the hands of succeeding writers.

There is no quality of the historian upon which so great stress is laid, nor one so little understood, as what is called his accuracy; and it seems difficult for the layman to consider it other than a positive thing. Historical accuracy is, in fact, the most fleeting of vanities. Hard, dry, distinguishable facts there doubtless are. An annalist may deal with them and seldom err. But the difference between an annalist and a historian is, that the mere facts of the first as used by the latter become correlated events, which illumine each other, and get their angles of reflection from many causes external to the naked facts. These causes are the conditions of the time, which gave rise to the facts; the views of the period in which they are studied; and the idiosyncrasies of the person studying them. Hence no historical statement can be final. Views change, and leave credulity and perversion always to be eradicated from the historian's page. Individuals are cast

in varying moulds. Until Nature has reached the limit of her ethnical and personal diversities, there can be no stay to the rewriting of history upon the basis of the same data; and the problem is kept otherwise alive by the constant discovery of new material. So we may well ask if an annalist is accurate; but to put the same question respecting a historian means a great deal more; and, beyond a certain range, it is never easily answered, and rarely with satisfaction. It is this uncertainty that keeps historical study perennial. It is very easy to say that history is false. Napoleon called history nothing but established fiction. Frederick the Great spoke of it as "lies mixed with some truths." The well-known story of Raleigh in the Tower is rehearsed to point the denunciatory moral, and then we are told that this story itself has no authority, and is another of the lies. The novelist and playwright claim, or the claim is made for them, that their plots and characters are more historic than the historian's. Fielding said that only his names and dates were false, while in the histories these alone were true. Such are the commonplaces which lead many people to talk much of the superiority of Shakespeare's English history to that of the chroniclers and historians. It is superior in its way; and, with this acknowledgment, there is no proposition to discuss. We want Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Hume, and Hallam, and Macaulay, and Green, and Lecky, and

we want them all. It is of no more account that their recitals do not agree in details than it is that the horses of a sweepstakes are of different colors.

We are often deceived by the disguises of truth. It is a legal fiction that the king, or the state, is always present in court. Truth stands at the bar of history in much the same way. She is hidden from us in the raiments of the historian. A famous lawyer once said that there is an idiom in truth beyond the imitation of falsehood. Therefore, whatever its obscurities, whatever the special pleas of a partisan, whatever the blur of the personal equation, truth may still be there, to be seen at times by sharp eyes in a learned head. Accuracy in a historian is a question of comparison, largely. It depends greatly upon the reader's views. Accuracy in the sense that a problem in mathematics is accurate is, in much that a historian is bound to write, wholly out of the question. You cannot deal with appearances and motives, as a historian must, and demonstrate a truth beyond dispute.

A distinguished author, who sometimes writes history, once said to me, respecting a proposition which he had made, that, if it were not true, it ought to be. It was better than truth to him, and no doubt was to his readers. What is a fact in the face of the higher law of truth? Bulwer puts it thus: "Facts, if too nakedly told, may be very different from truths in the impression they convey." A writer of history, who was trying to tell a story of the making of a new social system in a philosophical spirit, by interlarding his narrative with bits of generalizations, asked me how he could improve his book. I told him by so arranging his narrative that its philosophy would go without saying, or would, in other words, be carried by his narrative. He went for comfort to a brother philosopher, who told him to stick to his philosophy and leave out his facts. There are men who hate facts.

When a novelist submitted to me a piece of history which he had been writing, and I pointed out its errors of statement, he scorned what he called "the stern brutality of facts." No one who has dealt largely with historical research but quite understands this disparagement of much that passes for judicial and learned statements; for no one knows so well as such a student that to make a statement of the circumstances of an event involves estimates of probabilities, of character, and of purpose that are not wholly to be clinched by unimpeachable evidence.

I fear that the unquestioned accuracy of history is like the vital principle of life: we seek for it, but never find it. In history, as in all else, we agree to disagree, and accuracy has more faces than Janus. It is in the nature of things that it should be so. Freeman tells us that "absolute certainty is unattainable by the very best historical evidence;" and he adds, as respects two witnesses, that exact agreement in every minute detail is held to be a little surprising. So it is that accuracy in any correlated historical statement is often nothing more than probability as it lies in one mind.

The successful historian employs the same faculties which make for the merchant his fortune. It is penetration of character, discernment of qualities, judicial sifting of evidence, judgment of probabilities, that enable the historian to give the seeming of fact; and, after all, it is but a seeming. The late Dr. Deane succeeded in making uncertain the Pocahontas story of the rescue of John Smith; but there is still left a chance of its accuracy, so that the romance will never die, and each generation will renew the discussion. It is pretty much this condition that governs all historical research, where the character of the actor or of the narrator has any play. We see it in what Niebuhr has done for Rome and Grote for Greece. Thus

the historian may follow the annalist in his dates and other certainties, and at the same time be conscious that omniscience, infallibility, and the infinite are quite beyond his ken. He knows how scant his divination is as to the probable truths. He knows the difficulty of giving a just value to circumstances. He cannot tell how far, purposely or accidentally, the statements of his witnesses are misleading. Who, for instance, can be quite sure of the maps of the age of American discovery, when we know Spain always concealed her knowledge, and would sometimes resort to falsification in her hydrographical offices, in order to deceive her rivals? Nor was Portugal free from similar practices. Indeed, there is nothing more harrowing to the historical investigator than deceits of record. What was intended to befog a rival comes to us with all the circumstance of truth, and may befog us; and all the more readily if it has been transmitted amid the confusion of prejudice and principle in the mind of the person transmitting it. The wiles of diplomacy are proverbial. One would never suspect, from the letters of Melbourne to Lord Ashburton, that the British government held the evidence to sustain the American side in the northeastern boundary controversy. A general writes a letter on purpose to have it intercepted, and it falls into the hands of an unsuspecting historian.

The historian must encounter among his authorities the alarmist, the faint-heart, and the braggart. We must not wholly believe the fugitives from Braddock's field nor the miserable wanderers from a rapine, like those who escaped from the slaughter of the Wyoming Valley. The particulars of the Norse sagas become to errant minds mere milk for babes. The mendacities of Thevet and Hennepin confound the early geography of a continent. The spurious prophecies of Montcalm, the Philadelphia speech of Sam' Adams, the letters

that the enemies of Washington tried to make live with the authority of his misused name, are but instances of the political chicanery that would misguide public opinion. But how much that is false is still accepted! How much history must be rewritten upon the demonstration of such falsity! Stubbs tells us that the proved discovery of the forgery of Ingulf's History of Croyland Abbey was a fact that necessitated the revision of every standard book on early English history. Our most distinguished historian was obliged to rewrite his La Salle when Margry divulged documents which he had kept out of sight.

The record may be falsified by national or local pride. Time was when the Scots claimed the blood of the Pharaohs, when the Britons made themselves the heirs of Æneas, when the genealogy of the Spanish kings was carried back to Noah. Every hero of the Middle Ages traced up to Hector. In our day, a weak mind has discerned the blood of Odin meandering through the veins of Washington. We have within a score of years seen state pride seek to make history anew by aggrandizing the transient sojourn of Popham's followers on the Maine coast into the parent effort of New England settlement.

It is the romance of history which attracts the half educated and secures the publisher. An active man of affairs and vigorous writer, who has made some successful ventures in the fields of history, believes that we should elaborate the episodes of progress, and let the gaps and level spaces alone. Another writer, more eminent in fiction than in history, holds that no book has a reason for being which is not popularly readable. Such as these establish canons of history more for the present than for all time. It is the converse of Voltaire's proposition that history is playing tricks with the dead, and is rather be-guiling the living. The fact is, however

we play tricks with the dead or beguile the living, the historical narrative can have no finality. It appeals anew, in each generation, to fresh individuals, or must be told under changed conditions of society. This is a reason for its perennial character quite apart from any necessity of retracting, arising from new discoveries of material. "Truth indeed is single," says Prescott, "but opinions are infinitely various." We must not forget how important a share of any historical narrative is the opinion of the narrator; and, moreover, according to Freeman, we should not forget that "the history of opinion about facts is really no small part of the history of those facts." Farther is it true that though the historian has to do with facts, or what he supposes to be facts, he has quite as much to do with what his actors supposed were facts, but were not. Columbus, on the coast of Cuba, making his crew swear they were on the coast of Asia, and Balboa discovering what he called the South Sea, dominated the historical geography of their time.

History, so far as it embodies the study of the characters of men, deals necessarily with their motives, which are the foundations of character. How uncertain the scrutiny of personal motives is needs hardly to be said. The historian's divining-rod to find the well-spring of motive is his own predisposition, which is the unfailling cause of a diversity of views. John Adams saw a hater of New England in the royal governor of the Stamp Act times. To-day we discover in the diary of Thomas Hutchinson the most filial of natives. The speech which Webster puts into the mouth of John Adams, another imagined by Botta, and an actual record, if we had one, would be far from alike. Mitford sees aristocracy in Greece, and Thirlwall democracy; and one wonders what the fact was. Was it qualities which they had inherited from a line of

ancestry that made these respective writers so at variance? There is nothing more perplexing than the delicate relations in history of cause and effect, whether in the events or in the recorders of them. There seems sometimes to be nothing to check dependent progress, if we travel back over the annals of the world. Shall we say the American Revolution traces back to the Writs of Assistance, as most begin it; to the changes of European policy which followed the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, as Bancroft divines; to the revulsion of the Andros revolution; or even to that taking of the emblems of a national life in their hands, when Winthrop and his fellows brought hither the charter of the Massachusetts Company? So mysteriously generation is linked with generation, and century grows out of century. Who would have thought that when the Plantagenet, Henry VII. of England, gave a patent to the Venetian, John Cabot, and his three sons, to discover western lands, he would have determined the fact of the fee in the roadway of the New York Bowery, in a suit of abutters against an elevated street railway, as really happened the other day? Or when Champlain, a Frenchman, wintered on an island in the American wilds, in 1604, he would have determined by the traces of his occupancy a question of bounds between Great Britain and the revolted colonies, two centuries later? Bosworth field and the Bowery, Catholic France and rebellious Protestants, thus contrast and connect, and their concomitant results are good instances of the mutability and dependence of history. Events in the age of their happening are one thing; events placed in the world's memory, affecting the world's opinions and experiences, are quite another thing. This interlacing of the ages makes the new telling of old stories a part of the intellectual development of the race, and this retelling is necessarily subject

to the writer's personality, and to the influence upon him of his day and generation. So the Tytlers and the Rollinses pass with damson plums and syllabubs into the limbo of forgotten things.

Distance in leagues, as well as in years, makes similar distinctions. This is shown territorially and chronologically in the rules of evidence. We do not find the flavor of the common law in the historians of France. Two centuries change the rules of the witness-stand in our own communities. We cannot forget this when we deal with witnesses of a former age. A sense of right may have been different then from what it is now. The pine-tree shilling of Massachusetts Bay and the iron coin of Lycurgus convey morals as different as can well be imagined. Webster delivering his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson in Faneuil Hall, in an academic gown, and an Irish Catholic descending at Plymouth on the message of the Mayflower to civilization, have fallen within the survey of a long life. We might believe that when Voltaire said that what is not natural is not true, he could have known of just such paradoxes; but let us think a moment, and we shall decide that what is natural is really based on the artificial notions at the time prevailing. We find it sometimes difficult to believe this. It materially makes the past to us a thing of which the past had no conception. It needs a little effort to take in the fact, says Freeman, that we ought not to forget that Thucydides himself was not to his contemporaries all that he is to us.

The child takes his first history lesson from a fable of Æsop, or he is told how the naughty cat killed the canary. He is shown a moral in the fable, and made to see total depravity in the feline act. As we grow older, the story-telling of the histories is smothered with generalities and garnished with psychology, till we are in doubt whether we are hearing a story or reading the secrets of nature as

some one else understands them. We emancipate ourselves at last, and find the freshness of life in the story that travels steadily to the end, in which its philosophy goes without saying, and the narrative needs no condiment to improve its flavor. Such are the stages in the development of the historical instinct. It needs training and large familiarity to convert a mauding method into directness, force, and significance. The colt paces, the finished roadster has learned to trot. To tell the story with Herodotus is what we have come to, after all experimenting.

It is often claimed, on the contrary, that it is the power of generalization and classification which makes a great historian; but this power alone is apt to come dangerously near to cant and platitude. To dole out homilies is not spaciousness of mind. General propositions are by no means circumspection of thought. Macaulay, in his description of a perfect law-giver, strikes close to the perfect historian: "a just temper between the mere man of theory, who can see nothing but general principles, and the mere man of business, who can see nothing but particular circumstances." It is such a one who makes a story, in the telling, carry the meaning which belongs to it, in all its breadth, equipoise, and significance. Gibbon did not spend much time in accounting for the influence of events. His recital showed the connection; an epithet gave the keynote. This, too, is not the least of Macaulay's charms. Neander, on the other hand, stands opaque before his story; and it is this dominating tendency of the Germans which makes a well-composed history so rare a thing in their literature.

I remember a trick of boyhood. A certain fish, when his abdomen is rubbed, swells with the confined air, so that when he is thrown back into his element he flounders desperately in efforts to dive. When I think of the philosophical

historian gamboling in constraint upon the surface of his narrative, and never lost to sight, I bring to mind this sportive freak of the boy. It is in both cases a wronging of nature. Lingard says that few writers have done more to pervert the truth of history than philosophical historians. It is not that causes and effects do not exist; but the elements of the problem do not remain constant. The times are different; the conditions of life are altered, the peoples are not the same. We are apt to say that human nature is much the same everywhere; but we are little prone to recognize how great an influence on human nature the surroundings of it exercise. We have only to look at the customs, laws, and superstitions of peoples of different regions and different ages to mark this diversity. It is enough to allow that the study of history has ripening effects upon the mind. We may get habits of practical wisdom, but Burke says that we fail to get political precepts to apply to practical issues with the immutability of law. To reach what may perhaps be called comparative history, which Disraeli traces back to Machiavel, is as far as we can go in the construction of a philosophical scheme. Robertson, who had brought his history of America down to the outbreak of the American Revolution, and had forecast the drift of his narrative beyond, was rudely balked by the events which followed. "It is lucky," he acknowledged, "that my American history was not finished before the event. How many plausible theories that I should have been entitled to form are contradicted by what has happened!" One remembers how Freeman, twenty-five years ago, talked of the disruption of the United States as an accomplished fact. The logic of events is a dangerous formula. That there is an agency, or principle, or method in historical progress that justifies historical forecast, as in the laws of storms, can, in the nature of things,

be true in no broad sense. Our problems deal with the ductility quite as much as with the docility of the human mind, singly or collectively. There is a flexibility in the relations of cause and effect that is quite beyond gauging. The political prophecies that come true we remember; more that fail we forget.

The historian may be sagaciously profound without being what is called a philosopher. There is all the difference between the two that exists between a field of grain which undulates with the breeze and the same field beaten down by a storm. I do not want, says Milton, speaking of a historian, frequent interspersions of sentiment or a prolix dissertation on transactions which interrupt the series of events.

It is always easy to find instances of what is called, in the lives of men and of nations, the compelling force of natural law, the divine guidance or the devil's machinations. God in history, for instance, appears to be a noble phrase, but the ways of Providence are no less inscrutable to the historian than laws of the natural world that are not understood. What seems providential in history is but the reflex of the mind that contemplates it, and depends upon the training and sympathies of that mind; and as the training is diverse, the view is also diverse. It may have seemed providential to the American Congress that an incompetent like Howe went to Philadelphia instead of going up the Hudson to join Burgoyne, but it could not have looked very providential to his Majesty George III. The old chroniclers of the Spanish Indies saw God's work in the atrocities put upon the natives of tropical America at which the Christian shudders to-day. The untold miseries consequent upon what the world has miscalled religion, in wars, inquisitions, oppressions, inhumanities, appall us; and we are almost forced to ask ourselves at times if the benefits of religion

in private life can compensate for its public practice through the ages. It need hardly be said that religion is something quite apart from men's definition of it; but it must also be said that when one age sees God in history, the insight is based upon the opinions of a fleeting and changeful period, while the inconstancy of motive, purpose, will, and circumstances is the only thing that is changeless. The theories of Comte, Buckle, and Spencer are interesting; but the life of the world goes on willfully, nevertheless. The South should create lassitude, but the sluggard is in the North. The North should have the warrior; but he appears in the South. Sluggard and warrior, misplaced according to theory, appear in the nick of time for some effect, and the current of history runs up hill, when it should run down. We may strike an average from the wildest helter-skelterism, and this average may be reasonably steady if long enough followed; but an average is not a law, — it is the proof of the absence of law. Moral philosophy may draw its examples from history; but history is no scheme of moral philosophy. Events are provokingly willful. "It is better as I have told it," said Voltaire, when his facts were disproved. The inevitable does not happen. Take a battle. Its course ought to be thus and so. The position of the troops, the superiority of arms, the talents of the commanders, the rights of the cause, all indicate the inevitable; but the other thing happens. The fate of political parties turns on a slander or a rainy election day. Rome ought to fall, and the geese save her. Columbus stretches his course to the Florida coast, and a flight of birds turns him to the West Indies, and saves the Atlantic seaboard for another race. But for a hazy day Champlain might have gone into Boston harbor, and the Jesuits instead of the apostle Eliot might have struggled with the Massachusetts Indians. But for the breakers off Nau-

set the Mayflower might have landed the Plymouth Pilgrims to grow peaches on the Jersey coast.

There is no question likely to present itself to the mind of the young student of history more officiously than this, Is there a science of history? — and no question which one who has long worked as a historical student would so willingly shuffle out of sight. There are, to be sure, in historical studies some of the semblances of the frailties of science. We have occasionally to take a working hypothesis and hold it as long as we can, and historical opinions are often as unstable as the experimental sciences. Thirty years ago, Buckle endeavored to convince the world that history had mainly to deal with man's subjection to natural laws. Ritter had already recognized a certain potency in man's surroundings, but he acknowledged, nevertheless, that a man's will is a certain and often a compelling factor in his destiny. The laws which govern the progress of mankind, if we must believe Buckle, are as constant as those which send the satellites about the planet; but the potency of human volition is not so easily set aside.

Daniel Webster, in an address before the New York Historical Society in 1852, endeavored to make clear the steadfastness of historical experience as springing from the essential characteristics of human nature everywhere and in all ages; but he proceeded to qualify the statement, until it lost most of its force so far as it exemplified historical teaching. "It may teach us," he said, "general principles of human nature; but it does not instruct us greatly in the various possible developments;" and inasmuch as possible developments are the salient points of historical progress, the exceptions confront us more vividly than the law. Buckle holds that national movements are determined solely by their antecedents; but if antecedents have such an accumulating force that

they become potent by overpowering masses of men, we should have none of those revolutions like that of the English colonies in America, where a vigilant and determined minority threw a continent into a civil war. Even Buckle, as has frequently been pointed out, after he had amassed his data and formulated his theory, discarded them, when he came to show that individuals really controlled in large part the history of Spain and Scotland.

The treatment of the historical narrative by a mere *littérateur* is almost as bad as that by a mere philosopher. He makes perspectives which do not exist. He forgets things which he cannot readily and gracefully weave into his web. He writes politely oftentimes when he should write judicially. He hesitates to unhorse the traditional hero. Irving held it unwise to destroy the world's exemplars, however the truth might demand it, and he exemplified his practice in his life of Columbus. Such a writer holds candor to be obtrusive, and sees no difference between a host's drawing-room and the court of history. Gervinus has said that the historian must have the courage of the moth, and burn his wings to approach the light.

Writers of a timid sort hold that to be a detective is to lower the dignity of history. Their art eschews what the camera sees, and trusts to the polite eye. Nature hides her ungainliness to the slow eye. It is the business of an artist to second Nature; it is the work of the historian to expose Nature. The ivy beautifies the tower, but we have to strip the vine to repair the edifice.

Scientific research is developing, in these latter days, a body of correlated material in which the historical student finds much to study. It is doing far more. It is raising a body of intermediary elucidators, who prepare it for the popular sense. The fact that the historian's search is symbolized by the

camera disposes of that old-time notion of the dignity of history. The camera catches everything, however trivial, and shows its relation to the picture. Robertson was perhaps the last of the great English historians to discard the help of the antiquary and of personal memoirs. Voltaire set the fashion of emphasizing the life of the people. In him the court and the army first lost their prominence. He at last viewed the course of history from the plane of his own century. Carlyle fell into line, and the Germans, in their *Cultur-Geschichte*, have carried the same process to the fullest development. Macaulay, having ridiculed the exclusiveness of the oldest school in an essay on Sir William Temple, exemplified other views in his own history. Buckle is as timorous here as he is bold in his main drift. He would reject personal anecdotes as belonging to biography, and not to history. The faithful student, however, knows what history suffers by any such deprivation. It rests on a personal anecdote that Columbus, to prosecute his voyage, deceived his own crew; but it is nevertheless as essential to the historical narrative as the assistance which he forced from the monarchs of Spain. It may rest on personal anecdote that Columbus deceived himself when he forced his followers to subscribe to a belief in their being on the coast of Asia; but we need such anecdotes to show that the effrontery of his character was quite another thing from the courage and trustfulness of being in the right.

Nothing is more certain in the world's history than that the far-reaching cause may not rest in a great undertaking, but is found in the trivial happenings of humble people. It is of the rivalry of two small Greek tribes that we read in Thucydides. Anglo-American historical literature begins, for New England, in the best sense, with the history of Plymouth Plantation by William Bradford,—a record of the trials and dis-

comforts and faith of a very small body of unknown, expatriated English yeomen; but generations of a great people have given that record largeness; and we shall search far to find a similarly noble account of the beginnings of any other people.

In conclusion, I may confess that I have made of history a thing of shreds and patches. I have only to say that the life of the world is a thing of shreds and patches, and it is only when we consider the well-rounded life of an individual that we find permeating the record a reasonable constancy of purpose.

This is the province of biography, and we must not confound biography with history. Their conduct and their lessons are different and independent. The man is a part of his age, but he requires a different gauge. The age is influenced by the man, but it is fickle where he is constant, halting where he is marching, and active where he is contemplative. Neither the man nor the age can fall behind the years, but, like cannon-balls linked by a rod, the onward course of the twain is marked by different revolutions, and no one can tell which will strike the target first.

Justin Winsor.

A CHRONICLE OF THREE LITTLE KINGS.

THERE WAS

“Riot of roses and babble of birds,
All the world in a whirl of delight,”

when the three baby kingbirds opened their eyes to the June sunlight. Three weeks I had watched, if I had not assisted at, the rocking of their cradle, followed day by day the patient brooding, and carefully noted the manners and customs of the owners thereof. At last my long vigil was rewarded. It was near the end of a lovely June day, when June days were nearly over, that there appeared a gentle excitement in the kingbird family. The faithful sitter arose, with a peculiar cry that brought her mate at once to her side, and both looked eagerly together into the nest that held their hopes. Once or twice the little dame leaned over and made some arrangements within, and then suddenly she slipped back into her place, and her spouse flew away. But something had happened, it was plain to see; for from that moment she did not sit so closely, her mate showed unusual interest in the nest, and both of them often stood upon the edge at the same time.

That day was doubtless the birthday of the first little king.

To be sure, the careful mother still sat on the nest part of every day, but that she continued to do, with ever-lengthening intervals, till every infant had grown up and left the homestead forever.

All through the sitting the work of the head of the family had been confined to encouraging his partner with an early morning song and his cheerful presence during the day, and to guarding the nest while she sought her food; but now that her most fatiguing labor was over, his began. At first he took entire charge of the provision supply, while she kept her nurslings warm and quiet, which every mother, little or big, knows is of great importance. When the young father arrived with food, which he did frequently, his spouse stepped to the nearest twig and looked on with interest, while he leaned over and filled one little mouth, or at any rate administered one significant poke which must be thus interpreted. He did not stay long; indeed, he had not time,

for this way of supplying the needs of a family is slow business; and although there were but three mouths to fill, three excursions and three hunts were required to fill them. In the early morning he seemed to have more leisure; at that time, the happy young couple stood one each side of the nest, and the silent listener would hear the gentle murmurs of what Victor Hugo calls "the airy dialogues of the nest." Ah, that our dull ears could understand!

For some days the homestead was never left alone, and the summer breezes

"Softly rocked the babies three,
Nestled under the mother's wing,"

almost as closely as before they came out of the egg. But much of the time she sat on the edge, while her partner came and went, always lingering a moment to look in. It was pretty to see him making up his mind where to put the morsel, so small that it did not show in the beak. He turned his head one side and then the other, considered, decided, and at last thrust it in the selected mouth.

The resting-time of the newly made matron was short; for when those youngsters were four days old — so fast do birdlings grow — the labor of both parents was required to keep them fed. Every ten minutes of the day one of the pair came to the nest: the father invariably alighted, deliberated, fed, and then flew; while the mother administered her mouthful, and then either slipped into the nest, covering her bandlings completely, or rested upon the edge for several minutes. There was always a marked difference in the conduct of the pair.

Six days the kingbird babies were unseen from below; but on the seventh day of their life two downy gray caps were lifted above the edge of the dwelling, accompanied by two small yellow beaks, half open for what goods the gods might provide. After that event, whenever the tender mother sat on

her nest, two — and later three — little heads showed plainly against her satiny white breast, as if they were resting there, making a lovely picture of motherhood.

Not for many days lasted the open-mouth baby stage in these rapidly developing youngsters. Very soon they were pert and wide awake, looking upon the green world about them with calm eyes, and opening mouths only when food was to be expected. Mouthfuls, too, were no longer of the minute order; they were large enough for the parents themselves, and of course plain to be seen. Sometimes, indeed, as in the case of a big dragon-fly, the father was obliged to hold on, while the young hopeful pulled off piece after piece, until it was small enough for him to manage; occasionally, too, when the morsel was particularly hard, the little king passed it back to the giver, who stood waiting, and received it again when it had been apparently crushed or otherwise prepared, so that he could swallow it.

Midsummer was at hand. The voices of young birds were heard on every side. The young thrasher and the robin chirped in the grove; sweet bluebird and pewee baby cries came from the shrubbery; the goldenwing leaned far out of his oaken walls, and called from morning to night. Hard-working parents rushed hither and thither, snatching, digging, or dragging their prey from every imaginable hiding-place. It was woful times in the insect world, so many new hungry mouths to be filled. All this life seemed to stir the young kings: they grew restless; they were late. Their three little heads, growing darker every day, bobbed this way and that; they changed places in the nest; they thrust out small wings; above all and through all, they violently preened themselves. In fact, this elaborate dressing of fathers was their constant business for so long a time that I thought it no wonder

the grown-up kingbird pays little attention to his dress; he does enough pluming in the nursery to last a lifetime.

On the twelfth day of their life, the young birds added their voices to the grand world-chorus in a faint, low "che-up," delivered with a kingbird accent; then, also, they began to sit up calmly, and look over the edge of the nest at what went on below, quite in the manner of their fathers. Two days later, the first little king mounted the walls of his castle, fluttered his wings, and apparently meditated the grand plunge into the world outside of home. So absorbed was he in his new emotions that he did not see the arrival of something to eat, and put in a claim for his share, as usual. I thought he was about to bid farewell to his birthplace. But I did not know him. Not till the youngest of the family was ready to go did he step out of the nest, — the three were inseparable. While I waited, expecting every moment to see him fly, there was a sudden change in the air, and very shortly broke over us a furious storm of wind and rain. Instantly every young bird subsided into the nest, out of sight; and in a few minutes their mother came, and gave them the protection of her presence.

Several days were spent by the oak-tree household in shaking out the wings, taking observations of the world, dressing the feathers, and partaking of luncheon every few minutes. Such a nestful of restlessness I never saw; the constant wonder was that they managed not to fall out. Often the three sat up side by side on the edge, white breasts shining in the sun, and heads turning every way with evident interest. The dress was now almost exactly like the parents'. No speckled bib, like the blue-bird or robin infant's, defaces the snowy breast; no ugly gray coat, like the red-wing baby's, obscures the beauty of the little kingbird's attire. He enters society in full dress.

But each day, now, the trio grew in size, in repose of manner, and in strength of voice; and before long they sat up hours at a time, patient, silent, and ludicrously resembling the

"Three wise men of Gotham"
Who "went to sea in a bowl."

In spite of their grown-up looks and manners, they did not lose their appetite; and from breakfast, at the unnatural hour of half past four in the morning, till a late supper, when so dark that I could see only the movement of feeding like a silhouette against the white clouds, all through the day, food came to the nest every two minutes or less. Think of the work of those two birds! Every mouthful brought during those fifteen and a half hours required a separate hunt. They usually flew out to a strip of low land, where the grass was thick and high. Over this they hovered with beautiful motion, and occasionally dropped an instant into the grass. The capture made, they started at once for the nest, resting scarcely a moment. There were thus between three and four hundred trips a day, and of course that number of insects were destroyed. Even after the salt bath, which one bird took always about eleven in the morning, and the other about four in the afternoon, they did not stop to dry their plumage; simply passed the wing feathers through the beak, but paid no attention to the breast feathers, which often hung in locks, showing the dark part next the body, and so disguising the birds that I scarcely knew them when they came to the nest.

The bath was interesting. The river, so called, was in fact an arm of the Great South Bay, and of course salt. To get a bath, the bird flew directly into the water, as if after a fish; then came to the fence to shake himself. Sometimes the dip was repeated once or twice, but more often bathing ended with a single plunge.

Two weeks had passed over their

heads, and the three little kings had for several days dallied with temptation on the brink before one set foot outside the nest. Even then, on the fifteenth day, he merely reached the doorstep, as it were, the branch on which it rested. However, that was a great advance. He shook himself thoroughly, as if glad to have room to do so. This venturesome infant hopped about four inches from the walls of the cottage, looked upon the universe from that remote point, then hurried back to his brothers, evidently frightened at his own boldness.

On the day of this first adventure began a mysterious performance, the meaning of which I did not understand till later, when it became very familiar. It opened with a peculiar call, and its object was to rouse the young to follow. So remarkable was the effect upon them that I have no doubt a mob of king-birds could be brought together by its means. It began, as I said, with a call, a low, prolonged cry, sounding, as nearly as letters can express it, like "Kr-r-r-r! Kr-r-r-r!" At the same moment, both parents flew in circles around the tree, a little above the nest, now and then almost touching it, and all the time uttering the strange cry. At the first sound, the three young kings mounted the edge, wildly excited, dressing their plumage in the most frantic manner, as if their lives depended on being off in an instant. It lasted but a few moments: the parents flew away; the youngsters calmed down.

In a short time all the nestlings were accustomed to going out upon the branch, where they clustered together in a little row, and called and plumed alternately; but one after another slipped back into the dear old home, which they apparently found it very hard to leave. Often, upon coming out of the house, after the imperative demands of luncheon or dinner had dragged me for a time away from my absorbing study, not a king-bird, old or young, could be seen. The

oak was deserted, the nest perfectly silent.

"They have flown!" I thought.

But no: in a few minutes small heads began to show above the battlements; and in ten seconds after the three little kings were all in sight, chirping and arranging their dress with fresh vigor, after their nap.

Not one of the young family tried his wings till he was seventeen days old. The first one flew perhaps fifteen feet, to another branch of the native tree, caught at a cluster of leaves, held on a few seconds, then scrambled to a twig and stood up. The first flight accomplished! After resting some minutes, he flew back home, alighting more easily this time, and no doubt considered himself a hero. Whatever his feelings, it was evident that he could fly, and he was so pleased with his success that he tried it again and again, always keeping within ten or fifteen feet of home. Soon his nest-fellows began to follow his example; and then it was interesting to see them, now scattered about the broad old tree, and then, in a little time, all back in the nest, as if they had never left it. After each excursion came a long rest, and every time they went out they flew with more freedom. Never were young birds so loath to leave the nursery, and never were little folk so clannish. It looked as if they had resolved to make that homestead on the top branch their headquarters for life, and, above all, never to separate. That night, however, came the first break, and they slept in a droll little row, so close that they looked as if welded into one, and about six feet from home. For some time after they had settled themselves the mother sat by them, as if she intended to stay; but when it had grown quite dark, her mate sailed out over the tree, calling; and she — well, the babies were grown up enough to be out in the world — she went with her spouse to the poplar-tree.

Progress was somewhat more rapid

after this experience, and in a day or two the little kings were flying freely, by short flights, all about the grove, which came quite up to the fence. Now I saw the working of the strange migrating call above mentioned. Whenever the old birds began the cries and the circling flight, the young were thrown into a fever of excitement. One after another flew out, calling and moving in circles as long as he could keep it up. For five minutes the air was full of kingbird cries, both old and young, and then fell a sudden silence. Each young bird dropped to a perch, and the elders betook themselves to their hunting-ground as calmly as if they had not been stirring up a rout in the family. Usually, at the end of the affair, the youngsters found themselves widely apart; for they had not yet learned to fly together, and to be apart was, above all things, repugnant to the three. They began calling; and the sound was potent to reunite them. From this side and that, by easy stages, came a little kingbird, each flight bringing them nearer each other; and before two minutes had passed they were nestled side by side, as close as ever. There they sat an hour or two and uttered their cries, and there they were hunted up and fed by the parents. There, I almost believe, they would have stayed till doomsday, but for the periodical stirring up by the mysterious call. No matter how far they wandered, — and each day it was farther and farther, — seven o'clock always found them moving; and all three came back to the native tree for the night, though never to the nest again.

No characteristic of the young kingbirds was more winning than their confiding and unsuspecting reception of strangers, for so soon as they began to frequent other trees than the one the paternal vigilance had made comparatively sacred to them, they were the subjects of attention. The English sparrow was first, as usual, to inquire into their right

to be out of their own tree. He came near them, alighted, and began to hop still closer. Not in the least startled by his threatening manner, the nearest youngster looked at him, and began to flutter his wings, to call, and to move toward him, as if expecting to be fed. This was too much even for a sparrow; he departed.

Another curious visitor was a red-eyed vireo, who, being received in the same innocent and childlike way, also took his leave. But this bird appeared to feel insulted, and in a few minutes stole back, and took revenge in a most peculiar way: he hovered under the twig on which the three were sitting, their dumpy tails hanging down in a row, and actually twitched the feathers of those tails! Even that did not frighten the little ones; they leaned far over and stared at their assailant, but nothing more. I looked carefully to see if the vireo had a nest on that tree, so strange a thing it seemed for a bird to do. The tree was quite tall, with few branches, an oak grown in a close grove, and I am sure there was no vireo nest on it; so that it was an absolutely gratuitous insult.

In addition to supplying the constantly growing appetites of the family, the male kingbird did not forget to keep a sharp lookout for intruders; for, until the youngsters could take care of themselves, he was bound to protect them. One day a young robin alighted nearer to the little group than he considered altogether proper, and he started, full tilt, toward him. As he drew near, the alarmed robin uttered his baby cry, when instantly the kingbird wheeled and left; nor did he notice the stranger again, although he stayed there a long time. But when an old robin came to attend to his wants, that was a different matter: the kingbird went at once for the grown-up bird, thus proving that he spared the first one because of its babyhood.

It was not till they were three weeks

old that the little kings began to fly any lower than about the level of their nest. Then one came to the fence, and the others to the top of a grape-trellis. I hoped to see some indication of looking for food, and I did; but it was all looking up and calling on the parents; not an eye was turned earthward. Now the young ones began to fly more nearly together, and one could see that a few days' more practice would enable them to fly in a compact little flock. Shortly before this they had ceased to come to the native tree at night, and by day extended their wanderings so far that sometimes they were not heard for hours. Regularly, however, as night drew near, the migrating cry sounded in the grove, and upon going out I always found them together, — three

“Silver brown little birds,
Sitting close in the branches.”

These interesting bantlings were twenty-four days old when it became necessary for me to leave them, as they had already left me. It was a warm morning, near the end of July, and about half an hour before I must go I went out to take my last look at them. Their calls were still loud and frequent, and I had no difficulty in tracing them to a dead twig near the top of a pine-tree, where they sat close together, as usual, with faces to the west; lacking only in length of tail of being as big as their parents, yet still calling for food, and still, to all appearances, without the smallest notion that they could ever help themselves.

Thus I left them.

Olive Thorne Miller.

FELICIA.

VI.

THAT night seemed afterward to Felicia like the beginning of a terrible dream. It opened with a bitter experience, — for the first time in her life she received a cruel look, directed point-blank into her eyes. To be admired, quoted, commended lavishly and injudiciously, — this had been her lot so far; and to her half-brother — who was almost double her age — she was indebted for more than a fair share of praise and petting. To receive from him a prolonged stare, keen, critical, — no, was it not more? even angry, bitterly angry, — it was like receiving a blow in the face.

As there was no visitor this evening, she had shared with Sophie the diversion of getting the baby to bed. She was sitting on the floor, with the child in her arms, when Hamilton's step and

voice sounded in the hall below, and his wife tossed aside the garments she held and ran downstairs.

When they entered the room, Felicia called out gayly, without rising, “See how strong the baby is, John! See how she has learned to stand alone while you were away! Stand alone-y, precious, for your auntie.”

She looked up, startled, as her brother spoke; his voice was cold and hard.

“Go to your room, Felicia,” he said, “and pack your clothes. We shall start for the East to-morrow, and you will go with us.”

She rose to her feet in surprise, the child still in her arms.

“Going East to-morrow?” she repeated, faintly.

Then it was he bent upon her that cruel look.

“You don't seem pleased,” he said, with a short laugh. “I thought you

would be delighted to get back to your beloved Madame Sevier again."

"I — I don't want to go now — it's so — so hot," said Felicia, hesitating.

"We'll hunt a cool resort; Mount Desert, perhaps. Or may be we'll try Long Branch, Cape May, Saratoga. I don't know where we'll go. We'll have an outing. You and Sophie have been penned in this dull hole all summer." Again he laughed, his eyes still fixed on hers.

For a moment she did not reply; then she faltered, "This is very strange. It is not proper for me to go off on a pleasure trip so soon after the death of a near connection of my mother's. Papa will be very angry."

"This trip is *my* affair. I propose to account to father for your movements," returned Hamilton, significantly.

She did not, as might have been expected of one so indulged and so spirited, resent his tone. She was amazed and startled, and she quailed a little. She lifted her eyes with a propitiatory look. "You are not angry with me, brother?" she said, almost meekly. She usually addressed him by his name; he softened a moment, then hardened again.

"Why should I be angry with you?" he demanded. "Give the baby to Julia, and go to your packing. We leave in the morning at five o'clock."

Felicia went to her room. She stood meditative and motionless, near the window, her eyes upon the scene without. The moonlight alternated with parallelograms of black shadow; very quiet was the street; the stars burned faintly; the wind had died; fireflies gleamed fitfully among the foliage of the shade trees along the sidewalk, whence she was wont to catch the advancing red glow of Hugh Kennett's cigar. She walked slowly to her desk, seated herself, and began to write. Her brother, lounging on the balcony of his own room, watched her curiously through the vista of doors, left open that any wel-

come vagrant breeze might enter. He saw that she hesitated as she wrote; that she made more than one beginning; that she read over the few lines hurriedly, placed the sheet in an envelope, and directed it with a precipitancy that contrasted with her previous deliberation. He saw her hand it to the maid, who had been packing the trunks, with the injunction to run across the street and place it in the letter-box.

"To-night, Miss Felicia?" asked the girl, in surprise.

"Yes, now," she replied.

John Hamilton rose, entered from the balcony, and walked downstairs composedly. When the servant had laid aside the articles in her hands and descended with the note, she came upon him pacing up and down the hall, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar, which he had just lighted, in his mouth.

"What's that?" he demanded, glancing at the envelope she held.

"It is a note Miss Felicia wanted me to post," the servant answered.

He held out his hand silently for the note, and as he read, "Mr. Hugh Kennett, Lawrence Hotel," he turned the envelope so that his wife, who chanced to be coming downstairs, could see the address; then he handed it back to the maid, who passed out of the open door into the moonlit street.

"When I asked you, Sophie," he said bitterly to his wife, "how far this affair had gone, you said it would not amount to anything. I thought then you were mistaken, and I think so now more than ever."

Mrs. Hamilton made no reply. She had a scared, anxious look; all her little complacency, so satisfactorily growing and putting forth new shoots, had wilted in an hour. She had never seen so stern an expression on her husband's face. Much bronzed his face was by his trip; his hair and mustache had grown luxuriant; he was stouter than when he left home. Big, strong, and prosperous, his

was the very face and figure for placid satisfaction; but his eyebrows had met in a heavy frown; he gnawed his lip under his flowing mustache. "We are going to have the devil and all of a time with that girl," he prophesied, grimly.

The sunrise was hardly more than a rosy glow over the landscape when the Hamiltons started on their "outing," and the neighborhood was greatly amazed because of the suddenness of the flitting. Heretofore Felicia had been an excellent traveler, always ready, well entertained, good-humored. The new faces, the variety of incident, even the rapidity of motion, gave her that keen sense of delight impossible to one less healthy, young, and joyous. Now the zest was lacking to the journey. She did not look with interest at the people about her, and busy her imagination with their histories, the comedies and tragedies of their lives; the landscape slipped by unheeded. Once she would have found Fred and his idiosyncrasies under these new circumstances great fun; now his eager talk tired her; the warmth of the weather oppressed her; she was irritated by the sound of the train, the bustle, the confusion, the swarms of people.

When the party reached New York, and later Boston, she had the shock of a painful surprise. Among the letters which had been sent on from Chilounatti, there was no reply to the note she had written Hugh Kennett the evening before she left town. It had been a simple little note, merely telling him of the unexpected departure and wishing him good-by. But she had confidently expected a reply, and his silence bewildered, pained, and cruelly mortified her. The complication of feelings developed gradually into the first deep depression of spirit she had ever known. There was little opportunity for distraction in outside interests. John Hamilton's idea of summer pleasuring seemed to be expressed by a swift transit from place

to place; to see all that was to be seen and to buy all that was desired in as short a time as possible. His plan was to take the cities first, then the watering-places. There was much of isolation in this style of enjoyment. Felicia's New York friends had all left town. The party met few acquaintances, and found but scant entertainment in the spectacle of metropolitan life out of season, — a dismal spectacle enough; like a moulting bird, an absurd caricature of itself.

To Felicia it was very tiresome to wander through the picture-galleries, and gaze vacantly at the works of art designated by the catalogues for intelligent admiration; still more tiresome to force herself to take interest in the endless discussions concerning carpets, glass, and china at the various fashionable stores, where the party came to be well known, and where John Hamilton's liberality and his wife's taste extorted high commendation. Perhaps something was extorted on the other side, but as the Hamiltons were satisfied with their purchases we need make no moan.

Felicia's unhappiness was very evident, and now it was that John Hamilton should have taken the field in force with a bountiful supply of ammunition in the way of tact. If Felicia had been the recipient of the customary kind consideration from her sister-in-law and of his half-jocular, half-tender petting, she would naturally have turned to their affection, and the impressions of the last few weeks might have loosed their hold. But Hamilton proved himself grievously lacking in discernment, in adroitness, even in common policy. He was a man of strong will and high temper; when he was displeased, he was very likely to make the fact more patent than the occasion required.

There was something hard in John Hamilton. Many of those who knew him best never suspected it. The expression of his florid face, his jolly

laughter, his free, frank, hearty manner, afforded no suggestion of the underlying iron in his nature. His habit of success had given him an imperiousness of intention and expectation. He would not contemplate adverse circumstance; he would not tolerate opposing will. He was at no time disposed to subject his thoughts and feelings to scrutiny. He did not reason on the matter in hand. It was not his intention to break his sister's spirit; he was simply displeased, and it was his instinct to sweep out of existence whatever displeased him.

This silent, bitter antagonism was an unfortunate course to pursue with Felicia. In many respects she and her brother were alike: in her nature, too, there was hard metal; she, too, was intolerant and imperious. When she first became aware of that inexplicable antagonism, pervading the moral atmosphere like a pending thunderstorm, she made some effort to place affairs on a less sombre footing. Her attempts at conversation and vivacity were met with anxious uncertainty on Sophie's part, and a cold unresponsiveness from her brother. Disconcerted and abashed, she fell again into her absorbed musings, with the changed manner of her companions for a new theme. Under these circumstances traveling was not unalloyed pleasure. She would have given up the trip and returned home, but that she had received a letter from her father to the effect that the house was shut up; that he was off on the circuit, and expected to have no vacation until the early part of September, when he would meet the party in New York, and take her home with him. Obviously no radical change was possible, but a new element of feeling was unexpectedly infused into the situation.

During the early portion of the journey she saw but little of her brother. In the cities they visited he had his own engagements. While in transit he occupied himself in playing with the

baby or reading the newspapers, or he was absorbed with a note-book and pencil and abstruse calculations. One day, however, when he chanced to be seated beside her, she broke a long silence by saying, with a sigh, she supposed they would receive no more letters until they should again become stationary for a time.

He looked at her quickly, keenly, suspiciously. She did not understand it, — she did not understand him, — and she spoke on the impulse of the moment.

"Are you displeased with me?" she asked, suddenly.

"Why should I be displeased with you, Felicia?" he demanded, curtly. He was rising as he spoke; he had taken out a cigar; in his other hand he had a match. He looked down at her, and his face held so tyrannical an expression — an expression at once angry, cold, and overbearing — that the smouldering fire of her pride kindled in an instant.

"I am sure I don't know," she retorted, with spirit. Their eyes met. Perhaps there came to him at this moment some belated inspiration of policy, for, after a second of hesitation, he turned on his heel and made his way into the smoking-car.

Felicia's pride, once ablaze, did not again smoulder. The infusion of animation into her manner was genuine enough, after this, but it was not the light-hearted joyousness of old. She was on the alert at last, on the defensive; she was even ready to engage the skulking antagonisms. Nothing was expressed; nothing was so tangible that explanations were in order; her resentment only shone in her eyes, vibrated in the ring of her voice, curved with her upper lip, which had drooped lately, and given her a certain pathos to enhance the pallor of her face. She was not always pale now; she flushed easily and brilliantly; she carried herself proudly;

she became somewhat addicted to sarcasm. Hamilton interpreted all this, perhaps correctly enough, as defiance. "Did n't I tell you, Sophie," he said to his wife, in the privacy of their own room, "that we were going to have a devil of a time with Felicia? I suppose you see how rebellious she is?"

"Perhaps, dear, if you would be a little more gentle with her," suggested Mrs. Hamilton, meekly.

"Gentle! Blankity blank!" exclaimed John Hamilton, hotly. The good lady cowered whenever he fell into expletive.

It would, perhaps, have been lucky for the termination of this affair, looked at from his own standpoint, if Hamilton had married a termagant instead of his acquiescent Sophie. It is well enough for a man to be afraid of no man; it is not a bad thing for him to be afraid — in reason — of some woman. John Hamilton was afraid of nobody, least of all of Felicia. He met her tacit defiance with tacit counter-defiance.

He did not dream how unhappy she was; perhaps he would not have altered his course if he had realized it, so incapable of concession was his nature. She was too intense, too untamed, too young, to accept wretchedness save with passionate protest. Sometimes, after a day made up of the weary daze of shopping and sight-seeing, or the laborious idleness of watering-place life, when shut at last into her own room, she would sob for hours in the light of the summer moon or the white stars.

Underlying the pained bewilderment and indignation induced by the latent domestic discord was the complication of emotions caused by Hugh Kennett's inexplicable silence. Often she said to herself she would be reasonable about this matter. Did she not know him well enough, she asked herself, to decide if it were consonant with his character to inflict a slight upon any human being? He was very tender-hearted, —

she had often noticed that; he was almost weak in that respect; it was a little absurd to be so ultra-careful of the feelings of other people; and would he, who would not wound Fred, who spoke with consideration to the servants, to the very beggars on the street, put an affront upon any one, — upon *her*? For a time this train of thought would comfort her; but when again alone, the reverse side of the question would present itself. He would not put a slight upon her, — of course he would not; but her note was a matter of such little moment to him that he could not imagine it was important to her. He had forgotten her note, — that was all. Her ingenuity in self-torture was as uncharacteristic as her self-depreciation. As to what she had fancied he was about to say that last day, — she had been misled by her vanity. This reflection made her humble enough. In an evil moment an elaboration of this theory occurred to her. Perhaps he, too, had reviewed those words of his, which seemed to hold a momentous meaning, a meaning he did not intend; and if that were the case, what of encouragement did her note imply? Did it seem to lure him further when he had said nothing, — when he had nothing to say? And his silence: was he silent in scorn, divining her misinterpretation; in mercy, that she might have no opportunity to commit herself further? So warped was her judgment, so morbid had she grown, that this wild theory came to be an actual fact to her mind, and all the pangs that had gone before were as nothing to the poignant anguish of her writhing pride.

Toward the end of August, John Hamilton's party found themselves for a few days in Philadelphia. One warm afternoon, the choice was presented to Felicia to go with Sophie to select lace curtains, or with Fred to the Academy of Sciences. She yielded to her nephew's ardent insistence, thinking that it would be cool in the Academy building,

and she need not talk; it was not even necessary to go through the form of replying to Fred.

The building was lonely. In all the half million — plus — of inhabitants in the city there seemed to be nobody but themselves disposed toward science. The big halls responded with hollow echoes to the sound of their steps. Fred's raptures, when they reached the skeleton of the Megatherium, were difficult to control; he met the gigantic bones as if he had found a long-lost brother. Felicia, tired of his noisy comments and his monotonous accent, as he laboriously read the valuable paragraphs devoted by the catalogue to the admired object, strolled away. As she stood at some distance, looking absently about her, she was surprised at hearing her own name. She turned her head quickly. A gentleman was standing near her, his hat in his hand, a smile of greeting on his lips.

VII.

Absorbed in her own reflections, she had not noticed an approach, and Alfred Grafton was now so foreign to her thoughts that for an instant she had a trifle of difficulty in recognizing him. That supremacy in small crises conferred by her training came to her aid, and the hesitation with which she extended her hand was not perceptible. He stood in a bar of sunshine that lighted him up with unwonted effectiveness; his dark hazel eyes had yellow gleams in them; he was smiling; for once his face had an entirely simple expression, — the expression of unaffected pleasure; the summer suit he wore was becoming; he looked very well.

After a few conventional inquiries as to the health of the family, "I suppose," he said, with an indefinite wave of his hand at the materialized learning in the cabinets about them, "you find all this very interesting?"

"The bones? No, to be quite candid, I don't enjoy them; I don't care anything about them."

His momentary geniality had already disappeared. He replied with an intonation of objection, — not strong enough to be resented as a rebuke, but which irritated by its suggestion that he esteemed his own views the exactly appropriate sentiments.

"I should think a lady of your intellect might find much to instruct and entertain her here."

"I am not a lady of intellect," returned Felicia, perversely. "I am a very frivolous person. I can entertain myself, and I don't want to be instructed."

They were walking together down the long hall. She swung her parasol lightly, and glanced about her indifferently. Grafton may have been vaguely conscious of her strong subcurrent of painful emotion, and, aware that his words were in some way repugnant to her, have yielded to an infrequent impulse of magnanimity; he may have been only desirous to propitiate her. At any rate, he made the one approach to an apology of which his record can boast.

"I hope I did n't offend you," he said, almost with deprecation.

"Oh, dear, no," declared Felicia, heartlessly. "I did n't care."

He could not complain now that her suavity was too pronounced for sincerity. The tone in which she said this was hardly civil, but for a certain tense vibration which, notwithstanding his stilted code and contracted horizon, he had sufficient discernment to interpret as the manifestation of acute mental disquiet. He turned his bright, deep-set eyes upon her, as they walked on, side by side. Her face had lost somewhat in color, in roundness of line, in animation; it had acquired something he did not understand, — something not joyous, but replete with meaning; it seemed to him to have become susceptible of taking on subtle and complex expressions. As

the momentary irritation faded, there came in its stead a certain dignity, and that ethereal look which much thought or much feeling can confer. Added to the fascination of her smile which he had known — she glanced at him and smiled presently, as if in reparation, and her voice had gentle intonations — was a new fascination which he could not analyze.

He was cordially welcomed by both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, when he appeared at the hotel that evening. They, as well as Felicia, had found their method of pleasuring rather dismal. "To go about among strangers all the time is poor enjoyment, no matter how many new things one buys," declared Mrs. Hamilton. He was a somewhat cool subject for Hamilton's *camaraderie*, but was, as that gentleman remarked, "a confounded sight better than nobody." The young man hung about them while they remained in Philadelphia, and a few days after they reached the seaside he joined them. He explained, with some embarrassment, that he was awaiting the arrival of his mother, who expected to place his sister at boarding-school in New York, and would return home to Chilounatti with him.

What attracted him was soon apparent enough. He made no attempt at subterfuge after that simulacrum of an explanation of his presence. He was always at Felicia's side. He brought her books and flowers. He arranged sailing expeditions. They often rode down the avenues, kaleidoscopic with the pageantry of vehicles and equestrians that defiled between the palpitating sea and the long line of big hotels, with their fluttering flags, and clanging bands, and flower-like groups of women and children bedecking the piazzas. She wondered at his persistence. She had not intentionally given him reason to persist. When, however, a man interprets himself as the expression of his highest ideal, the translation

acquires so much dignity that it is not very difficult to believe his version is accepted by others. Felicia found it less annoying to maintain a state of seeming acquiescence than to give herself the luxury of indulging her irritability. To make sarcastic speeches to him involved the necessity of reparation, retraction, and this sort of tact required rapid and fatiguing thought. After some experimenting, she discovered that it was not impossible to induce him to talk much on subjects that interested him. He was a man of taste, to a certain degree, and would not intentionally have indulged in monologue; but she was adroit, and so managed that he was not consciously egotistic. She found, too, that she could give him a modicum of attention, enough to apprehend his talk, — the surface of her mind, so to speak, while along the deeper current swept her own absorbing reflections. How was he to suspect this dual process? Her violet eyes would rest softly on his face; her lips would part now and then with her enchanting smile; she would occasionally utter some pertinent comment, or a judicious word of acquiescence or dissent; and he was satisfied. He told stories of his college days, — generally stories of intellectual triumph; for he had been a shining light, and was proud of his record. There were even a few animated *contes* of "rushes" and hazing; but he evidently looked on this as youthful frivolity, and unworthy, from his present plane of development. Sometimes he chose deeper themes, and instructed her on subjects of national and scientific importance; and then Felicia found it necessary to rouse herself from her mental trance, and lure him from what she might have termed "Pliny" to his own immediate personal interests. This pleased him, as it might have pleased a wiser man.

Strangers looked on as at the presentation of a romance. The two were the

noticeable couple of the place, that summer: she with her delicate yet brilliant beauty; he with his cold, narrow, intelligent face, his clear eyes, his formal manner, his evident devotion. After all, this world is very sentimental. It was a presidential election year; there was a war in Europe; the races were in progress: but during the stay of the Hamilton party, all other themes yielded in interest to the conduct of the love affair.

John Hamilton was puzzled. "Is she in earnest, or just giving Grafton a chance to make an idiot of himself?" he asked his wife. There was complacency in his face and in his heart, though he tried to moderate it. "That girl looks well in a boat, and well when she dances, and well when she drives, and well on a horse. I taught her myself to ride, and I'm proud of the job. She was always a plucky little thing from the first time I tossed her in a saddle, the day she was four years old. When they started, just now, her horse shied, and Grafton's heart was in his mouth, but she, — she was as calm as a May morning. Grafton is not a bad match, and he's a right good fellow, too. May be we were mistaken about the other affair, Sophie."

"I dare say we were," said Sophie, hopefully. Her conscience was all right. She believed exactly what her husband wished to believe.

"She is rather sharp to Grafton, now and then," continued Hamilton, meditatively, — "sarcastic and that sort of thing."

"Sometimes a girl treats a man that way when she likes him," said wise Mrs. Sophie.

He turned this over in his mind a moment, as he sat tilted back in his chair and pulled his long yellow mustache; his straw hat, pushed far back, revealed his bald head, and his blue eyes were fixed on that section of the big blue sea where a shadowy white sail

defined itself daintily against the soft horizon.

"I think you mean when she is sure *he* likes *her*," quoth John Hamilton, astutely. He was disposed to be particularly complacent to Felicia now, but his incipient benignity received a sudden check. On the evening before the day set for the departure of the Hamilton party, the two young people strolled out on the broad deserted piazza. The salt breeze blew crisp and fresh from the ocean; the band was playing, — the rhythmic beat of a waltz fell on the air; a lane of molten gold lay on the surface of the water, and was lost in vague shadows far away; a big, red, distorted moon was tilted above the illimitable palpitating waste.

"A waning moon is so melancholy," said Felicia, looking at it with wide, soft eyes that had grown melancholy, too. "I wonder why?"

"I don't see that it is melancholy," Grafton declared.

"No, I suppose not," she rejoined. "I dare say you see a planet which suggests to you apogee, or perigee, or nodes, or something wise. I see only the rising moon, and it seems to me particularly ominous to-night. I am afraid. Something unexpected — perhaps something terrible — is going to happen."

She affected to shiver with fear; then, as the breeze freshened, she shivered a little in reality, and drew about her head the fleecy wrap she had brought out with her. He rose from his chair and deftly arranged it. "That will do," she said, shrinking from him. He thought this a little shyness. He had been flattered, as he often was, by her allusion to his superior intellectual gifts and culture; he could not discern the mockery. It was his nature, however, even in satisfaction and complacency, to lay down the law, to dictate, to assert his supremacy.

"You seem a little superstitious," he suggested.

"Oh, yes, very," replied Felicia, as if admitting something creditable.

"Pardon me," he said, with the precision of intonation, indicative of displeasure, which she especially disliked, — "pardon me if I do not accept that assurance. No well-regulated mind is capable of such weakness as superstition."

"I have told you before that I have n't a well-regulated mind," replied Felicia, composedly. "On the contrary, I am rather goosey in my mind."

He deemed this tone inexcusably frivolous. But then she was so pretty, — so pretty, as she sat in a peculiarly graceful attitude, thrown back at her ease, one arm hanging over the side of the cane chair, the other hand holding the white wrap about her throat; the outlines of her rounded yet slight figure, in its dress of some soft white woolen fabric, definite against the shadows. He had never seen her so unconstrained; their interview seemed all at once peculiarly informal. He had supposed that he particularly approved of a certain ceremoniousness in her manner, a matter of attitude, of gesture, of intonation, indefinable yet definite, like the perfume of a flower; now he had a swift realization how potent must be her charm in the untrammelled intercourse of daily life. This sudden sense of closeness quickened his pulse, but he did not lose his head. Alfred Grafton in love was still — Alfred Grafton.

"You do yourself injustice," he said. "I am sure you have a very well-regulated mind. Otherwise I could not feel toward you as I do."

She roused herself from her easy attitude, and turned her eyes upon him. He was perfectly self-possessed and confident, even expectant. She was sitting upright now; she opened her fan; she looked back at the moon. The delightful vague sense of familiarity with which the previous moment had been filled had suddenly vanished.

"I suppose I ought to pretend that I don't understand what you mean," she said, with coldness.

"It is better to be perfectly frank," he rejoined, with his air of laying down valuable moral axioms.

"Well, then, frankly," returned Felicia, "I do know what you mean, and I think you had better say no more about it."

There was dead silence. When she glanced at him, she was startled by the change in his face. All this time, absorbed in her own suffering, she had taken no thought of his capacity for suffering.

"Do you understand" — he uttered the words slowly — "that I ask you to marry me? You have long known that I love you."

There was another silence.

"It can never be," said Felicia.

As she again met his eyes, she saw that he was not only bitterly wounded, but very angry. She was surprised to find how deprecatory she felt. At his first word of blame, however, her self-reproach vanished.

"If your own conscience does not accuse you," he said, — his face was white, and set, and stern; he articulated with difficulty, — "I need urge nothing."

"Accuse me? Of what?" she demanded, in a voice that trembled a little.

"Of trifling with me. In courtesy, I will not say willfully deceiving me, but I did not expect this answer."

"You do me great injustice!" cried Felicia. "I have accepted your attention as I would that of any other friend, especially if thrown together in this way, — so far from home. I did not think of anything like — like this, till to-night. I had other things to — to think of. Whatever I have done, I have not encouraged *you*!"

"You have encouraged some one, then?" he said, quickly.

She looked at him angrily, but checked

the reply on her lips, and turned her eyes again to the quivering, shining sea.

"Pardon me, I have no right to ask," he resumed, with sarcastic humility. "I have no right to do anything but endure, when a woman lets me dangle around her for weeks, and then calmly tells me that she did not imagine anything like this. I supposed my meaning was distinct enough. I think it probable that most people have apprehended it."

Felicia made a mistake.

"And if I had understood," she cried, "how could I have altered matters? I cannot be expected to refuse a man before he has offered himself."

"A sophism is ample justification for a social triumph, such as it is," he said, sarcastically. "To my mind it is a poor enough triumph, but no doubt a young lady estimates such matters differently."

"I did not think of it in that way," she declared.

There was another long silence. All at once she looked at him with an almost piteous appeal in her face; tears stood in her eyes; a tremulous smile was on her lips.

"Don't let us quarrel," she said, coaxingly. "Let us be friends again."

Even Alfred Grafton was not proof against that look. He faltered; he was mollified; he took her soft little hand and held it closely. But he was not the man to be cajoled into accepting half a loaf for a whole one.

"You and I cannot be 'friends,'" he replied. "It is everything or nothing. Now let us look at this matter calmly. I love you dearly. I can safely promise to make you happy. Our tastes are similar; my people would be very fond of you; I think your brother would not object."

"And I should not care if he did object!" cried Felicia, fiercely, suddenly drawing away her hand. "He is welcome to object as much as he chooses. He shall not interfere with my affairs."

Grafton looked hard at her. Her tears had risen again, but they were angry tears. She brushed them away with an impatient gesture; he saw them glisten, in the moonlight, on her filmy handkerchief. His white heat of rage had returned. "I see," he said slowly, "there is some one else."

Felicia rose. "It is growing cold," she declared. "I must go in." They walked down the piazza toward the parlor. He stopped her before they reached the open door, and looked down into her uplifted eyes.

"I shall never forgive you," he said, deliberately. "I shall always believe you did it intentionally."

"You will think better of that some day," replied Felicia, appalled by the strength of a feeling that had seemed to her a slight thing, that had hardly sufficiently attracted her notice to secure intelligent contemplation.

"I shall never forgive you," he repeated.

Late that night, John Hamilton, coming from the billiard-room where he had been enjoying the unwonted luxury of a game with an old friend,—a man like himself adrift in this sea of strangers, who almost wept for joy at sight of that familiar roseate face and rotund figure,—late that night, Hamilton, coming thus from the billiard-room, flushed with success, perfumed with sherry cobbler and cigar smoke, suddenly met Alfred Grafton. The younger gentleman was evidently ready for a journey. He was wearing his traveling gear; his name was conspicuous on a trunk among other luggage awaiting the baggage wagon. A bell-boy had preceded him with a satchel. He looked annoyed at sight of his friend, but faced the situation with composure.

"Hello! Where are you going, Grafton?" inquired Hamilton, with round eyes.

"To Philadelphia," replied Grafton.

John Hamilton reflected rapidly.

"Anything the matter?" he asked, tersely.

Grafton, strange as it may seem, shared our common human weakness. He craved sympathy with the eager craving of less gifted mortals. He realized, too, that there was no use in attempting subterfuges with Hamilton, who would no doubt soon be perfectly well aware, without explanation, of the state of the case.

"The matter!" he repeated, bitterly. "She has thrown me over, — that's all."

"The devil she did!" exclaimed the brother, with lively sympathy.

"Did n't suspect my feelings — hopes we shall be friends — all very proper and pretty," returned Grafton, sardonically. "I ventured to suggest, by way of inducement, which my case seemed to need, that my people would be delighted, and that I thought you would not object. She said, very angrily, that she did not care if you did object. I fancy there is some man to whom you *do* object. Stop!" he cried, as Hamilton was about to speak excitedly. "I have no right to know. I have no right to revert to that, — it is none of my affair. My affair is overboard, and I have no more to say or hear on the subject."

When John Hamilton repaired to his own apartment, it was all his wife could do to prevent his arousing Felicia from her bed, in the small hours, to give her what he termed a "solid talk." It was owing, too, to Sophie that this was warded off the following day, on their railway trip to New York. She made pretext after pretext to detain him by her side; whenever she saw him look with a scowling intention across the car to where Felicia and Fred sat together, she evolved some immediate and absorbing subject of interest. Here was a letter about which she had spoken to him, — or indeed had she remembered to mention it? — from the carpet man-

ufactory people; he must read it, and help her decide. And again, oh, had he seen the baby kiss her hand? She did it this morning. "Kiss your hand, darling, to papa."

These tactics were kept up after taking the boat. He escaped, however, just before reaching New York, and joined Felicia, as she stood with her eyes fixed on the vast spectacle of the great city; its innumerable spires glittering in the sunshine, its hovering smoke a shadow in the distance against the intense blue of the sky, its forest of shipping also only a dainty shadow. The breeze swept over the intervenient spaces of the sea, and brought briny odors; it flushed Felicia's cheeks, and blew backward the draperies of her trim traveling dress, and waved the brown feather in the jaunty hat that surmounted her brown hair. She glanced up as her brother placed himself beside her. He had pushed his hat back, and an expanse of bald forehead was aggressively visible; his hands were in his trousers pocket; he wore a natty suit in shaded gray checks, which was very becoming to his richly tinted face.

"What did you do to Grafton, Felicia?" he demanded, curtly.

"Has he a black eye? I suppose I must have given it to him."

"I am astonished at you," her brother continued, severely. "Leading a fellow on and flirting. I had no idea that you were such a flirt."

As a matter of course she resented this. "How dare you say that to me!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, her cheeks aflame.

"I understand how all this comes about," persisted the misguided brother; "it is all on account of that fellow Kennett."

"You shall not speak of him to me!" she cried, turning from her brother.

"See here, young lady," persisted Hamilton, laying his hand on her shoulder, "father is going to meet us in New

York, and we shall see what he will say to these vagaries. He will take your case in hand."

She drew herself away, and walked proudly to the other end of the boat. These unlucky strictures completed an estrangement already sufficiently bitter. She felt that she could never forgive him. She was placed before the beginning of a contest with her father in the mental attitude of resistance. She promised herself she would not be cowed. And yet, a contest about what? About her acquaintance with a man whose friendship she could hardly claim, who had forgotten her, who had ignored her letter. Her heart was bruised, sore, unendurably heavy; she had much ado to refrain from tears, — from crying out in her pain, humiliation, and despair, — as they disembarked, entered a carriage, and rolled along the interminable streets to their hotel.

It was in this frame of mind that Felicia came upon the turning-point of her life.

The rooms had been engaged by telegraph some days before. As she entered the one assigned her, she noticed a quantity of mail matter on the bureau. One of the letters was directed in a handwriting she did not recognize. The envelope was covered with addresses: it had been sent first to her own home, thence to her brother's house in Chilounatti, and had afterward evidently followed her from place to place. Still in her hat and wraps, she sat down with it in her hand.

Before she opened it she divined who was the writer; by some strange clairvoyance she even knew its contents. She attempted to collect her startled faculties. For some moments she remained motionless. Then she opened and read the letter. It was dated six weeks before.

Hugh Kennett began by explaining that he had been greatly troubled by her sudden departure; all the more be-

cause he was very anxious to say to her what he had attempted to say the afternoon before she left, — that he loved her, and desired to ask her to be his wife. He feared his effort was somewhat premature, in view of their short acquaintance, but he would be only too happy to submit to any term of probation she might require. He would ask nothing except the opportunity to make himself acceptable to her. He hoped for a reply, and gave an address in Chilounatti, as well as in New York, to which latter city he was going in a few weeks. He added that he should send this letter to her home, as he had not been able to obtain her present address. There was little of protestation. The phrasing was extremely simple; it was almost business-like. Felicia thought it a very strong and manly way to write a love-letter; she fancied she detected a ring of tense feeling in the few terse sentences; she said to herself that it was perfectly in character, — like everything he did.

With the sudden revulsion of feeling an extreme tranquillity had come upon her. It amazed her now that she had not divined the exact state of the case; that she had not had more patience, more confidence, more strength. She took herself to task for not comprehending him better. The memory of the anguish of soul induced by those weeks of domestic discord she dismissed from consideration with a contemptuous indifference, which argued ill enough for the influence, in a possible contest, of the natural strong ties of kindred and association.

"Was I insane," she demanded of herself, "that I should have cared an instant for anything John and Sophie could do, or think, or say?"

Only one influence prevailed with her now. She gave herself up to it; she sank into a vague, delicious reverie. She recalled as heretofore she had not dared to do all the incidents of those

happy weeks in the early summer, — the introduction at Robert's, the rowing on the sunset-tinted river, the long talks on the quiet moonlit steps, the tones of his voice, the look in his eyes, the words he had spoken. How strange that she remembered them so well! They were not such wonderfully wise and witty words, she said to herself, with a happy laugh; she knew in her heart she believed them to be both. And she could write to him. She would see him soon. Possibly he was in New York, somewhere near to her, now. In a few days — it might be a few hours — and then — and then —

Sophie, coming to her door after a time, was greatly surprised to see her sitting motionless in her traveling attire; but she sank into a chair, and waited while Felicia hurriedly rearranged her hair and changed her dress. Mrs. Hamilton's face was flushed and her manner discomposed.

"Oh, Felicia, I am so annoyed!" she exclaimed. "All my plans are in confusion; and it is John's fault. You know the Graftons are here, at this hotel."

The brush, gliding along Felicia's bronze tresses, was arrested; she met her sister-in-law's eyes in the mirror with an inquiring stare.

"You know," continued the speaker, "Alfred was to meet them here, but — but" — she stumbled — "but for some reason he has gone to Philadelphia, and telegraphed to his mother to join him there next week. Well, Mrs. Grafton is a good deal put out, naturally, you see."

"Really, Sophie," said Felicia, with a hard laugh, "you have a large contract on your hands, if you undertake to become responsible for all of Alfred Grafton's movements, perfect as he is."

"Of course that's not it. But while she was sitting in our parlor fretting about it, Nellie, her daughter, happened to say she should not have cared except

that Alfred had promised to take her to some operatic *matinée* this afternoon. She is to be left with Madame Sevier on Monday, and she seems to think this is her last chance to go to any place of amusement."

"She will see more opera in one term with Madame Sevier than with Alfred Grafton in ten million years," declared Felicia, hyperbolically. "I wonder that he encouraged the frivolity of one *matinée*. She ought to be reading about the *cosmos force*."

"She seems to think Madame Sevier's is a sort of nunnery. And John, instead of leaving well enough alone, sent a bell-boy off and bought tickets, and said she should n't be disappointed."

"Lucky, for Miss Nellie," remarked Felicia, coolly. "I don't perceive the hitch."

"Why, Felicia, can't you understand? I can't go with them. I must see West and Ware about the drawing-room *lambrequins* that we ordered when we were here before. A most frightful mistake has been made. They are half an inch too short. I have just received a note about it. Oh, if I had it all to do over, I would buy every solitary thing at home. Such a forlorn, toilsome summer I have had. And just think how perverse John is! As soon as he found that I could n't go he managed to call me into the other room, and swore — most frightfully, too — that he would n't go to a *matinée* this afternoon to save his life. Oh, Felicia, dear, don't you think you and Fred will do? Won't it be appropriate enough if you and Fred represent the family? I must see about my *lambrequins*. If my *lambrequins* are spoiled, my heart will break." She rose from her chair and walked precipitately about the room. Domestic tragedy has its opportunity.

Felicia was disconcerted. She had not intended to answer the letter to-day, but she wanted to think it over, to get used to it; it was so sudden, so momentous.

With the cessation of her own anxieties, however, gentleness and tolerance had come to her. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." That sounds well, but it is a mistake. We are beneficent when we are lucky. Felicia sacrificed her preference with a generosity possible only to the happy.

"Well, well, Sophie," she said, with a sigh, "I will take charge of Mrs. Grafton and her daughter, and I'll excuse you gracefully."

Mrs. Grafton was a mouse. To be sure, a mouse accustomed only to the best houses, to velvet carpets, to fine china and linen and glass, to sweetbreads and cake crumbs, — a mouse of the first quality, but still and always a mouse. She was swift, daring, timorous, cringing, bullying, indefinite, by turns and as occasion justified. You never knew exactly where to find her, — like a mouse, — yet you were very sure she would have a distinct personality when you did come across her. Sometimes you would be positive she was in your immediate vicinity, and she was as far from you in effect as at one of the poles. When you lost sight of her and well-nigh forgot her existence, here she was, — again just like a mouse, — startling you out of your senses. You were always absorbed in amazement that anything so insignificant could be so aggravating. She even looked like a mouse, as she sat on a sofa, in a dove-colored dress and a lace cap ornamented with dove-colored ribbons; and her acknowledgment of the introduction to Felicia was the perfection of furtive meekness. There was in her glance something as well of analytic scrutiny, and this in her daughter — an awkward girl, at once shy and forward — had developed into downright curiosity, as she stared at Felicia with hard black eyes. Our young lady had a sudden rush of indignation, divining that the son of the house had written of his pretensions much as if they were *un fait accompli*. She controlled her irritation, however,

and entered with what zest she might into the afternoon's festivities, making Sophie's excuses with such tact that the two ladies willingly overlooked the informality of Mrs. Hamilton's absence; and after lunch the party set out, with Fred as escort.

"Fred will be entirely *au fait* by the time he gets home," remarked Felicia. "He learned all about natural science at Philadelphia, and navigation at the seashore, and hunting in the Adirondacks, and now he is to become a connoisseur in music and acting."

"I'd a big sight rather go ter the dime museum," grumbled Fred, "an' see the tattooed man an' the three-headed lady."

Felicia's silvery laughter had an infectious joyousness it had not known for many a day. Mrs. Grafton wondered if she were not a little flippant for Alfred, who was so difficult to please.

"It is always well to learn, Fred," observed the old lady, meekly, smoothing one gloved hand with the other; "we can learn something almost anywhere."

"So I tell him," said Felicia, commanding her countenance with an effort, at the sound of Fred's unintelligible muttered reply.

That afternoon, contrary to her anticipation, afforded her keen delight. She had expected to be bored; she was, instead, in a sort of exaltation. The sudden removal of trouble, in itself cause for happiness, supplemented more tangible cause, so deep, so strong, that she dared not dwell definitely upon it; she only felt herself vaguely, blissfully, drifting like a leaf upon the current. The large assemblage of unknown, unnumbered faces strangely exhilarated her, but she did not, according to her mental habit, disintegrate the crowd. Ordinarily, she knew in five minutes — or thought she did — those whom she was wont to call "interesting," those who were mere human animals, those who

had been lifted from that plane by some drama of their circumstances. The young man at the end of the next row, she would have said, would be a commonplace banker or lawyer but for some daily heart tragedy, — a broken ambition, a wretched home. And there is a woman with a face like sunshine, — one feels sure she has a nature to match. That old gentleman has little capacity save for the exercise of piling cent per cent on brain and heart. And there is another old gentleman, sixty in years and twenty-five of soul, with a benignant smile and a buttonhole bouquet. She made no deductions now. She saw them as if she saw them not; she had appropriate words and smiles for her companions; in her deeper consciousness she ignored their existence. She looked about her with dreamy, brilliant, happy eyes; she sat very still; her voice was soft; her lips wore those gentle curves which are so much more expressive of a still and blissful content than a smile.

Mrs. Grafton, scanning her furtively, admitted to herself that Alfred's choice was very satisfactory, so far as appearances went. Felicia was pretty and ladylike, and perfectly dressed; and if Madame Sevier had taught her those attitudes and that poise of head, — as easily erect as a flower on a stem, — it was well to have selected that institute for Nellie, who would lounge, and would not hold up her shoulders. As for Nellie, she gazed at Felicia with the definite intention of discovering the charm of a young lady who had secured the ultimate object, in her opinion, of a woman's creation, — a lover. Nellie's vanity was sufficiently stalwart. She did not comprehend how Felicia managed to be fascinating, but she was fully persuaded that in time she herself would discover the secret and use it as successfully.

The curtain rose after a little, and the audience went for a time into that

strange, delightful world where destinies round themselves in an hour or two; where trials accent triumphs; where virtue is lovely and prevails, and vice is odious and is defeated; where retribution and reward come up smiling in the nick of time, and life is dignified, picturesque, consistent, and grand, and very much more worth living, ideally speaking, than our poor little affair, which it modestly proposes to portray.

The troupe was good, but not preëminently excellent; the music was well within the compass of the singers; the stage-setting, costumes, and the chorus were admirable. Felicia, in her absorption, was vaguely responsive to the music, which pervaded her consciousness as the perfume of violets pervades a May afternoon. Like most clever amateurs, she had not been scientifically trained; she experienced no want which these melodious numbers could not satisfy; she did not partake of the musician's intellectual and somewhat strenuous enjoyment; she merely absorbed the representation with more or less vividness through her senses.

As the building was greatly crowded, it was some little time before they made their way out. Nellie, who between the acts had become somewhat well acquainted with her new friend, commented on the performance with her own inimitable admixture of forwardness and shyness.

"Oh, my, was n't it lovely!" she exclaimed, with a fidgety giggle of delight and embarrassment, as they passed out upon the sidewalk, already dusky with deepening twilight and enveloped with the gloom of low-hanging clouds. "Oh, was n't that last duet too beautiful! And the tenor, — oh, Miss Hamilton, I'm dead in love with that tenor, ain't you?"

"Yes," returned Felicia, entering gayly into the spirit of her prattle, "I am infatuated with the tenor."

As she said this she chanced to raise

her eyes. They encountered those of a gentleman who was standing in the brilliant radiance of the electric light. He lifted his hat, and she recognized Hugh Kennett. She returned his salutation. She observed that his face was very grave. The agitation which she had unconsciously held in abeyance all day was upon her with such intensity that she could not distinguish if it were pleasure or pain. When they reached the hotel, and her companions had repaired to their own rooms, she opened the door of the private parlor her brother had taken. It was empty. She entered, sank into a chair, and attempted to rally her self-control, so strangely and suddenly vanished. Her breath was coming quick through her half-parted lips; her face was suffused with a deep blush; she removed her hat, — its weight was all at once unendurably oppressive; she fixed her feverishly bright eyes on the dark, moonless, starless sky. As she thus sat motionless in the centre of the lighted room, there was a knock upon the door, and a servant entered with a card. She looked at it in silence for a moment, then said, "You can show the gentleman in."

When Kennett was ushered into the room, she rose, and advanced hesitatingly a few steps. She was turning the card nervously in her fingers; the gesture was in marked contrast with her usual self-possessed manner; her face betrayed some of the agitation which she sought to control.

"I am glad to see you," she murmured.

Kennett took her hand. "That gives me courage," he said. "Did you receive my letter?"

"I received it only this morning," she replied.

"Only this morning!" he cried, in dismay.

"It had been to a great many places," said Felicia. "It had been following us for weeks."

He was both infinitely disappointed and relieved. "I could not believe you would intentionally keep me in suspense," he declared.

"And you were in suspense, too!" cried Felicia, impulsively, with a sudden delighted realization of the fact.

"Were you?" he exclaimed, quickly. "Did you want to hear from me, to see me again? It is asking a great deal, I know, Felicia, but won't you give me an answer to my letter now? I love you with all my soul. I have undergone the torments of — of — well — a great deal of unhappiness since I saw you. Can't you — don't you care for me?"

He was still holding her hand; she fixed her fast-filling eyes on his eyes; her sensitive lips were quivering.

"And I have been unhappy," she said. For all her tears, which presently ceased to flow, she felt that there could, in the nature of things, never again be unhappiness for her. She recovered her tranquillity; words came to her; her silvery laughter rang out. Soon she was questioning him as to his proceedings when he had no reply to his letter; she rejoiced to hear him say that he too had been unhappy. In this she differed from him; her assertion had given him a keen pang. She brought him back more than once to this point.

"So you were worried when you had no letter?" she said, with a flattered laugh that was all he could reasonably desire as protestation or admission.

"Worried!" he exclaimed. "I was nearly out of my mind. I wrote again and again to Robert, and — I cannot possibly account for it — I have never received a reply from him. Finally I went to your brother's office, in Third Street."

"For what?" she demanded.

"To discover if they had your address."

"Away down there, — among the bulls, and bears, and puts, and calls,

and other wild animals!" she cried, with her happy laughter. "That was romantic and thrilling."

"It was not very congruous, I admit, but it was my only chance. Your brother's partner declined to give me your address."

She stared at him: his eye glittered; his lips were compressed; his face, with the expression it wore at this moment, had a certain ferocity. He was evidently very angry, and controlled himself only by a strenuous effort.

"Mr. Gale did that?" said Felicia, in amazement.

"He was very polite in manner, but very firm. He said he had your brother's express instructions that in case I should ask I should be refused."

Her cheeks were aflame. "How insulting!" she cried, angrily. After a moment's reflection she asked, "Why should John do such a thing as that?" She was remembering her brother's bit-

ter antagonism, and divined that she was coming upon an explanation.

"I can only account for it upon the hypothesis that he has very strong objections to my profession. Some people have, you know."

She looked at him with a sudden smile. "I don't know," she declared, "because I don't know what your profession is."

His face showed that he was startled. "How can that be?" he said.

"I never heard you speak of it," she replied, growing more grave.

"Is that possible?" he rejoined, reflectively. "But surely Robert must have mentioned it?"

"Never," she returned. "And if you don't object to terminating my suspense, I should be glad to know it now."

There was a pause, in which the sounds in the street invaded the silence of the room.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

CRANKS AS SOCIAL MOTORS.

WE have a natural admiration for the complete man who is not beguiled by appearances. It is good to see him taking his reputable pathway through the world; he walks erect therein, deviating neither to the right hand nor to the left. How fascinating a figure is Goethe, the type of the many-sided, well-poised citizen! — one so healthy in mind that when a Napoleon crosses his path he can regard him coolly as an historic phenomenon. He will not disturb his good digestion, and the serene contemplation of mortal affairs which comes of it, by taking up arms, like the lesser German poets and hot-headed students who rush to the fray like passionate animals. This master of life knows too much to concentrate his interest upon any temporary or pass-

ing phase of being. It is obvious that cyclones and gales will not help him; he anchors till they are past, and then steers right onward, his sails filled by a steady wind.

"Such men," we are tempted to say, "are our appointed leaders: their judgments are broader and more just than those of their humbler brethren; they should hold a fatherly and protective office in society; we must accept them as arbiters, and rejoice in their well-considered directorship. Surely, if our social progress is to continue, these men must increase!"

Nevertheless, they do not increase. Universal education and facilities for influencing thought are thrusting into prominence many men who are hope-

lessly one-sided, — men who will accept nothing as proved, and who sting the established social order like hornets. And necessity, that mother of invention, has enriched our English speech with a word to distinguish them. We call them *cranks*, — one of those crisp monosyllables which are easier to understand than to explain. *Snob* was another of these useful creations; it entered the language somewhat earlier. Cranks come from all classes, and may be roughly defined as persons who have not the instinct of their order. They fail to take the prevailing tone of sentiment, which most of us catch as easily as we do the measles, — and often, perhaps, with consequences as regrettable.

One cause of the multiplication of the bright, aggressive crank is the great increase of specialism. Most men who are worth taking into account are specialists. But the average citizen will never allow for his specialism, and confess that his vision is distorted thereby. Only the superior minds have the wisdom to do this. It was Burke who lamented that the law invigorated the understanding at the expense of openness and liberality of mind. It was a greater than Burke who confessed that his spirit was subdued to what it worked in, and received a bias therefrom as real as the stain upon the hand of the dyer. But if these specialists of one hundred or three hundred years ago did well to acknowledge that their outlooks were contracted by their tasks, how much more must we recognize this contraction now, when our complex civilization drives every man into a specialism far more absorbing and narrowing than those known to our predecessors!

The specialist who makes no allowance for the "personal error," and avoids the company of those who might correct his mistakes, easily becomes a crank. Having discovered his panacea, he proceeds to create just the sort of world that will be healed by its applica-

tion. Prospects of vast and indefinite extent open before him. His pill or elixir is proclaimed a delightful substitute for natural processes of amelioration, each step of which must be guided by a painful intellectual effort. Grant him his somewhat doubtful premises, and he has logical machinery in splendid running order, that will grind you out a scheme insuring glorious exemption from evils now encompassing sentient beings.

Yet, criticise him as we may, the crank, when at his best, feeds that admiration for the heroic which is so fine an element in man. Your many-sided personage, unless he has supreme genius, is hopelessly commonplace. The most uninteresting character in Shakespeare is Horatio. He is the essence of right thinking; one whose blood and judgment are so well commingled that we long for a little more blood and a little less judgment. He is useful to keep up his end of the dialogue and as a drag upon the coach-wheel. It is Fortinbras, no nice calculator of chances, but a man of exuberant energy, ready to risk what is mortal and unsure even for an eggshell, who gratifies our imagination and carries the day.

A useful function of cranks is to try our beliefs by bringing them to the test of action. Scholars might have proved the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures to be untenable, but the mass of well-to-do Englishmen took no note of their researches. Not until the sect calling itself the Peculiar People undertook the anointing of their sick in the manner prescribed by the Apostle, and would hear of no other treatment, was this question of plenary inspiration discussed before the courts and in the *Times* newspaper. Then the busy shopkeepers were compelled to look into the matter, and to come to some conclusion. The sound and fury of the cranks who led the Chartist agitation in England, and the clamor of our own non-voting

Abolitionists, stirred easy-going men to revise their inherited opinions as nothing else could have done.

Yet it must be acknowledged that, in spite of his usefulness and his apparent heroism, the crank is not always to be respected. One cannot help believing that there is a variety of this gentry who are self-made cranks, — cranks because they want to be. They seek some social disproportion whereupon they can posture with effect. The pleasures of conformity are humdrum; non-conformity is piquant and startling. Such a man is not a crank from abundance of virtue, as he would have you believe, but rather because he feels his feebleness in the world of practical affairs and is soured thereby. If he pose as an advanced philanthropist, we suspect that his love of mankind has some side glances at personal profit. If facts be against him, he does not hesitate to invent them, and visits with arrogant abuse those who would expose his falsities. He is especially angry with those halting disciples who accept his scheme as something ultimately possible, and then humbly inquire what they are to do provisionally as a practical approximation to the distant good. If he be a rhetorician, he has no scruple in administering the electric shock of paradox, and seeks the levity of assent that may be caught by the sudden spring of a false analogy. No doubt this reckless shooter occasionally hits the mark. Pope describes the talking bird who berates the passers-by with epithets which well-conducted periodicals have ceased to print. But the poet confesses that, though sometimes struck with the extreme felicity of these characterizations, he had never been able to extend his admiration to the speaker whose entire stock in trade consisted of this very limited and abusive vocabulary.

The highest type of the incomplete man who to worldly eyes has something of the crank about him is he who for

a noble purpose voluntarily contracts his view. He is willing to sacrifice the geniality of wide culture to the trenchant zeal in a single direction which he feels can alone influence human conduct. Abuses can be dislodged only by continuity of attack. Having reached certain principles bearing upon the general welfare, the man of education will demonstrate them in an essay, and then, thinking that he at least has done his duty, will proceed to refresh his mind by passing to the consideration of other questions. For the iteration of one idea, its incessant presentation under different forms, however good for the community, is narrowing to the individual. It is a high conception of public duty which causes a man of large nature to accept this personal risk, to resign the intellectual balance and completeness he might otherwise attain.

There is a story of a visitor to an institution for those mentally afflicted, who was taken through the establishment by a gentleman by whom he was favored with much scientific discourse respecting the different irrationalities of its inmates. But having gained an attentive ear by his sound and interesting expositions, the guide could not resist seizing the moment of parting to deliver himself of sentiments which established his own right to a place among the unfortunates whose woful extravagances he had so well described. In like manner, the writer of this paper finds it impossible to forbear the opportunity of delivering himself of opinions which for the past thirty years he has advocated, and which, according to the judgment of those who ought to know, entitle him to a fair position in the brotherhood of cranks; for he has persuaded himself — though he has had indifferent success in persuading others — that the first practicable reform, which will initiate, if it does not include, all others, is a total change in our methods of taxing. The saying of Turgot, that the art of taxa-

tion is that of plucking the goose without making it cry, must be consigned to the limbo prepared for maxims about the divine right of kings and kindred absurdities. Encourage the democratic goose to cry vigorously, until he can be brought face to face with the fact that he is only a goose for making the clamor. Let our impostors give a maximum of education rather than a minimum of inconvenience: the teaching of circumstance, of environment, should supplement the weaker teaching of the schools. Direct taxation, falling lightly, but palpably, upon the necessities of the poor, and heavily upon the luxuries of the rich, is the object-lesson of which we stand in need. One may favor the initiating or fostering of certain industries, and yet hold that custom-houses are abominations. Whenever it is wise to give state assistance, it should take the form of a subsidy, that voters may know what they pay and see that it is well to pay it. Tax exemption, under general laws, is a most pernicious form of public money-giving; it is wasteful, demoralizing, and grossly unjust. The property which the citizen holds subject to taxation he should give subject to taxation; if he gives it with wisdom, let the State increase his benefaction so far as, from time to time, it shall appear expedient.

But this is not the place to make further utterances upon a subject concerning which the present writer has, upon fitting occasions, disburdened himself. Let us reach the conclusion of the whole matter by saying that the impracticable crank whose vision develops the sense of the ideal exercises an important function; we may choose our associates from much worse company. If we cannot wind up our affairs and set out on

a pilgrimage for Mr. Bellamy's celestial city, let us at least take our tickets for a way station, in the hope that upon arrival we may find it possible to continue our journey to the end of the line. If the pliant men who serve parties and corporations possess the present, the enthusiasts hold the future. Their eccentricities of thought and action initiate valuable variations; they break through the little circle of conventional obligation, and point to duties lying outside of it. The picturesque leadership of great chiefs is no longer possible. Given our present opportunities of knowledge, or half knowledge, and the social advance must be the resultant of a thousand impacts which impel movement in different directions. The motor is no longer a single clear-sighted hero, but a congress of cranks.

Perhaps the happiest condition the modern man can attain is to acknowledge his one-sidedness, and then to accept it cheerfully. He who would take large views, without a large mind to put them in, is apt to be ineffective. Energy of action is in inverse ratio to the field of vision, and a pushing manliness is after all the supreme quality. It is good to be deceived as to the importance of our special variation from the normal standard. A little wider outlook leads our neighbor the philosopher to expend in irony upon the world the force that was given him to act upon it. Nature provides many twisted instruments for her orchestra, but if each plays his own lustily the result is harmony. Thus we come into effective contact with the universe; and, to the Power that grasps the whole in one collective act of consciousness, an honest acceptance of the distortions of our petty personalities may be the condition of their highest utility.

J. P. Quincy.



INSCRIPTION FOR A MEMORIAL BUST OF FIELDING.

HE looked on naked Nature unashamed,
 And saw the Sphinx, now bestial, now divine,
 In change and rechange; he nor praised nor blamed,
 But drew her as he saw with fearless line.
 Did he good service? God must judge, not we;
 Manly he was, and generous and sincere;
 English in all, of genius blithely free:
 Who loves a Man may see his image here.

James Russell Lowell.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORIOGRAPHY.

So long as the student occupies himself with political history only, he may fail to perceive the unity of Europe; he may think that each nation has followed its own course. But when he turns to pursue almost any branch of the history of civilization, and especially of the history of literature, he sees abundant evidences of a common European life, of a development proceeding contemporaneously by similar stages in the various countries. In the history of modern European historiography these are very plainly seen. The development is marked by a succession of phases, each of which, even if at first confined to one country, is rapidly propagated, and soon comes to be common to all Europe. Peculiarities of national character and situation have indeed their effect, and there is almost always a close connection between the course of a nation's political history and the development of its historiography; but the main currents are European and general.

It is modern historical literature of which we are speaking. But the sequence of phases common to the historiography of all Europe does not begin with the Renaissance. It is seen with more or less clearness in the Middle Ages. First, in the dark ages, we

have the meagre annalists who followed Orosius and Eusebius; we have, in the various barbarian kingdoms, that set of able historians who, renouncing the attempt to write universal history, devoted themselves each to the story of his own nation. At a later period, the metrical chronicle arises in each country, and is in each country followed by the metrical romance of chivalry and the romancing prose history. The monastic reforms of the succeeding age give everywhere new life and vogue to the monastic annals; the thirteenth century, an age of great men and of strong intellectual fermentation, produces monastic historians, who everywhere carry mediæval historical literature to its high-water mark, so far as Latin chronicles are concerned. The thirteenth century saw the beginning, the fourteenth the culmination, of the first great era of vernacular historical writing in prose. Later came a universal tendency toward the compilation of great general chronicles, lifeless but widely popular, in which might be incorporated bodily all accessible historical information out of all preceding chronicles. Finally, the fifteenth century may in general be characterized as the age of the municipal chronicle.

Yet the period of the Renaissance was

very distinctly an epoch in the development of historiography. Many things joined to make it so. In the first place, the revival of letters brought forward the classical models of historical writing. Secondly, by its preoccupation with antiquity, it for the first time took the writers and readers of history out of the narrow circle of contemporary life and conditions, gave a standard of comparison between age and age, and thus made possible an objective view. These things, together with the general awakening of the European mind and that critical spirit which pervaded the Renaissance movement, induced a discrimination as to sources, a rational disposition of materials, a depth and freshness of thought, a care in respect to form, which were foreign to the mediæval historians, and were in fact the origins of modern methods. Moreover, the invention and use of printing made it for the first time possible to bring together a great number of books and to use them simultaneously; and this of course enlarged the scholar's opportunities of research and comparison far beyond those available in the age of manuscript chronicles. Again, since an insistence upon individual personality was one of the chief features of the Renaissance, it abounded in biographies and memoirs; and these, too, of a superior type to those which had preceded. Finally, certain political characteristics of the age contributed powerfully toward giving to historical science and literature a new turn. It was at once the age of the despots and the age of national consolidation. Able monarchs and brilliant courts gave helpful patronage. The type of politics peculiar to the Renaissance, unscrupulous and cynical, but clear sighted and subtle, did much to develop intelligence, insight, and profundity in historians. The consolidation of nations gave a powerful impulse to the study of national history, though at the same time the strong national feeling which accompanied the

movement imparted new strength and vitality to the fabulous legends with which the origin of each nation was surrounded.

First among the historical movements thus stimulated came that of the humanists. The vivid and continuous presence of the traditions of Rome, the prosperity and power of the Italian republics, made it natural that historical studies should first revive in Italy. What is more remarkable is the manner of their propagation thence. If one turns to almost any country in Europe, he finds the list of its modern historians headed by the name of some Italian scholar, who brought into the country of his adoption or sojourn the more developed literary ideals of his native land. In Germany it is the Emperor Frederick's secretary, the learned, versatile, and acute Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterward Pope Pius II.; in Hungary it is Antonio Bonfini; in Spain, Peter Martyr of Anghiera and Lucio Marineo; in France, Paolo Emili; in England, Polydore Vergil, the friend of Erasmus.

It has been suggested that, in the change which politics had undergone, the old-fashioned native chroniclers, accustomed to record external events, — wars, rebellions, and the like, — found themselves puzzled by the new order of things, and unable to give satisfactory accounts of reigns marked mainly by events of another sort, or of kings politic, secret, and diplomatic. For penetrating into and describing the newer statecraft Italians were more apt. But it was not long before a similar dexterity in politics, and the literary effects of such dexterity, were developed in other nations. Thus arose the political historians of the Renaissance, the observant and thoughtful expounders of its intellectual but corrupt politics. Among these the foremost were Comines, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini. Machiavelli, applying profound insight to the problems of the growth and decay of states,

has earned the praise of having founded the scientific study of modern political history. Sir Thomas More's vivid and sagacious History of Richard III. is another example of the work of the political historians of the Renaissance, — work usually bearing upon contemporary history. At the same time, the geographical discoveries of the age were calling into existence, in Spain and Portugal, a brilliant school of historians of the Indies, mostly actors in the great scenes of discovery and conquest, or witnesses of them; and France was maintaining that preëminence in respect to memoirs which had already been acquired for it in the Middle Ages by Villehardouin and Joinville, and which it has retained ever since.

Doubtless our own century has been the greatest age of historical composition, both in respect to abundance of production and as regards the scientific quality of the average product. But it may fairly be argued that the period from 1550 to 1625 was the age of great historians. The public life of the time was exceptionally brilliant and vivid; and never since, unless in the period from 1815 to 1850, have so large a number of the chief historians been also men highly distinguished in public affairs. Probably there was a similar reason in both cases. Apparently, the Renaissance and the Reformation had much the same stimulating effect upon the historical activities of the succeeding generation which, as we shall see later, must be ascribed to the French Revolution. At all events, in England the two foremost historical books of the age — Lord Bacon's profound study of the reign of Henry VII. and Raleigh's noble fragment of a history of the world — were the work of two of its greatest statesmen. Fra Paolo Sarpi, the greatest of the historians of Italy, was the guiding statesman of Venice in her successful struggle against the papacy. Gerónimo de Zurita, the most conscientious

and reliable of historical writers, had had much experience in public affairs, and so had Ægidius Tschudi, the most eminent historian of Switzerland. The chief historians of France were two noted statesmen, Agrippa d'Aubigné and President de Thou. Few names in Europe were more famous either in public life or in the field of historical literature than that of Hugo Grotius. Sleidan had had considerable diplomatic experience. Nikolaus Istváni was at once the greatest historian and one of the greatest statesmen of Hungary.

Contact with affairs, in influential positions, had given to all these writers an insight and a sagacity in the treatment of political history which go far to explain the eminence of this particular period. Another element in its greatness was contributed by the labors of the official historiographers, now at their best. Their office had for some time been in existence. Monarchs, cities, civil and religious bodies, had their historiographers. The office of historiographer royal had in most cases been called into existence by the movement toward royal aggrandizement and national consolidation which marked the fifteenth century. Sometimes it was united with the office of royal librarian; sometimes, as in Portugal, with that of keeper of the royal archives. Frequently the work of the historiographers was purely antiquarian, or consisted simply in collection and compilation; but in not a few cases they were historians of the highest order of merit,

It is easier to speak of the great historical writers of an age individually than to describe its contribution to the growth of historical science, which advances by the slow and gradual diffusion of juster ideals and more refined methods. The structure of the science has been built up by the labors of quarrymen and masons, as well as of architects. Antiquaries and collectors having preceded, pioneer work in the early

history of national institutions was begun. Often it was done with what seems to us absurd ignorance of the actual conditions of primitive sociology, and with entire failure to imagine any environment differing from that of the writer. Yet it was accomplished with so much industrious research, learning, and accuracy that the advancement of the science was maintained. The studies of chronology and of historical geography were actively pursued. A remarkable group of Protestant or Gallican lawyers in France, of the party of the *politiques*, began the scientific study of French antiquities, of the philosophy of history, and of critical methods. Spelman and Selden followed them in England.

One of the chief tasks lying before the growing science of historical criticism was to clear away those legends of fabulous antiquity with which each nation had invested the story of its origin. Ocampo related the deeds of an uninterrupted succession of Spanish kings from Tubal, grandson of Noah. The annals of Portugal began with the Trojan War. Milton commences his history of Britain with the giant Albion and Brutus of Troy, with the stories of Lochrine and Hudibras and Lear and Lud, "wherto," he says, "I neither oblige the belief of other person, nor over-hastily subscribe mine own." The Four Masters, surpassing all these, began their annals of Ireland at forty days before the Deluge. Higher claims of antiquity seem scarcely possible; yet, in the time of Sweden's greatest glory, Olof Rudbeck argued that Paradise had been located in that country, and a certain church history insisted that Adam was bishop in the little Swedish town of Kälkstad! So firmly did such fables possess the general mind, and so intimately did they seem connected with the national glory, that great credit belongs to the historians who first ventured to attack them. Their task was a difficult one; old Johan

van der Does, who had been the heroic commander of Leyden during its famous siege, and afterward undertook to clear away the misty legends of the origins of Holland, probably found that it required as much obstinate courage to attack his countrymen's historical fables as to defend their cities.

The violent religious and political contests of the time had much influence in quickening historical production. The Reformation excited great interest in the history of the Church. Luther always expressed the highest opinion of the value of history. "To despise such writings and the remembrance of histories and their order is," he said, "not only a coarse Tartaric and Cyclopean barbarism, but also a devilish senselessness, whereby the Devil would more and more extinguish the right knowledge of God." Melancthon, "the teacher of all Germany," performed for history services of inestimable value. Most of the work done under these impulses had indeed a partisan purpose; yet the research of the Magdeburg Centuriators on the one side, or of Baronius on the other, was immensely fruitful, however far from disinterested. Early Protestantism was also serviceable by furthering the growth of vernacular literature and the consequent popularization of history. Especially was this true in some of the less advanced countries of Europe, which before the Reformation had had little or no vernacular literature. Kaspar Heltai in Hungary, Martin Bielski in Poland, Christian Pederesen in Denmark, did pioneer work of the utmost importance. Their Catholic countrymen, meantime, adhered to Latin.

The political conflicts of the period had similar effects, if we except those contests which resulted in national exhaustion, such as the Thirty Years' War, with which the period ends. In England and France, in Germany and the Netherlands, the burning questions of

the age were largely those of constitutional law. Parties eagerly appealed to history and legal antiquities for the solution of such questions, much as when, in the time of the barons' opposition to King John, Stephen Langton sought out and produced in the memorable meeting at St. Paul's the antique charter of Henry I. The school of legal antiquaries and historians of French and English institutions, already alluded to, had here one of its chief origins. In the Netherlands, the constitutional and religious struggle with Spain and the attainment of national unity called forth a burst of national feeling and brilliant ambition that showed itself in a great development, not only of painting and poetry, but of philological and historical studies. It is a significant fact that in the southern provinces, declining in prosperity and remaining subject to the repressive despotism of Spain, it was the early and remote periods of the national history to which historians turned, while in the United Netherlands, prosperous and free, they devoted themselves much more often to the recent glories of the war for independence.

If the period from about 1550 to about 1625 was emphatically an age of great historians, the second half of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth formed the classical period of memoir-writing. It was not completely a European movement; few memoirs were written in Germany, for instance. It was strongest in France, and next strongest in England. Clarendon and Whitelocke and Burnet stood foremost in the latter country; France produced, among a host of others, the admirable memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, of La Rochefoucauld, of "Mademoiselle," and of Saint-Simon. In general histories, and particularly in political histories, the age of Louis XIV., with all its brilliancy, was not fertile. When we are told that honest Mézeray was absolutely deprived of his salary as his-

toriographer royal because he would not expunge certain statements respecting taxation from one of his books, we see one reason why it was not.

Few things, indeed, are made more clear by the study of the development of history than that it cannot produce its best fruits in the atmosphere of despotism. Not only are there individual instances of suppression, by author or by censor, as when Grafton, in treating of John's reign, with timid subservience omitted all mention of Magna Charta, or as when the Austrian censors outrageously mutilated the text of Palacky's great work; the whole atmosphere of free government is stimulative to historical work, while that of despotism is full of discouragement. A curious piece of statistical evidence for such a proposition is furnished by Switzerland. An industrious antiquary, who has constructed a catalogue of 1313 Swiss writers upon Swiss history, notes the fact that, next after the three chief cities which have, naturally, been the three chief centres of civilization in Switzerland, the greatest abundance of historical work has proceeded from those cantons or districts in which from of old a free communal life existed, as for instance around the Lake of the Four Cantons or in the Grisons. On the other hand, in those towns and cantons which had a government of a military and aristocratic character, such as Bern, there was much less tendency toward historical studies; and production has been at a minimum in those parts of Switzerland which, before 1798, were subject lands to other cantons, such as were Thurgau and Ticino.

The writing of memoirs was not the only, indeed not the chief, distinguishing characteristic of these years. The publication of documents bearing upon contemporary history, as in the collections of Rushworth and Aitzema, had an important place; and Pufendorf, in his two Commentaries, endeavored to

inaugurate a profounder and more scientific use of them. There were also more general signs of advance, such as the abandonment of the practice of dividing universal history into the history of the four great monarchies. Such a scheme of division did not spring from independent scientific considerations, but rested on assumptions borrowed from without. Its abandonment in favor of the division into ancient, mediæval, and modern history indicated an important step in advance. This was likewise the age of the founding of historical jurisprudence, by Hermann Conring in Germany, and by Gravina in Italy, where also Vico, with profound insight, was laying a new foundation for the philosophy of history. Classical philology stood high, especially in the Netherlands, and a few bold scholars began that destructive criticism of the early Roman history which reached its maturity in Niebuhr.

But above all else, this period, or, more exactly, the period from about 1650 to about 1750, is to be characterized as the age of erudition. All over Europe scholars devoted themselves to the laborious search for additional materials, to the erudite labors of investigation and criticism, and to the publication of chronicles and documents. Enormous additions were made to the sum of accessible knowledge respecting history. Giants of erudition sprang up almost simultaneously in all countries. It was as if all Europe had joined in an effort to provide materials in advance for a coming period of scientific historical work. The age had not the boldness, originality, and fire which marked the sixteenth century, but in scholarship, as in the political world, there was a gain in orderliness and method; a gain, by consequence, in laboriousness and in criticism.

Much of the impulse toward such work came from the Church, and especially from the regular clergy in

France and Belgium. One of the results of the Catholic counter-reformation had been the reform of the monastic orders, of which an important element had been the revival of monastic studies. The religious houses preserved great accumulations of manuscripts. The monastic principles of humility and obedience placed the services of all at the disposal of the gifted few, and made those few willing to labor, year after year, at tasks which could be finished only by the toil of successive generations. Great numbers of historical works, some of them prodigious in extent, were produced in peaceful seclusion by scholars thus devoted, laboring patiently and self-forgetfully for the glory of God and of their order. The Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum* was begun, that stupendous work which, at the end of two centuries and a half of almost continuous labor, is still far from completion. Numerous editions of the writings of the fathers, works upon palæography, vast collections of chronicles, of saints' lives, of charters and documents, ponderous works of antiquities, histories of religious houses and bodies, provincial histories, chronologies, and great repositories of miscellaneous mediæval literature proceeded from other similar companies, and especially from the Benedictines of the congregation of St. Maur.

From France and the Spanish Netherlands the zeal for collection and erudite publication spread to other countries. In Germany, Leibnitz eagerly advocated such work, and set examples of it in two great collections. On the model of one of these, Thomas Rymer compiled his *Fœdera*. Strype and Tanner, Birch and Carte, were of the same school. Muratori, the greatest of Italian historical scholars, with Mansi and Tiraboschi, did for Italy what the Benedictines of St. Maur had done or were doing for France. Even in Iceland, in Denmark, in Hungary, and in Russia

(now just entering the circle of Occidental historical work), one finds the same school prevailing. We may even say that it crossed the Atlantic to our own shores; for the Rev. Thomas Prince, of Boston, and the Rev. William Stith, of Virginia, are almost typical examples of the school.

Closely connected with the general tendency to labors of erudition were the establishment and work of learned academies, — another phase common to various countries. Between 1699 and 1726, the academies of Berlin and St. Petersburg came into existence, and the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres began its publications. Between 1719 and 1745, the Royal Academy of Portuguese History, the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and the Royal Society of History and Danish Language at Copenhagen were founded. All these were of course devoted to learned publication. The bent of the times in this direction is curiously shown in the remark of the Leipzig *Acta Eruditorum* upon Mascou's masterly *Teutsche Geschichte*, — that it was so good that one might wish it had been written in Latin!

Enormous as was the labor bestowed in collecting and editing historical materials during this period, in respect to the composition of histories it takes but a low rank. Dr. Johnson's open contempt for history, Sir Robert Walpole's scornful rejection of it, were not unjustified. The histories current in their time were mostly dull and unprofitable. It seems at first somewhat surprising that this should have been the case, for in literature generally the period, including as it did the age of Louis XIV. and the age of Queen Anne, was one of exceptional and famous brilliancy, — and this as well in prose as in poetry; indeed, to the minds of our time, with more especial success in prose than in poetry.

But, while the pursuit of history has many motives, the main incentive to it

is, after all, the desire to utilize the experience of the past for the improvement of the present; and in the first half of the eighteenth century both the desire for present improvement and the conviction that the past could teach were at a minimum. Seldom has there been a time when the desire for social regeneration was more remote from the general mind, and when even the desire for minor improvements was so languid. Again, the age was singularly self-centred: indisposed to believe that there was anything it could learn from preceding ages; inclined to regard them as barbarous, as in every way manifestly surpassed. It is an interesting sign of this preoccupation with existing conditions that the romance, chivalric or other, was at just about this time supplanted, as the main imaginative reading of Europe, by the novel of contemporary manners.

The change from this indifferent attitude was swift in arriving, and was of momentous consequence. It involved nothing less than a revolution in the methods of historical writing, the inauguration of that scientific study of the development of humanity and of civilization which has been the characteristic note of all subsequent schools of any considerable importance. In all the development of historiography, from Herodotus and Thucydides down, there had been no transition so important as that which was thus effected by the advent of the sociological school. The philosophical impulse toward its creation came in part from Scotland, but its fundamental ideas were much more fully and effectively stated in France, where deep and increasing hatred of existing institutions was inducing a new interest in the study of the past, and a new catholicity in respect to other times and nations. The humanitarianism and rationalism of the age cooperated with this cosmopolitan spirit to stimulate studies of general history and of the

history of civilization. Before the first half of the century had ended, Montesquieu had made his fruitful attempt to exhibit the relation of human laws to the laws of nature and the arrangements of the social environment. Then, Turgot, in his second address before the Sorbonne, went a step farther, not only recognizing the operation of law in the institutions and movements of human society, but discerning in history an ordered movement of growth and advance among societies, with regular laws of development. Finally, Voltaire, in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, did inestimable service by showing the world, with inimitable literary skill, that laws, institutions, arts, and manners, and not kings, courts, and wars, should be made the chief concern of history; that history needed to be looked at with enlarged view, from the point of view of social generalization.

The fundamental ideas of the school were expounded by the writers of France; their practical application was mostly the work of other nations. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon imparted new life to historical writing in England, giving practical demonstration of the utility of general ideas to history. A little earlier, Denmark had her Hume (as well as her Molière and her Swift) in Ludwig Holberg. Mascou and Büнау in Germany belonged to the same general class. The foundation of the scientific study of statistics was evidently part of this same movement. With Mosheim the wider ideas of the eighteenth century began to penetrate church history; and Johannes von Müller, whom the general voice pronounced to be the greatest of the German historians in the last years of the century, named Montesquieu and Voltaire as two of the three men who had chiefly influenced his historical thought.

With Johannes von Müller, however, we come within the verge of another climate of historical ideas. He was the

herald of the romantic movement in historical work. The earlier expressions of that movement, in the knightly drama and romance of the Sturm und Drang period, though they often fixed false conceptions of mediæval life in the popular mind, were beneficial in so far as they excited greater interest in mediæval history. The current of thought thus started came violently into collision with that conviction of the uselessness of history, that ardent desire to return to nature and govern human life without regard to the abhorred and despised past, which animated the partisans of the Revolution. The Middle Ages were regarded by them with peculiar hostility, as the source of all those privileges and inequalities, those political and religious superstitions and trammels, which it was their especial aim to remove. Wherever the Revolution prevailed, the learned mediæval work of the academies and the monastic establishments was rudely broken up, and the revulsion against history had full sway. But with the outward fall of the Revolution the competing tendency took new life. An appreciative, and indeed over-enthusiastic, study of the Middle Ages began. From it, and from the remarkable development of classical philology among the generation of German scholars just preceding, came the rise of modern Teutonic philology, with its wide-reaching effects upon historiography.

But it was not simply by finally inducing a reaction from its unhistorical attitude that the Revolution was of service to the progress of historical studies. It seemed to have cut at one blow a great abyss between old Europe and new, which made it possible to judge the past with a greater sense of distance, with more impartiality, with a truer perspective. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new. Moreover, in the period succeeding 1815, the strong desire in the political world to do everything that could be done to

strengthen legitimate monarchy was an incitement to the examination of all the old institutions and forms of social life by which it had been surrounded. Of still more importance, however, was the improvement brought to historical studies, in respect to depth and thoughtfulness and insight, by the experiences through which the generation had passed. Almost all political speculation, almost all historical writing, since the French Revolution, have borne the impress of that tremendous event. The problems of human life in the present and the past seemed radically different to those before whose eyes had appeared revelations of popular forces so gigantic and so unsuspected underlying the surface of society. The volcanic upheaval which revealed those forces brought to light facts of collective human nature which could never again be ignored, and a deeper study of the phenomena of society in the present and in the past was an inevitable result. "Whenever," said Niebuhr, in that very age, "a historian is reviving past times, his interest in them and sympathy with them will be the deeper the greater the events he has witnessed with a bleeding or a rejoicing heart." The post-Napoleonic generation had had in a peculiar degree this stimulus to the deepening and broadening of historical work. The result was a great activity in historical studies, and new and profounder conceptions of what historical studies should be.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the period from 1815 to 1848 should have been one of the most brilliant in the annals of historiography. Yet we should hardly be prepared to expect the instant production of so remarkable a crop of historians as at once sprang up in France. Seven great French historians, on the whole the greatest of the century, if living ones be left out of the account,—Guizot, the two Thierrys, Mignet, Thiers, Michelet, and Lamartine,—were all born in

the eleven years from 1787 to 1798, and Comte in the latter year. Born thus in the time of the Revolution, their earliest recollections were either of its events, or of the Empire and its tremendous struggle against allied Europe. One or two of them—Augustin Thierry, for example—derived their impulse toward historical studies from the romantic school, to whose influence the revival of Anglo-Saxon studies in England was largely owing, and to which the great historians of Norway, Sweden, and Russia belonged completely. But a much more general characteristic of the period, both in France and elsewhere, is that nearly all of them were, in a more or less important degree, engaged in public life. Here the experience of the sixteenth century was repeated. In both cases an age of great events gave rise to a remarkable activity in historical work; and in both cases those most conspicuous in performing that work were also men conspicuous in political affairs. There is obviously another connection here than that of mere coincidence. The events of the French Revolution, as of the Reformation, had been such as to force historical studies upon minds of the very highest class, upon the very directors of national life.

The part which Guizot, Thiers, and Lamartine played in public life is familiar; and Mignet and Amédée Thierry were not without political influence and administrative experience. But in other countries a similar generalization holds true. A closer connection subsisted between the political and the historical careers in England at this time than has been seen before or since; few Englishmen were more deeply engaged in public affairs than Mackintosh, James Mill, Macaulay, and Grote. Herculano and Lafuente, the chief historians of the two nations of the Peninsula, had a similar prominence in their countries, Van der Palm in the Netherlands, Lelewel and Palacky in the politics of Poland and

Bohemia. The long political experience of Niebuhr contributed no small part to the wonderful endowment with which he approached the task of examining the development of the Roman nation; and the constitutional conflict in Hungary was fought out in historical writings by some of the same men who afterward directed the struggle in arms or the departments of the revolutionary government.

Accompanying all this literary activity of great historians was a general scientific activity not less remarkable. A striking sign of such a movement was the multiplication of historical societies during this period, — societies organized by private means, not founded by the munificence of princes, as the academies of a hundred years before had been. For instance, in Great Britain, we have, in the thirty years from 1812 to 1842, the foundation of nearly a dozen important societies devoted to publication wholly or largely historical. Within very nearly the same period falls the foundation of several French, German, and Italian societies; of the first general historical society for all Switzerland; of the chief Dutch historical society; of the Icelandic Literary Society; of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries; and of the principal Russian historical and antiquarian association.

The scientific activity of that generation has been maintained in those succeeding; has, indeed, been prodigiously increased, and has assumed the leading place in the historiography of recent years. Critical investigation is the most salient feature of the work of the present age. It has sometimes been said that its peculiar task has been the investigation of *origines*. But this is because it has been preëminently an age of historical criticism, and the origins of nations needed the application of criticism more urgently than any other part of their history. In this particular, the Germans have, as is familiar, been

the teachers of all Europe. The age of erudition, as we have called it, had been succeeded by a generation whose main interest was in the philosophical treatment of historical questions, and in the presentation of broad and general views. The time had come when men might resume the labors of pure scholarship with a far greater richness of thought. The awakening of German patriotism through the War of Liberation supplied the needed impulse. It aroused an unparalleled activity in national history; it established the *Monumenta*; it infused into the science of history so vigorous a life that it could henceforth assume a more independent attitude, — no longer ancillary to philology, or antiquities, or theology, or jurisprudence, or political science, but occupying rather a position central to them all. Before the period of the statesmen-historians formed by the Revolution had ended, the great German investigators had made ready, for the use of a new generation of historical workers, enormous amounts of new material and critical weapons of a constantly increasing strength and keenness; and their extraordinary wealth of learning and technical skill were employed with a thoroughly objective and scientific spirit.

It was because he possessed these gifts in a supreme degree that Ranke was, for more than a generation, recognized as the chief of German historians and historical scholars. When his first book appeared, in 1824, his breadth of view, sagacity, and unprecedented command over the resources of his art made an immediate impression, which his subsequent works, prepared with completer materials from archives, only deepened. Moreover, he was emphatically the founder of a school, nearly all of the older historical scholars of Germany who are at all distinguished having been pupils of his.

It is interesting to note, in view of the lines of influence we have suggested

in other cases, how great a number of the chief German historical works of the century appeared soon after the events of the year 1848. Since then the tendency has been toward more and more minute specialization; and the eminent general historians of the present time are mostly to be found among the older scholars. There are suspicions that devotion to minute criticism has been somewhat overdone. But the influence of German scholarship upon historical work in other lands has been highly beneficial. In France it has created a school of able and thorough students of institutions, who have been doing much to redeem French historical work from the charge of superficiality. At the same time, improvements in the organization of superior instruction have made it possible for historical scholars to receive adequate special training where their predecessors were mostly self-taught.

The new German scholarship may roughly be said to have come into England with Kemble. Carlyle, who introduced so much of German thought into England, would none of this. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable how entirely averse to the growing scientific tendency were the two most popular historians of that generation, Carlyle and Macaulay. Carlyle despised it; Macaulay's mind, powerful but not profound, was insensible to its value. The historical labors of the present generation in England owe little to these two historians. They are far more indebted to those who have built up the science of sociology and the group of comparative sciences which have become so prominent during the nineteenth century. Broader and deeper views of collective human life have been derived from the work of Darwin and Comte and Spencer, and from the advance of comparative philology, political economy, the comparative study of religions, and comparative jurisprudence. The last two

have within the past thirty years thrown a flood of new light upon human history, and their writings may perhaps be said to have been, with the general opening of archives and the increased volume of governmental publication, the most potent causes of the recent expansion of historical work.

One of the most interesting elements in the development of historical work during the present century has been the activity shown by European governments (not, alas, by that of the United States) in fostering it. The tendency has, like so many others which we have successively noted, shown itself in all parts of Europe at once. England has spent great sums of money upon the publications of the old Record Commission and the two series directed by the Master of the Rolls; France, upon the enterprises inaugurated by M. Guizot; Germany, upon the *Monumenta*. Indeed, it has been for the interest of governments to do so; for historical work, vividly recalling the glories of the past, has often contributed immensely to the quickening of national patriotism. After 1848 the Prussian government ardently favored historical studies, and found its account in doing so. The patriotic party in Italy used them as a means toward awakening national sentiment. With wise enthusiasm they turned to the historical study of Dante, in which all could unite, and which brought into prominence a life filled with ideas and purposes and hopes embracing all Italy. The governments of minor nationalities, the preservation of whose independence depends upon the ardency of national feeling, have been especially active in such assistance. The government of the new kingdom of the Netherlands began such work at once after 1815; that of Belgium, at once after 1830. It seems not unfair to say that the governments of the Netherlands and Belgium and Sweden and Portugal, and even Roumania, have done more for history, in

proportion, than those of more important nations. The great weight which considerations of nationality have in the present politics of Europe, and which

has been increasing throughout the century, is in no small degree due to such historical efforts of states and individuals.

J. F. Jameson.

A. SON OF SPAIN.

MORE than a century ago, one of the great Spanish galleons, sailing from the Philippines to Mexico, was blown out of her course, and, while skirting the coast of Alta California, ran on a sunken rock. A brown stallion, belonging to a wealthy Spanish general, broke from his stall the moment the vessel struck, sprang into the breakers, and swam ashore. After the galleon was got off and repaired, a boat's crew was sent to recover the wild and beautiful creature; but he had climbed the high cliffs, and, rejoicing in his new freedom, was not to be approached. In the afternoon, as the galleon sailed away, the horse ran down to the beach from the mountains, and stood there, watching it out of sight. Then he went back to his wilderness, his leagues of wild oats, and his mountain springs.

In a few months, the herdsmen of Paso Robles, twenty-five miles inland, on the head waters of the Salinas, began to tell stories of a wonderful horse that led a band of strays from the Mission herds. No mustang in all the land could compare with him for beauty and swiftness. He was not large, but finely built; he had rare fire and courage; he was dark brown, with a white crescent in the forehead; for months no one knew whence he had come. At last, a traveler from San Juan Capistrano, far south on the San Diego coast, told the simple Paso Robles folk of the great galleon that had sailed into San Diego Bay for repairs, whose captain had said that not for a silver crucifix would he

have lost the best horse ever bred in the stables of the viceroy of the Philippines.

As the tradition further runs, one of the Spanish padres of San Miguel, who had been a soldier in his youth, happened to be crossing the Nacimiento, and saw the famous horse on the cliff, looking down. The priest gazed at the wild creature, and his eyes glowed, as he said, "He is a son of old Spain; he is of the best blood of the Moors."

It was 1869, almost a hundred years after the escape of the brave brown horse, that a young man from northern California, named Van Dyke, was teaching school in San Luis Obispo, near the coast. An American rancher, John Hardy, owned several hundred mustangs, which were considered worth five or ten dollars apiece. But he had a grand saddle horse, a dark brown animal, with very soft, silky hair, small, fine head, large, dark eyes, sloping hips and shoulders, and broad, deep chest, — a horse that was in every way striking and full of power. Van Dyke, who loved a good horse, lost no time in asking Hardy about his *El Rey*.

"He is," said Hardy, "of a different breed from the mustangs. He comes, they say, from some Spanish officer's horse that got ashore from a ship, in the old Mission days. There are two or three such horses in these hills, but they are hard to find. If a Mexican gets hold of one, he never parts with it, for love or money."

"Then I want another *El Rey*," was Van Dyke's reply.

"There 's an old Missourian back in the hills, who has a band of mustangs that he bought from an estate that was being settled a few years ago. I have heard there is a half-brother of El Rey in that band. You might go and see ; perhaps you can buy him, bring him to the coast, and get him broken to the saddle. There 's no such horse anywhere else."

Van Dyke found the Missourian, and opened negotiations. Yes, he had horses, if anybody wanted one. Some he would not sell for less than fifty dollars, but most of them were only or'nary, — say five-dollar mustangs. His usual way was to give a man his pick for ten dollars ; but bein' as Van Dyke was a school-teacher, and liable to have his pockets full of money, he would have to pay fifteen.

The bargain was made, with some collateral agreements, and the money was paid down. It was agreed that the mustangs, about six hundred in number, were to be driven into the large corral. Van Dyke and the Missourian were to stand outside, on the stump of a white oak. A Mexican vaquero sat on a mustang inside the corral, ready to throw his lasso over the horse pointed out by Van Dyke. If the man missed, or caught the wrong horse, Van Dyke was to go into the corral and point out his choice again ; and if he changed it his money was to be forfeited.

The animals, three fourths of them as unbroken as when they were foaled, came tearing down the gullies, crashing through the scrub oak and second growth of pine, and into the open pasture lands. Once or twice they again escaped to the hills ; but in an hour they were forced to the entrance in the long, high fences that converged at the gate of the corral, and after that they were thrust rapidly forward by the vaqueros. It became evident to Van Dyke that his only choice was to be a snap shot at long range.

The horses began to enter on a wild

gallop, somewhat checked by the gate. They were of all colors, — "pintos," whites, creams, yellows, bays, blacks, and dozens of browns. Away down the moving mass, Van Dyke watched the tossing heads and flowing manes, rolling up like the waves of a sea. The old Missourian stood beside him, with a grim smile on his heavy face.

"Ef you don't get a better horse than the last fellow did, you 'll do some swearing," he remarked. "But it 's all a gamble. Ef you get my best colt, it 's all right."

Several minutes passed in silence, as the horses tore past, four or five abreast. Then the band broke, and half of them, headed by a tall, fierce colt, whose long mane flew high in the air, made a desperate endeavor to break the cordon of vaqueros. Some of the horses leaped in the air, and tried to take the high fences of oak and pine logs ; but at last they were headed once more for the corral. It was a fortunate break, for Van Dyke had his eyes on the leader. Again the torrent rolled past, and leading it, with wild eyes, flaming nostrils, head thrown high in the air, the very counterpart of El Rey came thundering down the open track.

"There !" cried Van Dyke, suddenly, to the Mexican. "Take that brown colt in the lead. That is my horse !"

The Mexican gave one look of surprise ; then his lasso whistled forth, but it fell harmlessly. The horse ran into the corral and mingled with the others. He moved about swiftly and wildly, trying the high corral with his shoulders. He left a tumult after him, like the foam track behind a ship. The old Missourian shook his head.

"Never knew that Mexican to miss a throw like that," he said. "Now find that horse again."

"You know the horse," replied Van Dyke. "Tell your man to go and bring him. You can see him from here, trying to break down your corral."

"That's a fact; he's your horse. Here, Pedro, get us that wild brown horse you was tellin' me you wanted to buy. This fellow has picked him out. I'll give you another one."

The Mexican's face was without expression, as he rode slowly into the corral and lassoed the horse. He drew him up to the gate, and sat there waiting while Van Dyke looked him over. It was the horse he had chosen, and one of the other vaqueros took him to Hardy's ranch that night, where Hardy himself brought out his best bottle of native California wine, "Cucumongo, vintage of 1827," and the colt was christened "El Cid."

In a short time El Cid became Van Dyke's daily companion. He was the brightest, bravest horse that ever a rider knew, and he had a sort of thrilling audacity that was at times magnificent. Hardy used to say, "That horse would fling himself into the ocean or against a stone wall, if you put him at it and he thought you expected him to go ahead."

Van Dyke would add that El Cid would often tear down the rails from a fence, one by one, with his teeth, until he could jump the fence; and once, when lost on the head waters of the Nacimiento, the horse helped his master break a way through the dense chaparral for half a mile to the river. He threw his whole weight into the tops, and tore them down, though he came out bruised and bleeding. Many a time master and horse slept on the hillside, the end of the long stake rope in Van Dyke's hand; El Cid grazing for a time, then creeping up and lying down beside him.

The horse began to be known along the Coast Range for fifty miles. Men came to see him, and asked what he was worth; they made offers for his use "just to run a few races with." Twice El Cid had beaten El Rey in a half-mile run on the beach, and El Rey had been

held to be the fastest horse from Cambria south to the Arroyo Grande. Hardy grumbled, "Make the distance five miles, and El Rey will come out ahead." But Van Dyke, though he thought he knew better, felt that El Cid ought not to be made to strain his utmost powers except on some worthlier issue.

Winter came, and Van Dyke, the school-teacher at the Summit, took another school, at Piedras Blancas, a little fishing village at the base of a high mountain projecting into the Pacific. It had rained for weeks, and all the streams were swollen, the roadways being overflowed in many places. One Friday afternoon, he had closed school, and started for the cabin where he lived, when Mr. Withrow, the Methodist minister, came hurriedly up the muddy footpath.

"The lighthouse keeper's wife is dying. She wants to see her eldest son, who is on his ranch at Estero Bay. The men all declare it is impossible to get through, but she says she will try to live till he comes, and she knows you can bring him. I think she wants to have her husband forgive her son before she dies. She says you know all the details."

"Yes," said Van Dyke, "I know all about it. I promised her that I would help when the time came. It is a very important matter, and her son must be brought. Twenty-five miles is a hard pull such weather, but El Cid can do it."

The school-teacher ran to the bars of the field and called El Cid from the hill pasture under the Monterey pines. For a week he had not been ridden, but he had had his daily grain and grooming, and was in perfect condition. He held up his head joyously to the bridle, and in a moment more horse and rider were off down the broken highway. The San Simeon River was over its banks; they had to swim for a hundred yards. The Toro was boiling; they landed half a mile below the crossing. At El Leon

Rocks there had been a landslide; they tore down the fences, and made their way across several marshes and fields to the stage-road again. At Cayucas, the sea had broken in across the bar and swept away the old ford; so here was a longer, more dangerous swim through rolling breakers. Between these places the road was torn up into chasms; but wherever it was possible El Cid went at a wild gallop.

Three hours from the time Van Dyke left Piedras Blancas, he rode up to the old adobe on Estero Bay, where the lighthouse keeper's son lived. Two hours counted for the distance; one hour for the river crossings. The young man saddled his best horse and started; but he could not cross the Cayucas till the next morning, and even then it took him six hours to reach Piedras. But he was in time, and the long gallop was not useless.

In a few weeks Van Dyke found that El Cid had become famous in that wild mountain land by the Pacific. The herdsmen along the Nacimiento told his story; the stage-drivers on the Cambria line pointed out the rocky ridges down which the horse had run at full speed, the deep adobe wallows through which he had plunged, and the flood marks on the banks of the Toro, San Simeon, and at Cayucas. The old legends about his ancestor, the "son of Spain," were revived, and repeated in camp and log-cabin, till the quicksilver-miners of Josephina, the bear-hunters of the Santa Lucias, and the bull-fighters of Paso Robles knew them by heart. Men said that El Cid was the image of the old horse of the legends, — the same in color and form, with the same white crescent, the same indomitable courage.

Van Dyke, when he returned to Piedras Blancas, seemed to be somewhat nervous about El Cid. His old friend, Hardy, had sold his farm and gone on a gold-mining expedition to Arizona, so there was no one to whom he could talk

freely. But his thoughts were continually of a Mexican he had seen three times, — always with the same sullen, brooding face: once when El Cid was caught; once as the horse, a little tired, but still full of fire, galloped up to the Cayucas adobe; and once, a month or two later, as he rode past the door of a little Mexican *fonda*, in a small town four or five miles from Piedras Blancas.

In fact, the feelings that all Mexicans alike showed when they saw El Cid surprised and troubled Van Dyke. Hardy had told him that the most curious part of the old tradition was the form it had at last taken among the Mexican herdsmen of the San Luis Obispo hills. The story went among them that the ancestor of El Cid was more than mortal; that he was seen swimming ashore, in the midst of the fiercest storm that ever broke along that coast; and that no one ever caught a glimpse of him except when the waves ran high and the winds were at their wildest.

Further, as Van Dyke discovered, a new legend was added to this. The Mexicans said that no harm could come from torrent, or quicksand, or sea to the man who rode a horse in whose veins that blood flowed. It was when El Cid carried Van Dyke so well through the breakers at Cayucas that the legend sprang into life, all over the mountain land for a hundred miles, from Sur to Gavilan. But the Mexicans had their own name for him, in all the stories. He was never El Cid to them, but always Hijo del Mar — the Son of the Sea.

Slowly filtering through many obstacles, like drops of water following secret channels to springs at the base of Shasta, dim warnings came to Van Dyke, as he began his last month of school. Never anything definite: now a vague rumor that Mexican horse-thieves from Chihuahua were in the San Luis mountains; now a story that a drunken Indian had been heard to say

that the "Son of the Sea" belonged by right to a Mexican.

Van Dyke built a log stable adjoining the end of the house where he boarded. Every night El Cid was locked up, and the key never left Van Dyke's possession. Three weeks passed, and his mind grew more easy. He would be able to finish his school term in peace, and return to his Northern home with his El Cid. The last school-day came, and the last night of his stay at Piedras Blancas. It was well towards midnight when Van Dyke was awakened by a light in the sky. The old man he boarded with shouted, "The school-house is afire!" The teacher sprang through the window, hoping to save at least the library and desks. Ten minutes later, while he toiled like a young giant in the burning building, he looked up, and high on the pine ridge, silhouetted against the sinking moon, he saw a man riding El Cid up the cañon of San

Simeon, towards the Paso Robles trail. A cry of wild, irrepressible joy came wafted back by the wind. It was the triumph of the Mexican.

Van Dyke knew how futile was the effort, but in half an hour three men, with the best horses in Piedras Blancas, were on the track. Once, as they began to descend a mountain ridge, they saw El Cid on the summit beyond the valley, two hours ahead, but they never lessened the distance. There were neither railroads nor telegraphs to intercept the Mexican in his course. He crossed the Coast Range into the San Joaquin, then one broad unfenced pasture; he climbed the Tehichipa Pass, and at that point a cloud-burst washed out the trail. He rode El Cid at last into the lands of the Mexican border outlaws, and there, as the story is told in San Luis, he became a mighty bandit chief, whose horse, Hijo del Mar, was known to fame from the Gulf of California to the Rio Grande.

Charles Howard Shinn.

THE DISASTERS OF 1780.

AFTER the surrender of Burgoyne, the military attitude of the British in the Northern States became, as we have seen,¹ purely defensive. Their efforts were almost exclusively directed toward maintaining their foothold, at first in the islands of New York and Rhode Island, afterward in New York alone, whence their ships could ascend the Hudson as far as the frowning crags which sentinel the entrance of the Highlands. Their offensive operations were restricted to a few plundering expeditions along the coast, well calculated to remind the worthy Connecticut farmers of the ubiquitousness of British power, and the vanity of hopes that might have been built upon the expectation of naval

aid from France. But while the war thus languished at the centre, while at the same time it sent forth waves of disturbance that reverberated all the way from the Mississippi River to the Baltic Sea, on the other hand the southernmost American States were the scene of continuous and vigorous fighting. Upon the reduction of the Carolinas and Georgia the king and Lord George Germaine had set their hearts. If the rebellion could not be broken at the centre, it was hoped that it might at least be frayed away at the edges; and should fortune so far smile upon the royal armies as to give them Virginia also, perhaps the campaigns against the wearied North might be renewed at some later time and under better auspices.

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1889, p. 221.

In this view there was much that was plausible. Events had shown that the ministry had clearly erred in striking the rebellion at its strongest point; it now seemed worth while to aim a blow where it was weakest. The people of New England were almost unanimous in their opposition to the king, and up to this time the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut in particular had done more to sustain the war than all the others put together. Georgia and the Carolinas, a thousand miles distant, might be regarded as beyond the reach of reinforcements from New England; and it might well be doubted whether they possessed the ability to defend themselves against a well-planned attack. Georgia was the weakest of the thirteen States, and bordered upon the British territory of Florida. In South Carolina the character of the population made it difficult to organize resistance. The citizens of Charleston, and the rich planters of English or Huguenot descent inhabiting the lowlands, were mostly ardent patriots, but they were outnumbered by their negro slaves; and the peculiar features of slavery in South Carolina made this a very embarrassing circumstance. The relations between master and slave were not friendly there, as they were in Virginia; and while the State had kept up a militia during the whole colonial period, this militia found plenty of employment in patrolling the slave quarters, in searching for hidden weapons, and in hunting fugitives. It was now correctly surmised that on the approach of an invading army the dread of negro insurrection, with all its nameless horrors, would paralyze the arm of the state militia. While the patriotic South Carolinians were thus handicapped in entering upon the contest, there were in the white population of the State many discordant elements. There were many Quakers and men of German ancestry who took little interest in politics, and were only too ready to submit to any

authority that would protect them in their ordinary pursuits. A strong contrast to the political apathy of these worthy men was to be found in the rugged population of the upland counties. Here the small farmers of Scotch-Irish descent were, every man of them, Whigs, burning with a patriotic ardor that partook of the nature of religious fanaticism; while, on the other hand, the Scotchmen who had come over since Culloden were mostly Tories, and had by no means as yet cast off that half-savage type of Highland character which we find so vividly portrayed in the *Waverley* novels. It was not strange that the firebrand of war, thrown among such combustible material, should have flamed forth with a glare of unwonted cruelty; nor was it strange that a commonwealth containing such incongruous elements, so imperfectly blended, should have been speedily, though but for a moment, overcome. The fit ground for wonder is that, in spite of such adverse circumstances, the State of South Carolina should have shown as much elastic strength as she did under the severest military stress which any American State was called upon to withstand during the Revolutionary War.

Since the defeat of the British fleet before Charleston, in June, 1776, the Southern States had been left unmolested until the autumn of 1778, when there was more or less frontier skirmishing between Georgia and Florida, — a slight premonitory symptom of the storm that was coming. The American forces in the Southern department were then commanded by General Robert Howe, who was one of the most distinguished patriots of North Carolina, but whose military capacity seems to have been slender. In the autumn of 1778 he had his headquarters at Savannah, for there was war on the frontier. Guerrilla parties, made up chiefly of vindictive loyalist refugees, but aided by a few British regulars from General Augustine Prevost's

force in Florida, invaded the rice plantations of Georgia, burning and murdering, and carrying off negroes, — not to set them free, but to sell them for their own benefit. As a counter-irritant, General Howe planned an expedition against St. Augustine, and advanced as far as St. Mary's River; but so many men were swept away by fever that he was obliged to retreat to Savannah. He had scarcely arrived there when 3500 British regulars from New York, under Colonel Campbell, landed in the neighborhood, and offered him battle. Though his own force numbered only 1200, of whom half were militia, Howe accepted the challenge, relying upon the protection of a great swamp which covered his flanks. But a path through the swamp was pointed out to the enemy by a negro, and the Americans, attacked in front and behind, were instantly routed. Some 500 prisoners were taken, and Savannah surrendered, with all its guns and stores; and this achievement cost the British but 24 men. A few days afterward, General Prevost advanced from Florida and captured Sunbury, with all its garrison, while Colonel Campbell captured Augusta. A proclamation was issued, offering protection to such of the inhabitants as would take up arms in behalf of the king's government, while all others were by implication outlawed. The ferocious temper of Lord George Germaine was plainly visible in this proclamation and in the proceedings that followed. A shameless and promiscuous plunder was begun. The captive soldiers were packed into prison-ships and treated with barbarity. The more timid people sought to save their property by taking sides with the enemy, while the bolder spirits sought refuge in the mountains; and thus General Prevost was enabled to write home that the State of Georgia was conquered.

At the request of the Southern delegates in Congress, General Howe had already been superseded by General Ben-

jamin Lincoln, who had won distinction through his management of the New England militia in the Saratoga campaign. When Lincoln arrived in Charleston, in December, 1778, an attempt was made to call out the lowland militia of South Carolina, but the dread of the slaves kept them from obeying the summons. North Carolina, however, sent 2000 men under Samuel Ashe, one of the most eminent of the Southern patriots; and with this force and 600 Continentals the new general watched the Savannah River and waited his chances. But North Carolina sent foes as well as friends to take part in the contest. A party of 700 loyalists from that State were marching across South Carolina to join the British garrison at Augusta, when they were suddenly attacked by Colonel Andrew Pickens with a small force of upland militia. In a sharp fight the Tories were routed, and half their number were taken prisoners. Indictments for treason were brought against many of these prisoners, and, after trial before a civil court, some seventy were found guilty, and five of them were hanged. The rashness of this step soon became apparent. The British had put in command of Augusta one Colonel Thomas Browne, a Tory, who had been tarred and feathered by his neighbors at the beginning of the war. As soon as Browne heard of these executions for treason, he forthwith hanged some of his Whig prisoners; and thus was begun a long series of stupid and cruel reprisals, which, as time went on, bore bitter fruit.

While these things were going on in the back country, the British on the coast attempted to capture Port Royal, but were defeated, with heavy loss, by General Moultrie. Lincoln now felt able to assume the offensive, and he sent General Ashe with 1500 men to threaten Augusta. At his approach the British abandoned the town, and retreated toward Savannah. Ashe pursued closely,

but at Briar Creek, on the 3d of March, 1779, the British turned upon him and routed him. The Americans lost 400 in killed and wounded, besides seven pieces of artillery and more than 1000 stand of arms. Less than 500 succeeded in making their way back to Lincoln's camp; and this victory cost the British but five men killed and eleven wounded. Augusta was at once retaken; the royal governor, Sir James Wright, was reinstated in office; and, in general, the machinery of government which had been in operation previous to 1776 was restored. Lincoln, however, was far from accepting the defeat as final. With the energetic coöperation of Governor Rutledge, to whom extraordinary powers were granted for the occasion, enough militia were got together to repair the losses suffered at Briar Creek; and in April, leaving Moultrie with 1000 men to guard the lower Savannah, Lincoln marched upon Augusta with the rest of his army, hoping to capture it, and give the legislature of Georgia a chance to assemble there, and destroy the moral effect of this apparent restoration of the royal government. But as soon as Lincoln had got out of the way, General Prevost crossed the Savannah with 3000 men and advanced upon Charleston, laying waste the country and driving Moultrie before him. It was a moment of terror and confusion. In General Prevost there was at last found a man after Lord George Germaine's own heart. His march was a scene of wanton vandalism. The houses of the wealthy planters were mercilessly sacked; their treasures of silver plate were loaded on carts and carried off; their mirrors and china were smashed, their family portraits cut to pieces, their gardens trampled out, their shade trees girdled and ruined; and as Prevost had a band of Cherokees with him, the horrors of the tomahawk and scalping-knife in some instances crowned the shameful work. The cabins of the slaves were burned. Cattle, horses, dogs,

and poultry, when not carried away, were slaughtered wholesale, and the destruction of food was so great that something like famine set in. More than a thousand negroes are said to have died of starvation.

In such wise did Prevost leisurely make his way toward Charleston; and reaching it on the 11th of May, he sent in a summons to surrender. A strangely interesting scene ensued. Events had occurred which had sorely perturbed the minds of the members of the state council. Pondering upon the best means of making the state militia available, Henry Laurens had hit upon the bold expedient of arming the most stalwart and courageous negroes, and marching them off to camp under the lead of white officers. Such a policy might be expected to improve the relations between whites and blacks by uniting them against a common danger, while the plantations would be to some extent relieved of an abiding source of dread. The plan was warmly approved by Laurens's son, who was an officer on Washington's staff, as well as by Alexander Hamilton, who further suggested that the blacks thus enrolled as militia should at the same time be given their freedom. Washington, on the other hand, feared that if the South Carolinians were to adopt such a policy the British would forestall them by offering better arms and equipments to the negroes, and thus mustering them against their masters. It was a game, he felt, at which two could play. The matter was earnestly discussed, and at last was brought before Congress, which approved of Laurens's plan, and recommended it to the consideration of the people of South Carolina; and it was just before the arrival of Prevost and his army that the younger Laurens reached Charleston with this message from Congress.

The advice was received in anything but a grateful spirit. For a century the State had maintained an armed patrol

to go about among the negro quarters and confiscate every pistol, gun, or knife that could be found, and now it was proposed that three or four thousand slaves should actually be furnished with muskets by the State! People were startled at the thought, and there might well be a great diversity of opinion as to the feasibility of so bold a measure at so critical a moment. To most persons it seemed like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Coming, too, at a moment when the State was in such desperate need of armed assistance from Congress, this advice was very irritating. The people naturally could not make due allowance for the difficulties under which Congress labored, and their wrath waxed hot. South Carolina seemed to be left in the lurch. Was it to join such a league as this that she had cast off allegiance to Great Britain? She had joined in the Declaration of Independence reluctantly, and from an honorable feeling of the desirableness of united action among the States. On that momentous day, of which it was not yet clear whether the result was to be the salvation or the ruin of America, her delegates had, with wise courtesy, changed their vote in deference to the opinions of the other States, in order that the American people might seem to be acting as a unit in so solemn a matter. And now that the State was invaded, her people robbed and insulted, and her chief city threatened, she was virtually bidden to shift for herself! Under the influence of such feelings as these, after a hot debate, the council, by a bare majority, decided to send a flag of truce to General Prevost, and to suggest that South Carolina should remain neutral until the end of the war, when it should be decided by treaty whether she should cast in her lot with Great Britain or with the United States. What might have come of this singular suggestion had it been seriously discussed we shall never know, for Prevost took no notice of

it whatever. He refused to exchange question and answer with a branch of the rebel government of South Carolina, but to Moultrie, as military commandant, he announced that his only terms were unconditional surrender. We can imagine how the gallant heart of Moultrie must have sunk within him at what he could not but call the dastardly action of the council, and how it must have leaped with honest joy at the British general's ultimatum. "Very good," said he simply; "we'll fight it out, then."

This incident is of striking interest as the only instance of an approach to flinching on the part of any American State during the whole course of the War for Independence. In citing the incident for its real historic interest, we must avoid the error of making too much of it. At this moment of sudden peril, indignation at the fancied neglect of Congress was joined to the natural unwillingness, on the part of the council, to incur the risk of giving up the property of their fellow-citizens to the tender mercies of such a buccaneer as Prevost had shown himself to be. But there is no sufficient reason for supposing that, had the matter gone farther, the suggestion of the council would have been adopted by the legislature or acquiesced in by the people of South Carolina.

On this occasion the danger vanished as suddenly as it came. Count Pulaski, with his legion, arrived from the Northern army, and Lincoln, as soon as he learned what was going on, retraced his steps, and presently attacked General Prevost. After an indecisive skirmish, the latter, judging his force inadequate for the work he had undertaken, retreated into Georgia, and nothing more was done till autumn. The military honors of the campaign, however, remained with the British; for by his march upon Charleston Prevost had prevented Lincoln from disturbing the British supremacy in Georgia, and besides this he had gained a foothold in South Carolina; when he

retreated, he left a garrison in Beaufort which Lincoln was unable to dislodge.

The French alliance, which thus far had been of so little direct military value, now appears again upon the scene. During the year which had elapsed since the futile Rhode Island campaign, the French fleet had been busy in the West Indies. Honors were easy, on the whole, between the two great maritime antagonists, but the French had so far the advantage that in August, 1779, D'Estaing was able once more to give some attention to his American friends. On the first day of September he appeared off the coast of Georgia with a powerful fleet of twenty-two ships-of-the-line and eleven frigates. Great hopes were now conceived by the Americans, and a plan was laid for the recapture of Savannah. By the 23d of the month the place was invested by the combined forces of Lincoln and D'Estaing, and for three weeks the siege was vigorously carried on by a regular system of approaches, while the works were diligently bombarded by the fleet. At length D'Estaing grew impatient. There was not sufficient harborage for his great ships, and the captains feared that they might be overtaken by the dangerous autumnal gales for which that coast is noted. To reduce the town by a regular siege would perhaps take several weeks more, and it was accordingly thought best to try to carry it by storm. On the 9th of October a terrific assault was made in full force. Some of the outworks were carried, and for a moment the stars-and-stripes and the fleurs-de-lis were planted on the redoubts; but British endurance and the strength of the position at last prevailed. The assailants were totally defeated, losing more than 1000 men, while the British, in their sheltered position, lost but 55. The gallant Pulaski was among the slain, and D'Estaing received two severe wounds. The French, who had borne the brunt of the fight, now embarked and stood out to sea, but

not in time to escape the October gale which they had been dreading. After weathering with difficulty a terrible storm, their fleet was divided; and while part returned to the West Indies, D'Estaing himself, with the remainder, crossed to France. Thus the second attempt at concerted action between French and Americans had met with much more disastrous failure than the first.

While these things were going on, Washington had hoped, and Clinton had feared, that D'Estaing might presently reach New York in such force as to turn the scale there against the British. As soon as he learned that the French fleet was out of the way, Sir Henry Clinton proceeded to carry out a plan which he had long had in contemplation. A year had now elapsed since the beginning of active operations in the South, and, although the British arms had been crowned with success, it was desirable to strike a still heavier blow. The capture of the chief Southern city was not only the next step in the plan of the campaign, but it was an object of especial desire to Sir Henry Clinton personally, for he had not forgotten the humiliating defeat at Fort Moultrie in 1776. He accordingly made things as snug as possible at the North, by finally withdrawing the garrisons from Rhode Island and the advanced posts on the Hudson. In this way, while leaving Knyphausen with a strong force in command of New York, he was enabled to embark 8000 men on transports, under convoy of five ships-of-the-line; and on the day after Christmas, 1779, he set sail for Savannah, taking Lord Cornwallis with him.

The voyage was a rough one. Some of the transports foundered, and some were captured by American privateers. Yet when Clinton arrived in Georgia, and united his forces to those of Prevost, the total amounted to more than 10,000 men. He ventured, however, to weaken the garrison of New York still more,

and sent back at once for 3000 men under command of the young Lord Rawdon, of the famous family of Hastings, — better known in after-years as Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings, and destined, like Cornwallis, to serve with great distinction as governor-general of India. The event fully justified Clinton's sagacity in taking this step. New York was quite safe for the present; for so urgent was the need for troops in South Carolina, and so great the difficulty of raising them, that Washington was obliged to detach from his army all the Virginia and North Carolina troops, and send them down to aid General Lincoln. With his army thus weakened, it was out of the question for Washington to attack New York.

Lincoln, on the other hand, after his reinforcements arrived, had an army of 7000 men with which to defend the threatened State of South Carolina. It was an inadequate force, and its commander, a thoroughly brave and estimable man, was far from possessing the rare sagacity which Washington displayed in baffling the schemes of the enemy. The government of South Carolina deemed the preservation of Charleston to be of the first importance, just as, in 1776, Congress had insisted upon the importance of keeping the city of New York. But we have seen how Washington, in that trying time, though he could not keep the city, never allowed himself to get his army into a position from which he could not withdraw it, and at last, through his sleepless vigilance, won all the honors of the campaign. In the defense of Charleston no such high sagacity was shown. Clinton advanced slowly overland, until on the 26th of February, 1780, he came in sight of the town. It had by that time become so apparent that his overwhelming superiority of force would enable him to encompass it on every side, that Lincoln should have evacuated the place without a moment's delay; and such was Wash-

ington's opinion as soon as he learned the facts. The loss of Charleston, however serious a blow, could in no case be so disastrous as the loss of the army. But Lincoln went on strengthening the fortifications, and gathering into the trap all the men and all the military resources he could find. For some weeks the connections with the country north of the Cooper River were kept open by two regiments of cavalry; but on the 14th of April these regiments were cut to pieces by Colonel Banastre Tarleton, the cavalry commander, who now first appeared on the scene upon which he was soon to become so famous. Five days later, the reinforcement under Lord Rawdon, arriving from New York, completed the investment of the doomed city. The ships entering the harbor did not attempt to batter down Fort Moultrie, but ran past it; and on the 6th of May this fortress, menaced by troops in the rear, surrendered.

The British army now held Charleston engirdled with a cordon of works on every side, and were ready to begin an assault which, with the disparity of forces in the case, could have but one possible issue. On the 12th of May, to avoid a wanton waste of life, the city was surrendered, and Lincoln and his whole army became prisoners of war. The Continental troops, some 3000 in number, were to be held as prisoners till regularly exchanged. The militia were allowed to return home on parole, and all the male citizens were reckoned as militia, and paroled likewise. The victorious Clinton at once sent expeditions to take possession of Camden and other strategic points in the interior of the State. One regiment of the Virginia line, under Colonel Buford, had not reached Charleston, and on hearing of the great catastrophe it retreated northward with all possible speed. But Tarleton gave chase as far as Waxhaws, near the North Carolina border, and there, overtaking Buford, cut his force

to pieces, slaying 113 and capturing the rest. Not a vestige of an American army was left in all South Carolina.

“We look on America as at our feet,” said Horace Walpole; and doubtless, after the capture of Fort Washington, this capture of Lincoln’s army at Charleston was the most considerable disaster which befell the American arms during the whole course of the war. It was of less critical importance than the affair of Fort Washington, as it occurred at what every one must admit to have been a less critical moment. The loss of Fort Washington, taken in connection with the misconduct of Charles Lee, came within a hair’s-breadth of wrecking the cause of American independence at the outset; and it put matters into so bad a shape that nothing short of Washington’s genius could have wrought victory out of them. The loss of South Carolina, in May, 1780, serious as it was, did not so obviously imperil the whole American cause. The blow did not come at quite so critical a time, or in quite so critical a place. The loss of South Carolina would not have dismembered the confederacy of States, and in course of time, with the American cause elsewhere successful, she might have been recovered. The blow was nevertheless very serious indeed, and, if all the consequences which Clinton contemplated had been achieved, it might have proved fatal. To crush a limb may sometimes be as dangerous as to stab the heart. For its temporary completeness, the overthrow may well have seemed greater than that of Fort Washington. The detachments which Clinton sent into the interior met with no resistance. Many of the inhabitants took the oath of allegiance to the Crown; others gave their parole not to serve against the British during the remainder of the war. Clinton issued a circular, inviting all well-disposed people to assemble and organize a loyal militia for the purpose of suppressing any future attempts at

rebellion. All who should again venture to take up arms against the king were to be dealt with as traitors, and their estates were to be confiscated; but to all who should now return to their allegiance a free pardon was offered for past offenses, except in the case of such people as had taken part in the hanging of Tories. Having struck this great blow, Sir Henry Clinton returned, in June, to New York, taking back with him the larger part of his force, but leaving Cornwallis with 5000 men to maintain and extend the conquests already made.

Just before starting, however, Sir Henry, in a too hopeful moment, issued another proclamation, which went far toward destroying the effect of his previous measures. This new proclamation required all the people of South Carolina to take an active part in reestablishing the royal government, under penalty of being dealt with as rebels and traitors. At the same time, all paroles were discharged except in the case of prisoners captured in ordinary warfare, and thus everybody was compelled to declare himself as favorable or hostile to the cause of the invaders. The British commander could hardly have taken a more injudicious step. Under the first proclamation, many of the people were led to comply with the British demands because they wished to avoid fighting altogether; under the second, a neutral attitude became impossible, and these lovers of peace and quiet, when they found themselves constrained to take an active part on one side or the other, naturally preferred to help their friends rather than their enemies. Thus the country soon showed itself restless under British rule, and this feeling was strengthened by the cruelties which, after Clinton’s departure, Cornwallis found himself quite unable to prevent. Officers endowed with civil and military powers combined were sent about the country in all directions, to make full lists of the inhabitants for the purpose of en-

rolling a loyalist militia. In the course of these unwelcome circuits many af-frays occurred, and instances were not rare in which people were murdered in cold blood. Debtors took occasion to accuse their creditors of want of loyalty, and the creditor was obliged to take the oath of allegiance before he could collect his dues. Many estates were confiscated, and the houses of such patriots as had sought refuge in the mountains were burned. Bands of armed men, whose aim was revenge or plunder, volunteered their services in preserving order, and, getting commissions, went about making disorder more hideous, and wreaking their evil will without let or hindrance. The loyalists, indeed, asserted that they behaved no worse than the Whigs when the latter got the upper hand, and in this there was much truth. Cornwallis, who was the most conscientious of men and very careful in his statements of fact, speaks, somewhat later, of "the shocking tortures and inhuman murders which are every day committed by the enemy, not only on those who have taken part with us, but on many who refuse to join them." There can be no doubt that Whigs and Tories were alike guilty of cruelty and injustice. But on the present occasion all this served to throw discredit on the British, as the party which controlled the country, and must be held responsible accordingly.

Organized resistance was impossible. The chief strategic points on the coast were Charleston, Beaufort, and Savannah; in the interior, Augusta was the gateway of Georgia, and the communications between this point and the wild mountains of North Carolina were dominated by a village known as "Ninety-Six," because it was just that number of miles distant from Keowee, the principal town of the Cherokees. Eighty miles to the northeast of Ninety-Six lay the still more important post of Camden, in which centred all the principal inland roads by which South Carolina could be

reached from the North. All these strategic points were held in force by the British, and save by help from without there seemed to be no hope of releasing the State from their iron grasp. Among the patriotic Whigs, however, there were still some stout hearts that did not despair. Retiring to the dense woods, the tangled swamps, or the steep mountain defiles, these sagacious and resolute men kept up a romantic partisan warfare, full of midnight marches, sudden surprises, and desperate hand-to-hand combats. Foremost among these partisan commanders, for enterprise and skill, were James Williams, Andrew Pickens, Thomas Sumter, and Francis Marion.

Of all the picturesque characters of our Revolutionary period, there is perhaps no one who, in the memory of the people, is so closely associated with romantic adventure as Francis Marion. He belonged to that gallant race of men of whose services France had been forever deprived when Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes. His father had been a planter near Georgetown, on the coast, and the son, while following the same occupation, had been called off to the western frontier by the Cherokee war of 1759, in the course of which he had made himself an adept in woodland strategy. He was now forty-seven years old, a man of few words and modest demeanor, small in stature and slight in frame, delicately organized, but endowed with wonderful nervous energy and sleepless intelligence. Like a woman in quickness of sympathy, he was a knight in courtesy, truthfulness, and courage. The brightness of his fame was never sullied by an act of cruelty. "Never shall a house be burned by one of my people," said he; "to distress poor women and children is what I detest." To distress the enemy in legitimate warfare was, on the other hand, a business in which few partisan commanders have excelled him. For swift-

ness and secrecy he was unequalled, and the boldness of his exploits seemed almost incredible, when compared with the meagreness of his resources. His force sometimes consisted of less than twenty men, and seldom exceeded seventy. To arm them, he was obliged to take the saws from sawmills and have them wrought into rude swords at the country forge, while pewter mugs and spoons were cast into bullets. With such equipment he would attack and overwhelm parties of more than two hundred Tories; or he would even swoop upon a column of British regulars on their march, throw them into disorder, set free their prisoners, slay and disarm a score or two, and plunge out of sight in the darkling forest as swiftly and mysteriously as he had come.

Second to Marion alone in this wild warfare was Thomas Sumter, a tall and powerful man, stern in countenance and haughty in demeanor. Born in Virginia in 1734, he was present at Braddock's defeat in 1755, and after prolonged military service on the frontier found his way to South Carolina before the beginning of the Revolutionary War. He lived nearly a hundred years; sat in the Senate of the United States during the War of 1812, served as minister to Brazil, and witnessed the nullification acts of his adopted State under the stormy presidency of Jackson. During the summer of 1780, he kept up so brisk a guerrilla warfare in the upland regions north of Ninety-Six that Cornwallis called him "the greatest plague in the country." "But for Sumter and Marion," said the British commander, "South Carolina would be at peace." The first advantage of any sort gained over the enemy since Clinton's landing was the destruction of a company of dragoons by Sumter, on the 12th of July. Three weeks later, he made a desperate attack on the British at Rocky Mount, but was repulsed. On the 6th of August, he surprised the enemy's post at Hang-

ing Rock, and destroyed a whole regiment. It was on this occasion that Andrew Jackson made his first appearance in history, an orphan boy of thirteen, stanch in the fight as any of his comrades.

But South Carolina was too important to be left dependent upon the skill and bravery of its partisan commanders alone. Already, before the fall of Charleston, it had been felt that further reinforcements were needed there, and Washington had sent down some 2000 Maryland and Delaware troops under Baron Kalb, an excellent officer. It was a long march, and the 20th of June had arrived when Kalb halted at Hillsborough, in North Carolina, to rest his men and seek the coöperation of General Caswell, who commanded the militia of that State. By this time the news of the capture of Lincoln's army had reached the North, and the emergency was felt to be a desperate one. Fresh calls for militia were made upon all the States south of Pennsylvania. That resources obtained with such difficulty should not be wasted, it was above all desirable that a competent general should be chosen to succeed the unfortunate Lincoln. The opinions of the commander-in-chief with reference to this matter were well known. Washington wished to have Greene appointed, as the ablest general in the army. But the glamour which enveloped the circumstances of the great victory at Saratoga was not yet dispelled. Since the downfall of the Conway Cabal, Gates had never recovered the extraordinary place which he had held in public esteem at the beginning of 1778, but there were few as yet who seriously questioned the reputation he had so lightly won for generalship. Many people now called for Gates, who had for the moment retired from active service and was living on his plantation in Virginia, and the suggestion found favor with Congress. On the 13th of June

Gates was appointed to the chief command of the Southern department, and eagerly accepted the position. The good wishes of the people went with him. Richard Peters, secretary of the Board of War, wrote him a very cordial letter, saying, "Our affairs to the southward look blue: so they did when you took command before the *Burgoyne*. I can only now say, *Go and do likewise* — God bless you." Charles Lee, who was then living in disgrace on his Virginia estate, sent a very different sort of greeting. Lee and Gates had always been friends, — linked together, perhaps, by pettiness of spirit and a common hatred for the commander-in-chief, whose virtues were a perpetual rebuke to them. But the cynical Lee knew his friend too well to share in the prevailing delusion as to his military capacity, and he bid him good-by with the ominous warning, "Take care that your Northern laurels do not change to Southern willows!"

With this word of ill omen, which doubtless he little heeded, the "hero of Saratoga" made his way to Hillsborough, where he arrived on the 19th of July, and relieved Kalb of the burden of anxiety that had been thrust upon him. Gates found things in a most deplorable state: lack of arms, lack of tents, lack of food, lack of medicines, and, above all, lack of money. The all-pervading neediness which in those days beset the American people, through their want of an efficient government, was never more thoroughly exemplified. It required a very different man from Gates to mend matters. Want of judgment and want of decision were faults which he had not outgrown, and all his movements were marked by weakness and rashness. He was adventurous where caution was needed, and timid when he should have been bold. The objective point of his campaign was the town of Camden. Once in possession of this important point, he could force the British from

their other inland positions and throw them upon the defensive at Charleston. It was not likely that so great an object would be attained without a battle, but there was a choice of ways by which the strategic point might be approached. Two roads led from Hillsborough to Camden. The westerly route passed through Salisbury and Charlotte, in a long arc of a circle, coming down upon Camden from the northwest. The country through which it passed was fertile, and the inhabitants were mostly Scotch-Irish Whigs. By following this road, the danger of a sudden attack by the enemy would be slight, wholesome food would be obtained in abundance, and in case of defeat it afforded a safe line of retreat. The easterly route formed the chord of this long arc, passing from Hillsborough to Camden almost in a straight line 160 miles in length. It was 50 miles shorter than the other route, but it lay through a desolate region of pine barrens, where farmhouses and cultivated fields were very few and far between, and owned by Tories. This line of march was subject to flank attacks, it would yield no food for the army, and a retreat through it, on the morrow of an unsuccessful battle, would simply mean destruction. The only advantage of this route was its directness. The British forces were more or less scattered about the country. Lord Rawdon held Camden with a comparatively small force, and Gates was anxious to attack and overwhelm him before Cornwallis could come up from Charleston.

Gates accordingly chose the shorter route, with all its disadvantages, in spite of the warnings of Kalb and other officers, and on the 27th of July he put his army in motion. On the 3d of August, having entered South Carolina and crossed the Pedee River, he was joined by Colonel Porterfield with a small force of Virginia regulars, which had been hovering on the border since the

fall of Charleston. On the 7th he effected a junction with General Caswell and his North Carolina militia, and on the 10th his army, thus reinforced, reached Little Lynch's Creek, about fifteen miles northeast of Camden, and confronted the greatly inferior force of Lord Rawdon. The two weeks' march had been accomplished at the rate of about eleven miles a day, with no end of fatigue and suffering. The few lean kine slaughtered by the roadside had proved quite insufficient to feed the army, and for want of any better diet the half-starved men had eaten voraciously of unripe corn, green apples, and peaches. All were enfeebled, and many were dying of dysentery and cholera morbus, so that the American camp presented a truly distressing scene.

Rawdon's force stood across the road, blocking the way to Camden, and the chance was offered for Gates to strike the sudden blow for the sake of which he had chosen to come by this bad road. There was still, however, a choice of methods. The two roads, converging toward their point of intersection at Camden, were now very near together. Gates might either cross the creek in front, and trust to his superior numbers to overwhelm the enemy, or, by a forced march of ten miles to the right, he might turn Rawdon's flank and gain Camden before him. A good general would have done either the one of these things or the other, and Kalb recommended the immediate attack. But now at the supreme moment Gates was as irresolute as he had been impatient when 160 miles away. He let the opportunity slip, waited two days where he was, and on the 13th marched slowly to the right and took up his position at Clermont, on the westerly road; thus abandoning the whole purpose for the sake of which he had refused to advance by that road in the first place. On the 14th he was joined by General Stevens with 700 Virginia militia; but on the

same day Lord Cornwallis reached Camden with his regulars, and the golden moment for crushing the British in detachments was gone forever.

The American army now numbered 3052 men, but only 1400 were regulars, chiefly of the Maryland line. The rest were mostly raw militia. The united force under Cornwallis amounted to only 2000 men, but they were all thoroughly trained soldiers. It was rash for the Americans to hazard an attack under such circumstances, especially in their forlorn condition, faint as they were with hunger and illness, and many of them hardly fit to march or take the field. But, incredible as it may seem, a day and a night passed by, and Gates had not yet learned that Cornwallis had arrived, but still supposed he had only Rawdon to deal with. It was no time for him to detach troops on distant expeditions, but on the 14th he sent 400 of his best Maryland regulars on a long march southward, to coöperate with Sunter in cutting off the enemy's supplies on the road between Charleston and Camden. At ten o'clock on the night of the 15th, Gates moved his army down the road from Clermont to Camden, intending to surprise Lord Rawdon before daybreak. The distance was ten miles through the woods, by a rough road, hemmed in on either side, now by hills, and now by impassable swamps. At the very same hour, Cornwallis started up the road, with the similar purpose of surprising General Gates. A little before three in the morning, the British and American advance guards of light infantry encountered each other on the road, five miles north of Camden, and a brisk skirmish ensued, in which the Americans were routed and the gallant Colonel Porterfield was slain. Both armies, however, having failed in their scheme of surprising each other, lay on their arms and waited for daylight. Some prisoners who fell into the hands of the Americans now brought the news

that the army opposed to them was commanded by Cornwallis himself, and they overstated its numbers at 3000 men. The astonished Gates called together his officers, and asked what was to be done. No one spoke for a few moments, until General Stevens exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, is it not too late *now* to do anything but fight?" Kalb's opinion was in favor of retreating to Clermont and taking a strong position there; but his advice had so often been unheeded that he no longer urged it, and it was decided to open the battle by an attack on the British right.

The rising sun presently showed the two armies close together. Huge swamps, at a short distance from the road, on either side, covered both flanks of both armies. On the west side of the road the British left was commanded by Lord Rawdon, on the east side their right was led by Colonel James Webster, while Tarleton and his cavalry hovered a little in the rear. The American right wing, opposed to Rawdon, was commanded by Kalb, and consisted of the Delaware regiment and the second Maryland brigade in front, supported by the first Maryland brigade at some distance in the rear. The American left wing, opposed to Webster, consisted of the militia from Virginia and North Carolina, under Generals Stevens and Caswell. Such an arrangement of troops invited swift disaster. The battle was to begin with an attack on the British right, an attack upon disciplined soldiers; and the lead in this attack was entrusted to raw militia who had hardly ever been under fire, and did not even understand the use of the bayonet! This work should have been given to those splendid Maryland troops that had gone to help Sumter. The militia, skilled in woodcraft, should have been sent on that expedition, and the regulars should have been retained for the battle. The militia did not even know how to advance properly, but became tangled up; and while they were

straightening their lines, Colonel Webster came down upon them in a furious charge. The shock of the British column was resistless. The Virginia militia threw down their guns and fled without firing a shot. The North Carolina militia did likewise, and within fifteen minutes the whole American left became a mob of struggling men, smitten with mortal panic, and huddling like sheep in their wild flight, while Tarleton's cavalry gave chase and cut them down by scores. Leaving Tarleton to deal with them, Webster turned upon the first Maryland brigade, and slowly pushed it off the field, after an obstinate resistance. The second Maryland brigade, on the other hand, after twice repelling the assault of Lord Rawdon, broke through his left with a magnificent bayonet charge, and remained victorious upon that part of the field, until the rest of the fight was ended; when, being attacked in flank by Webster, these stalwart troops retreated westerly by a narrow road between swamp and hillside, and made their escape in good order. Long after the battle was lost in every other quarter, the gigantic form of Kalb, unhorsed and fighting on foot, was seen directing the movements of his brave Maryland and Delaware troops, till he fell dying from eleven wounds. Gates, caught in the throng of fugitives at the beginning of the action, was borne in headlong flight as far as Clermont, where, taking a fresh horse, he made the distance of nearly two hundred miles to Hillsborough in less than four days. The laurels of Saratoga had indeed changed into willows. It was the most disastrous defeat ever inflicted upon an American army, and ignominious withal, since it was incurred through a series of the grossest blunders. The Maryland troops lost half their number, the Delaware regiment was almost entirely destroyed, and all the rest of the army was dispersed. The number of killed and wounded has never been fully

ascertained, but it can hardly have been less than 1000, while more than 1000 prisoners were taken, with seven pieces of artillery and 2000 muskets. The British loss in killed and wounded was 324.

The reputation of General Gates never recovered from this sudden overthrow, and his swift flight to Hillsborough was made the theme of unsparing ridicule. Yet, if duly considered, that was the one part of his conduct for which he cannot fairly be blamed. The best of generals may be caught in a rush of panic-stricken fugitives and hurried off the battlefield: the flight of Frederick the Great at Mollwitz was much more ignominious than that of Gates at Camden. When once, moreover, the full extent of the disaster had become apparent, it was certainly desirable that Gates should reach Hillsborough as soon as possible, since it was the point from which the state organization of North Carolina was controlled, and accordingly the point at which a new army might soonest be collected. Gates's flight was a singularly dramatic and appropriate end to his silly career, but our censure should be directed to the wretched generalship by which the catastrophe was prepared: to the wrong choice of roads, the fatal hesitation at the critical moment, the weakening of the army on the eve of battle; and, above all, to the rashness in fighting at all after the true state of affairs had become known. The campaign was an epitome of the kind of errors which Washington always avoided; and it admirably illustrated the inanity of John Adams's toast, "A short and violent war," against an enemy of superior strength.

If the 400 Maryland regulars who had been sent to help General Sumter had remained with the main army and been entrusted with the assault on the British right, the result of this battle would doubtless have been very different. It might not have been a victory, but it

surely would not have been a rout. On the day before the battle, Sumter had attacked the British supply train on its way from Charleston, and captured all the stores, with more than 100 prisoners. But the defeat at Camden deprived this exploit of its value. Sumter retreated up the Wateree River to Fishing Creek, but on the 18th Tarleton for once caught him napping, and routed him; taking 300 prisoners, setting free the captured British, and recovering all the booty. The same day witnessed an American success in another quarter. At Musgrove's Mills, in the western part of the State, Colonel James Williams defeated a force of 500 British and Tories, killing and wounding nearly one third of their number. Two days later, Marion performed one of his characteristic exploits. A detachment of the British army was approaching Nelson's Ferry, where the Santee River crosses the road from Camden to Charleston, when Marion, with a handful of men, suddenly darting upon these troops, captured 26 of their number, set free 150 Maryland prisoners whom they were taking down to the coast, and got away without losing a man.

Such deeds showed that the life of South Carolina was not quite extinct, but they could not go far toward relieving the gloom which overspread the country after the defeat of Camden. For a second time within three months the American army in the South had been swept out of existence. Gates could barely get together 1000 men at Hillsborough, and Washington could not well spare any more from his already depleted force. To muster and train a fresh army of regulars would be slow and difficult work, and it was as certain as anything could be that Cornwallis would immediately proceed to attempt the conquest of North Carolina.

Never was the adage that the darkest time comes just before day more aptly

illustrated than in the general aspect of American affairs during the summer and fall of 1780. The popular feeling had not so much the character of panic as in those "times which tried men's souls," when the broad Delaware River screened Washington's fast-dwindling army from destruction. It was not now a feeling of quick alarm so much as of utter weariness and depression. More than four years had passed since the Declaration of Independence, and although the enemy had as yet gained no firm foothold in the Northern States except in the city of New York, it still seemed impossible to dislodge them from that point, while Cornwallis, flushed with victory, boasted that he would soon conquer all the country south of the Susquehanna. For the moment it began to look as if Lord George Germaine's policy of tiring the Americans out might prove successful, after all. The country was still without anything fit to be called a general government. After three years' discussion, the Articles of Confederation, establishing a "league of friendship" between the thirteen States, had not yet been adopted. The Continental Congress had continued to decline in reputation and capacity. From this state of things rather than from any real poverty of the country, there had ensued a general administrative paralysis, which went on increasing even after the war was ended, until it was brought to a close by the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It was not because the thirteen States were lacking in material resources or in patriotism that the conduct of the war languished as it did. The resources were sufficient, had there been any means of concentrating and utilizing them. The relations of the States to each other were not defined; and while there were thirteen powers which could plan and criticise, there was no single power which could act efficiently. Hence the energies of the people were frittered away.

The disease was most plainly visible in those money matters which form the basis of all human activity. The condition of American finance in 1780 was simply horrible. The "greenback" delusion possessed people's minds even more strongly than than in the days following our Civil War. Pelatiah Webster, the ablest political economist in America at that time, a thinker far in advance of his age, was almost alone in insisting upon taxation. The popular feeling was expressed by a delegate in Congress who asked, with unspeakable scorn, why he should vote to tax the people, when a Philadelphia printing-press could turn out money by the bushel. But indeed Congress had no power to lay any tax, save through requisitions upon the state governments. There seemed to be no alternative but to go on issuing this money, which many people glorified as the "safest possible currency," because "nobody could take it out of the country." As Webster truly said, the country had suffered more from this cause than from the arms of the enemy. "The people of the States at that time," said he, "had been worried and fretted, disappointed and put out of humor, by so many tender acts, limitations of prices, and other compulsory methods to force value into paper money, and compel the circulation of it, and by so many vain funding schemes and declarations and promises, all which issued from Congress, but died under the most zealous efforts to put them into operation, that their patience was exhausted. These irritations and disappointments had so destroyed the courage and confidence of the people that they appeared heartless and almost stupid when their attention was called to any new proposal." During the summer of 1780 this wretched currency fell into contempt. As Washington said, it took a wagon-load of money to buy a wagon-load of provisions. At the end of the year 1778, the paper dollar was worth

sixteen cents in the Northern States and twelve cents in the South. Early in 1780 its value had fallen to two cents, and before the end of the year it took ten paper dollars to make a cent. In October, Indian corn sold wholesale in Boston for \$150 a bushel, butter was \$12 a pound, tea \$90, sugar \$10, beef \$8, coffee \$12, and a barrel of flour cost \$1575. Samuel Adams paid \$2000 for a hat and suit of clothes. The money soon ceased to circulate, debts could not be collected, and there was a general prostration of credit. To say that a thing was "not worth a Continental" became the strongest possible expression of contempt. A barber in Philadelphia papered his shop with bills, and a dog was led up and down the streets, smeared with tar, with this unhappy money sticking all over him, — a sorry substitute for the golden-fleeced sheep of the old Norse legend. Save for the scanty pittance of gold which came in from the French alliance, from the little foreign commerce that was left, and from trade with the British army itself, the country was without any circulating medium. In making its requisitions upon the States, Congress resorted to a measure which reminds one of the barbaric ages of barter. Instead of asking for money, it requested the States to send in their "specific supplies" of beef and pork, flour and rice, salt and hay, tobacco and rum. The finances of what was so soon to become the richest of nations were thus managed on the principle whereby the meagre salaries of country clergymen in New England used to be eked out. It might have been called a continental system of "donation parties."

Under these circumstances, it became almost impossible to feed and clothe the army. The commissaries, without either money or credit, could do but little; and Washington, sorely against his will, was obliged to levy contributions on the country surrounding his camp. It was done as gently as possible. The county

magistrates were called on for a specified quantity of flour and meat; the supplies brought in were duly appraised, and certificates were given in exchange for them by the commissaries. Such certificates were received at their nominal value in payment of Continental taxes. But this measure, which simply introduced a new kind of paper money, served only to add to the general confusion. These difficulties, enhanced by the feeling that the war was dragged out to an interminable length, made it impossible to keep the army properly recruited. When four months' pay of a private soldier would not buy a single bushel of wheat for his family, and when he could not collect even this pittance, while most of the time he went barefoot and half famished, it was not strange that he should sometimes feel mutinous. The desertions to the British lines at this time averaged more than a hundred a month. Ternay, the French admiral, wrote to Vergennes that the fate of North America was as yet very uncertain, and the Revolution by no means so far advanced as people in Europe supposed. The accumulated evils of the time had greatly increased the number of persons who, to save the remnant of their fortunes, were ready to see peace purchased at any price. In August, before he had heard of the disaster at Camden, Washington wrote to President Huntington, reminding him that the term of service of half the army would expire at the end of the year. "The shadow of an army that will remain," said Washington, "will have every motive except mere patriotism to abandon the service, without the hope, which has hitherto supported them, of a change for the better. This is almost extinguished now, and certainly will not outlive the campaign unless it finds something more substantial to rest upon. To me it will appear miraculous if our affairs can maintain themselves much longer in their present

train. If either the temper or the resources of the country will not admit of an alteration, we may expect soon to be reduced to the humiliating condition of seeing the cause of America in America upheld by foreign arms."

To appreciate the full force of this, we must remember that, except in South Carolina, there had been no fighting worthy of mention during the year. The Southern campaign absorbed the energies of the British to such an extent that they did nothing whatever in the North but make an unsuccessful attempt at invading New Jersey in June. While this fact shows how severely the strength of England was taxed by the coalition that had been formed against her, it shows even more forcibly how the vitality of America had been sapped by causes that lay deeper down than the mere presence of war. It was, indeed, becoming painfully apparent that little was to be hoped save through the aid of France. The alliance had thus far achieved but little that was immediately obvious to the American people, but it had really been of enormous indirect benefit to us. Both in itself and in the European complications to which it had led, the action of France had very seriously crippled the efficient military power of England. It locked up and neutralized much British energy that would otherwise have been directed against the Americans. The French government had also furnished Congress with large sums of money. But as for any direct share in military enterprises on American soil or in American waters, France had as yet done almost nothing. An evil star had presided over both the joint expeditions for the recovery of Newport and Savannah, and no French army had been landed on our shores to cast in its lot with Washington's brave Continentals in a great and decisive campaign.

It had long been clear that France could in no way more effectively fur-

ther the interests which she shared with the United States than by sending a strong force of trained soldiers to act under Washington's command. Nothing could be more obvious than the inference that such a general, once provided with an adequate force, might drive the British from New York, and thus deal a blow which would go far toward ending the war. This had long been Washington's most cherished scheme. In February, 1779, Lafayette had returned to France to visit his family, and to urge that aid of this sort might be granted. To chide him for his naughtiness in running away to America in defiance of the royal mandate, the king ordered him to be confined for a week at his father-in-law's house in Paris. Then he received him quite graciously at court, while the queen begged him to "tell us good news of our dearly beloved Americans." The good Lafayette, to whom, in the dreadful years that were to come, this dull king and his bright, unhappy queen were to look for compassionate protection, now ventured to give them some sensible words of advice. "The money that you spend on one of your old court balls," he said, "would go far toward sending a serviceable army to America, and dealing England a blow where she would most feel it." For several months he persisted in urging Vergennes to send over at least 12,000 men, with a good general, and to put them distinctly under Washington's command, so that there might be no disastrous wrangling about precedence, and no repetition of such misunderstandings as had ruined the Newport campaign. When D'Estaing arrived in Paris, early in 1780, after his defeat at Savannah, he gave similar advice. The idea commended itself to Vergennes, and when, in April, 1780, Lafayette returned to the United States, he was authorized to inform Washington that France would soon send the desired reinforcement.

On the 10th of July, Admiral Ternay, with seven ships-of-the-line and three frigates, arrived at Newport, bringing with him a force of 6000 men, commanded by a good general, Count Rochambeau. This was the first installment of an army of which the remainder was to be sent as soon as adequate means of transport could be furnished. On the important question of military etiquette, Lafayette's advice had been strictly heeded. Rochambeau was told to put himself under Washington's command, and to consider his troops as part of the American army, while American officers were to take precedence of French officers of equal rank. This French army was excellent in discipline and equipment, and among its officers were some, such as the Duke Lauzun-Biron and the Marquis de Chastellux, who had won high distinction. Rochambeau wrote to Vergennes that on his arrival he found the people of Rhode Island sad and discouraged. Everybody thought the country was going to the dogs. But when it was understood that this was but the advance guard of a considerable army, and that France was this time in deadly earnest, their spirits rose, and the streets of Newport were noisy with hurrahs and brilliant with fireworks.

The hearts of the people, however, were still further to be sickened with hope deferred. Several British ships-of-the-line, arriving at New York, gave the enemy such a preponderance upon the water that Clinton resolved to take the offensive, and started down the Sound with 6000 men to attack the French at Newport. Washington foiled this scheme by a sudden movement

against New York, which obliged the British commander to fall back hastily for its defense; but the French fleet was nevertheless blockaded in Narragansett Bay by a powerful British squadron, and Rochambeau felt it necessary to keep his troops in Rhode Island to aid the admiral in case of such contingencies as might arise. The second installment of the French army, on which their hopes had been built, never came, for a British fleet of thirty-two sail held it blockaded in the harbor of Brest.

The maritime supremacy of England thus continued to stand in the way of any great enterprise; and for a whole year the gallant army of Rochambeau was kept idle in Rhode Island, impatient and chafing under the restraint. The splendid work it was destined to perform under Washington's leadership lay hidden in the darkness of the future, and for the moment the gloom which had overspread the country was only deepened. Three years had passed since the victory of Saratoga, but the vast consequences which were already flowing from that event had not yet disclosed their meaning. Looking only at the surface of things, it might well be asked — and many did ask — whether that great victory had really done anything more than to prolong a struggle which was essentially vain and hopeless. Such themes formed the burden of discourse at gentlemen's dinner-tables and in the back parlors of country inns, where stout yeomen reviewed the situation of affairs through clouds of tobacco smoke; and never, perhaps, were the Tories more jubilant or the Whigs more crestfallen than at the close of this doleful summer.

John Fiske.

SIDNEY.

XXVI.

SIDNEY LEE came out from that experience of death and dawn with an absolute conviction. She did not attempt to justify herself by reasons. She *knew*; that was all, but it was enough.

She had left Miss Sally's room with a face which shone; even the grief which veiled it — while yet that silent Presence dominated the household — could not hide the solemn light in her eyes. Grief and pity and regret moved across the peace which she had found, but did not disturb it; even as the winds, engraving themselves upon the sensitive sea in a thousand intricate and flying paths, do not stir the quiet of the deeps below.

With Sidney, there was perhaps less grief than regret. She was feeling, even in her exaltation, the misery of the lost opportunity; she was realizing that it is impossible to atone to the dead for indifference to their small interests, carelessness of their daily cares, — in a word, for unexpressed love, — and that such a realization is always pain Sidney had never known before. But it was that pain, mingling with her strange gladness, which brought into her face a new look, — at once wistful anxiety and calm desire. Major Lee saw it, and, remembering his daughter's words on that night when Miss Sally had died, — "Father, I have found God," — said to himself that this changed expression was only part of the same nervous excitement. Sidney had come to him that next day, and tried to tell him, briefly, what those words had meant; not that she courted discussion, — only that, with the gladness of the woman of old, who, after lighting her candle and searching diligently, called in her friends and neighbors and said, "Rejoice with me," Sidney desired to share her certainty.

But her broken words, with no attempt at argument, indicated only a physical condition to her father. As soon as this strain was over, her common sense would assert itself. He was sorry and perhaps a little disappointed, — Sidney had been so different from the ordinary hysterical young woman; but he would let it pass; it was of no importance.

Even Mrs. Paul noticed the change in the girl, and she was annoyed by it; it made her uncomfortable, as anything which she did not understand was apt to do. "Poor, dear Sally is dead and buried," she said to Katherine, "and crying won't bring her back again. Sidney should look pleasanter, or keep her room. Red eyes belong to one's bed-chamber; they are too personal to be modest. You never see me with red eyes."

"Because you are too modest?" said Katherine, with great simplicity. She was sitting in the drawing-room with her prospective mother-in-law, behind bowed shutters. It was very hot; all the sounds which crept into the shadowy room were hot, — the droning of the bees in the honeysuckle around the west window, the rattle of heavy drays down in the scorching street, and the pant of a steam-drill a block away.

Katherine looked white and languid, but Mrs. Paul, fresh from Scarlett's cool fingers, was alert and comfortable. Her thin black silk had a frost of delicate lace about the neck and wrists, and she swung lightly, back and forth upon her arm, a green taffeta fan. On a table by her side was an India china bowl crowded with roses, and near it a tall silver tumbler full of sangarec, which was so cold that the polish of the silver was dimmed with beaded mist. Katherine had declined the claret and the fan, and everything, in fact, except a little

cushion in a white lavender-scented linen cover, which Scarlett had placed behind her head.

"Still," Mrs. Paul conceded, "I have no objection to your declining things, because you don't annoy me by looking uncomfortable. Poor Sally used to distract me by declining,—I suppose out of some foolish idea of politeness,—and then looking like a martyr. Really, you know, Kate, not that I would talk against the dead,—I don't approve of it,—but poor Sally was very trying at times?"

"I never found her so," Katherine answered. "I think it was the instinct of unselfishness which made her decline a pleasure. Oh, how good she was! (It is strange how quickly we learn to say 'was' instead of 'is'!)"

"Of course she was good," returned Mrs. Paul. "I never said she was n't good. But really, you can't say she was entertaining. Now, I never pretended to any remarkable goodness, but I am not uninteresting, I think?"

"Oh, far from it," said Katherine. "You are interesting, most interesting. And Miss Sally, as you say, was not; but she was good and lovable."

Mrs. Paul looked blank for a moment, but Katherine's frank and confidential air reassured her.

"It was her goodness," she announced, clinking the bits of ice in the silver tumbler, "which made your cousin propose to her. Katherine, my dear, the only thing I don't like about you is your cousin."

"Poor cousin Robert!" said Katherine sadly. "Yet I am sure, I am quite sure, that he did not realize that he was dishonorable."

"He was only dishonorable because he was a fool," returned Mrs. Paul, with a shrug. "He should have made Sally break the engagement. A man of the world engaged to a prude would easily have arranged that. It was hard, though, that Sally should die. It was merely co-

incidence, of course, but the young man gets the credit of it, and people think she died of a broken heart. (As though Sally could die of a broken heart! Between ourselves, my dear, a good woman is not capable of a great passion. Did that ever occur to you?) No, to my mind, your Steele is unpleasant rather than dishonorable,—most unpleasant. And what do you think I heard yesterday? That the very day of the funeral he was found in his hotel drunk! Now, I am not a temperance fanatic. I have seen a gentleman overcome after a dinner, for instance, and thought none the worse of him; but—after a funeral! Really, the occasion should be considered."

"Oh!" said Katherine, the tears starting to her eyes.

"He is a mass of inconsistencies," Mrs. Paul continued, tapping her fan thoughtfully upon the edge of the table. "Some one told me—Scarlett, I believe it was—that those last nights he hung about the house all night long. He gave Scarlett quite a start, when she came upon him in the darkness. Yes, I have no doubt he was unhappy; and yet—to be intoxicated! Did you know Alan had taken him back to live with him again? Alan has not very much backbone. Men with faces like his have no depth nor persistency. I only hope his passion for Sidney will last."

"But if she does not return it, that is hard upon him."

"I was not thinking of Alan," Mrs. Paul answered. "I was thinking—of Mortimer Lee!"

Katherine looked at her with wondering interest. "You really have no heart, have you, Mrs. Paul?" she said.

"My dear," explained the older woman, "I am all heart, only I have some head, too. I believe in justice. Mortimer Lee has been a wicked atheist, and he ought to be punished. And you know—ridiculous as it is—what it would be to him if Sidney fell in love

with any one. But of course my chief desire is to benefit Sidney. It has always been my habit to try to help others. Lord! how annoyed I was that your cousin did not fall in love with Sidney! I could forgive his conduct about his mother's money and the breaking of his engagement, but — to propose to Sally! I can forgive wickedness; but that was worse than wickedness, — it was stupidity."

"It seems to me a matter of imagination," Katherine observed. "We can forgive a condition which we can imagine for ourselves; but what we can't fancy ourselves capable of, we despise."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Paul. "You have a great deal of sense, Kate. Now, I could not be a fool."

"No, indeed," answered Katherine warmly. "But what an inference you make one draw!"

"Very true!" cried the other, in high good humor. She was distinctly flattered, and loved Katherine more than ever. "As for Sidney and Alan," she continued, "unless I am very much mistaken, — and I never am mistaken in such matters; I've lived myself, — Sidney has come to her senses at last, and Mortimer Lee is to learn a lesson."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Sidney is in love with Alan. Such a change does not come into a woman's face as has come into hers, for nothing."

"Mrs. Paul," said Katherine, sitting up and looking at her with sudden attention, "there is a change, but" —

"Well?" demanded Mrs. Paul. "Don't grow commonplace, Kate, and hesitate over a sentence."

"It is not because of Dr. Crossan, — I am sure of that. It is because (yes, I don't see why I should not speak of it. Sidney told me, and I think she would be glad to have it known), — it is because Sidney is not what she was."

"Go on," said Mrs. Paul.

"I think the change in her face is

from some deeper reason than that she has fallen in love. (If she has, which does n't seem to me probable.) But she told me — that she believed."

"Believed?" repeated the other, frowning. "Believed what?"

"She said she had 'found God.'" Katherine lowered her voice. "I tell you only because I am sure that as we all knew what her old thought was, she would wish us to know her new thought."

"What!" cried Mrs. Paul. "Sidney says she's 'found God'?" (though I am sure I think the expression very irreverent. I suppose she means she's been converted?) Lord! what does Mortimer Lee say? Well, I am glad!"

"Oh, Mrs. Paul!" said Katherine, shocked into remonstrance.

"But how has it come about?" persisted the older woman. "Has Mr. Brown seen her? I did n't suppose Sidney had been to church for years." She paused, lifting in her delicate old hand a little silver vinaigrette, made like a fish, with glittering scales, and curiously flexible. Her face was full of the keenest interest and pleasure. "Mr. Brown was never allowed to try to convert her, you know. Well, I am very thankful, of course. It has always been a grief to me to have Sidney out of the Church. She was never even baptized, — did you know that? I expected to be her godmother; but Mortimer Lee would not have the child christened. Shocking, was n't it?"

"How careful you are of your creed!" commented Katherine, with delightful deference; "and yet I notice you do not often intrude your religion?"

"I hope not, indeed! Conversation about one's spiritual condition leads to horrible self-consciousness; and thank Heaven, I never had any need to talk about it. I never had a doubt in my life."

"You mastered the eternal verities with your catechism, I suppose?" said Katherine.

But Mrs. Paul did not notice the remark. "As for Sidney, with her antecedents her unbelief did not reflect upon her socially, although it was unbecoming, — most unbecoming. I'm sure I'm rejoiced that she has come to her senses. I suppose she'll be confirmed at Easter?"

Katherine shook her head. "I don't know, but think not. I spoke of it, but she looked at me in the blankest way; and when I said something about seeing Miss Sally again, you know, and all that, she apparently did n't understand for a moment, and then she said, '*That* expression of the Eternal is gone, but *He* remains.' I don't know what she meant," proceeded Katherine doubtfully. "I asked her if she did not believe in immortality, and she said she did not know anything about it, but '*God was.*'"

"She does n't know what she is talking about!" cried Mrs. Paul impatiently.

"At least she is convinced," Katherine answered.

"Convinced!" returned the other. "My dear Kate, anything so positive as a conviction is scarcely modest in a well-bred young woman. And there is too much talk about convictions in these days, and too little good behavior. Sidney should have been confirmed ten years ago, with convictions or without them, if I had had my way."

"I wonder if her — change of opinion will make any difference in Major Lee?" Katherine asked.

"Certainly not. The day when the infant converts his grandfather is past, my friend; and as for saying she *believes*, but not in immortality, and that she won't be confirmed, — I never heard such nonsense! Really, Kate, I would n't encourage her to talk in that way; it is quite improper. I hoped, when you first spoke, that she had become — well — you know what I mean — a change of heart, you know — a Churchwoman."

Katherine did not pursue the subject; she had been awed by Sidney's uplifted look, and she had vaguely understood

it; but as she tried to explain it the idea melted away.

Sidney had chosen to name "*God*," that tireless, eternal activity which constitutes the universe; that energy which is in all and through all, pulsing in every atom, recognizing itself in the conscious instant of a man's life, creating and destroying, working towards its own infinite end. With this naming (or let us say this perception), and the devout submission to and trust in the laws of nature which it implies, there had come to her, not happiness, but blessedness, and that peace which, truly, the world can neither give nor take away. But the process by which she had reached peace must be personal before it can commend itself to the understanding, and for that reason she could not show it to Katherine.

In a direct and simple way, Katherine felt that Sidney would wish that others might know her present attitude, and so had told Mrs. Paul, whose absolute inability to understand the situation made her uncertain as to her own grasp of it. She did not want to speak of it any further, and she was glad that at that moment Sidney entered; not that she meant to question the girl, but she wanted to watch her.

Mrs. Paul looked up impatiently. Sidney, in her black gown, her face marked by some deeper pain and meaning than merely grief for Miss Sally's death, confused and annoyed the older woman; beside, with that curious vanity which leads one to confess a fault, she had been just about to tell Kate a story — Lord! why could not Sidney have stayed at home? Innocence is a great nuisance at times.

"Well? What? Dear me, Sidney, the heat has made you white; pray go and ask Scarlett for some rose-water, and bathe your face. It is very unpleasant to see any one look fagged."

"I came over," Sidney answered, with an absent air, which did not ac-

knowledge the fault-finding, "to ask you — I was putting away her things, and I thought you might like something which belonged to her — and I came to ask you if you would care to have this piece of lace?"

"Do sit down, and don't look so white. Lace? Let me see it. Yes, I'll take it; but I am sure I don't see why in the world you should bring *me* lace. I have more now than I know what to do with. I mean to give Katherine some superb lace when she is married. Do you hear that, Kate?"

Katherine was looking anxiously at Sidney. "My dear," she said gently, "you really are worn out; you should not have crossed the garden in this blazing sun. I shall have to ask Dr. Crossan about you."

In an instant Sidney's face flushed to the forehead. Katherine smiled and glanced at Mrs. Paul, who asked, "Does Alan still call every day? Really, poor, dear Sally's sickness was an opportunity for Alan! I saw him yesterday," she continued, swinging her fan lazily. "He is looking shockingly. I don't believe he will live long." Katherine gave her a warning look, but Mrs. Paul ended her sentence. "He is really ill, you know."

Sidney drew a quivering breath; her eyes dimmed with a flying terror. "Is Alan going to die?"

"Well, some time, I suppose," returned Mrs. Paul. ("You see, Kate? I said so!")

"Is he?" Sidney repeated, standing before Mrs. Paul, and trembling very much.

"Oh, Lord, Sidney, don't glare so! No, of course not. But he was ill a little while ago, you remember; and poor Sally told me that Mr. Steele had told her — But what is it to you, my dear?"

Sidney did not answer. She scarcely heard Mrs. Paul say, in a perfunctory manner, that Katherine had told her something she was very glad to hear, and she hoped Sidney would try to live

a consistent life, and be sensible about confirmation; and then, —

"Just arrange, will you, to come in when Katherine is n't here? I don't need anybody else if she is here. Oh, and give the lace to Scarlett, will you?"

Sidney would not let Katherine go home with her; she shut herself out of the cool darkness of the hall, and then went slowly back through the blazing garden. She had left that inevitable task of "putting away" to bring Mrs. Paul the piece of lace, but she forgot how much yet remained to be done. Alan had been ill! She walked over to the evergreen circle, where the sun-dial stood among the shadows, and sat down on the curved bench. It was here Alan had told her that she needed love in her life, — it seemed to Sidney that her life dated from that day; then, afterwards, he had said he loved her, and she had declared that she did not, and never would, love him. "Oh, but I do, — I do," she said quietly, aloud. She looked up between the dark points of the firs into the cloudless and dazzling sky; her eyes overflowed with tears, but her lips smiled.

She forgot everything but joy. She was as entirely glad as the soul can be which has one moment without memory. She put out her hands as though to meet the hands she loved; her face was wet with tears, but it was illumined. Suddenly it changed. Love? No, she must not love him. Her heart was bounding, her lips breaking into smiles, her joy overflowing in words, when this old habit of thought asserted itself. With it came the memory of that experience of dawn and death, the strange unreasoning conviction, the solemn instinct, that her life was to be an expression of the Eternal Life. Yes, that was all true, all true; and she would be good; and it was well to be alive, though she did not know why. She would do her work; she would try to help any one who needed her, — but she would not know sorrow;

why need she? She could do her part in the world as well, and better, unhampered by the horrible fear of death; she would not love Alan. Yet inescapable joy shone in her eyes; she only knew that she loved, while, mechanically, she asserted that she would escape from love. The long z-z-ing of insects stabbed the silence of noon; the hot scent of flowers wandered in among the shadows; and on the old sun-dial a bird perched, and plumed itself, looking at her with fearless interest.

In a numb, helpless way Sidney was struggling to be obedient to the heavenly vision, and yet to save herself. At last it seemed to her that she was incapable of meeting this crisis, and, with that power which comes at rare moments into every life, she put aside the truth which had been revealed to her, and took up again the small details of death and life. "I will finish putting the things away, and then I will think," she said to herself.

She went into the house, so intent upon thrusting this new greatness aside, until she could find an hour which should be all its own, that she was really only aware of the work she at once began to do; she did not think of Alan. Her eyes blurred again and again as she folded Miss Sally's little wardrobe away: the pathos of the small darns, the carefully brushed, and turned, and turned again gowns, the bits of ribbon, the treasured pieces of lace, struck upon Sidney's heart with a pain which was part of her new experience of life. "Oh, if I had only been kinder!" she said over and over to herself.

If we could but take our possessions with us when we leave this world, life would be less terrible to those who love us, whom we leave. The many small things, which are so useless to every one except the owner, suddenly become sacred. They cannot be destroyed; to give them away is a confession that they are cumbersome, and is another unkind-

ness to the dead. This thought came to Sidney, on her knees before the lower drawer of Miss Sally's bureau. Of what use to any one was the little ugly mosaic pin? But Miss Sally's fingers had touched it; it was her pride and joy; it must be kept. The black silk aprons which Sidney had always disliked, the small bags of rose leaves which would so soon crumble into dust,—none of these could be thrown away. The collection grew as the girl's tenderness and remorse grew. There was a little faded pincushion, which with a pang she recognized as one of her youthful gifts to her aunt, which Miss Sally had cherished through Sidney's indifferent years. There were daguerreotypes; and some photographs of Sidney, on which were written, "My darling Sidney," and "Dear little Sidney," and the child's age. One thin, square book gave her a shock of memory, as she unfolded the white paper in which it was wrapped, and saw the familiar gilt cherubs on the brown cover of *Reading without Tears*. Sidney sat down on the floor, and leaned her head against the old dressing-case, with the book open in her lap. How it all came back to her!—the time when she learned her letters standing at Miss Sally's knee, while her aunt's gentle voice alternately implored and encouraged her, as might be the condition of Sidney's temper. Never out of patience, never unjust, what matter if sometimes unwise? "Oh, if I had only been kinder!" she sobbed. It was not reading without tears now. And so the book was added to the "things to be kept;" memory of that old tenderness made it sacred. Almost all these forlorn little treasures were connected with Sidney or her father, in some way, and so made the sting of her remorse sharper.

These voiceless possessions of Miss Sally's raised such an outcry of regret and self-abasement in Sidney's mind that, at last, she could not bear it, and

rose, the pathetic task still unfinished. Her conscience clamored that she must do some kind act. Miss Sally's poor seemed to entreat her, and it was to them she fled. Down, in the fading afternoon, to one miserable tenement after another, and then coming shuddering back again. "No, it is all too awful! Oh, I cannot live! I cannot bear it. It is not enough to know that there is a Meaning, and I will not love Alan."

XXVII.

The blue July day grew sullen with heat towards evening, and the skies blackened along the west. There was no wind, but the trees shivered. That night the major's tea-table was very quiet; Sidney could not talk, and her father desired only to listen. He knew that she was troubled, and longed for deeper understanding of her pain, but he asked no questions; he waited for her to know that she needed him before he should try to help her. Unless, indeed, she did not need him? The remembrance of that hysterical experience, he thought, might now be only a painful mortification, and she would prefer that they should both forget it.

But as they sat at tea, in the half darkness of the long, octagonal room, — it was too hot for lights, — he was aware of a hopeless depression in her face that filled him with an aching pity. "If Sarah had not died!" he said to himself. The major had never recognized his affection for his sister until she was dead; but it was not of his own loss that he thought, as he saw Sidney's pain. He was almost angry at Miss Sally because she had died, and so his darling suffered. He spoke only of commonplace things, however: of the mutter of thunder, retreating and retreating, in the west; of the heavy sweetness of the white phlox beneath the window; or some query concerning Katherine and John.

Sidney scarcely heard him; the tumult in her mind shut out everything else; it seemed to her almost as though her father must hear it, too. Once she lifted her eyes and found him looking at her with a face full of troubled love. She started, and smiled. "Did you speak to me?"

"No," he answered; and then, as they rose to leave the room, he rested his hand for a moment upon her shoulder. "Sidney, what is it?"

She put her hands up to her face. "Oh," she said sharply, "I do not know — I thought I knew — and yet — and yet" —

"Yes?" the major queried, in a mild voice. He was already less anxious; she was going to tell him, and it was inconceivable to him that his child could have any trouble that he could not lighten. He already saw himself explaining that of course he had attached no meaning to those confused words of hers, and she must not feel the slightest embarrassment; that such a nervous condition was most natural under the circumstances. The major readily appreciated that she suffered as she remembered her foolish excitement. The patience and sweetness in his worn old face made the tears spring to Sidney's eyes. "Oh, I have not even thought of him! He wants to help me, and I have shut him out for fear he would not understand."

"I cannot seem to make it right," she said; "what shall I do?" They had come into the library, and the major, sitting down in his big leather chair, still kept her hand in his.

"Make what right?" he asked.

"That there should be suffering," she answered, with a cry in her voice. She dropped her head upon her father's knee, and he felt her tears against his hand. "I thought God was enough; but when I see pain, when I feel it, myself, then it seems to me that the Meaning must be understood before the

pain can be borne; and yet a Meaning ought to be enough."

"Sidney," he said, "my darling, I had not meant to refer to this; I had hoped that you were better, if I may be allowed the expression. Surely, you are not serious in speaking as though this were a reasonable subject?"

She lifted her head, but still knelt beside him, looking at him with miserable eyes. "It is the only subject there is, it seems to me; there is nothing but the Eternal. Suffering and death are part of it; only — only I do not want pain, father?"

For a moment Major Lee was too amazed for words; then he said gently, "Let me understand you. I fear I have not followed you intelligently, — the fault is mine. But do I understand that you have" — he stopped and smiled — "have become a Christian?" He was troubled at the condition which this conversation indicated, but he was amused. He wondered if it were worth while to treat it seriously.

"A Christian?" the girl repeated vaguely. "Oh, no, I am not that. That means to believe Christ is — God?" She paused a moment, and then said eagerly, "Except as God is in all things, in every one; in Him preëminently. And, father, He felt that it was worth while to suffer, to lend His life to the End."

"I beg that you will be more clear," the major said. "I still do not follow you?"

Sidney had risen, and was sitting near him; she had an open fan in her hand, and in the dusk it looked like a great white moth swaying upon a flower. Her face had grown clearer as she spoke, but her voice was unsteady. "Oh, it is not that my truth is not true, and that it is not *enough*; it is only that I do not want to suffer. But that is equivalent to saying that I do not want to do my part!" she ended, with a hopeless sigh.

"You will have to explain what you mean, Sidney," said her father patiently. "What is enough?"

"The — the Meaning," she answered, almost in a whisper. "*Eternal*, I call it to myself."

The major leaned forward in his chair and looked at her. "If you were quite strong, my darling, instead of being worn out by your aunt's illness, it would be worth while to discuss this with you. But then, if you were yourself, you would never personify an emotion, or name Force God. I should as soon expect you to take the next logical step and become a Roman Catholic!"

"Let me tell you about it," she entreated, and then began to speak with the deliberation of one who fears to lose the thread of his discourse, as, step by step, he advances along some intricate path of argument. She did not even look at her father; she pressed her lips together once or twice as she proceeded, as though to insist upon calmness. It had been so real to her, that one great moment of her life, that she could not understand, as she tried to tell the story of Miss Sally's death and the beginning of her own life, how impossible it is to bound an experience by words, or by an explanation define the unutterable God. Once the major made an impatient movement, and said something under his breath, but she did not seem to hear him.

"And so," she ended, "the Meaning in the universe is the Refuge, — is what aunt Sally called God; and oneness with that Intelligence, it seems to me, makes life bearable, — and it ought to make it beautiful."

"Is that all?" said the major.

"Yes," she answered.

He looked at her with puzzled tenderness; he was so grieved that she should suffer, so anxious because of her white face, so incapable of treating her convictions seriously or entering into an argument upon this fantastic idea which she chose to regard as the solution of

life, that he did not know what to say. It occurred to him to beg her to go and rest, and yet he would not hurt her by dismissing her convictions lightly.

"Your proposition," he began, with the gentlest courtesy, "is of course gained without the assistance of reason. And you will forgive me if I say that I am sure your calmer thought will show you its inadequacy." Sidney did not answer. "And its inevitable conclusion: you now call the universe God, just as one creates a name for a hitherto unapprehended fact; but you might as well have called it Devil. You invest it with no personality, I observe, but you regard it with that poetic fervor which is, I am inclined to think, a phase of intellectual growth, which expresses itself in art, or religion, or love. Do you mean?"—he smiled, with tender amusement—"do you mean to have a garland of roses and a goat with gilded horns, and to sing hymns to the great god Pan? For you see just what you have evolved,—pantheism."

She tried to say that her conviction was without a name.

"If I were not assured of your intelligence," her father said, "I should fear lest you might go a step further, and say that this 'Meaning' was good, and that it was Love" ("Love is God," Sidney said, under her breath), "and then all the rest of it," proceeded the major lightly, but with that sweet concern for her in his voice that would spare her the pang of mortification,— "the coming down to the earth, the vicarious atonement, heaven, hell, even prayer, perhaps."

Sidney leaned forward, resting her cheek in her hand. "Why not prayer?" she said slowly. "That impulse is the Eternal. Is not prayer just claiming one's self, in a way? Oh, father, everything is of Him!" She was so absorbed that, for the first time, her father felt a thrill of real anxiety. "But as for heaven and hell, I cannot see that

a wish or a fear,—and that is what heaven and hell are, it seems to me,— I cannot see that they can create facts. And to call the Eternal good is almost presumption; or that I should say that I love—It. But still—good? Yes, I suppose so, if that means the process by which an end is attained. What the end may be we may not know; but that there *is* an end, a meaning, is enough."

"So, then," questioned the major, "you construe that sin, misery,—in a word, life,—is for your good?"

"My good? Oh, no, not mine; only they must be for good, in some way. I don't think it need make any difference to us what the good is, do you? See, father, the clay in the brickyard: it is pounded, and burned, and made into bricks, and great, warm houses are built and streets paved. Well, that is good, is n't it? Not the clay's good,—but what of that? There is a reason why the clay should be tortured, and if it could only just dimly know that there was a *cause* for its pain, it would be content; yes, and do its part. Well, I've seen that there is a meaning, for us. I don't know what, but that does not matter."

Major Lee looked at his daughter, in silence. Was this the result of twenty-four years' training to exact thought,—the poetical fancy of a tired girl!

"Yes," Sidney proceeded, "life is worth while when one sees that the Eternal Purpose is a refuge! Do you remember that little church we saw the summer we went to the seashore, made of stones from the beach,—stones covered with barnacles? Well, the barnacles were killed, but the church was built. Oh, father, life is surely less hard to bear if there is a meaning in it!" She rose as she spoke, her face radiant, and with an uplifted look in her eyes.

The major took her hands in his, and drew her down beside him. "Come, be your reasonable self, Sidney! My dear, I detect traces of the Calvinism

of your maternal grandfather. You have practically announced your willingness to be damned for the glory of God! But, seriously, you have nothing more than you had before; you have not even personified the Unknowable, as an attempt at comfort."

"No, I trust Him, — that is all," she answered eagerly; "and I don't say Unknowable any more. Unknown, perhaps, but, oh, in my soul I *know God!* It limits Him to say Unknowable, and have we a right to do that? One has but to give one's self to the purpose of life, I think, — so far as one can see it, — and then, wait."

"For heaven?" inquired the major. He was torn between derision and anxiety, but tenderness dominated each.

"Waiting means trust, it seems to me," she said slowly. "No, I have not thought we were immortal. Somehow, that seems unimportant, father. But have we any right to dogmatize either way? It may be so. We used to say love needed the illusion of immortality as an excuse for being. But" — she stopped — "but the Eternal is enough."

"Sidney," said Major Lee, "has Alan Crossan told you that he loves you?"

"Yes," she said, in a whisper.

"Well?" questioned her father, sternly.

"I told him I did not love him." Major Lee breathed again. "But I do. Only I — cannot!"

It must have been eight o'clock when this talk of theirs began, but it was two in the morning when Sidney, without the good-night kiss which had been hers for all her unmothered years, left her father and went up to her room. After that acknowledgment that she loved Alan, Major Lee paused, as though to gather all his forces of love and sympathy and wisdom to meet this crisis. That breathless "I — cannot!" meant nothing to him. She loved, and love is at least as immortal as the lover. He saw now, clearly enough, what had blinded Sid-

ney's reason. The theory of a God was only the first step; he was confident that she would follow it by that assertion of a belief in immortality with which Love, venturing into the same world with Death, excuses its own existence. So he must first demonstrate the folly of this extraordinary fancy of hers, which denied personality, but declared a person.

It seemed simple enough to Major Lee; he would go over again the old conclusive arguments. He knew perfectly well that the girl's knowledge, which was only his knowledge, could not possibly stand against him. How could she fence with weapons he had given her, which were pointed against herself? She did not attempt to. Again and again he stopped, courteously, for "her reasons," and she responded, "I do not reason, father; I know." "You *feel*," he corrected her, and the anxiety in his voice seemed to her contempt. Once she attempted to say that one fact which, to her mind, proved the morality, as humanity thought of morality, — the morality of the Eternal Purpose, — was the awful pain of remorse for sin. It was in violation of the *Purpose*; — not the palpable inexpediency; something deeper, — the thwarted God! That Major Lee brushed this assertion away with a word produced not the slightest effect.

"The Eternal is in us," she said gently, but with a voice as determined as his own.

"You play with words, Sidney," he affirmed. "You have not moved one whit; you stand exactly where you have always stood; you know — *nothing!* Only you wish to find an excuse for choosing sorrow, and you declare yourself satisfied with — what? A Great Nothing in Particular; a universe which is a differentiated God. Is it not better, instead, to have a noble acceptance of necessity, and silence? And you say you love? Let me tell you what love has made my life." He paused, and

looked at her. "I am astounded that this should be necessary; that I, who have lived the folly of love before your eyes, should yet have to assert its misery in words!"

His surprise was so genuine that for a moment, in the half darkness of the room, they stared at each other like two strangers.

The wind twisted the flame of the lamp into a blue whirl, and a moment later the storm broke, and the rain went trampling through the garden. For a moment the silence in the room could be felt, and then Mortimer Lee began to say that love was the curse of life, and life itself was only free from misery in proportion as it was free from happiness. As Sidney listened, she lived over with him his days and months of hideous anxiety and inescapable dread. She saw that the joy of his marriage walked by the side of fear. She watched his fierce struggle with death, the hand-to-hand conflict with fate, while he held a dying woman in his arms, — a woman who besought him not "to let her go." And then she listened to his life afterwards, — empty, black, hopeless; lived only to teach her how to live that she might escape such suffering.

"And now," he ended, holding out trembling and entreating hands, "you tell me you love Alan Crossan! Oh, child, if I could only see you dead instead!"

"I love him," she said, her breath coming as though she sobbed, though her eyes were without tears, "but I cannot bear it, father. Yet we are wrong, you and I."

"No!" he cried, and it seemed to Sidney that his voice was suddenly that of an old, old man, "we are right; and you shall not love him, — you shall not suffer!"

"You cannot save me from myself," she said.

"I will," he answered. He put his trembling hands on either side of her

face, and looked at her as she had never seen him look before. Then he said very gently, "Go, Sidney."

She dared not intrude upon that look by a word, or by the familiar good-night. She turned, and softly went away.

XXVIII.

When his daughter left him, Mortimer Lee began to walk up and down his library. Long after Sidney was faintly smiling in her sleep, as her dreams opened the doors of resolution and bade joy enter, — even after the lamp burned white in the gray of dawn, — he still kept pacing back and forth, thinking. He did not tell Sidney the conclusion of his deliberations, when, in the morning, as usual, hanging upon his arm, she walked with him to the iron gate to say good-by; there was a conscientious tenderness in her manner, the major thought, which made his dim eyes burn at the very pity of it, for her and for him. When he left her, he went at once to Alan Crossan's house.

There were one or two people waiting for the doctor, and the major took his place among them. His white head was bowed a little, and the fingers upon his stick were tremulous, but that was all; there was no anger in his face, only the patient habit of sorrow. When Alan, opening the office door, caught sight of the old man, he started with surprise, and went to him at once with extended hand. "What is it?" he said hastily.

The major looked at the hand, and then at Alan's face. "I wish to see you," he answered.

Alan was confused and puzzled. "If you will come up to my library," he said, aside, "these people can wait?"

"I will wait."

Alan went into his office, his face tingling. "It is about Sidney, — but why?" The wild thought even occurred to him that she had sent her

father to say "Yes." His two poor people were somewhat ruffled, as is the habit of non-paying patients, that the doctor did not give them the attention and interest which they felt assured their cases demanded. Instead, he hurried them away, and then begged Major Lee to come into his library.

"Very well," the major answered, and followed him through the hall and up the stairs to the pleasant room, with its sunshine, and chemicals, and stacks of music. There, when they had seated themselves, the two men looked at each other in a silence which Alan was the first to break. "I was afraid some one was ill, but I hope I can be of service in some other way than by pills and powders." He attempted to speak lightly, but it was evident that he was excited.

"You are very good," returned the other, by force of habit. "I have come to ask a favor, namely, will you kindly refrain from coming to my house?" As he spoke his voice began to tremble with anger. Alan, instantly, was calm and joyous.

"I am sure," he said, "that you would not say such a thing unless I had offended you, and I beg that you will tell me in what way I have been so unfortunate?"

"I have made no complaint, merely a request. If it needs an explanation, you will, I think, find it in your own conscience."

Alan felt his face growing hard and impatient. "You are displeased because I love Sidney?"

"Pray be exact," answered the major. "I regret that you love my daughter, but I have no right to be displeased; although, indeed, had I the time and inclination for personal feeling, I might be displeased that you had told her of your love. You observe the difference? It is, however, unnecessary to discuss it further." He rose as he spoke; he was an old man, and the restraint and grief

told upon him. His whole body was trembling.

"But you cannot leave me in this way," said Alan hotly. "I do not admit for a moment that it was wrong to love Sidney, or to tell her so. I will not be thrust out of your house, Major Lee, without an explanation, as though I were a rogue! She has refused me: is not that enough?" Alan's hurried breath showed that this agitation was not good for him.

"Can you not perceive that it might be" — Major Lee paused; he was not used to deception — "it might be displeasing to my daughter to see you, under such circumstances? But you admit nothing wrong? Very possibly, — very possibly. Yet when your father and I were young men, Alan, we would not have considered it honorable to have endeavored to win the regard of a woman without the consent of her father. What, then, would have been our opinion of a man who won it — who tried to win it — against the known wishes of her father?" His sad eyes had in them something beside personal injury; it was the son of his friend who had done this thing.

Alan's face flushed, but he was angry at himself that he should feel ashamed. "I cannot agree with you, Major Lee. And you have no right to suggest dishonor. We must not argue now about the wisdom of love; of course I know your ideas. But will you not grant that if it were my honest conviction that you were wrong and all the world was right, that love was good and worth the cost, then I had a right to speak of it to your daughter? Granting my conviction, you cannot speak of dishonor."

Mortimer Lee hesitated. "It was not my purpose to accuse you; I merely wished to request" —

"You have accused me, however," interposed the young man quietly.

"If you insist," returned the major, "upon pursuing this subject, yes, I do

consider such conduct dishonorable. You have no right to decide upon my views, unless you investigate them, which, if I mistake not, you are entirely incapable of doing."

"Then I am to understand," said Alan slowly, "that you make this request because you do not consider me an honorable man?"

Major Lee looked straight into the stern, beautiful eyes. His own were suddenly filled with entreaty. "If you loved her, your first thought would be to spare her!"

Alan's indignation vanished with the confession of those words, — he forgot everything except that Sidney loved him, and her father knew it; and then came the tender desire to shield the major from himself, — he must not guess that his pretense at anger had betrayed his fear. (How that look in his face brushed the years aside, and showed Sidney's entreating and disdainful eyes!) As that thought came to Alan, he smiled, and the major, watching him, said to himself, "No wonder, — no wonder; but it shall not be."

"It is strange," he began to say, "that you do not see the reasonableness of my position, Alan" (he did not know that his voice had softened), "even without the investigation of which I spoke; for I should suppose that even the most superficial observer of life must at some time be struck by the sorrow of love? Every school-boy will remember his Plato, and the wisdom of moderation; and you, a man, you surely know that love is not moderation; it is the highest height and the deepest depth. And you wonder that I would protect her!"

"To gain the heights once, a man would walk in the depths afterwards!" cried the other.

"But you" — Mortimer Lee had nothing but entreaty now — "you have not the hope of a very long life before you, I have been told! Is it possible that you do not see" —

"I think I see what you mean," Alan answered gently. "I suppose I shall not live very long, but" —

The major looked at him, with a strange simplicity in his worn face. "Is — is the time short? May it not be — quite far off?" The hint of hope in his face was so unmistakable that it touched Alan into a smile; but there was a mist of pity in his happy eyes.

"Well, you know," he said, "dying is not one of those things which can be arranged by date." He bit his lip to hide his smile. It was an unusual experience, the frank intimation that his early exit from the world would give pleasure. "Sidney has refused me," he added encouragingly. "So you must not be anxious. Yes, I know what you mean. I do love Sidney, and because I love her she shall not love me. I had made up my mind to that. But if you think that she — that — I mean, if you think it would be best, I will go away from Mercer. But" — He stopped; a quick determination came into his face. "Look here," he said; "I want to say something right here." He rose, and stood looking down at his companion. "You are an old man, Major Lee, and I am only a young fellow — but I — I am going to tell you something, sir, and I beg your pardon in advance. I think you ought to hear it; I think some healthy-minded person ought to show you how preposterous, how absurd, this idea of yours is. Why, I assure you, I can't take it seriously," protested Alan, frowning and gesticulating. "It is perfectly fantastic!"

Mortimer Lee was too much astonished for words. This boy, this light-headed boy, who knew no more of life than a frolicsome puppy, to whom love and death were only words, was going to "show" him that logic was not to be applied to life.

"If Sidney," proceeded the young man, "could just get away from this one-sided habit of thought, this dealing

with death as an isolated fact; if she could fall in love," — the dignity of reserve came into his face, but his voice was gentle and his words simple, — "if she could fall in love in a natural, wholesome, human way, it would be far better for her than the egotism of the avoidance of pain which you inculcate. I trust, sir, that I have not offended you, but it has seemed to me that this should be said."

"Sir," returned the major, "you have a right to express your opinion; the more so that you have done me the favor of assuring me that you will leave Mercer."

Alan flushed. "Major Lee, you know that I did not mean to take advantage of — of that. I shall go away, but I thought it proper that you should know my going was no concession to your views. It is only because I have not a man's ordinary chances of life. If I had! — But I will go away." A man, however, cannot doff his character as he would his coat, and Alan added, "for a time."

The major was very much moved, — too moved to resent the folly of the youth who had attempted to instruct him, or to discuss his own position; he did not try to conceal his relief at Alan's acknowledgment of ill health, nor his joy that he was going away. "Young man," he said tremulously, "there is, in this distracted world, one certain thing, — compensation. You spare Sidney, and you are yourself spared the pain of leaving her." He put out his hand, and Alan took it in his brave young grasp; neither of them spoke. It was not a time for thanks or for protestations.

A moment later he had gone, and Alan was alone.

No one can contemplate the two realities of life and remain unchanged; he must be either narrower or nobler. Alan Crossan, looking into the eyes of Love and Death, in these last few weeks, had gained a point where he was not aware of himself. This talk with Major Lee was not, as it would have been

six months ago, a "situation," a "scene," to be observed with interest; instead, it was felt.

"I will go away," he determined. And this solemn joy of renunciation made him decide that he would not even say good-by to Sidney. That very day he began his arrangements for departure.

The first thing to be thought of was Robert. Robert needed him. "Yet," Alan had grumbled to himself, only the day before, "the fellow does n't want me. How the deuce am I to get at him?" But after that promise to the major, he had the inspiration which is so common in friendship that the wonder is it is not commonplace and futile, — Robert must feel that he was needed. (The curious part of this plan is that both sides regard it as subtle.)

As soon as this suggested itself to Alan, he went in search of his friend. "Bob, I wish you'd do me a favor," he began, as he entered Robert's room; and then he unfolded his plan that they should travel together for a time. "I am not up to going by myself," he admitted; and Robert was eager and grateful for the chance to be of use.

"See here, old man," Alan said, as he rose to go, "I'll have to prescribe for you; you've let up on morphine too suddenly?"

"No," answered the other, "it had to be done at a blow. I made up my mind to that when I made up my mind about the Church."

"The Church?"

Robert smiled faintly. "Yes. I can't manage my own life; I've made a failure of it; but I can put it where it won't do any more harm, and perhaps — I dare to hope, some good. I have entered the Catholic Church, — my mother's church, you know."

"Good Lord!" said Alan.

"She forgave me," proceeded the other, "but I cannot forgive myself; I do not mean for telling her, — that was

right, — but for misleading her, in the first place. I cannot trust myself. The church which directs, and governs, and obliterates the individual is the place for a man like me. When you are well and strong again, I shall enter some brotherhood — and — and I shall at least be harmless.”

“You will be crazy,” Alan assured him. “Man alive! how can you be a Catholic? What are you going to do with your reason?”

“Have I used it so well that I can rely upon it, do you think?” returned the other. And later, when the two men talked much of this matter, Alan reluctantly admitted that his friend was wise.

They hastened their arrangements for departure, and, without discussion or apparent agreement, it came about that they left Mercer the day before John and Katherine were married. The doctor was sorry for this, but he felt Robert’s pain at the remembrance of what that day was to have been to him and to Miss Sally, and made no protest. He called to say good-by to Mrs. Paul the night before they went away, but she was too happily excited to regret very deeply his absence from the wedding, or to think of mentioning it to Sidney. So the girl went to the little church, that pleasant August afternoon, full of strange fear and hope. She was willing to see Alan, she had said to herself a dozen times; with too little understanding of love to know that she was selfish.

Since the night when she had talked with her father, Sidney had changed from one opinion to another as to the expediency of love, — even when one’s soul rested in the assurance of God. But she never wavered in her old conviction that love meant sorrow. She was like a flower swaying into the sunshine and into the shadow, but rooted all the while in the earth from which it sprang. Sometimes it seemed to her that she would tear love out of her heart; then, that she would love Alan

a little, but he should never know it; then, that he might know it, and they would both forget it; and, again, that love should end. But, no matter what temporary opinion she might hold, she never swerved from the determination not to marry him. There was, however, no reason, she said to herself, that she should not meet him, sometimes, and she was confused and a little troubled that he no longer came to see her.

Of course she should see him at the wedding, she thought. She was to have gone to church with Mrs. Paul, but Mrs. Paul had forgotten her; so Sidney found her way to Miss Sally’s seat, which was in the shadow of a pillar and beside a blue window, that was tipped half-way open, so that she could see the glimmering line of the river across the meadows, and beyond, the hills, misty with August sunshine; nearer were the dusty roofs of the brick-kilns, and long rows of sun-baked bricks; and nearer yet was the frame of ivy leaves about the little window. With the singing murmur of the organ John and Katherine entered. Sidney had never seen a wedding before. She sat in the dark corner, leaning forward, nervously grasping the back of the pew in front of her; she listened with an intensity which made her breath come hurriedly, and her eyes blur, so that she could scarcely see the bunch of white August lilies which some one had placed in the book-rack, behind Miss Sally’s small shabby Prayer-Book. Not a month ago, what a different scene the little gray church had witnessed! It had been Death, then, which had moved up the aisle to the chancel; and now, Love followed, joyously, in Death’s very steps, — forgetting!

Perhaps the words which remained in Sidney’s heart, out of all the stately and beautiful marriage service, were those least thought of in the daily careless life of husband and wife, — “till death us do part.”

"Part!" she thought. "If they believe what they say they believe, that death does not end all, why is it not 'till death us do join'?"

"O Eternal God," she heard Mr. Brown say, "Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace" — and Sidney knelt with the rest, but with a certain terror. To presume to address the Unknown! — oh, would not silence be better?

Death had not been so solemn to Sidney as was this crown of life, — solemn and terrible; an entering into the Eternal, a yielding up of God to God. It was neither joy nor sorrow, but an acceptance of life as part of the Purpose of the universe.

She dared not look into the faces of the man and woman thus glorified, as they turned to leave the church. Still kneeling, she hid her eyes in the bunch of white lilies, and waited. Yet she might have looked. It is conceivable that Moses could have come down from the mount, good and glad, but with no glory in his countenance that need be hidden from awestricken eyes. No one saw Sidney in the dark corner; and after the gay little company had gone, she still sat there by the blue window. Some birds twittered in the ivy, rustling the leaves as they moved; the organist in the dusky loft pushed in the stops and shut the organ, and a muffled echo crept along the arches of the ceiling. A rosy finger of light from the west window pointed up the aisle and into the chancel; the shadows of the leaves moved across it like living things.

"Why do they have *words*," Sidney was thinking, "and why were we here? We had no right to see them. A wedding is love and God; it was profane to see it."

The sexton, old and wrinkled, went limping up into the chancel to take away the flowers; he sang to himself in a soft falsetto, which cracked into unexpected bass.

"The Lord my Shepherd is;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

He did not seem to be aware that he was treading upon holy ground. Back and forth he went, carrying the flowers in his lean old arms; then, still singing, he came with a long pole to shut the windows, set deep in the gray walls. Sidney startled him, as she rose and went away.

Oh, how terrible life was; how unbearable without the Eternal Refuge of the enfolding understanding of it all! Yet, how foolish to invite sorrow as these two had done! She would not do that.

But her heart was full of Alan, as she walked home; not with any weakening of resolution, but with the human joy of love, which is not to be destroyed by reason, or time, or death itself; so that when she came into the library, and saw, leaning against the crystal ball on the oak table, a letter addressed to her in Alan's hand, her face flushed with happiness. She opened it with smiling haste; and then stood, in the yellow dusk of sunset, reading its brief and friendly words.

DEAR SIDNEY, — I am sorry to go away — and for an indefinitely long time — so hastily that I may not say good-by to you; but I must leave Mercer to-night. [Sidney, her face settling into white calm, mechanically looked back; it was dated the day before.]

Sincerely yours, ALAN CROSSAN.

The yellow light faded and faded; the sparkle of the crystal ball trembled into gray; the shadows stretched themselves about the room. There was the click of the iron gate in the courtyard, and Major Lee's step upon the porch.

"It is better so," she said, lifting her head. "I am glad that he has gone; this decides it. It is better for him."

Margaret Deland.

MADAME DE MONTESPAN, HER SISTERS AND HER DAUGHTERS.

No better description can be found of the court of Louis XIV. than the few famous sentences of La Bruyère: "There is a region in which joys are visible, but they are false, and sorrows hidden, but they are real. Who would believe that the eagerness about brilliant shows, the bursts of laughter and of applause at the theatres of Molière and of Harlequin; that the feasting, the huntings, the ballets, the *carrousel*s, could conceal so much uneasiness, so many cares, and such various interests, so many fears and hopes, passions so keen, and affairs so important?"

Madame de Montespan, whose position made her doubly conspicuous, was one of the most characteristic figures in this little world. Her joys were visible, but they were false; her sorrows hidden, but real. This common fate, and many of the qualities that distinguish her, were also shared by a group of women near her, — women of her own family, from whom she was less widely removed, in the eyes of her contemporaries, than we perhaps usually imagine.

Each and all of these women, in their degree, were so marked an expression of their time that the observation of their individual personalities becomes very interesting; and, in fact, Madame de Montespan cannot be understood intelligently if considered by herself alone. It is as surrounded by her sisters and her daughters that she stands smiling on destroying Time, with her immortal courtesy of bearing and free gracefulness of gay demeanor blended with something of insolent haughtiness. One who pauses for a moment delays long to contemplate the group.

It must be looked at in several successive phases to be seen in full. As it first became of importance it consisted of Madame de Montespan, in the days

when she was the king's mistress, and of her two sisters, the Abbess of Fontevrault and Madame de Thianges. Much goes to indicate that Madame de Montespan drifted into the position she occupied at this time; that she did not assume it of her own will, but even unwillingly. Saint-Simon believed that she was thrown into the king's arms by the blind carelessness of her husband; and Madame de Caylus, the niece, and the loyal and familiar niece, of Madame de Maintenon, says of the superb Vasthi: "Far from being dissolute by nature, the character of Madame de Montespan was originally alien to *galanterie*, and inclined to virtue. [Madame de Caylus believed the *fonds* of her character to be personal ambition.] Her project had been to govern the king by the power of her brilliancy. She had flattered herself that she could be not only mistress of herself, but of the king's passion. . . . The result was more natural. . . . She was in despair, as I have said, at the coming of their first child; she was consoled before the second arrived: and afterward carried shamelessness as far as it could go."

She was at the height of her splendor when Madame de Sévigné saw her, one day in July, 1676, at Versailles. Going thither with her friends, the Villars, the father and mother of the famous marshal, and, at three o'clock, entering "that beautiful apartment of the king," which is "so divinely furnished, in all respects magnificent," she found herself one of an agreeable gathering — without crowd — of all that was most select, and exchanging courtesies with every one. The king bowed to her most graciously; the queen spoke to her, and so also did Madame de Montespan. Madame de Sévigné writes: —

"She was modesty itself [*je lui trou-*

vai le dos bien-plat], but, seriously, her beauty is something surprising, and her figure, too, which is not half as stout as it was, while her complexion, her eyes, her lips, are as fine as ever. Her dress was wholly of *point de France*; her hair was dressed in a thousand curls, the two at the temples falling very low on her cheeks; black ribbons on her head, the pearls of the *Maréchale de l'Hospital* ["larger than those of the queen," says *Mademoiselle* in her *Mémoires*], and added to them diamond clasps and pendants of the greatest beauty, three or four jeweled pins; no coif; in a word, a triumphal beauty to win admiration from all the ambassadors." She pictures delightfully the card-playing, the music, and the talking that went on in this gay assemblage: "The talk is incessant; nothing remains unspoken" (*rien ne demeure sur le cœur*); and then continues: "At six o'clock they get into chariots; [in one] the king, *Madame de Montespan*, *Monsieur*, *Madame de Thianges*, and, on the step-seat, the excellent *Madame d'Hendicourt*, as if in *Paradise*. . . . You know how these chariots are arranged. The people in them do not sit opposite each other, but all the same way. The queen was in another with the princesses, and every one troops after according to fancy. They float on the canal in gondolas with music. They return at ten, when a play is acted. Midnight strikes; supper is served." And so the festive day comes to an end.

It was a year earlier than this that *Madame de Montespan* went by water, in all magnificence, to meet the king returning from a victorious campaign. She was "in a painted and gilded barge, furnished in red damask, . . . with a thousand ciphers, a thousand streamers of *France* and *Navarre*. Never was anything more splendid. . . . She embarked [at *Moullins*] on the *Allier* to take the *Loire* at *Nevers*, which will carry her to *Tours*, and then to *Fonte-*

vault, where she will await the king's return."

It was not merely with the charms of *Cleopatra* or *Armida*, or those of the fairy "Niquée,"—to whom both *Madame Sévigné* and *Saint-Simon* compare her,—that she held the admiration of *Louis*. Charming wit, delightful powers of conversation, added flavor and quality to this radiant beauty. *Madame de Caylus* says that "her talk gave charm to the most serious subjects, and ennobled the most common." *La Grande Mademoiselle* (*Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, the king's cousin) describes her, in 1671 (before her relations with the king were acknowledged), during a sojourn of the court at *Tournay*, as full of vivacity. "She went often to a benevolent establishment for little girls to see them at their work. In the evening, with the queen, she would tell us all she had seen, imitating the children in the most amusing way in the world. The queen showed her much friendship, and took great pleasure in her society."

Madame de Caylus again says: "She had been perfectly well educated by a mother of the greatest piety, who sowed in her heart, from her earliest childhood, seeds of religion which she never did away with." And elsewhere: "*Madame de Montespan* had qualities not at all common, greatness of soul and elevation of mind. She showed it in the suggestions she made to the king regarding the education of *Monseigneur*. She did not consider merely present times, but the idea posterity would conceive of this education from the choice made of those who were to conduct it." *Saint-Simon* speaks in general terms of her regard for worthy people, and her entire freedom from levity in matters of religion.

About lighter matters, too, points of taste and such like, her praises are sung. *Mademoiselle* describes a present the king made to the *Dauphiness* on her marriage,— "the prettiest thing in the world," she says. "It was a coffer

mounted in gold, in which there were all sorts of jewels and trinkets [to the amount of 50,000 livres, states another chronicler], and trimmed gloves which Madame de Montespan had taken pleasure in trimming. She had much enjoyed arranging the whole thing."

She gave evidence of more artistic taste in a superb volume she had made for the king as a New Year's gift. Dangeau says: "Madame de Montespan made a present to the king, in the evening, after supper, of a book bound in gold, and full of miniature paintings representing all the cities of Holland which the king took in 1672. [She had been with him there in 1671.] . . . Racine and Despréaux have written the text for it, and have added an *Éloge* of his Majesty. . . . Nothing was ever seen richer, better executed, or more agreeable."

It was in sympathy with her, and in admiration of her beauty, wit, taste, and splendor, that her two sisters drew close to Madame de Montespan on terms of simple good-fellowship, which her glory made extremely agreeable, all the more that her affection for them was sincere and cordial, and that the king became their personal friend. In truth, the relation between the sisters and the king was from first to last of a singularly free and familiar nature; in conversation, at least, they met on the footing of equals, or even the balance of superiority swayed to the feminine side. Their *esprit* was delightful: its note was the same as that of Madame de Montespan; its character was universally recognized, and was so unique that it became known by the name of their family and distinguished as "the Mortemart brilliancy." Saint-Simon speaks of its "peculiar, delicate, and exquisite quality, always natural and always agreeable," and adds, "One still perceives with pleasure this charming and simple quality in those persons yet living whom they brought up, and to whom they

were attached; among a thousand others they can be distinguished in the most common conversations." Madame de Maintenon, praising a granddaughter of Madame de Montespan says, "Elle s'exprime en Mortemart."

The "queen of abbesses," Madame de Fontevrault, came from time to time out of her cloister, still invested with her veil and her vows, but possessing even more *esprit*, and some thought even more beauty, than Madame de Montespan, and took her place, in all the private (but not the public) gaieties of the king, with Madame de Thianges and the most choice selection of all the ladies of the court; but always maintained extreme personal demeanor in these places and parties where her attire seemed so little to belong. That she was "very learned" is testified by more than one authority. She seems to have been familiar not only with Italian and Spanish, but to have written and spoken Latin easily; and also to have had some slight knowledge of Greek, — enough to undertake a version of Plato with the aid of a Latin translation. This was sent by her to Racine, who rewrote some part of it; and in 1732 it was published under the title "Le Banquet de Platon, traduit un tiers par feu Monsieur Racine de l'Académie française, et le reste par Madame . . ." About the same time (thirty years after her death) there was published a little paper of hers on Politeness (*la politesse*); but she read more than she wrote. Madame de Caylus says of her: "There could not be combined in the same person more reason, wit, and learning; and her learning was really a consequence of her reason. Having no natural inclination for convent life [*religieuse sans vocation*], she sought an interest suitable to her position; but her acquisitions cost her nothing of her native qualities."

She was even a good theological scholar, according to Saint-Simon. "She

had also," he declares, "remarkable talents for governing, an ease and a facility which made her regard merely as play the guidance of all her order,¹ and of many great matters into which she entered, where it is true her position much contributed to success. She was very regular and very exact, but with such sweetness, such graces, such ways, as made her adored at Fontevrault and by her whole order. Her least letters were things to keep; her ordinary conversation, even if about matters of business or discipline, was charming; and her addresses before the chapter on *fête* days were admirable. Her sisters loved her passionately [with periods of hot coolness], and notwithstanding their imperiousness of disposition, increased by the height of favor, they showed real deference to her. . . . The king felt for her an esteem and regard and friendship which neither the fall of Madame de Montespan nor the rise of Madame de Maintenon could diminish. [When she died] he truly mourned her, and solaced himself by showing his regret; he gave her abbey to her niece, her brother's daughter, a nun of the house and a person of high merit."

Madame de Thianges was very different from the abbess; she was the eldest of the three by ten years, and she lorded it over her sisters, and even over the king, whom she amused almost better than the others could. Madame de Sévigné, writing in later days (1685) from the country to her daughter at court, says, "You shall tell me some day about the gaiety of those great dinners, and what story Madame de Thianges chose to amuse the company with, for she knows more than one." Twenty-five years earlier, Somaize, in his *Dictionnaire des Précieuses*, describes her as one of the most agreeable women of the court, adding, "But there is no

reason for surprise at this, since she is the daughter of Metrobarzane [the Duc de Mortemart]." ² He continues: "Tisimene [the *précieux* name of Madame de Thianges] has retained her father's love of letters and regard for men of letters, whom she looks on with good will, provided they have some gaiety; for over-melancholy things displease her." Earlier still (in 1657), two years after her marriage, this quatrain was written on her:—

"Jeune Marquise de Thiange,
Le moyen de vous oublier
Lorsque partout on entend publier
Qu'en beautez, en vertuz, vous passez pour
un ange?"

But it was not as *un ange* (rhyme-suggested) that she appeared to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, la Grande Mademoiselle, when, in this same year (1657), she was the guest of Mademoiselle. Her hostess calls her "*une fort plaisante créature*," and reports that "she led at Saint-Fargeau the most ridiculous life in the world. She did not rise from her bed till she was told that I had sent for dinner; she came to the table in very negligent dress, and often with disheveled hair. She used to say, 'I don't mind being found looking so by the people who come to see Mademoiselle: those who know anything will attribute my lack of ceremony to familiarity; fools will think me a crazy woman, for which I don't care a bit.' It got to be a way of hers [*elle arrivoit assez de manière à cela*]; for she would have to be sent for twenty times, and all the pages and footmen in the house would be after her, and sometimes three or four pages bringing her her dress,—she laughing at it all. As she likes extremely to sit up late, when I had gone to bed (which was not early, for she made me sometimes stay up till two o'clock, listening to her talk), she

¹ The Abbess of Fontevrault held jurisdiction over all the convents of the Benedictine order in France.

² Madame de Morteville speaks of the duke as "*grand amateur de musique et grand courtisan*."

would go into her chamber and play little games with her women and my pages and valets, till four or five in the morning; sometimes she had little repasts. The next morning she would tell us about it as if these doings had been the finest in the world."

A little later, Mademoiselle gives in great detail the story of a quarrel on the part of Madame de Thianges with the Chevalier de Bethune, which began by her "taking her busk" and breaking with it a glass from which he was just about to drink, spilling the wine all over him. This not sufficiently relieving her excitement, she came to Mademoiselle in tears of anger to demand punishment for the chevalier, — "a very civil youth, who was only too courteous to ladies." "I told her," says Mademoiselle, "to go to bed, and not to cry so, and that I would attend to the matter." "She was horribly exasperated [*elle avoit un déchainement horrible*] against the chevalier;" but Mademoiselle induced him to beg her pardon, and "when her good humor returned she told us that she sacrificed her resentment to God, and that it was that obliged her to pardon. She said wonderful things to us about piety; she had had an admirable access of it that year at Christmas. I give that name to this good impulse because it did n't last long."

In 1674 (seventeen years later) Madame de Sévigné writes of her: "M. de Grignan spoke truly in saying that Madame de Thianges no longer wears rouge, and that she covers her bosom. She is scarcely recognizable in this disguise; but nothing is more a fact. She is often with Madame de Longueville, and in the full fashion of piety. She is always in very good company, and is not solitary. The other day I was near her at dinner: a servant offered her a large glass of liqueur; she said to me, 'Madame, this man does not know that I am pious.' That made us laugh. She

spoke very naturally of her good intentions and of her change; she keeps a watch on what she says about others, and when anything escapes her she suddenly checks herself, and exclaims with detestation of the bad habit.¹ For my part, I find her more charming than she was."

Her sister, Madame de Fontevrault was not of this mind. She wrote at this time to Madame de Sablé (her long-time friend, though between forty and fifty years older than herself): "I begin to believe that she makes it a point of conscience to treat me ill, seeing that this flying out at me [*déchainement*] began almost at the same time as her devoutness, and that it continues without my being able to divine the grounds of it." Six months later, the abbess recurs to the subject of her sister's "devoutness," saying, "It seems to me it might be very real if she quitted the court; but I cannot believe that one can maintain in that region a life as austere as should be that of true Christians."

As long as she lived, even after the departure from court of Madame de Montespan, unique privileges and distinctions were hers there. She had at Versailles a magnificent apartment adjoining that of Monseigneur, where the princes and princesses, her nephews and nieces, by whom she was both loved and feared, and all the other most distinguished people at the court, constantly visited her.

She was *folle* on two points, Madame de Caylus says, — her own personal appearance and her family, being equally proud of both. "As to her person, she considered herself a *chef d'œuvre* of nature, not so much for external beauty as for the delicacy of the organs that composed her body; and, uniting the two points of her insanity,

¹ Madame de Caylus speaks of her as "disparaging and scoffing in talk," but "not from a bad heart."

she believed that her beauty and the perfection of her temperament arose from the difference which birth had made between her and the world in general."

An early *portrait* of her (1658), executed after the fashion of the time by Mademoiselle, touches with caricature these same outlines. It is written in the character of the subject herself, who thus is presented as saying: "I have the air belonging to my birth; that is to say, of a woman of very high rank. . . . The alliances of my house permit me to believe that I am descended from Rosanire, daughter of Polican-dre, king of the Piets; judge from this whether I have not a fine manner, and whether I do not carry myself nobly. People do battle with me because of this; but such battles are not unpleasant. . . . I am on as familiar terms with the lower classes as that princess was from whom I have the honor of descending." Mademoiselle had implied previously that the princess sometimes forgot her high estate and enjoyed the frolics of a shepherdess: this is evidently a "skit" at the midnight revelries of Madame de Thianges while at Saint-Fargeau, which it is clear seemed very undignified to the granddaughter of Henri IV., who never forgot her birth, even in her not infrequent hours of extravagant action and feeling. The *portrait* continues: "It is said that my eyes are beautiful and sweet, and opinion about their glances is dependent on whether I am liked or no. I have a beautiful mouth and teeth and a charming laugh, a beautiful bosom, admirable hands. My manner is melancholy, although I have an extremely gay disposition. . . . I have a very agreeable and entertaining mind, and rarely is dullness to be found where I am; at least, the granddaughter of the great Euric [Queen Christina of Sweden, who much admired Madame de Thianges] has often told me so. I dance badly; and in that I resemble

neither my great-grandmother, nor my great-great-grandmother, nor my grandmother of five generations back. There is no song [*chanson*] that I do not know. My memory is unrivaled, and if I had chosen to employ it about more solid things perhaps it would have been not less useful; but as we know that, according to the common saying, memory and judgment are inharmonious, the world may think as it chooses about this. . . . Finally, to sum up, I think there is much more that is good than bad about me."

If she was at all beautiful in youth, in later years she must have had a deplorable appearance, for Saint-Simon describes her thus, with a freedom not to be repeated if it were not so strange a picture: "She was blear-eyed and wore a shade of green silk, and under her chin a great linen bib. It was not needless, for she drooled incessantly and greatly. In this attire, she seemed from her air and her manners the queen of the world; and every evening, with her bib and her green shade, she was carried in a chair to the top of the little stairway of the king, entered his private apartments, and was there with him and his family, seated in an arm-chair, from after supper till the king's bed-hour. . . . There she engrossed the conversation [*tenoit le dé*], disputing, often bitterly, with the king, who liked to irritate her. . . . Sometimes, in anger, she abused him, and the more the king laughed the greater grew her fury." The king allowed himself other liberties with her, of a less pardonable kind and stranger still. She and Mademoiselle were very fastidious in eating. "The king found pleasure in putting hairs in their butter and their tarts, and playing off on them other odious tricks of this kind. They would scream and be sick, and he would laugh heartily. Madame de Thianges would be for going, would scold the king [*chantoit pouilles au roi*] without restraint, and some-

times across the table would pretend to throw these nastinesses in his face." What a picture! Louis le Grand! the majestic monarch!

These scenes were after the departure from court of Madame de Montespan, whose beauty, wit, taste, and splendor had paled under the cloud stealthily and treacherously cast upon her by her sombre rival. But in her downfall there was, as Sainte-Beuve has remarked, a certain dignity and even stateliness; the "esprit Mortemart" saved appearances to the last. On the other hand, never was more conspicuous the coldness of nature of both those two consummate egotists, Louis and Madame de Maintenon.

The final and complete separation of the king from Madame de Montespan, with whom his relations had long been only those of courtesy, was chiefly brought about by Bossuet, who abhorred her presence at court if only as a continual and visible reminder of past immoralities. But Madame de Maintenon's hatred of her former benefactress was deeper and more subtle than that of the eloquent moralist, and it was through her influence that the fatal blow was dealt by the immediate hand of Madame de Montespan's eldest (illegitimate) son, the Duc du Maine, whom Madame de Maintenon had stolen from his mother, and converted into her enemy as selfishly as she had her royal lover. Mere boy as he was in age, he felt, with the instincts of a born courtier, that his mother had become an embarrassing weight on his fortunes, while from his former governess he could hope and expect all things; and consequently he gladly himself carried to Madame de Montespan the order, the very positive order, of the king which imposed on her permanent exile from the court.

She withdrew to Paris, to the community of Les Filles de Saint-Joseph, which she had founded; but in her

restless unhappiness she could not remain there, and she wandered hither and yon, — to the baths at Bourbon, to Fontevault, and to her son, her Montespan son, the Duc d'Antin, with whom readers of Sainte-Beuve are familiar as *le parfait courtisan*. Her children, whom she passionately loved, were, with the exception of M. du Maine, most dutiful to her, and unflinching in attentions. "It were little to say," declares Saint-Simon, "that she had influence over them; it was authority, and she used it unhesitatingly. She made them gifts continually, both from affection and to preserve their attachment, and also to keep open this connection with the king, who had no sort of intercourse with her, even through their children." Both she and her children for long, weary years were constantly hoping for the death of Madame de Maintenon, and for her own consequent return to favor.

The three children of Madame de Montespan who form this group are, Madame la Duchesse, married to the grandson of the great Condé; the Duchesse d'Orléans, wife of the king's nephew, son of Monsieur; and the Comte de Toulouse.

The eldest, Madame la Duchesse, was the most like her mother, with not less charm, but with even less worth. Our constant authority, Saint-Simon, thus describes her: —

"With a figure slightly, but scarcely perceptibly, twisted, her face suggested the most tender passions, and her nature was such as to play with them at her will without being governed by them. All modes of pleasure seemed to belong to her. At ease with every one, she had the art of giving ease to each. There was nothing in her that did not, with unequalled grace in her slightest actions, turn naturally to pleasing, with a wit just as natural, that had a thousand charms. She loved nobody; yet, while this was recognized, one could not prevent one's self from seeking her

favor, nor persuade one's self, even persons the most remote from her, that one had failed to win it. Even the people who had most grounds for fearing her she fascinated, and those who had the most reasons for hating her had need to recall them often to resist her charms. Never the least ill humor under any circumstances. Playful, gay, agreeable, with the most delicate wit, invulnerable to surprises and *contretemps*, free in moments of the most perplexing and constraining incidents, she passed her youth in frivolity and pleasure of every kind, which, as often as she could, she carried to debauchery."

"With these qualities," continues this pitiless exposition, "with much intelligence and ability for political intrigue and affairs, with a subtlety which cost her nothing, but with little power of managing matters of long continuance, she was contemptuous, mocking, biting, incapable of friendship, very capable of hate, and then malicious, proud, implacable, fruitful in black designs and in the most cruel *chansons*, with which she gayly smothered people whom she seemed to love, and who were constantly with her. In her was to be seen the siren of the poets; such charms and dangers were hers. With age came ambition, but the taste for pleasure still remained, and the appearance of frivolous interests served for a long time to mask serious purposes."

Madame de Grignan wrote of her:—

"She has the prettiest, the most brilliant, the most charming little visage I ever saw in my life; and her wit is sharp, amusing, frolicsome, to the last point. Nothing is droller than to be present at her toilet, and to see her dress her hair. I was there the other day. She woke soon after midday, put on her dressing-gown, and set about dressing her hair and eating her panada [*un pain au pot*]. She herself curls and powders her hair, and eats at the same time; the same fingers are busy

alternately with the puff and the panada; she eats her powder and panadas her hair, and the result is an excellent breakfast and a charming *coiffure*." Such was Madame la Duchesse, always thus styled, half royally, as the wife of M. le Duc.

Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans was another sort of person. We turn again to a page of Saint-Simon, and see her picture:—

"She was tall and every way majestic [yet, "without being humpbacked nor twisted, she had one side larger than the other, and her step was irregular"]; her complexion, her neck, her arms, were admirable, and her eyes also; her mouth well enough, with beautiful though rather long teeth; too large and too flabby cheeks, which spoiled her looks, but did not quite deprive her of beauty; what disfigured her the most were her eyebrows, which were as if skinned, and were red, with very little hair; beautiful eyelids and chestnut hair growing prettily [*bien plantés*]." Then he speaks of her intelligence, and says she had remarkable coherence of mind ("*une grande suite dans l'esprit*") and the famous Mortemart quality, "a natural eloquence, a justness of expression, a singularity in the choice of terms which was always original and always surprising, with that special manner of phrase peculiar to Madame de Montespan and her sisters, and caught only by persons familiar with her and brought up by her. Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans said everything she wished and as she wished with infinite delicacy and agreeableness; she said even what she did not say, and made everything understood to the degree and with the meaning which she wished to give to it; but she had a thick utterance, so slow, so confused, so difficult to ears that were not well accustomed to it, that this defect, which she seemed unconscious of, extremely injured the effect of what she said.

“Every degree and kind of propriety and decorum found their centre in her, and the most intense arrogance was enthroned in her. . . . M. le Duc d’Orléans, who often laughed about it, called her Madame Lucifer in speaking to her, and she agreed that this name did not displease her. . . . At the same time, the timidity of Madame la Duchesse d’Orléans was extreme. She would be made ill by a somewhat severe look from the king, and perhaps by one from Madame de Maintenon; at least she trembled before her; and she never answered these personages about the most common and public things but with stammering and in fright. I say ‘answered,’ for as for beginning the conversation, especially with the king, that would have been more than she could do. For the rest, her life was a very languid one, though she had excellent health: solitude and reading till her lonely dinner, working the rest of the day, and receiving, from five o’clock in the evening, persons who found neither amusement nor freedom in her society, for she never knew how to put people at their ease.

“Of her two brothers, each was, turn by turn, her favorite.” The younger of these brothers, the Comte de Toulouse, remained faithful to his mother, and it is he and his sisters, as we have said, who grouped themselves about Madame de Montespan in the years immediately succeeding her banishment from court. There is much interest to be found in following the course of their lives, but that we cannot do here. We can only now consider Madame de Montespan herself in her last days, which she passed at Paris.

The attachment she had so long retained to a court life, as well as her chimerical hopes, died within her as the cold years deepened her neglectedness, and she turned more and more to what she esteemed religious duties. She relinquished even her relations with her daughters; she saw them only rarely

and by arrangement; but she occupied herself with the interests of D’Antin, for whom previously she had felt only indifference.

“Little by little” (we follow Saint-Simon again) “she came to giving almost all she had to the poor. She sewed for them many hours a day on common and coarse articles, like chemises and other such needful things, and made those about her work on them, too.”

What a contrast to the scene in the king’s apartment described by Madame de Sévigné! All her luxuriousness disappeared; her table became most frugal, her fasts frequent, her prayers incessant, her penances severe; and she forever suffered the secret punishment of a terrible fear of death. Yet with all this she could never cast off that queenlike state which she had assumed in her pride of place, and which clung to her in her humbled condition as a permanent habit of life. Her armchair — the supreme sign and token of dignity in those days — was the only one in her apartment. Others were brought for Monsieur, or la Grande Mademoiselle, or Madame la Princesse, when they visited her, but for any one else, for her children, even the Duchesse d’Orléans, never, — they had to sit on common chairs; and not even the greatest personage did she rise to receive. Visits in return she paid to no one; an occasional message of compliment sent to certain people was the height of her condescension.

“All France,” says Saint-Simon, “was at her doors. I know not through what fancy it had come, as years went on, to be considered a sort of duty to go there. . . . She spoke to each as a queen who holds her court, and to be addressed by whom is an honor. . . . She was beautiful as the day to the last moment of her life, . . . with a grace which made her haughtinesses overlooked, and which was in harmony with them.”

It is almost impossible not to linger, but we must hasten to the end. She died at Bourbon, after only a few hours' illness; but during those few hours the fear of death, which all her life had so continually appalled her, suddenly vanished, and disquieted her no more. She summoned her attendants and servants, and made before them confession of her sins, asking pardon for the scandal she had so long occasioned, and even for her high temper, "with a humility so serious, so deep, so penitent, that no-

thing could be more edifying." Sweetness and peace marked all her actions.

Her funeral was strangely uncared for and obscure, but she was bitterly wept by all the countless poor she had befriended. Her daughters were heart-broken. "The grief of Madame la Duchesse was astonishing, — she who had piqued herself all her life on loving no one." The memory of Madame de Montespan is protected by this group of her children, her servants, the poor, as they stand mourners at her death-bed.

Hope Notnor.

EPHEMERON.

GRAY, on the daisiest grass,
 Shadows of moving leaves;
 Happy the brown bees hum,
 "Summer has come — has come;"
 Lightly the low winds pass,
 Shaking the peony-sheaves.

Tulips the sun looks through
 Shining and stately stand;
 Redder than rubies glow
 All their great globes a-row,
 Bright on the summer blue,
 Lanthorns of fairy-land.

Ever and aye my own
 Still shall this moment be;
 I shall remember all, —
 Shadows, and tulips tall,
 Scent from the bean-fields blown,
 Song of the humble-bee.

Lost is that fragrant hour,
 Dewy and golden-lit, —
 Dead — for the memory
 Pitiful comes to me
 Wan as a withered flower, —
 Only the ghost of it.

Graham R. Tomson.

MR. BRISBANE'S JOURNAL.

THERE lies before the writer a quaint old manuscript volume, found by him years ago in one of the country villages of New England. The ancient folio tells in several hundred closely lined and gracefully penned pages the story of the travels of Mr. William Brisbane, a South Carolina aristocrat, a kinsman of the Pinckneys, and an ardent Federalist, who in 1801 sold his plantation and began a long tour for pleasure and for health.

During four years, broken only by one return to his home, he journeyed with his wife by private coach over our Northern States and through Europe, expanding in his journal at a later time his notes of what he saw and did. Curious features of the antique work are its rusty leather and board covers, its copperplate fashion of manuscript, its odd spelling and erratic capitals, and the family coat of arms imprinted on the initial page. Altogether, during the four years, Mr. Brisbane, as his itinerary shows, traveled 3561 miles in our own land and 16,733 miles in Europe; a remarkable distance for the time, when the slow, old-fashioned ways of journeying are taken into account. The parts of his journal which refer to his trip through our Northern States give us some vivid glimpses of that old life from which we have drifted so fast and far away, and appear here in print for the first time.

It took Mr. Brisbane, in the early June of 1801, ten days of "very unpleasant passage" to make the voyage of about six hundred miles in the ship *Sophia* from Charleston to New York. At the latter city he bought "a coach and pair of excellent horses," with which he made the journey up the Hudson and on to Ballston, repeating the same trip during the following summer. In the

narrative of the later journey the following entry occurs:—

"In our passage up the North River, last summer, a wide-spreading tree, said to be the largest in the country, was pointed out to us as the one under which André was examined by the patrol who took him, and has ever since been called by his name. It is somewhat remarkable that this immense tree was a short time afterward shivered to pieces by lightning and almost totally destroyed, only the stump remaining; and it is said upon the very day, but, undoubtedly, within a short time, of the death of General Arnold, who died that summer in England, twenty-one years after the death of poor André. Curiosity led us to walk to the spot where this celebrated tree had so long flourished. Nothing now remains of it but a part of the trunk. A few days after, we met with a Major Paulding on the road, who was one of André's captors."

It was near Poughkeepsie, described in the journal as "a large and respectable town," that Mr. Brisbane visited Deveaux Park, the country seat of Colonel Deveaux, a wealthy friend. Differing in kind, perhaps, from the modern homes of rural wealth, but not less tasteful outwardly and more solidly luxurious within, must have been that North River mansion: the grounds sloping in a smooth lawn half a mile to the Hudson, and the primeval woods "shaped into angular copses so as to form handsome avenues," with the river dimpling beyond. To the luxurious appointments of the mansion let the following words of Mr. Brisbane testify:—

"Some of the furniture is perhaps the most costly in the United States, — particularly a very superb cellarette and an elegant set of dining-tables. The first cost 700 dollars. The tables

are of the finest mahogany, uncommonly wide, and, when full spread, are intended to contain twenty-four covers, under each of which is a silver basket of openwork neatly let into the table; and underneath the baskets are copper boxes with plated fronts to contain heaters, which serve in winter to keep the company as well as the plates warm. In the centre and at each end of the table are circular fancy pieces, handsomely designed in stained satin-wood and neatly inlaid. The outer edge of the table is bound with a plain silver band."

Continuing his journey northward, Mr. Brisbane passed through Hudson city, then a place "of respectable size, and of most rapid growth in a few years from a cultivated farm." His reference to Albany in 1801 is curt and uncomplimentary: —

"The houses have a mean appearance, except those newly built, and the place in general is dirty and disagreeable, — dreadfully hot in summer and extremely cold in winter. The inhabitants are mostly descendants of the Dutch, and still, in a great degree, possess their manners and habits, and continue to use the Dutch language as well as the English."

A single day's travel from Albany brought Mr. Brisbane to "Ballstown," then in its fashionable heyday, and not yet eclipsed by near Saratoga, which is mentioned in the journal merely as a side attraction. There follows a somewhat detailed story of midsummer gayeties at the "Bath of America," as Ballston is styled by the traveler; of Aldridge's, the "best house," with its "genteel company, many from the West Indies," its reading-room, its library, its billiard-hall, and its "balls three times a week, at which a number of the most celebrated belles from neighboring States exhibited beauty and fashion." But the country around the place was "dreary and miserable, affording no pleasant rides or walks." The waters Mr. Bris-

bane found "at first a little nauseous, but after several weeks' using left with regret, and the greatest stimulus to the appetite I ever experienced." During a day's trip to Saratoga, Mr. Brisbane tasted also the to him "very nauseous" but in later days famed Congress Spring water. In connection with another excursion to Saratoga he made the following note: —

"On the sign of the inn kept at Saratoga by one Putnam is a very ludicrous representation, taken from the story of General Putnam and the wolf. Two countrymen are seen pulling him out of the cave by the legs, while he brings out the wolf by the ears. The poor general is certainly not much obliged to his namesake for thus publicly exhibiting him as the hero of so ludicrous a scene."

After a northward trip to view the scenic beauties of Lake George, Mr. Brisbane turns southward to pass into New England, on his roundabout journey to Boston. He describes at length the habits of the "shaking Quakers" near Lebanon, and thence moves on into Connecticut, where happened one of the most amusing episodes of his trip: —

"After passing through Norfolk, and just before we reached New Hartford, a dirty-looking fellow came running toward the carriage, waving his hand. I ordered the coachman to stop the carriage, thinking him, from his ragged appearance, about to solicit alms; but as soon as he came near he told me we had broken the Sabbath, and must immediately stop. I informed him that we would stop at the first inn, one being then in sight. He said we should not go any farther, and attempted to take hold of the reins; but John, perceiving his intent, applied the whip to the horses, who soon disengaged themselves. He continued the chase for about one hundred and fifty yards, but, being outwinded, he slackened his pace, and

we continued to the inn, where we ordered dinner. Soon in came the man, and informed us that we were his prisoners, and desired to know of the landlord whether he would bail us; if not, he must take us into custody, and keep us at his own house until next day. I told him I would neither give bail nor go with him, and that after dinner I would leave the house at the first opportunity I had. He then retired, and, lurking about the house, watched our motions to prevent our escape. Finding it impossible to get away, I went out and endeavored to persuade him by fair words, offering to pay his fees and give him any satisfaction for his trouble; but he was inflexible to anything I could say. Neither threats nor persuasion had any effect upon him, and he remained firm at his post. The landlord told me that after sunset travelers were permitted to pursue their journey, the Sabbath being then considered over. I therefore, as soon as the sun had set, ordered the horses to be put in the carriage, and was getting in, but was prevented by this conscientious officer, who told me I must appear before a magistrate and be tried for the offense. I was obliged to yield to his authority, and, in the mean time, went myself to the magistrate, who lived about half a mile up the road, and informed him that the constable had detained us at the inn upwards of six hours, but hoped he would have no objections to our going early in the morning, and mentioned my inducement for traveling on Sunday was that Mrs. B. was in bad health, and I was then traveling for its improvement, and did not wish to be detained at such miserable inns as were on the road. He said he thought that very reasonable. About nine o'clock that evening the constable came, and inquired at what time I would be ready to attend him. I told him early in the morning; and about sunrise, our carriage being ready, and Mr. Constable absent from his post, I

took the liberty of proceeding; not, however, without apprehension of being pursued by the indefatigable constable, who really, I believe, from conscientious motives persevered in his duty with inflexible zeal."

It may have been partly the vexation growing out of this incident that prompts Mr. Brisbane to remark of the people of Connecticut, a little further on in his journal:—

"The people of Connecticut are well known to be the most federal in the Union; but there is, indisputably, more republican equality in the higher and democratic insolence among the lower orders in this State than perhaps in any other part of the civilized world. They seem to take pleasure in insulting travelers whose equipage they may deem aristocratic, or above the mediocrity of their own state, by making it as inconvenient as possible to pass them on the road, which has been experienced by many. We encountered a couple of these chaps, who were in a large cart drawn by oxen. They took possession of the centre of the road, and prevented our passing. My coachman called to them to give him room to pass, which, after hesitating some time, they did; but as soon as they got abreast of us they evidently veered about intentionally, and ran their cart against us. From the noise, I concluded one wheel, at least, was shattered, and called to them to know why they behaved in that manner. They looked at me with insolence, and without making any answer moved off, upon which I immediately jumped out of the carriage, seized the whip out of the hands of the fellow who was driving, and gave him a disciplining with his own instrument, to teach him a little more politeness in future. The fellow, astonished by the attack, made no resistance, but laid all the blame on the oxen, and they both suffered me to retreat to the carriage before they recovered sufficient spirit to retaliate. I

thought myself well off (upon cool reflection) in having avenged the affront without getting a beating in the attempt."

By a zigzag route Mr. Brisbane traversed Connecticut and Rhode Island, mentioning cursorily, in the latter State, the Freemasons' lodge room at Providence as "the handsomest thing of the kind in the United States." A few days later he reached Boston, and found "quarters at Mrs. Carter's, in West Boston, who keeps an excellent boarding-house." Then comes his pen picture of the city in 1801 as seen by his Southern eyes:—

"Boston is a place of great importance. The people are very enterprising and industrious, and during the present European war have been very successful in business. Riches have greatly accumulated, and consequently money sunk in value more visibly than in any other part of the United States. A good criterion to go by are the charges at the boarding-houses, which must be regulated by the prices of provisions, house rent, etc. While here in the year 1789, I paid for board and lodging, at one of the first houses, one guinea per week, and now I pay three guineas. The price at the livery stable for horse-keeping is one dollar per day for each horse.

"In this ancient town, once so Puritanical in its morals as to punish even the smallest deviation, are now two of the largest theatres in the United States, and the citizens have so far relaxed their former strictness of living that, could their old selectmen rise from their graves, they could hardly be persuaded that the present race were their descendants. The town has rapidly increased within these few years. Among their public buildings the new State House stands foremost. It is a very superb structure, and is said to have cost \$140,000. From the dome you have a beautiful view of the surrounding country, with numerous villages and country seats, and vessels entering and leaving port.

This beautiful building is erected on an eminence, in front of which is a large common, where there is a handsome mall, consisting of two straight walks of considerable length, well shaded by rows of large trees. From these walks you have a fine prospect of the river, and the State House appears at great advantage. In the room where the Representatives sit is suspended from the ceiling the neatly carved and gilded figure of a codfish, that the members may have in view the staple commodity of the country and never neglect the fisheries, — an intent similar to the woosack on which the Speaker sits in the British House of Peers. The hospitality of the people of Boston is well known to all travelers who visit it properly introduced. The people of fashion live in a very handsome style, and are polite with but little ceremony. Among those from whom we received civilities were John C. Howard and Mr. Moreton, two gentlemen residing at their country seats near the village of Dorchester, and who gave us very handsome parties. In short, we passed upwards of a fortnight in Boston very agreeably, from which we made several excursions, one to visit the college in the village of Cambridge. Harvard College is one of the most ancient and respectable seminaries of education in the United States. They have an excellent library and a handsome collection of curiosities. We also visited the card factory, a few miles from Boston, where the whole process is performed by machinery, — the cutting the wire and forming the teeth, and even the placing them in the leather. There is a glass-house in the town of Boston, where they make very good window glass, but I understand it has not been profitable to its proprietors. There are many handsome rides near Boston, in one of which we passed over a very capital bridge, and, proceeding through Cambridge, returned by the way of Charlestown over another elegant bridge. While at

Charlestown we visited the ground on Bunker Hill, where a very severe action was fought between the American and British troops at the commencement of the Revolution, and where the brave but unfortunate General Warren fell in defending the American works. At or near the spot where he fell a monument is erected to his memory by the society of Freemasons. Colonel Trumbull, an excellent American artist, has very handsomely delineated the action and death of Warren. . . . Among the curiosities we saw at Boston was a beautiful African lion, eleven years old and very tame; the only one, I believe, that ever was seen in this part of the world."

Thirteen days, with brief sojourns on the route, were required, in that autumn of 1801, for Mr. Brisbane's journey in his own coach between Boston and New York. His longest stay was made at New Haven, where he copied these epitaphs, of some local fame, from the stone erected in 1657 to the memory of Theophilus Eaton, the first governor of New Haven colony:—

"Eaton, so famed, so wise, so meek, so just,
The Phoenix of our world here hides his
dust.
This name forget New England never must."

"To attend you, sir, under these framed
stones,
Are come your honored son and daughter
Jones,
On each hand to repose their weary bones."

What is now known as the Old Burying Ground at New Haven, but in 1801 recently laid out, seems to have impressed deeply Mr. Brisbane's fancy, as the following entry attests:—

"They have now a very handsome burial ground at a small distance from the town, laid out on a novel plan, with regular walks at right angles, the whole divided into small squares with low rails, and on the front of each square is painted the name of the proprietor. The walks are planted with Lombardy poplars and weeping willows, which give it

the appearance of a grove. Through the trees are seen a number of elegant marble monuments. This place is well calculated to impress the mind of the gay and thoughtless with serious reflection."

At Greenwich, Conn., the tourist visited the scene of Putnam's too celebrated ride,—"certainly a very hazardous attempt, but greatly exaggerated by report." He arrived at New York on the 1st of November, 1801, taking "a very handsome suite of apartments in Cortlandt Street, near Broadway." Then follows a long chronicle of winter gayeties,—of routs, balls, concerts, plays, and dinner parties with the old Knickerbockers; pen sketches of scenes on lower Broadway, and of the fashionable groups that thronged the walks of the old Battery, while the band played, the stately ships went by, and the sun of a mild winter, "less severe than I have experienced in South Carolina," suffused the gay spectacle. Those days of social enjoyment sped swiftly by, and the next April found the traveler on a southward tour. We tarry with him at Philadelphia only long enough to quote his comparative view of New York and Quaker City ladies, as formed at a concert in Pennsylvania's chief city:—

"The ladies, many of them handsome, were dressed in Parisian style, and the scantiness and transparency of their drapery was scarcely sufficient to conceal their corporeal charms. In general the ladies of Philadelphia displayed more taste, and in my opinion were handsomer, than those of New York; but, at the same time, I believe rouge is much more used by the former than the latter, some of them evidently painting white as well as red."

We turn to another page of the faded journal to transcribe from the old Federalist's pen this sketch of the American Congress of the day:—

"I used daily to attend the debates, which were sometimes very violent. But

the Democratic party generally succeeded in carrying their measures, notwithstanding the great preponderance of Federal abilities. They were much more numerous, and steadily adhered to their party. Bayard in the House of Representatives and Gouverneur Morris in the Senate, both Federalists, were the most powerful orators of Congress; but the ministerial party were deaf to every argument, and for some time in the House of Representatives they sat silent, not deigning to offer their sentiments, but, calling for the question, successfully opposed good sense and sound argument by dint of numbers."

It was in the autumn of the same year (1802), when homeward bound to South Carolina, that Mr. Brisbane again tarried at Washington, to visit "the President's palace." Is the satire on Jeffersonian simplicity conscious or unconscious in the passage that follows?

"We were shown the different apartments of this spacious and elegant building by his [President Jefferson's] Swiss servant, who sarcastically pointed out the old-fashioned and shattered furniture which, he said, was brought there by Mr. Adams, the late President, which certainly was not worth the expense of removal from Philadelphia, and differed widely from those articles introduced by the present occupant. Among other things we were shown the great mammoth cheese, weighing 1225 pounds, and which was presented to the President by a Democratic clergyman and his congregation in Massachusetts. When we saw it, a slice of upwards of 100 pounds had been cut out, and we readily accepted a small portion presented by the Swiss."

Mr. Brisbane's record of a visit to Mount Vernon in 1802, just before Mrs. Washington's death, may fitly close the selections from the journal:—

"We visited Mount Vernon, the seat

of our late worthy President, General Washington, having a letter of introduction to his amiable relict. We were received with great politeness and attention. The family then at Mount Vernon consisted (besides the old lady) of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, — the first was General Washington's nephew, and his lady was a Miss Custis, a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, — also Mrs. Lund Washington and George Washington Custis, the only grandson of the general's lady. We passed the day very agreeably, and were charmed with the polite attention of Mrs. Lewis, who, with her husband, seemed to take pleasure in showing us whatever was worth attention. In the evening we took leave, although very much pressed by the old lady to pass the night, but little thought, at parting, that the amiable mistress of this pleasant mansion was so soon to exchange this for a heavenly one. Three days after she was seized with a fatal illness, which quickly terminated her precious life at the good old age of threescore and ten years. She told us that she had not for several years been off the estate, and seemed to have no wish to live, but rather a desire to follow her late illustrious husband into the realms of bliss."

It is unfortunate for latter-day interest in Mr. Brisbane's portly manuscript that its narrative is overmuch personal, crowded with the small details of travel, and touching too lightly on the men and things characteristic of the times when it was written. Its beautifully penned pages and evidently veracious story supply us only here and there with glimpses of the sayings and doings of the ancestral life about which our generation finds it so interesting to read; and our fancy interlines the hundreds of pages in the beautiful folio with regrets for opportunities lost by the cultivated traveler, who, like many of our journalizing ancestors, wrote for himself, and not for posterity.

Clarence Deming.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

X.

IN my last report of our talks over the teacups I had something to say of the fondness of our people for titles. Where did the anti-republican, anti-democratic passion for swelling names come from, and how long has it been naturalized among us?

A striking instance of it occurred at about the end of the last century. It was at that time there appeared among us one of the most original and singular personages to whom America has given birth. Many of our company—many of my readers—are well acquainted with his name, and not wholly ignorant of his history. They will not object to learning some particulars relating to him, which, if not new to them, will be new to others into whose hands these pages may fall.

Timothy Dexter, the first claimant of a title of nobility among the people of the United States of America, was born in the town of Malden, near Boston. He served an apprenticeship as a leather-dresser, saved some money, got some more with his wife, began trading and speculating, and became at last rich, for those days. His most famous business enterprise was that of sending an invoice of warming-pans to the West Indies. A few tons of ice would have seemed to promise a better return; but in point of fact, he tells us, the warming-pans were found useful in the manufacture of sugar, and brought him in a handsome profit. His ambition rose with his fortune. He purchased a large and stately house in Newburyport, built by an old family connection of my own, and proceeded to embellish and furnish it according to the dictates of his taste and fancy. In the grounds about his house, he caused to be erected between forty

and fifty wooden statues of great men and allegorical figures, together with four lions and one lamb. Among these images were two statues of Dexter himself, one of which held a label with a characteristic inscription. His house was ornamented with minarets, adorned with golden balls, and surmounted by a large gilt eagle. He equipped it with costly furniture, with paintings, and a library. He went so far as to procure the services of a poet laureate, whose business it seems to have been to sing his praises. Surrounded with splendors like these, the plain title of "Mr." Dexter would have been infinitely too mean and common. He therefore boldly took the step of self-ennobling, and gave himself forth—as he said, obeying "the voice of the people at large"—as "Lord Timothy Dexter," by which appellation he has ever since been known to the American public.

If to be the pioneer in the introduction of Old World titles into republican America can confer a claim to be remembered by posterity, Lord Timothy Dexter has a right to historic immortality. If the true American spirit shows itself most clearly in boundless self-assertion, Timothy Dexter is the great original American egotist. If to throw off the shackles of Old World pedantry, and defy the paltry rules and examples of grammarians and rhetoricians, is the special province and the chartered privilege of the American writer, Timothy Dexter is the founder of a new school, which tramples underfoot the conventionalities that hampered and subjugated the faculties of the poets, the dramatists, the historians, essayists, story-tellers, orators, of the worn-out races which have preceded the great American people.

The material traces of the first Ameri-

can nobleman's existence have nearly disappeared. The house is, I think, still standing, but the statues, the minarets, the arches, and the memory of the great Lord Timothy Dexter live only in tradition, and in the work which he bequeathed to posterity, and of which I shall say a few words. It is unquestionably a thoroughly original production, and I fear that some readers may think I am trifling with them when I am quoting it literally. I am going to make a strong claim for Lord Timothy as against other candidates for a certain elevated position.

Thomas Jefferson is commonly recognized as the first to proclaim before the world the political independence of America. It is not so generally agreed upon as to who was the first to announce the literary emancipation of our country.

One of Mr. Emerson's biographers has claimed that his Phi Beta Kappa Oration was our Declaration of Literary Independence. But Mr. Emerson did not cut himself loose from all the traditions of Old World scholarship. He spelt his words correctly, he constructed his sentences grammatically. He adhered to the slavish rules of propriety, and observed the reticences which a traditional delicacy has considered inviolable in decent society, European and Oriental alike. When he wrote poetry, he commonly selected subjects which seemed adapted to poetical treatment, — apparently thinking that all things were not equally calculated to inspire the true poet's genius. Once, indeed, he ventured to refer to "the meal in the firkin, the milk in the pan," but he chiefly restricted himself to subjects such as a fastidious conventionalism would approve as having a certain fitness for poetical treatment. He was not always so careful as he might have been in the rhythm and rhyme of his verse, but in the main he recognized the old established laws which have been accepted as regulating

both. In short, with all his originality, he worked in Old World harness, and cannot be considered as the creator of a truly American, self-governed, self-centred, absolutely independent style of thinking and writing, knowing no law but its own sovereign will and pleasure.

A stronger claim might be urged for Mr. Whitman. He takes into his hospitable vocabulary words which no English dictionary recognizes as belonging to the language, — words which will be looked for in vain outside of his own pages. He accepts as poetical subjects all things alike, common and unclean, without discrimination, miscellaneous as the contents of the great sheet which Peter saw let down from heaven. He carries the principle of republicanism through the whole world of created objects. He will "thread a thread through [his] poems," he tells us, "that no one thing in the universe is inferior to another thing." No man has ever asserted the surpassing dignity and importance of the American citizen so boldly and freely as Mr. Whitman. He calls himself "teacher of the unquenchable creed, namely, egotism." He begins one of his chants, "I celebrate myself," but he takes us all in as partners in his self-glorification. He believes in America as the new Eden.

"A world primal again, — vistas of glory incessant and branching,
A new race dominating previous ones and grander far,
New politics — new literature and religions
— new inventions and arts."

Of the new literature he himself has furnished specimens which certainly have all the originality he can claim for them. So far as egotism is concerned, he was clearly anticipated by the titled personage to whom I have referred, who says of himself, "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the Western world." But while Mr. Whitman divests himself of the common title of the adult male

American citizen, the distinguished New Englander thus announces his proud position: "I'me the first Lord in the younited States of A mercary Now of Newburyport it is the voice of the peopel and I cant Help it." This extract is from his famous little book called "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones." As an inventor of a new American style he goes far beyond Mr. Whitman, who, to be sure, cares little for the dictionary, and makes his own rules of rhythm, so far as there is any rhythm in his sentences. But Lord Timothy spells to suit himself, and, in place of employing punctuation as it is commonly used, prints a separate page of periods, colons, semicolons, commas, notes of interrogation and of admiration, with which the reader is requested to "peper and soolt" the book as he pleases.

I am afraid that Mr. Emerson and Mr. Whitman must yield the claim of declaring American literary independence to Lord Timothy Dexter, who not only taught his countrymen that they need not go to the Herald's College to authenticate their titles of nobility, but also that they were at perfect liberty to spell just as they liked, and to write without troubling themselves about stops of any kind. In writing what I suppose he intended for poetry, he did not even take the pains to break up his lines into lengths to make them look like verse, as may be seen by the following specimen:—

WONDER OF WONDERS!

How great the soul is! Do not you all wonder and admire to see and behold and hear? Can you all believe half the truth, and admire to hear the wonders how great the soul is—only behold—past finding out! Only see how large the soul is! that if a man is drowned in the sea what a great bubble comes up out of the top of the water. . . . The bubble is the soul.

I confess that I am not in sympathy with some of the movements that accompany the manifestations of American

social and literary independence. I do not like the assumption of titles of Lords and Knights by plain citizens of a country which prides itself on recognizing simple manhood and womanhood as sufficiently entitled to respect without these unnecessary additions. I do not like any better the familiar, and as it seems to me rude, way of speaking of our fellow-citizens who are entitled to the common courtesies of civilized society. I never thought it dignified or even proper for a President of the United States to call himself, or to be called by others, "Frank" Pierce. In the first place, I had to look in a biographical dictionary to find out whether his baptismal name was Franklin, or Francis, or simply Frank, for I think children are sometimes christened with this abbreviated name. But it is too much in the style of Cowper's unpleasant acquaintance:—

"The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
How he esteems your merit."

I should not like to hear our past chief magistrates spoken of as Jack Adams or Jim Madison, and it would have been only as a political partisan that I should have reconciled myself to "Tom" Jefferson. So, in spite of "Ben" Jonson, "Tom" Moore, and "Jack" Sheppard, I prefer to speak of a fellow-citizen already venerable by his years, entitled to respect by useful services to his country, and recognized by many as the prophet of a new poetical dispensation, with the customary title of adults rather than by the free and easy school-boy abbreviation with which he introduced himself many years ago to the public. As for his rhapsodies, Number Seven, our "cracked Teacup," says they sound to him like "fugues played upon a big organ which has been struck by lightning." So far as concerns literary independence, if we understand by that term the getting rid of our subjection to British criticism, such as it was in the days when

the question was asked, "Who reads an American book?" we may consider it pretty well established. If it means dispensing with punctuation, coining words at will, self-revelation unrestrained by a sense of what is decorous, declamations in which everything is glorified without being idealized, "poetry" in which the reader must make the rhythms which the poet has not made for him, then I think we had better continue literary colonists. I shrink from a lawless independence to which all the virile energy and trampling audacity of Mr. Whitman fail to reconcile me. But there is room for everybody and everything in our huge hemisphere. Young America is like a three-year-old colt with his saddle and bridle just taken off. The first thing he wants to do is to *roll*. He is a droll object, sprawling in the grass with his four hoofs in the air; but he likes it, and it won't harm us. So let him roll, — let him roll!

Of all The Teacups around our table, Number Five is the one who is the object of the greatest interest. Everybody wants to be her friend, and she has room enough in her hospitable nature to find a place for every one who is worthy of the privilege. The difficulty is that it is so hard to be her friend without becoming her lover. I have said before that she turns the subjects of her Circe-like enchantment, not into swine, but into lambs. The Professor and I move round among her lambs, the docile and amiable flock that come and go at her bidding, that follow her footsteps, and are content to live in the sunshine of her smile and within reach of the music of her voice. I like to get her away from their amiable bleatings: I love to talk with her about life, of which she has seen a great deal, for she knows what it is to be an idol in society and the centre of her social circle. It might be a question whether women or men most admire and love her. With her

own sex she is always helpful, sympathizing, tender, charitable, sharing their griefs as well as taking part in their pleasures. With men it has seemed to make little difference whether they were young or old: all have found her the same sweet, generous, unaffected companion; fresh enough in feeling for the youngest, deep enough in the wisdom of the heart for the oldest. She does not pretend to be youthful, nor does she trouble herself that she has seen the roses of more Junes than many of the younger women who gather round her. She has not had to say,

*Comme je regrette
Mon bras si dodu,*

for her arm has never lost its roundness, and her face is one of those that cannot be cheated of their charm even if they live long enough to look upon the grown-up grandchildren of their coevals.

It is a wonder how Number Five can find the time to be so much to so many friends of both sexes, in spite of the fact that she is one of the most insatiable of readers. She not only reads, but she remembers; she not only remembers, but she records, for her own use and pleasure, and for the delight and profit of those who are privileged to look over her note-books. Number Five, as I think I have said before, has not the ambition to figure as an authoress. That she could write most agreeably is certain. I have seen letters of hers to friends which prove that clearly enough. Whether she would find prose or verse the most natural mode of expression I cannot say, but I know she is passionately fond of poetry, and I should not be surprised if, laid away among the pressed pansies and roses of past summers, there were poems, — songs, perhaps, of her own, which she sings to herself with her fingers touching the piano; for to that she tells her secrets in tones sweet as the ring-dove's call to her mate.

I am afraid it may be suggested that I am drawing Number Five's portrait too nearly after some model who is unconsciously sitting for it; but have n't I told you that you must not look for flesh and blood personalities behind or beneath my Teacups? I am not going to make these so lifelike that you will be saying, This is Mr., or Miss, or Mrs. So-and-So. My readers must remember that there are very many pretty, sweet, amiable girls and women sitting at their pianos, and finding chords to the music of their heart-strings. If I have pictured Number Five as one of her lambs might do it, I have succeeded in what I wanted to accomplish. Why don't I describe her person? If I do, some gossip or other will be sure to say, "Oh, he means *her*, of course," and find a name to match the pronoun.

It is strange to see how we are all coming to depend upon the friendly aid of Number Five in our various perplexities. The Counsellor asked her opinion in one of those cases where a divorce was too probable, but a reconciliation was possible. It takes a woman to sound a woman's heart, and she found there was still love enough under the ruffled waters to warrant the hope of peace and tranquillity. The young Doctor went to her for counsel in the case of a hysteric girl possessed with the idea that she was a born poetess, and covering whole pages of foolscap with senseless outbursts, which she wrote in paroxysms of wild excitement, and read with a rapture of self-admiration which there was nothing in her verses to justify or account for. How sweetly Number Five dealt with that poor deluded sister in her talk with the Doctor! "Yes," she said to him, "nothing can be fuller of vanity, self-worship, and self-deception. But we must be very gentle with her. I knew a young girl tormented with aspirations, and possessed by a belief that she was meant for a higher place than that which fate had

assigned her, who needed wholesome advice, just as this poor young thing does. She did not ask for it, and it was not offered. Alas, alas! 'no man cared for her soul,' — no man nor woman either. She was in her early teens, and the thought of her earthly future, as it stretched out before her, was more than she could bear, and she sought the presence of her Maker to ask the meaning of her abortive existence. — We will talk it over. I will help you take care of this child."

The Doctor was thankful to have her assistance in a case with which he would have found it difficult to deal if he had been left to his unaided judgment, and between them the young girl was safely piloted through the perilous straits in which she came near shipwreck.

I know that it is commonly said of her that every male friend of hers must become her lover unless he is already lassoed by another. *Il faut passer par là.* The young Doctor is, I think, safe, for I am convinced that he is bewitched with Delilah. Since she has left us he has seemed rather dejected; I feel sure that he misses her. We all do, but he more seriously than the rest of us. I have said that I cannot tell whether the Counsellor is to be counted as one of Number Five's lambs or not, but he evidently admires her, and if he is not fascinated looks as if he were very near that condition.

It was a more delicate matter about which the Tutor talked with her. Something which she had pleasantly said to him about the two Annexes led him to ask her, more or less seriously, it may be remembered, about the fitness of either of them to be the wife of a young man in his position. She talked so sensibly, as it seemed to him, about it that he continued the conversation, and, shy as he was, became quite easy and confidential in her company. The Tutor is not only a poet, but is a great reader of the poetry of many languages. It so

happened that Number Five was puzzled, one day, in reading a sonnet of Petrarch, and had recourse to the Tutor to explain the difficult passage. She found him so thoroughly instructed, so clear, so much interested, so ready to impart knowledge, and so happy in his way of doing it that she asked him if he would not allow her the privilege of reading an Italian author under his guidance, now and then.

The Tutor found Number Five an apt scholar, and something more than that; for while, as a linguist, he was, of course, her master, her intelligent comments brought out the beauties of an author in a way to make the text seem like a different version. They did not always confine themselves to the book they were reading. Number Five showed some curiosity about the Tutor's relations with the two Annexes. She suggested whether it would not be well to ask one or both of them in to take part in their readings. The Tutor blushed and hesitated. "Perhaps *you* would like to ask one of them," said Number Five. "Which one shall it be?" "It makes no difference to me which," he answered, "but I do not see that we need either." Number Five did not press the matter further. So the young Tutor and Number Five read together pretty regularly, and came to depend upon their meeting over a book as one of their stated seasons of enjoyment. He is so many years younger than she is that I do not suppose he will have to pass *par là*, as most of her male friends have done. I tell her sometimes that she reminds me of my Alma Mater, always young, always fresh in her attractions, with her scholars all round her, many of them graduates, or to graduate sooner or later.

What do I mean by graduates? Why, that they have made love to her, and would be entitled to her diploma, if she gave a parchment to each one of them who had had the courage to face the in-

evitable. About the Counsellor I am, as I have said, in doubt. Who wrote that "I Like You and I Love You," which we found in the sugar-bowl the other day? Was it a graduate who had felt the "icy dagger," or only a candidate for graduation who was afraid of it? So completely does she subjugate those who come under her influence that I believe she looks upon it as a matter of course that the fateful question will certainly come, often after a brief acquaintance. She confessed as much to me, who am in her confidence, and not a candidate for graduation from her academy. Her graduates — her lambs I called them — are commonly faithful to her, and though now and then one may have gone off and sulked in solitude, most of them feel kindly to her, and to those who have shared the common fate of her suitors. I do really believe that some of them would be glad to see her captured by any one, if such there can be, who is worthy of her. She is the best of friends, they say, but can she *love anybody*, as so many other women do, or seem to? Why should n't our Musician, who is evidently fond of her company, and sings and plays duets with her, steal her heart as Piozzi stole that of the pretty and bright Mrs. Thrale, as so many music-teachers have run away with their pupils' hearts? At present she seems to be getting along very placidly and contentedly with her young friend the Tutor. There is something quite charming in their relations with each other. He knows many things she does not, for he is reckoned one of the most learned in his literary specialty of all the young men of his time; and it can be a question of only a few years when some first-class professorship will be offered him. She, on the other hand, has so much more experience, so much more practical wisdom, than he has that he consults her on many everyday questions, as he did, or made believe do, about that of making love to

one of the two Annexes. I had thought, when we first sat round the tea-table, that she was good for the bit of romance I wanted; but since she has undertaken to be a kind of half-maternal friend to the young Tutor, I am afraid I shall have to give her up as the heroine of a romantic episode. It would be a pity if there were nothing to commend these papers to those who take up this periodical but essays, more or less significant, on subjects more or less interesting to the jaded and impatient readers of the numberless stories and entertaining articles which crowd the magazines of this prolific period. A whole year of a tea-table as large as ours without a single love passage in it would be discreditable to the company. We must find one, or make one, before the tea-things are taken away and the table is no longer spread.

The Dictator turns preacher.

We have so many light and playful talks over the teacups that some readers may be surprised to find us taking up the most serious and solemn subject which can occupy a human intelligence. The sudden appearance among our New England Protestants of the doctrine of purgatory as a possibility, or even probability, has startled the descendants of the Puritans. It has naturally led to a reconsideration of the doctrine of eternal punishment. It is on that subject that Number Five and I have talked together. I love to listen to her, for she talks from the promptings of a true woman's heart. I love to talk to her, for I learn my own thoughts better in that way than in any other. "*L'appétit vient en mangeant,*" the French saying has it. "*L'esprit vient en causant;*" that is, if one can find the right persons to talk with.

The subject which has specially interested Number Five and myself, of late, was suggested to me in the following way.

Some two years ago I received a letter

from a clergyman who bears by inheritance one of the most distinguished names which has done honor to the American "Orthodox" pulpit. This letter requested of me "a contribution to a proposed work which was to present in their own language the views of 'many men of many minds' on the subject of future punishment. It was in my mind to let the public hear not only from professional theologians, but from other professions, as from jurists on the alleged but disputed value of the hangman's whip overhanging the witness-box, and from physicians on the working of beliefs about the future life in the minds of the dangerously sick. And I could not help thinking what a good thing it would be to draw out [the present writer] upon his favorite borderland between the spiritual and the material." The communication came to me, as the writer reminds me in a recent letter, at a "painfully inopportune time," and though it was courteously answered, was not made the subject of a special reply.

This request confers upon me a certain right to express my opinion on this weighty subject without fear and without reproach even from those who might be ready to take offence at one of the laity for meddling with pulpit questions. It shows also that this is not a dead issue in our community, as some of the younger generation seem to think. There are some, there may be many, who would like to hear what impressions one has received on the subject referred to, after a long life in which he has heard and read a great deal about the matter. There is a certain gravity in the position of one who is, in the order of nature, very near the undiscovered country. A man who has passed his eighth decade feels as if he were already in the antechamber of the apartments which he may be called to occupy in the house of many mansions. His convictions regarding the future of our race are likely to be serious, and his expressions not lightly ut-

tered. The question my correspondent suggests is a tremendous one. No other interest compares for one moment with that belonging to it. It is not only ourselves that it concerns, but all whom we love or ever have loved, all our human brotherhood, as well as our whole idea of the Being who made us and the relation in which He stands to his creatures. In attempting to answer my correspondent's question, I shall no doubt repeat many things I have said before in different forms, on different occasions. This is no more than every clergyman does habitually, and it would be hard if I could not have the same license which the professional preacher enjoys so fully.

Number Five and I have occasionally talked on religious questions, and discovered many points of agreement in our views. Both of us grew up under the old "Orthodox" or Calvinistic system of belief. Both of us accepted it in our early years as a part of our education. Our experience is a common one. William Cullen Bryant says of himself, "The Calvinistic system of divinity I adopted of course, as I heard nothing else taught from the pulpit, and supposed it to be the accepted belief of the religious world." But it was not the "five points" which remained in the young poet's memory and shaped his higher life. It was the influence of his mother that left its permanent impression after the questions and answers of the Assembly's Catechism had faded out, or remained in memory only as fossil survivors of an extinct or fast-disappearing theological formation. The important point for him, as for so many other children of Puritan descent, was not his father's creed, but his mother's character, precepts, and example. "She was a person," he says, "of excellent practical sense, of a quick and sensitive moral judgment, and had no patience with any form of deceit or duplicity. Her prompt condemnation of injustice, even in those instances in which it is tolerated by the world, made

a strong impression upon me in early life; and if, in the discussion of public questions, I have in my riper age endeavored to keep in view the great rule of right without much regard to persons, it has been owing in a great degree to the force of her example, which taught me never to countenance a wrong because others did."

I have quoted this passage because it was an experience not wholly unlike my own, and in certain respects like that of Number Five. To grow up in a narrow creed and to grow out of it is a tremendous trial of one's nature. There is always a bond of fellowship between those who have been through such an ordeal.

The experiences we have had in common naturally lead us to talk over the theological questions which at this time are constantly presenting themselves to the public, not only in the books and papers expressly devoted to that class of subjects, but in many of the newspapers and popular periodicals, from the weeklies to the quarterlies. The pulpit used to lay down the law to the pews; at the present time, it is of more consequence what the pews think than what the minister does, for the obvious reason that the pews can change their minister, and often do, whereas the minister cannot change the pews, or can do so only to a very limited extent. The preacher's garment is cut according to the pattern of that of the hearers, for the most part. Thirty years ago, when I was writing in this magazine, I came in for a very pretty share of abuse, such as it was the fashion of that day, at least in certain quarters, to bestow upon those who were outside of the high-walled enclosures in which many persons, not naturally unamiable or exclusive, found themselves imprisoned. Since that time what changes have taken place! Who will believe that a well-behaved and reputable citizen could have been denounced as a "moral parricide," because he attacked

some of the doctrines in which he was supposed to have been brought up? A single thought should have prevented the masked theologian who abused his incognito from using such libellous language.

Much, and in many families most, of the religious teaching of children is committed to the mother. The experience of William Cullen Bryant, which I have related in his own words, is that of many New England children. Now, the sternest dogmas that ever came from a soul cramped or palsied by an obsolete creed become wonderfully softened in passing between the lips of a mother. The cruel doctrine at which all but case-hardened "professionals" shudder comes out, as she teaches and illustrates it, as unlike its original as the milk which a peasant mother gives her babe is unlike the coarse food which furnishes her nourishment. The virus of a cursing creed is rendered comparatively harmless by the time it reaches the young sinner in the nursery. Its effects fall as far short of what might have been expected from its virulence as the pearly vaccine vesicle falls short of the terrors of the confluent small-pox. Controversialists should therefore be careful (for their own sakes, for they hurt nobody so much as themselves) how they use such terms as "parricide" as characterizing those who do not agree in all points with the fathers whom or whose memory they honor and venerate. They might with as much propriety call them matricides, if they did not agree with the milder teachings of their mothers. I can imagine Jonathan Edwards in the nursery with his three-year-old child upon his knee. The child looks up to his face and says to him,—

"Papa, nurse tells me that you say God hates me worse than He hates one of those horrid ugly snakes that crawl all round. Does God hate me so?"

"Alas! my child, it is but too true. So long as you are out of Christ you are

as a viper, and worse than a viper, in his sight."

By and by, Mrs. Edwards, one of the loveliest of women and sweetest of mothers, comes into the nursery. The child is crying.

"What is the matter, my darling?"

"Papa has been telling me that God hates me worse than a snake."

Poor, gentle, poetical, sensitive, spiritual, almost celestial Mrs. Jonathan Edwards! On the one hand the terrible sentence conceived, written down, given to the press, by the child's father; on the other side the trusting child looking up at her, and all the mother pleading in her heart against the frightful dogma of her revered husband. Do you suppose she left that poison to rankle in the tender soul of her darling? Would it have been moral parricide for a son of the great divine to have repudiated the doctrine which degraded his blameless infancy to the condition and below the condition of the reptile? Was it parricide in the second or third degree when his descendant struck out that venomous sentence from the page in which it stood as a monument to what depth Christian heathenism could sink under the teaching of the great master of logic and spiritual inhumanity? It is too late to be angry about the abuse a well-meaning writer received thirty years ago. The whole atmosphere has changed since then. It is mere childishness to expect men to believe as their fathers did; that is, if they have any minds of their own. The world is a whole generation older and wiser than when the father was of his son's age.

So far as I have observed persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. They have an expert by them, armed with spiritual specifics, in which they both, patient and priestly ministrant, place implicit trust. Confession, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction, — these all inspire a confidence

which without this symbolism is too apt to be wanting in over-sensitive natures. They have been peopled in early years with ghastly spectres of avenging fiends, moving in a sleepless world of devouring flames and smothering exhalations; where nothing lives but the sinner, the fiends, and the reptiles who help to make life an unending torture. It is no wonder that these images sometimes return to the enfeebled intelligence. To exorcise them, the old Church of Christendom has her mystic formulæ, of which no rationalistic prescription can take the place. If Cowper had been a good Roman Catholic, instead of having his conscience handled by a Protestant like John Newton, he would not have died despairing, looking upon himself as a castaway. I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their dying beds, and it always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it.

In the more intelligent circles of American society one may question anything and everything, if he will only do it civilly. We may talk about eschatology, — the science of last things, — or, if you will, the natural history of the undiscovered country, without offence before anybody except young children and very old women of both sexes. In our New England, the great Andover discussion and the heretical missionary question have benumbed all sensibility on this subject as entirely, as completely, as the new local anæsthetic, cocaine, deadens the sensibility of the part to which it is applied, so that the eye may have its mote or beam plucked out without feeling it, — as the novels of Zola and Maupassant have hardened the delicate nerve-centres of the women who have fed their imaginations on the food they have furnished.

The generally professed belief of the Protestant world as embodied in their published creeds is that the great mass of mankind are destined to an eternity of suffering. That this eternity is to be one of bodily pain — of “torment” — is the literal teaching of Scripture, which has been literally interpreted by the theologians, the poets, and the artists of many long ages which followed the acceptance of the recorded legends of the church as infallible. The doctrine has always been recognized, as it is now, as a very terrible one. It has found a support in the story of the fall of man, and the view taken of the relation of man to his Maker since that event. The hatred of God to mankind in virtue of their “first disobedience” and inherited depravity is at the bottom of it. The extent to which that idea was carried is well shown in the expressions I have borrowed from Jonathan Edwards. According to his teaching, — and he was a reasoner who knew what he was talking about, what was involved in the promises of the faith he accepted, — man inherits the curse of God as his principal birthright.

What shall we say to the doctrine of the fall of man as the ground of inflicting endless misery on the human race? A man to be *punished* for what he could not help! He was expected to be called to account for Adam’s sin. It is singular to notice that the reasoning of the wolf with the lamb should be transferred to the dealings of the Creator with his creatures. “You stirred the brook up and made my drinking-place muddy.” “But, please your wolfship, I could n’t do that, for I stirred the water far down the stream, — below your drinking-place.” “Well, anyhow, your father troubled it a year or two ago, and that is the same thing.” So the wolf falls upon the lamb and makes a meal of him. That is wolf logic, — and theological reasoning.

How shall we characterize the doctrine of endless torture as the destiny of

most of those who have lived, and are living, on this planet? I prefer to let another writer speak of it. Mr. John Morley uses the following words: "The horrors of what is perhaps the most frightful idea that has ever corroded human character, — the idea of eternal punishment." Sismondi, the great historian, heard a sermon on eternal punishment, and vowed never again to enter another church holding the same creed. Romanism he considered a religion of mercy and peace by the side of what the English call the Reformation. — I mention these protests because I happen to find them among my notes, but it would be easy to accumulate examples of the same kind. When Cowper, at about the end of the last century, said satirically of the minister he was attacking,

"He never mentioned hell to ears polite,"

he was giving unconscious evidence that the sense of the barbarism of the idea was finding its way into the pulpit. When Burns, in the midst of the sulphurous orthodoxy of Scotland, dared to say,

"The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order,"

he was only appealing to the common sense and common humanity of his fellow-countrymen.

All the reasoning in the world, all the proof-texts in old manuscripts, cannot reconcile this supposition of a world of sleepless and endless torment with the declaration that "God is love."

Where did this "frightful idea" come from? We are surprised, as we grow older, to find that the legendary hell of the church is nothing more nor less than the Tartarus of the old heathen world. It has every mark of coming from the cruel heart of a barbarous despot. Some malignant and vindictive Sheik, some brutal Mezentius, must have sat for many pictures of the Divinity. It was not enough to kill his captive enemy,

after torturing him as much as ingenuity could contrive to do it. He escaped at last by death, but his conqueror could not give him up so easily, and so his vengeance followed him into the unseen and unknown world. How the doctrine got in among the legends of the church we are no more bound to show than we are to account for the intercalation of the "three witnesses" text, or the false insertion, or false omission, whichever it may be, of the last fourteen verses of the Gospel of St. Mark. We do not hang our grandmothers now, as our ancestors did theirs, on the strength of the positive command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

The simple truth is that civilization has outgrown witchcraft, and is outgrowing the Christian Tartarus. The pulpit no longer troubles itself about witches and their evil doings. All the legends in the world could not arrest the decay of that superstition and all the edicts that grew out of it. All the stories that can be found in old manuscripts will never prevent the going out of the fires of the legendary Inferno. It is not much talked about nowadays to ears polite or impolite. Humanity is shocked and repelled by it. The heart of woman is in unconquerable rebellion against it. The more humane sects tear it from their "Bodies of Divinity" as if it were the flaming sheet of Nessus. A few doctrines with which it was bound up have dropped or are dropping away from it: the primal curse; consequential damages to give infinite extension to every transgression of the law of God; inverting the natural order of the degree of responsibility; stretching the smallest of offences to the proportions of the infinite; making the babe in arms the responsible being, and not the parent who gave it birth and holds it.

After a doctrine like "the hangman's whip" has served its purpose, — if it ever had any useful purpose, — after a doctrine like that of witchcraft has

hanged old women enough, civilization contrives to get rid of it. When we say that civilization crowds out the old superstitious legends, we recognize two chief causes. The first is the naked individual protest; the voice of the inspiration which giveth man understanding. This shows itself conspicuously in the modern poets. Burns in Scotland, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, in America, preached a new gospel to the successors of men like Thomas Boston and Jonathan Edwards. In due season, the growth of knowledge, chiefly under the form of that part of knowledge called science, so changes the view of the universe that many of its long-unchallenged legends become no more than nursery tales. The text-books of astronomy and geology work their way in between the questions and answers of the time-honored catechisms. The doctrine of evolution, so far as it is accepted, changes the whole relations of man to the creative power. It substitutes infinite hope in the place of infinite despair for the vast majority of mankind. Instead of a shipwreck, from which a few cabin passengers and others are to be saved in the long-boat, it gives mankind a vessel built to endure the tempests, and at last to reach a port where at the worst the passengers can find rest, and where they may hope for a home better than any which they ever had in their old country. It is all very well to say that men and women had their choice whether they would reach the safe harbor or not.

“Go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry and a fig.”

We know what the child will take. So which course we shall take depends very much on the way the choice is presented to us, and on what the chooser is by nature. What he is by nature is not determined by himself, but by his parentage. “They know not what they do.” In one sense this is true of every human being. The agent does not know,

never can know, what makes him that which he is. What we most want to ask of our Maker is an unfolding of the divine purpose in putting human beings into conditions in which such numbers of them would be sure to go wrong. We want an advocate of helpless humanity whose task it shall be, in the words of Milton,

“To justify the ways of God to man.”

We have heard Milton's argument, but for the realization of his vision of the time

“When Hell itself shall pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peer-
ing day,”
our suffering race must wait in patience.

The greater part of the discourse the reader has had before him was delivered over the teacups one Sunday afternoon. The Mistress looked rather grave, as if doubtful whether she ought not to signify her disapprobation of what seemed to her dangerous doctrine. However, as she knew that I was a good church-goer and was on the best terms with her minister, she said nothing to show that she had taken the alarm. Number Five listened approvingly. We had talked the question over well, and were perfectly agreed on the main point. How could it be otherwise? Do you suppose that any intellectual, spiritual woman, with a heart under her bodice, can for a moment seriously believe that the greater number of the high-minded men, the noble and lovely women, the ingenuous and affectionate children, whom she knows and honors or loves, are to be handed over to the experts in a great torture-chamber, in company with the vilest creatures that have once worn human shape?

“If there is such a world as used to be talked about from the pulpit, you may depend upon it,” she said to me once, “there will soon be organized a Humane Society in heaven, and a

mission established among 'the spirits in prison.' "

Number Five is a regular church-goer, as I am. I do not believe either of us would darken the doors of a church if we were likely to hear any of the "old-fashioned" sermons, such as I used to listen to in former years from a noted clergyman whose specialty was the doctrine of eternal punishment. But you may go to the churches of almost any of our Protestant denominations and hear sermons by which you can profit, because the ministers are generally good men, whose moral and spiritual natures are above the average, and who know that the harsh preaching of two or three generations ago would offend and alienate a large part of their audience. So neither Number Five nor I are hypocrites in attending church or "going to meeting." I am afraid it does not make a great deal of difference to either of us what may be the established creed of the worshipping assembly. That is a matter of great interest, perhaps of great importance, to them, but of much less, comparatively, to us. Companionship in worship, and sitting quiet for an hour while a trained speaker, presumably somewhat better than we are, stirs up our spiritual nature, — these are reasons enough to Number Five, as to me, for regular attendance on divine worship.

Number Seven is of a different way of thinking and feeling. He insists upon it that the churches keep in their confessions of faith statements which they do not believe, and that it is notorious that they are afraid to meddle with them. The Anglo-American church has dropped the Athanasian Creed from its service; the English mother church is afraid to. There are plenty of Universalists, Number Seven says, in the Episcopalian and other Protestant churches, but they do not avow their belief in any frank and candid fashion. The churches know very well, he maintains, that the

fear of everlasting punishment more than any or all other motives is the source of their power and the support of their organizations. Not only are the fears of mankind the whip to scourge and the bridle to restrain them, but they are the basis of an almost incalculable material interest. "Talk about giving up the doctrine of endless punishment by fire!" exclaimed Number Seven; "there is more capital embarked in the subterranean fire-chambers than in all the iron-furnaces on the face of the earth. To think what an army of clerical beggars would be turned loose on the world, if once those raging flames were allowed to go out or to calm down! Who can wonder that the old conservatives draw back startled and almost frightened at the thought that there may be a possible escape for some victims whom the Devil was thought to have secured? How many more generations will pass before Milton's alarming prophecy will find itself realized in the belief of civilized mankind?"

Remember that Number Seven is called a "crank" by many persons, and take his remarks for just what they are worth, and no more.

Out of the preceding conversation must have originated the following poem, which was found in the common receptacle of these versified contributions: —

TARTARUS.

While in my simple gospel creed
That "God is love" so plain I read,
Shall dreams of heathen birth affright
My pathway through the coming night?
Ah, Lord of life, though spectres pale
Fill with their threats the shadowy vale,
With Thee my faltering steps to aid,
How can I dare to be afraid?

Shall mouldering page or fading scroll
Outface the charter of the soul?
Shall priesthood's palsied arm protect
The wrong our human hearts reject,
And smite the lips whose shuddering cry
Proclaims a cruel creed a lie?
The wizard's rope we disallow
Was justice once, — is murder now!

Is there a world of blank despair,
And dwells the Omnipresent there ?
Does He behold with smile serene
The shows of that unending scene,
Where sleepless, hopeless anguish lies,
And, ever dying, never dies ?
Say, does He hear the sufferer's groan,
And is that child of wrath his own ?

O mortal, wavering in thy trust,
Lift thy pale forehead from the dust !
The mists that cloud thy darkened eyes
Fade ere they reach the o'erarching skies !
When the blind heralds of despair
Would bid thee doubt a Father's care,
Look up from earth, and read above
On heaven's blue tablet, GOD IS LOVE !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CONSOLATION.

IN the thirteenth chapter of the second book of Dante's *Convito*, or *Invitation*, to the study of divine philosophy occurs this passage : —

“When first I lost the chief delight of my soul, my Beatrice, I was penetrated by so deep a sadness that no comfort at all availed me. But after a certain time, when I had striven to reason my spirit into health, yet found no solace either without or within, I bethought me of resorting to the methods which other forlorn ones had employed, and I read that book, not known to many, in which Boethius, an exile and in prison, had found for himself consolation.”

The poet goes on to tell us that, owing partly to his then imperfect knowledge of Latin, he received from that first reading only a dim and dreamy apprehension of the meaning of Boethius ; but later, when, after his own political misfortunes, he returned to the book, and gave it that careful study which is evinced by the frequency with which it is quoted in the *Convito*, he may well have been heart-struck by the identity, in all times and places, of human anguish, and the poignant applicability to his own case of many of the brave counsels of the Roman patrician. We have but to turn one more leaf of the *Convito*, and we light upon an affecting passage, whereby the subtle and difficult treatise in question still holds on to the heart and memory of men : —

“By the good pleasure of the citizens of the fairest and most famous daughter of Rome, — of Florence, I say, where I was born, and where I was nourished until the meridian of life ; where, too, my heart's desire would be to dwell in peace with her sons, and so rest my weary soul and finish the time appointed me, — now a pilgrim and a mendicant, showing my wounds against my will, . . . I have wandered wherever this Italian tongue is spoken. I have drifted as a bark without sail or pilot, at the will of the dry wind of dolorous poverty.”

We shall see, when we come to consider for ourselves the Consolation of Philosophy, that Dante frankly adopted the plan of the book — that of prose meditations, interspersed with metric hymns — both in the *Vita Nuova* and the *Convito* ; as Boethius, in his turn, had borrowed much from Seneca. Meanwhile, it seems a little strange that Dante should have spoken of the Consolation as known to few, since its influence on the thought and philosophy of the Middle Ages had been immense. Long before the time of the great Florentine, King Alfred of England had translated the Consolation into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and Notker, a pious monk of the abbey of St. Gall, had rendered some portions of it into the barbarous German of the tenth century ; Jean de Meung, at the command of Philip the Fair, translated it into the French of his

period, and Dante's own teacher, Brunetto Latino, turned it into the Italian vulgate. In England, a little later than Dante's time, first Chaucer and then Lydgate made versions of the entire book; Margaret Roper is represented, in a picture of Sir Thomas More by Holbein, as coming with the Consolation of Philosophy in her hand to minister to her father in prison; and, finally, Queen Elizabeth, with the faint touch of absurdity which can hardly be disassociated from her greatness, executed a translation with her own royal hand by way of comforting herself for the final conversion to Catholicism of Henry IV. of France. No writer ever had the fortune to find more distinguished commentators than Boethius, and nothing could be more interesting than to compare these memorable personages among themselves, with a view to discovering that common quality of them all to which the work of the last of the great Latin writers appealed so powerfully. But such an essay, however fascinating, would lead us too far from our present concern, which is with the man himself and the contents of his imperishable book.

Boethius was born, according to the best authorities, in 480, in the same year with St. Benedict, and with his own friend, the statesman and historian Cassiodorus. Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius was his imposing style in full; and the first of these names, which marked the *gens*, or great family, to which he belonged, was one so renowned that even Emperors had coveted and assumed it without right, while the poet Claudian says, in his hyperbolical fashion, that every individual of that stock will be found to have sprung from a consul. Such was indeed the illustrious rank of the father and grandfather of Boethius, his own and that of his two sons. When little more than an infant, he was left an orphan, and inherited an immense estate; his principal guardian, Quintus Aurelius Memmius Symmachus, whose

daughter he was to marry, and whose fate was tragically bound up with his own, being a direct descendant of the great pagan prefect and consular, Symmachus, who had done such brave battle only a hundred years before for the altar and statue of Victory. Now the men who bore the name of Symmachus were all nominal Christians, as the chief representatives of the Anicii had long been; but Roman pride and a passionate attachment to the old Roman civic traditions were equally inherent in the genius and inwrought with the culture of both races.

Even in boyhood Boethius displayed a brilliant aptitude for almost every branch of learning. Whether or no, as some have thought, he went to study in the schools of Athens, he certainly made himself master, at an astonishingly early age, of the whole range both of Greek and Roman letters. Nothing came amiss to him, — philosophy, theology, astronomy, music, mathematics, or mechanics.

The Pannonian soldier of fortune, Odoacer, during whose reign the father of Boethius was consul, had been conquered, superseded, and subsequently murdered by the great Theodoric, when the boy was thirteen. Some ten years later, we find Cassiodorus, now the prime minister of Theodoric, appealing in his master's name to Boethius as an authority on the most sympathetic of the arts.

"The king of the Franks," this letter runs, — and it is the renowned Clovis who is meant, — "attracted by the fame of our entertainments, has sent us a most pressing request for a harper, and our only hope of fulfilling his order lies in yourself, who are known to be so profoundly skilled in musical science." Cassiodorus then proceeds to show, in his own pompous and long-winded fashion, that he, too, understands something of the matter, and he indulges in a rather trite disquisition on the peculiarities of Dorian, Phrygian, Ionian, Ætolian, and Lydian measures, with lavish use of those technical musical terms

which proved a man *knowing* in his day. "I have allowed myself," he winds up by saying, "this agreeable digression, because it is always so pleasant to discuss any branch of learning with a man who is accomplished in it. To return to the subject of the harper, pray use your utmost skill in selecting him, and let him be the best of our time. His task will resemble that of Orpheus. He will have to subdue the wild hearts of the barbarians by concord of sweet sounds."

"You, meanwhile" (here Cassiodorus resumes the imperial manner), "will earn our gratitude and be suitably rewarded. Rest assured that your obedience to our behests will redound to your own honor."

The harper was duly found, but an altered tone is not unnaturally adopted toward the formidable Clovis himself in the letter in which the statesman, still writing in his royal master's name, presents the musician to the king:—

"Your safety is our glory, your prosperity the best thing that can happen to the kingdom of Italy.

"We have been at great pains to secure an accomplished harper, destined for your service, who may amuse your glorious reign by the harmony of his voice and fingers. We trust that the man selected will meet your earnestly expressed requirements and prove altogether satisfactory."

There is no clear indication as to the date of another letter, in which Boethius is commanded, from the same august source, to procure a water-clock and a sun-dial for the king of the Burgundians. It is probable, however, that this also belongs to the same early period, before the young nobleman had quitted his peaceful and splendid library for the perils of public life, and it is interesting from the list it contains of the literary tasks which he had already accomplished.

"What is an every-day matter to ourselves will seem a miracle to them" (the Burgundians), "and very naturally

they desire a sight of those marvels of which their ambassadors have given them so amazing an account. Now, we have been credibly informed of your own deep erudition in such matters, and that where the vulgar do but ignorantly dabble you have drunk at the very fountain of knowledge. You are thoroughly versed in Greek philosophy, and through the medium of your versions both Pythagoras the musician and Ptolemy the astronomer have been introduced to the men of Italy. You have also translated the works of Nicomachus the mathematician, Euclid the geometrician, Plato the theologian, and Aristotle the logician, and the great mechanician Archimedes you have turned into Latin for the benefit of his own Sicilians."

Here is a vast amount of important work to have been achieved by a young man of twenty-five, and especially by a youth of leisure and fortune, even though we refer to a somewhat later date the whole of his original writing,—the theological treatises which are now known to have been his, and that bucolic poem which the fine music of some of the metrical numbers of the Consolation inclines us to regret so keenly. It is also curious to note this one great writer of the chaotic sixth century as illustrating the observation that the masters of a specially forcible, original style (George Eliot is one of the most distinguished instances) have often served a long apprenticeship at translation before attempting anything of their own.

Whether it would, have been better for his own soul and for the world if Boethius had been left to labor on in that study of his, "finished in ivory and decorated with crystal," who shall say? He was not to be so left. The public honors foreshadowed in the first of the letters quoted above were not slow to arrive. These were the great days of Theodoric, now firmly seated in the fair palace at Ravenna. The Amal prince had proved himself equal to his

great fortune; the powers of his own mind were fully ripe, and not the faintest symptom had as yet appeared of that reaction toward barbarism which was to deface the closing scenes of his brilliant career. Italy, so long distracted, was appeased and almost prosperous, and it was an essential part of the broad and sagacious policy of the Ostrogothic ruler to make the ancient civilization tributary to the new life, conciliating and attaching to himself by all honorable means the senatorial party in Rome, and especially the more distant and indomitable spirits among the Roman aristocracy. It was thus that the father of Boethius's heroic wife, Symmachus, a man of the noblest character, great learning, and extensive charities, was made prefect of the city. He also enjoyed, by virtue of seniority, we do not know for how long a time before his judicial murder, the dignity of Head of the Senate, a position somewhat like that of a Dean of Legation, but more nearly corresponding to the unofficial rank of the Father of the House of Commons. He had been consul under Odoacer, as had the elder Boethius; and our Boethius was himself made consul during the year 510, his own thirty-first.

For this all-gifted and so far all-fortunate man the succeeding decade was one of unexampled worldly splendor and prosperity, of happiness at home and honor abroad, that seemed without a flaw. In 522, during a visit of Theodoric to Rome, the two sons of Boethius, namesakes of himself and his illustrious father-in-law, but still mere boys, each received the honorary title of consul; and the proud father arose from his place between them in the Senate, and welcomed the Gothic king to the Eternal City in a glowing panegyric. For this he was rewarded, in September of the same year, by receiving an appointment to the distinguished post of master of the offices.

But the jealous gods of the old dis-

penation, the jealous men of every dispensation, could endure no more. A buzz of malicious whispering rose around the ears of Theodoric, whose own clairvoyant spirit was already invaded by a fatal shadow, who was losing his marvelous powers of discernment and self-control, in whose brain throbbed the confusion of that incipient madness which was, in truth, the beginning of the end. He was made to believe that the Roman Senate in general despised him for an outer barbarian, was weary of his rule, disloyal to his person, and, in short, already intriguing with the Emperor at Constantinople to come with an army and reclaim the kingdom of Italy.

After the general charges came the specific ones, of whose nature we know more from the pages of Boethius himself than from any other source. The best man in the world can hardly be expected to make a perfectly unbiased statement of his own case, especially under such aggravated circumstances. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that the indignant defense of Boethius is strengthened, upon the whole, by all that can be gathered from other original authorities: a few paragraphs, namely, out of that chronicler who is known as the Anonymus Valesii, a few words from the recently discovered *Anecdota Holderi*. Cassiodorus, the prolific writer, the wise and learned but also the timid and time-serving man, avoids all mention of the affair, and his reticence tells in favor of Boethius; for he was the faithful minister and unflinching apologist of Theodoric and the whole Ostrogothic line, and if there had been anything to be said in his master's behalf concerning the most deplorable act of his life, we may be sure that Cassiodorus would have said it with interminable iteration. The bare facts appear to have been these: Albinus, a senator, was accused before Theodoric, then presiding over the high court of justice at Verona, by Cyprian, an officer of great

consequence under the king, of treasonable correspondence with Constantino-ple. Boethius, who, like the accused, was evidently present upon the spot, stepped forward with impulsive generosity and denied the charge. "If Albinus be guilty," were his words, "I and the whole Senate are equally so." "They *are* all guilty," was the retort of the informer, "and Boethius as much as anybody."

The rage of the king knew no bounds, but he must have dissembled it at first, for the whole court appears to have started for the south in company. At Ticinum, however, near the modern Pavia, Albinus and Boethius were arrested in the sacristy of a church. The former may have been put to death at once, for we hear of him no more; but Boethius was thrust into a certain strong tower, where he lived immured for nearly a twelvemonth longer. He was never allowed a hearing, but sentence against him was extorted by Theodoric both from the prefect of Ticinum and the subservient Senate at Rome. Thus the last bitter drop was added to the cup of his humiliation, the last and most stinging impulse given to his precipitous plunge from so giddy a height into the lowest abyss of temporal disaster. He was betrayed by his own order, and basely handed over to the mercies of an insane barbarian by the very men whom he had staked his honor to defend.

Let us now visit him in prison, and see how he gathered himself up after so ghastly a reverse, and from what source he drew the fortitude which enabled him to go down into the dark valley, as a good man may, with head erect and unhesitating footsteps.

The Consolation of Philosophy opens with a plaintive song, of which the central thought is expressed in that solemn Greek proverb, "Let no man be called happy till his death." "But while I

¹ Standing for Practical and Theoretical Wisdom.

pondered these things in silence," the captive goes on to say, "inditing with a stylus my sorrowful complaint, all at once I seemed to see, towering above me, a woman of awful aspect. Fire was in her eyes and a superhuman clearness; and albeit she was full of years, inso-much that none could have deemed her a child of the present age, yet did the strength of her coloring testify to an inexhaustible vigor. Her stature appeared to vary. Now it conformed to the common measure of mankind, and anon it expanded until her head appeared to touch the sky. Yea, sometimes that head did penetrate the very heavens, and was lost to the eager gaze of men. Her garments were very fine and sheer, delicately wrought, and yet indestructibly strong; and I learned from her afterward that her own hands had woven them. Stains of age and neglect, such as we see in discolored statues, did somewhat mar the beauty of these robes, on whose lower hem was embroidered the Greek letter Π , and on the upper edge a Θ .¹ Between these two characters there were traces of a design running up like a stairway from the one to the other. I saw, too, that rude hands had rent this wonderful vesture, and even carried shreds of it away. There were books in her right hand, and in her left a sceptre. And when she perceived that the Muses were lingering beside my couch, and encouraging me to bewail my griefs in song, she was moved from her wonted calm, and an angry light shone in her eyes. 'Who summoned unto an ailing soul these theatrical jades?'² she cried. 'They cannot cure his pain. Their poisonous balms will but aggravate it. These are they who plant their sterile thorns so as to choke the rich harvest of right reason. They can but accustom the mind of a man to suffering, but heal it, never!'"

Electrified by these words, Boethius

² Philosophy permits herself the use of a much more injurious epithet.

lifts his eyes, and endeavors to shake off his deepening lethargy. The mist clears from his brain; he recognizes the nurse of his infancy, the mistress whom, in happier times, he had delighted to serve, Philosophy. "Why art thou come from heaven to me?" is his first dreamy inquiry; and her indignant yet inspiring answer, "Could I desert my disciple, and suffer him to bear alone the burden with which he has been laden for my sake? Is calumny, then, a new thing to me, and shall Philosophy forsake the footsteps of the innocent?" Then she bids him state his case to her, and he complies curtly and disdainfully, not without passionate invective against the scoundrels who have betrayed him. But first there is a brief musical interlude, and Philosophy no longer derides her patient's numbers, when he takes up this manlier strain:—

"Now breaks the cloud above my darkened brain,
 My sight returns again;
 As when a rainy gale hath blown all night,
 Quenching the planets' light,
 Morn brings no sunrise, evening falls or e'er
 The stars of eve draw near;—
 If the clear wind of Thrace do but arouse
 Him from his cavernous house,
 The scourgèd shadows flee away; we see
 Imprisoned day set free;
 And glorious Phœbus comes with sudden
 blaze,
 To smite the enraptured gaze."

The defense of Boethius before his heavenly visitant would certainly have amounted to little at any human tribunal. It is too fiery and too fragmentary. He will not stoop to justify himself, even to himself, in a formal and explicit manner; and it is safe to say that if he had employed counsel, any good lawyer would forcibly have restrained him from telling his tale in this wise:—

"Thou askest, in fine, of what crime

I am accused. Of endeavoring to secure the safety of the Senate!—But how? They pretend that I hindered an informer from producing certain documents which would have involved the whole body in a suspicion of treason. What sayest thou, my mistress? Shall I deny the charge for fear of bringing disgrace upon thee? But I did desire to save the Senate, and shall never cease to do so! Shall I confess? Could I even admit that it is a crime to have desired the Senate's safety? That would indeed be playing the informer's game! Certainly they have done all they could, by their late decrees against myself, to make it one. But no amount of folly and deceit on the part of individuals can alter the essential rights of things, and there is a precept of Socrates which forbids me either to conceal the truth or to profess a lie.

"So then I submit the question to thy judgment, and to that of all wise men. I have made from memory, for the benefit of posterity, a true statement in writing of the whole course of the affair. As for those forged letters by which they pretend to prove that I desired the reëstablishment of Roman independence, I scorn to mention them. I could fully have exposed the fraud, had I been permitted the usual means of defense. I could have confounded my accusers out of their own mouth, a species of testimony which has ever been held conclusive. And indeed what liberty is there yet to hope for? I only wish there were any! I could have answered the king in the words of Canius, when accused by Caius Cæsar, the son of Germanicus, 'Had I known of such a conspiracy, you never should!'"

It has been thought by some even of the warm admirers of Boethius¹ that in

¹ Mr. Hodgkin, among the rest, fetches an ominous sigh over the flimsy nature of the philosopher's defense. There is, however, much ingenuity, and I am inclined to think much plausibility, in the suggestion which the histo-

rian offers, that Boethius may have been a stickler for the point that Roman senators, falling under any sort of accusation, should have the right to be tried at New Rome, by a council of the Roman Empire, and not at the itinerant

this passage he came near to criminating himself. I do not think so. It seems to me, like his impulsive identification of himself with Albinus on the first accusation, to reveal in every line the careless rectitude of a rash and generous but haughty nature, too contemptuous, for its own security in this world (where, after all, there is no security), of ordinary precautions. For the rest, Boethius appeals to Philosophy, not to screen him from danger, but to prepare him for the worst; and he bows with all humility when she proceeds to rebuke him for those doubts concerning the moral government of the world which the flagrant injustice of his case had excited, and which had found their first expression in these melancholy lines: —

“O Framer of the jeweled sphere,
Who, firm on Thy eternal throne,
Dost urge the swift-revolving year,
The stars compel Thy laws to own, —
The stars that hide their lesser light
When Luna, with her horns full grown,
Reflects her brother's glories bright;
Paling, she too, when he draws nigh,
In his great fires extinguished quite: —
As Hesper up the evening sky
Leads the cold planets, but to fling
Their wonted leash aside, and fly
At Phœbus' bright awakening.
Thou who dost veil in vapors chill
The season of the leaf-dropping,
With its brief days, rekindling still
The fires of summer, making fleet
The lessening nights, — all do Thy will:
The year obeys Thee on Thy seat;
The leaves that Boreas bore amain
Return once more with zephyr sweet;
Arcturus tells the unsown grain,
And Sirius burns the waving gold.
The task Thy ancient laws ordain,
All do, — the allotted station hold:
Man's work alone dost thou despise,
Nor deign his weakness to enfold
In changeless law. Else wherefore flies
Sleek Fortune's wheel so madly round?
The good man bears the penalties
Of yon bold sinner, who is found
Enthroned exultant, apt to grind
His blameless victim to the ground.

bar of Theodoric; and that this is what he means by the desire for the safety of the Senate, which he so defiantly avows. Such a desire was not necessarily treasonable to the king,

Virtue is fain, in caverns blind,
Her light to hide; and just men know
The scourgings meet for baser kind.
Mendacious Fraud reserves no blow
For men like these, nor Perjury;
But when they will their might to show,
Then conquer they, with ease and glee,
The kings unnumbered tribes obey.
O Judge unknown, we call on Thee!
To our sad planet turn, we pray!
Are we — we men — the meanest side
Of all Thy great creation? Nay,
Though but the drift of Fortune's tide!
Compel her wasteful floods to pause,
And, ruling heaven, rule beside
O'er quiet lands, by steadfast laws!”

“From thy tearful sadness,” then said the celestial guide, “I knew thee to be miserable and astray, but how far thou hadst wandered I did not guess until I heard this lay of thine. Nevertheless, it is thou thyself who hast abandoned thy fatherland; thou hast not been banished thence. This is what none could ever have done to thee. Bethink thee, therefore, of the country which is thy home.” Philosophy then subjects her pupil to a long and searching examination concerning his belief in the sovereignty of God; and when she finds that his replies ring true, in the main, upon this fundamental question, “Thanks be to Him who gives all spiritual health,” she cries, “thou hast not yet belied thy nature! Now have I found the earnest of thy cure, — a right opinion concerning the government of this world, in that thou ascribest it not to senseless hazard, but to the ordering of a divine intelligence. Fear nothing, therefore. From this tiny spark I will kindle a fire that shall both warm thee into life and give thee light.” It becomes the turn of Philosophy to sing the succeeding song, of which the short lines in dactylic dimeter, a measure that Boethius particularly loved, fall with something of the kindling effect of a bugle

but a correspondence upon the subject with the authorities at Constantinople, if tampered with by unscrupulous and hostile hands, might easily have been made to appear so.

call. The reveille of Philosophy ends thus :—

“ Truth wilt thou hail
In her uttermost splendor,
Painfully scale
The summits of light ?
Cast out thy fears,
And thy hopes all surrender ;
He's done with tears
Who hath conquered delight.
Tarry no more
Thy soul's fetters to rend, nor
Linger and cower
In the kingdom of night ! ”

The second book of the *Consolation* is devoted to an examination of the worth of Fortune's gifts. Boethius is first bidden to look steadily on all that he has lost, and to dare measure the depth of his fall. It seems a cruel prescription, and the cry which it forces from the shrinking spirit, “*In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem,*” is literally repeated in that indelible passage of the *Inferno* :—

“ *Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.* ”

Even Philosophy is almost moved to compassion here, and she deigns, incidentally, to soothe the sufferer by reminding him that those whom he loves better than himself are still in safety. “That noblest ornament of the human race, thy father-in-law, *Symmachus*, whose life thou wouldst gladly have purchased with thine own, a man endowed with all wisdom and every virtue, is yet unharmed, and without apprehension on his own account, though deeply distressed for thy injuries. And thy wife yet lives, that chaste and gentle creature, of whose many gifts I can say no more than this, that she is like her father. . . . Thy boys, too, the young consulars, in whom the spirit both of their father and their grandfather shines out as brightly as may be at so tender an age. . . . Dry thy tears, *Boethius*. Fortune has not yet smitten thy dear

ones for thy sake ; neither can the tempest be too strong for thee while such anchors hold.”

The main argument is then resumed, and the vanity successively demonstrated of riches, of great position, of power, and of fame. But when *Boethius* pleads with his mistress that his had been no vulgar ambition, but the desire to be remembered as one who had loved and benefited his fellow-men, she replies by showing him the insignificance, in the great universe of God, of the stage on which he had acted, and the trivial duration of the longest human fame in comparison with eternity.

Eternity ! The soul of the prisoner is not bound, and he can wholly lose, for a little while, himself and the memory of his woes in the noble though ineffectual endeavor to fathom the full meaning of that mysterious word. “The space of a moment and the space of ten thousand years may be compared, for each represents a certain fixed portion of time, though that of the moment be infinitesimal. But that number of a myriad years, although indefinitely multiplied, would bear no comparison whatever with endless duration. For the things which have an end are comparable with one another, but not with the things which have none.”

Having convinced her pupil of the vanity of all good fortune, Philosophy now promises to instruct him in the hidden excellence of evil ; reminding him, as a preliminary, that even among finite beings adversity reveals a man's true friends, and the worth of their affection. The mystical song which follows, in which *love* is hailed as the principle of *order*, that which unifies and vivifies all created things, contains reminiscences both of *Lucretius* and of *Plato*. “*O felix hominum genus,*” — “*O happy human race,*” are its closing words, “if the love which rules in heaven rule your souls also ! ”

Here ends the second book of the

Consolation. The third opens with a striking colloquy:—

“So she ceased singing; but as for me, the melody of her voice held me listening as if entranced, eager for more. Then, after a little, ‘O sovereign consoler of all weary souls,’ I said, ‘how hast thou reanimated me, both by the power of thy thoughts and the beauty of thy song! Henceforth, methinks, I shall stand up against the blows of Fate. I dread no more the sharp remedies of which thou spakest awhile ago, but earnestly entreat thee to say on.’ Then she: ‘I saw that thou wast drinking in my words with mute attention, and I looked for this changed mood of mind in thee, or rather it is I who have induced it. My precepts are, verily, of those which are bitter upon the lips, but sweet within. Wherefore if even now, as thou sayest, thou cravest to hear more, what ardor would not fire thy soul if thou knewest whither I am leading thee!’ ‘Where, then?’ I cried; and she answered, ‘Unto true felicity, which indeed has been the dream of thy life, only thou wast beset by false images thereof, and couldst not discern the reality.’ ‘Oh, show it me,’ I returned, ‘without more delay!’ ‘That will I,’ said my guide, ‘and gladly. But first I will review yet once again those elements of happiness which are already known to thee, and endeavor to enlighten thee still further concerning them, that so, thy vision being cleared, when thou liftest thine eyes anew, thou mayest discern the shape of perfect beatitude.’”

Thus the kernel of the inquiry is reached, and we approach that discourse of Philosophy concerning the nature of the *Summum Bonum*, or “Highest Good,” which occupies the whole of Boethius’s third book. The great prizes of life in this world, rank and wealth, and love and honor, which had fallen so richly to his own share, are marshaled in his memory once more, and the mystery

is patiently unfolded, that even these, though severally so frail and unsatisfactory, are nevertheless fragments of that supernal felicity, that consummate good, whose place is not here; which, being, moreover, a living integer, can be but mutilated or slain by the separation of its parts.

“‘Since then, at last,’” resumes the guide, “‘thou discernest the difference between true beatitude and its lying counterfeits, it remains for me to show thee the true.’ ‘For this,’ I answered, ‘I have waited long.’ ‘But if, as our dear Plato says in his *Timæus*, we ought, in the very least things, to invoke the divine assistance, how thinkest thou we may best be rendered worthy to discover the dwelling-place of the Supreme Good?’ ‘By appealing to the Father of all being,’ I replied, whereupon she sang me this hymn:—

“‘Undying Soul of this material ball,
Heaven and earth Maker, Thou who first
didst call
Time into being, and by Thy behest
Movest all things, Thyself alone at rest!
No outward power impelled Thee thus to
mould
In shape the fluid atoms manifold,—
Only the immortal image, born within,
Of perfect beauty; wherefore Thou hast
been
Thine own fair model, and the things of
sense
The image bear of Thy magnificence;
Parts perfect in themselves by Thy con-
trol
Are newly blent into a perfect whole;
The yokèd elements obey Thy hand;
Frost works with fire, water with barren
sand:
So the dense continents are fast maintained,
And heaven’s ethereal fire to earth re-
strained.
Thou dost the life of threefold nature
tame
To serve the parts of one harmonious
frame,—
That soul of things constrained eternally
To trace Thy image on the starry sky,
The greater and the lesser deeps to round
And on itself return. Thou too hast found
For us, Thy lesser creatures of a day
Wherewith Thou sowest earth, forms of a
clay

So kindly fragile, naught can stay our flight
 Backward unto the Source of all our light.
 Grant, Father, yet the undethronèd mind
 A way unto the fount of truth to find,
 And, sought so long, the vision of Thy face;
 Lighten our flesh, terrestrial vapors chase,
 And shine in all Thy splendor! For Thou
 art
 The final Rest of every faithful heart,
 The First, the Last, — of the expatriate soul,
 Lord, Leader, Pathway, and eternal Goal!''''

The argument which follows is long and subtle; and if the pupil of Philosophy, sitting in her very presence, finds himself sometimes bewildered in the mazes of it, how much more the jaded reader of to-day! The conclusion has already been foreshadowed. It is God who is the Supreme Good, — the satisfaction of all desire, the final rest, the end of being. For a moment the soul of the prisoner is uplifted as by a new and glorious discovery; but then the heavy weight of all the "unintelligible world" once more descends upon him, and he makes an almost agonized appeal to Philosophy, in the beginning of the fourth book, for help toward the solution of those terrible problems of old and of every time, — the prevalence of evil in the world, and the conflict between God's foreknowledge and man's free will.

Concerning the uses of evil, Philosophy begins by reminding her pupil that evil is but a name. The most sinister events are in reality blessings just so long as they tend to make the individual better. Thus it depends upon man's free will to transmute into good that which appears to be evil. In the following metre, which is one of the most beautiful and spirited of the whole collection, Philosophy sings the sacrifice of Iphigenia, whereby the Greeks found the way to their homes; the vengeance of Ulysses upon Polyphemus, which delivered the land from so great a monster; and, last, the hard and weary labors of Hercules, whose end was deification and celestial peace: —

"Then last he bowed his mighty frame
 Beneath the burden of the sky,
 And so — like toil, like guerdon! — came
 Unto his home on high.

"Wherefore take heart his steps to trace,
 Nor loose the armor of thy wars!
 Who spins the earth shall find a place
 Among the eternal stars."

"What then is chance?" inquires Boethius of his teacher, in the opening chapter of the fifth and last book of the Consolation; and the answer is authoritative: "There is no such thing. The river is not lost in its angry, whirling rapids, but emerges and pursues its course. An accident may be defined as an unforeseen event arising from external causes, coinciding with those which determine a man's purpose; but this very coincidence of causes is a part of that eternal order which assigns to all things their time and place, and has its source in the providence of God."

This explanation, though followed by a short elegiac poem, in which the illustration of the river is expanded and elaborated, fails quite to content the inquirer, who owns himself unable to see what place is left for the volition of man in the fatal interlacement of causes just described. Philosophy's mystical reply to this objection is little more than a development of that Platonic and Pythagorean doctrine so beautifully expounded in the Elysian fields by the soul of Anchises to his son: ¹ —

"Ergo exercentur penis, veterumque malorum
 Supplicia expendant: aliæ panduntur inanes
 Suspensæ ad ventos: aliis sub gurgite vasto
 Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exturitur igni;
 Quisque suos patimur Manes; exinde per
 amplum
 Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tene-
 mus;
 Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
 Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
 Ætherium sensum atque aurai simplicis
 ignem."

This "ethereal sense" is indeed naught other than that spark of free

¹ P. Verg. Mar. *Æn.* vi. 739-747.

will which every man possesses. It is not of equal strength in all. It is subject to degradation and enfeeblement through contact with the human body and surrender to sensual vice. It is subject to age-long purgation, also, to cleanse it from the stains thus contracted, but never to extinction. "Only tell me yet once again," the patient repeats with insistence, as one who feels that his time is growing short, "how this indomitable volition of man can consist with the omnipotence of God; and what, if all be in truth foreordained and fore-known, can be the efficacy of prayer; and without prayer, what living link is there between God and the soul?"

It is then that Philosophy gathers herself up for her supreme effort; and, strange as it may seem, the subtle yet strenuous argument which follows does actually appear to shed a momentary gleam of light into the measureless abyss of the "final inexplicability." All through the Consolation the horror of Boethius's actual position lends a reality to his wrestlings, a force to his words, quite other than that which attaches to the mental exercises of those who speculate upon these abstruse questions in the calm of entire personal security. And now, with the last imperious necessity pressing hard upon him, the man so absorbs us in himself that we are uplifted along with him, and seem to share, for one passing moment, the sublime freedom of spirit whereby he is enabled to reason so lucidly on the difference between an eternity which is conditioned by the category of time, like that which Aristotle imputes to the material universe, and an eternity like that of the Deity, which owns no such condition.

"All the seeming contradiction between foreknowledge and free will," urges the philosophic spirit, "may thus arise from a qualitative difference in the two eternities. A proximately conceivable eternity, which consists of an infinite succession of moments, known only

as they pass, does indeed present a faint image of the other immutable eternity, but it is not the same thing; for to the higher both past and future are always equally present. Let us then say, with Plato, *the world is perpetual, but God is eternal*. God's knowledge of events does not constitute their necessity, any more than your knowledge that the sun will rise necessitates that event. You recognize a difference in inevitability between the rising of the sun and the motions of a man. So God foreknows (or knows; in Him is no before) that some things must needs be, and others are exempt from such necessity.

"Wherefore, if these things are so, the liberty of choice remains intact for mortal men; neither can those laws be unrighteous which regulate reward and punishment, since the will is not constrained. An all-knowing and everlasting God beholds us from on high, and the ever-present eternity of his divine vision coincides with the potentiality of our own future actions, dispensing rewards to the good and chastisement to the evil. Not vainly, then, do men hope in God, and lift up their souls in prayer to Him; for if we pray aright, our prayers must needs be answered. Shun vice, therefore; venerate virtue; let a reasonable hope animate the soul, and worship ascend from earth to heaven. Away with self-deception, and recognize the fact that the necessity laid upon you is one of righteousness, since you live under the eye of an all-seeing Judge."

This is the last word of the Consolation of Philosophy. We may even conceive of it as set down in haste, after the key of the executioner had grated in the lock, and his footfall was already sounding upon the turret stair; or yet in the interval between the delivery of the final summons and the issue of the intrepid prisoner to a death of ignominy, and only too probably also of lingering torture. Yet it cannot be denied.

that a certain obscure pang of disappointment mingles with our admiration of Boethius's valiant calm. "Is this all?" the Christian soul will involuntarily exclaim. "Shall there be no word concerning that future life, the persuasion of whose reality must have been by so much the stronger in Boethius's day than now, as the memory was fresher, in the world, of One who had brought immortality 'to light' with 'good tidings of great joy'?"

The omission does indeed appear a strange one, and we can but conjecture how it was explained by those Christian casuists of the dark ages who found in Boethius a perfect armory of arguments; and even raised him to the rank, neither needed nor deserved, of an orthodox martyr, on the strength of the Arianism of Theodoric. In later times two solutions of the problem have been offered. The pious and learned Bertius, in his very interesting preface to the Delphin edition of the *Consolation*, contends that the treatise as we have it is obviously incomplete; that Boethius had not time to finish it; and that there was, undoubtedly, to have been a sixth book, in which the conclusions of natural religion would have been supplemented and confirmed by the sanction of a divine revelation. Certain recent French critics, on the other hand,¹ have stoutly maintained that Boethius was no Christian at all; and that the lost theological writings which tradition had always ascribed to him were really those of an African bishop of the same name, who was banished to Sardinia in 504. The latter

half of this theory was, however, invalidated by the discovery, in 1877, of a fragment of ancient manuscript, transcribed in the tenth century by the busy monks of Reichenau, an island in the Bodensee,² which proves beyond a doubt that the selfsame Boethius of the *Consolation* was also the author of the pious treatises in question.

For myself, I see no need of resorting to either of these hypotheses. The *Consolation*, though marked by that simplicity of style and sincerity of tone which would naturally have resulted from the writer's desperate circumstances, is after all the work of a subtle thinker rather than that of an impassioned believer. So, too, we may conclude, were the ostensibly religious writings of Boethius the amateur productions, probably, of his precocious youth. Traces are to be found even in the *Consolation* of the official Christianity of the author, although he undoubtedly held the Christian dogmas loosely. It seems most plausible to suppose that Boethius was thinking of the holy martyrs in that passage in the second book where he makes Philosophy say, "We know that many men have sought the rapture of beatitude not through death merely, but through death in exquisite torture." He appears also to emphasize the Pythagorean doctrine of purgatory as foreshadowing that of the Church.

But the *âmes d'élite* of this world are of two kinds, and bear themselves diversely under the onset of extreme disaster. There are those who instinctively stretch out their hands into the dark-

¹ M. Louis de Mirandol, who translated the *Consolation*, rendering the metres into rather diffuse French verse, and M. Charles Jourdain, author of an essay entitled *De l'Origine des Traditions sur le Christianisme de Boëce*.

² The following is a translation of this most important passage in what is known from the name of its discoverer as the *Anecdote* of Holderi:—

"Boethius was distinguished by the highest dignities. He rendered thanks to King Theo-

doric, in the Senate, for the consulate of his sons, in a splendid oration. He wrote a book concerning the Holy Trinity and divers essays upon doctrine, and a book against Nestorins. He also composed a bucolic poem. But in the way of translating works on the art of logic, that is to say, dialectic, and in mathematical studies he achieved so much that he equaled, if he did not surpass, the ancient authors themselves."

ness, feeling for and finding, or so they deem, other hands to sustain them. There are those, again, whose impulse it is to turn inward, gather up their own forces, brace themselves against the assaults of Fate, "and, having done all, to stand." A great doctor of the Church, quite sound, for the rest, on baptismal regeneration,¹ once used the expression "souls naturally Christian." With equal confidence it may be affirmed that there are souls — and devout souls, too — which even under a Christian dispensation are born pagan, like Julian's and that of Boethius himself.

The latter was probably as good a Christian as a man so intensely Roman in sentiment, so tenacious of the old senatorial traditions, could be. Unquestionably there was a deep antagonism between that sentiment and those traditions and the spirit of Christianity. The "high Roman fashion" was, however, — and fortunately, we may believe, — the exclusive birthright of the patrician order; and this is why Christianity encountered no obstacle, but rather spread with joyous rapidity, among the more intelligent of the hitherto overshadowed classes, while the consulars and their like resisted it to the last, and were never as a body even nominally converted until their type had deeply degenerated, and was, in fact, upon the point of passing forever away.

Boethius, then, from our point of view, was a Roman citizen first, afterwards a devout deist, and an orthodox Christian last of all. But he lived purely, thought reverently, and died greatly; and it argues but a feeble conception of the resources of divine grace to doubt that the power by which a man does these things is the same in source and substance, whether it distills from heaven like summer dew, or gushes upward, crystal cold, out of the seemingly barren rock.

The exact date of the execution of Boethius is unknown, but it probably

¹ Tertullian.

took place in the early summer of 524. Within a year from that time, his father-in-law, the blameless and venerable Symmachus, the thought of whose exemption from his own distress had cheered the heart of Boethius in prison, was also, on the rumor of his great grief for the death of his son, abruptly summoned by the king to Ravenna, imprisoned without examination, and speedily put to death.

But the angry clouds which had obscured the right reason of Theodoric were about to clear away. "And this," says Procopius, at the beginning of his *History of the Gothic War*, "was the manner of his death. A few days later, there was set before him at table the head of a huge fish, and it seemed to him to be the head of Symmachus, lately decapitated. For the teeth appeared to gnaw the under lip and the eyes to roll in fury, giving it a frightful aspect. Stricken with terror, he was seized by a strong chill, and took to his bed, commanding his attendants to heap upon him all the coverings possible. So after a while he slept, and when he woke he related all that had occurred to his physician, Elpidius, weeping bitterly for the sin he had committed against Symmachus and Boethius. And still lamenting, and oppressed with anguish for his guilt, he not long after expired. This" (the twofold execution) "was the first and last act of injustice which he committed against any of his subjects, and it came of his not having, according to his custom, examined into the proofs before he passed sentence upon these men."

From the same source we learn that a part, at least, of the property of Boethius was restored to his sons by Amalasuatha; and the *History of the Gothic War* also affords us a last striking glimpse of the widowed Rusticiana, who bore the name of her ancestress, the wife of Symmachus, the great pagan consul.

During the terrible famine which accompanied the siege of Rome by Totila in 547, Rusticiana, not yet an old woman, had so lavished her resources in alms to the suffering poor that she was herself reduced to beg bread of her Gothic captors, when they entered the city. "Nor was this," says Procopius, "thought a shame. But the Goths demanded that Rusticiana should be slain, fiercely accusing her of having given large sums to the Roman leaders for the

privilege of defacing the statues of Theodoric, and so taking vengeance for the slaughter of her husband Boethius and her father Symmachus. Totila, however, refused to hearken to them; . . . nor would he surrender her nor any other Roman woman, whether wife, maid, or widow, to the lust of the Goths, whereby he won the reputation of great clemency."

With which trait of barbarian generosity our harrowing tale of the sixth century may fitly close.

H. W. P. and L. D.

AMERICAN AND GERMAN SCHOOLS.

MAY a knowledge of the educational practices of other nations help us to improve our system and methods of education? Upon this question there seems to be a wide difference of opinion. On the one hand, it is asserted that no two nations have the same conditions of life, either social or civil; that the schools of a nation are a growth peculiar to itself, as are its laws and customs, and therefore that they can be perfected only by trial and experience under the peculiar conditions of their origin and existence. On the other hand, it is urged that the universality of the needs of men as human beings should be recognized; and as the highest end of education is to make good and wise men rather than citizens of any particular state or workers at any given calling, there should be some common means pursued by which this highest and common end is reached. A knowledge of the common means thus employed serves a double purpose: first, in proving the efficacy of true theories of education; and, secondly, in guarding against false ones. Thus the successes and mistakes of one people may be used for the benefit of all others.

The history of education shows that this principle of coöperation, or the trans-

mission of theories through their embodied practices, has been a potent factor in the development of true methods of education. It was recognized in the times of Comenius and Pestalozzi, when hundreds of teachers of various countries flocked to see the practical working of theories which were not fully understood or believed. And when we reflect upon the influence of the imperfect and crude attempts of these men to embody in practice theories which without such practice might have fallen upon dull ears, — an influence which has extended throughout the civilized world. — we cannot resist the conclusion, not only that it is useful for one nation to study the educational practices of other nations, but that it is the surest and best way of extending and perfecting the science as well as the art of education.

In seeking to find where we may learn most of that which will be useful in improving our schools, we naturally turn to the countries where lived the great reformers whose names I have just given, and where the fiercest pedagogical conflicts have been waged. In these countries — Germany, Austria, and Switzerland — we find a system of education scientific and thorough in its character,

broad in its scope, and uniform in its practices. So good, indeed, are the schools here that other countries willingly sit at their feet as learners, as shown by the throngs of visitors in the schools, either drawn thither by professional interest, or sent officially to study their systems and to observe their methods. Nor is the interest and zeal in behalf of the schools new to the German people. Ever since the Reformation, the government has encouraged the establishment of institutions of learning of every kind to such an extent as to call to the service of elementary education the best thought of the country. True, that thought has been erratic and at times abnormal in its applications. Yet it has always been vigorous and powerful, whether exercised in the severe classical formalism of Trotzendorf and Sturm or in the free naturalism of Comenius and Basedow. The experience, therefore, of Germany in the management of her schools has been a thoughtful one, and as such it commands our respect and invites our attention to some contrasting features of her system of schools and ours.

For the purpose of making a comparison which will be most effective in the minds of readers, I will speak only of the conditions under which the schools are maintained, and especially of those conditions which all agree to be vital to the best interests of the schools. The conditions of which I shall speak are: (1) qualifications of teachers; (2) permanence of the teaching force; (3) character of plan of studies; (4) school attendance; (5) supervision.

1. Whatever may be said of the superiority of natural over acquired qualifications for the teacher's calling, no one, I suppose, will doubt the general statement that the efficiency of teachers is enhanced by special preparation for their work. That being conceded, we turn to inquire how much so-called professional preparation is demanded of teachers in the United States. From

a recent report of the Commissioner of Education¹ it will be seen that in California, Illinois, Kansas, New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and Wisconsin — the only States making full reports — only one out of every seventeen teachers was in 1886 a graduate of a normal school. A larger proportion, or about twelve per cent. of all teachers employed, is reported as having attended a normal school. These States doubtless have other training schools, in which some of the teachers have received more or less professional training. Making a liberal allowance for the number attending such schools and for the probable advance that has been made, it is safe to say that not more than one fourth of the present teachers of the above-named States have had any professional preparation for their work. The character of the teaching in these States is certainly as high as it is in the rest of the Union. It may be said, therefore, that as many as three fourths of all the teachers of this country now in practice entered upon their work without any direct training in the science or art of teaching. In other words, a majority of the people of the country regard teaching as less of an art than carpentry or horse-shoeing, for which some preparation, at least, is thought to be necessary. When it is considered that a large proportion of these untrained teachers are new to their work every year, the seriousness of the matter becomes apparent. The enormous waste of money which is occasioned by the misdirected energies of this army of novices is of little consequence beside the irreparable injury which their experiments and mistakes cause to the children.

In decided contrast to the amount of professional training required for teachers in this country are Germany's requirements. Candidates for positions in the elementary schools (*Volkschulen*)

¹ Report of 1886-87, page 453.

must have the equivalent of a normal-school training of three years and pass two rigid examinations, — one at the close of the course, and the other not earlier than two and not later than five years afterwards. The examinations are oral and written, and cover all the subjects taught in the normal school, including religion, language (in some parts of Germany a good knowledge of one foreign language is required), mathematics, science, history, pedagogics, psychology, logic, and a practical test in teaching a class of pupils. During the last two years of the normal-school course the students have constant practice in teaching in a model school; and between the two examinations just mentioned permission is granted the candidate to teach, although no permanent position is given until after the second examination is passed.

The examinations of candidates for positions in high schools are very severe in the various subjects which they are called upon to teach; and before permanent positions are given them, they are obliged to teach for one year under the direction of a competent master. Other examinations are given candidates for positions as principal, as special teacher in any department, or as instructor in private schools. Even one who desires to teach in a private family must first have a certificate of qualification from an examining commission. These examining commissions consist of different classes of persons, depending upon the character of the examination; but in general it may be said that professional teachers of good standing are largely represented in the commissions, and that one or more representatives of the provincial or district school boards are present at all examinations.

Thus we see that teaching is recognized by the government of Germany as a profession, in every way as severe in its requirements and as honorable in its character as is either of what we are

went to call the three learned professions. Nothing could be more marked than the contrast between such a recognition of a noble profession and the *laissez faire* policy of many parts of our country, which permits a person who simply knows a little arithmetic, grammar, and geography to help mould in its most pliant period the human mind.

2. Efficient service depends not only upon intelligent effort, but also upon a continuance of that effort. A frequently changing personality in any department of industry means a loss in unity of purpose and effort, and consequent weakness. This is especially true in teaching, which requires united and harmonious efforts toward a common purpose. If we step to-day into any one of the one hundred thousand school-rooms of Germany, we shall find a teacher who feels that he is engaged in his lifework; and in nine tenths of those school-rooms we shall find teachers who have the assurance of their government that as long as they behave themselves they may remain where they are to the end of their natural lives. Very rarely are the permanently elected teachers changed from the position to which they are appointed, and more rarely still are they dismissed from service.

Aside from the efficiency of these professional workers, their permanence of place makes their efforts felt in a way not known in a system of constant changes like ours. From recent statistics¹ we learn that in the United States an average of twenty-six changes occurs yearly in every one hundred teachers' positions; that is, the average length of the service of teachers is less than four years. In some quarters the rule is to make a change every term, the term consisting of ten or twelve weeks. So accustomed are we to a want of permanency in the position of teachers that we regard it not out of place for a young

¹ Report of U. S. Commissioner of Education, 1886-87, page 71.

woman to make it a convenient waiting-place for matrimony, or for a young man to use it as a stepping-stone to one of the so-called learned professions. What other business would permit such a large "tramp" element to impair its efficiency or to lower its standard of effective usefulness?

3. A good plan of studies is to the teacher what the chart and compass are to the navigator. By its aid progress in the right direction may be measured; without it there is likely to be much aimless and useless work done, if indeed it be not absolutely mischievous. The making of a good plan of studies implies not only a knowledge of the subjects to be studied, but also such acquaintance with the powers and capacities of the growing mind as to know the proper sequence of subjects and the relative amount of work to be done in successive periods. Such knowledge, it must be admitted, is scientific, and can be acquired only by long and varied experience.

The German system of schools recognizes first of all the importance of a plan of studies by providing for the best plan that experience and science can give, and by causing one to be placed in the hands of every teacher. The Minister of Instruction — the highest educational authority of the state, and a member of the government — issues for all kinds and grades of schools a general plan of studies, which is elaborated and adapted to special needs by inspectors and masters of schools. So carefully prepared are these plans that they may be said to be the result of the best educational thought of the state, — on the one hand so well defined as to make the teacher's duty clear, and on the other hand so unrestricted as to leave much freedom and independence of action.

In many parts of the United States the arrangement of a plan of studies is left to the local board, — a board which is made up of men who are able, it may

be, to run a farm or factory, but who have no special fitness to direct teachers in respect to subjects of study. As a consequence, there are many towns which have no plan of studies for their schools, absolutely no guide of what is expected to be done beyond the wishes of parents who are ambitious for their children to go through or over many books. This may not be less harmful than a faithful adherence to the requirements of some plans which are made by persons wholly unfit to make them. And all these hindrances to good and systematic work are but little worse than the constantly changing courses of studies which ambitious school committees, superintendents and principals are fond of putting out as essential improvements over what has preceded, or as proofs of their ability as reformers.

4. In estimating the value of an educational system, the attendance of children upon the schools should not be left out of the account. No school system can be said to be good which is not supported by laws requiring a certain standard of education for all. How far the practice of many parts of our country is from this standard appears from statistics which show that in twenty-one States there are no compulsory laws of school attendance, and that in other States, according to the Commissioner of Education,¹ "in many instances the compulsory attendance law, if not actually a dead letter, is practically so." In many of the Northern States where the percentage of attendance is the highest, there is gross neglect not only in enforcing the laws of compulsory school attendance, but also in providing proper truant schools. This neglect is due largely to the fact that the execution of the laws is left to local authorities, who for political and social reasons fail to do their duty. Members of the school board do not stand a good chance for reelection who by an enforcement of the

¹ Report of 1886-87, page 56.

law entail extra expense upon the town ; and they are few, especially in country towns, who are willing to proceed against a neighbor or a neighbor's children, in case of a violation of the law.

Comparatively little fault can be found with Germany either in the laws relating to school attendance or in their enforcement. For many years there have been in successful operation in the various states which now are a part of the empire compulsory laws, which provide that every child between the ages of six and fourteen, or until certain attainments are reached, shall attend school while the schools are in session ; that is to say, about ten months in the year. The penalty for non-compliance with these laws operates upon parents as well as upon truant children, — the former being fined and imprisoned, and the latter being cared for in schools provided for the purpose. The rigid enforcement of the laws may be attributed to the fact that the police officers of the state act directly in conjunction with the school authorities, both in ascertaining the causes of absence and in prosecuting offenders. The extent to which the compulsory laws are enforced is shown from the statistics of school attendance. For example, "on the first of December, 1888, there were absent from school, for valid reasons, 170,439 children out of a total of five millions ; 13,517 children were absent through illness ; 8826 were incapacitated, through bodily and mental defects, from attending school ; and only 3145 were absent without sufficient cause."¹

5. Experience has proved the necessity of wise supervision in most departments of labor ; and nowhere is wise supervision more needed than in a system of schools where there are teachers of different schools and grades, or where the teachers are deficient to any extent in the art of teaching. Germany has for many

¹ London Journal of Education for January, 1890, page 32.

years made this provision in the management of her schools, and the results clearly demonstrate its importance. In that country, the organization of the schools, the examination of teachers, the criticism and direction in methods of teaching, — in short, all duties involving technical wisdom and skill, — are given only to professional educators. At the head of the educational system of each state of Germany is an official who is a member of the government and has a direct influence in shaping the educational policy of the state. He is in constant communication with the various school boards, and to him the several examining boards and school inspectors report at regular times. There are city and district superintendents, who have certain definite supervisory duties to perform. For example, in Saxony these officials are obliged to direct their attention especially to the observance of the law in relation to school attendance, to the teachers' adherence to the plan of studies, to the methods of instruction, and to the progress of the pupils in general and in each subject. His conclusions with reference to these and other specified matters are embodied in a report sent to the district board at the close of every school year. School inspectors are also employed to act in conjunction with local boards in attending to the external affairs of the schools, such as care of school property, collection of fees, etc. In addition to the supervision performed by school inspectors there is the closer supervision by principals of all the large schools, both elementary and secondary. Such principals teach only about twelve hours a week, the rest of the time being given to matters of organization and supervision.

No uniform method of school supervision is practiced in this country ; each State, and in some States each town, determining the methods to be employed. The schools of most of the cities and of some of the large towns

are well supervised by skilled superintendents, appointed on account of their superior qualifications. The weak points in the supervision elsewhere — which means, of course, in the larger part of the country — are quite apparent to all who know the worth of intelligent direction in school affairs. In some sections there is absolutely no supervision of the schools other than that done by members of school boards, who, as a rule, have little time to attend to the duties of their office, and are likely to have neither natural nor acquired fitness to criticise and direct the work of teachers. In other sections, county superintendents are either appointed by a board or elected by popular vote. Some of these persons are doubtless efficient supervisors, but their field of labor is frequently so large as to prevent their service from being felt in the schools to any appreciable degree. In general it may be said, therefore, that a greater part of the school supervision of this country is ineffectual on account of the largeness of the supervisor's field of labor, or of his dependence in election to and retention in office upon the will of the people, or of his want of proper qualifications to perform the duties of his office.

From this brief comparison of the conditions of education in Germany and America, there appear some features of difference to the advantage of the former country: first, in the professional standard of service required; secondly, in the uniformity of a complete system; thirdly, in the removal of all educational affairs from politics and from the dangers of a changing public sentiment. The practical question for us to consider is, to what extent and in what way we may secure these conditions of excellence, and not violate the fundamental principles of a republican government. In some favored localities of this country these conditions are partially realized, and they are effected in such localities

by the voice of the people themselves. This is the key to the solution of the question. Our laws should be so made as to require the governing school boards to call to their aid the best educational intelligence in conducting those interests which are the most important and sacred interests of a self-governing people. Such a delegation of powers and duties is not inconsistent with the principles of our government. The technical details of affairs which involve the highest interests of the people should be attended to only by persons best fitted to perform the service. This principle is recognized in the requirements of many States concerning matters of health; as, for example, the inspection of public buildings and the practice of medicine and dentistry. The blunders of poor builders and quacks are, perhaps, more noticeable than those of poor teachers; but they are certainly not more disastrous to the public welfare, not to speak of economic considerations which constitute so large an element in all other public concerns. It would seem that no arguments beyond those of common experience would be needed to convince the average taxpayer that unskilled direction of the schools means not only poor instruction and a waste of the children's time, but a waste of the people's money as well.

If opposition to the proposed plan is raised on the ground that the rights of the people would be violated, or that popular interest in the schools would be lessened, the experience of places in this country which have, in part, followed the proposed plan may be cited. In Boston, for example, is there any feeling of uneasiness on the part of her citizens because her representatives have committed the management of the internal affairs of the schools to a superintendent and board of supervisors, or because the rule is established that no one shall teach in the schools who has not passed an examination of a high

order? The well-known interest and activity always shown in the educational affairs of that city disprove the idea that the rights of citizens are infringed, or that their interest in the schools is lessened in any degree. The same may be said of all places which have schools taught and managed by professional teachers and superintendents; and the results shown in their schools only prove the value of the lesson which may be learned from the experience of Ger-

many. That lesson, so far as it relates to the conditions of school education, may be distinctly stated as follows: to provide means by which teachers of all schools shall have a thorough preparation for their work; to secure a permanent tenure of office for all worthy teachers; to make compulsory the school attendance of all children under fifteen years of age; to provide for systematic, skilled supervision of the schools in every part of the country.

John T. Prince.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

MR. JAMES has achieved a kind of success in his latest novel which goes far to illustrate a great canon of the art of fiction. The mind of his readers may be taken to reflect his mind, and we make the assertion with confidence that if, after reading the novel as it has been appearing in *The Atlantic*, with delight in the brilliancy of the group of portraits which it presents, they now take up the two comely volumes¹ in which the serial is gathered, their attention will be held by what may be called the spiritual plot of the tale. That which first commands admiration may not have been first in the author's mind, but it was first in the order of presentation. The artistic defect in novels of a purpose is that the function of the novel as a reproduction of life is blurred by the function of the tract. On the other hand, the artistic defect in the novel without a purpose lies in a superficial dexterity which supposes life itself to be shallow and incapable of anything more than a surface gleam. It is in the nice portrayal of surfaces, by which an undercurrent of moving life is

now revealed, now concealed, that the highest art is disclosed. Sometimes this undercurrent is made manifest by the steady movement of the characters toward some final catastrophe; sometimes it is brought to light in the relation of the characters to each other as illustrative of a single large theme, and in such cases neither tragedy nor comedy is necessarily resultant; the issue may be in the decision of each person, the definite fixing of the place of each in some microcosm.

It is this latter class of novels, where the judgment of the persons delineated is not emphasized and made unmistakable by a rude confirmation of external circumstance, that is winning the regard of the most thoughtful and most penetrating writers. And is it not characteristic of a view of life at once profound and bright that the creator of fictitious forms should be indifferent to *coups de théâtre*, and should care most for those human judgments which seem best to reflect divine judgment? For the lightning does not strike the blasphemer, vengeance does not fall swiftly upon the parricide, hell does not open before the betrayer of innocence. It is a finer power which discerns the crum-

¹ *The Tragic Muse.* By HENRY JAMES. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

bling of the interior defenses of the human citadel, and discloses the ruin by glimpses through the fair exterior. Surely the art of the novelist is acquiring a wider range when to the novel of adventure, the novel of dramatic completeness, the novel of character, is added the novel which gives us a picture of human life as it passes before the spectator, who might himself be a part of it, and at the same time offers an interpretation of that life, and attempts something like a generalization of the sub-order to which it belongs.

This, at any rate, is what we conceive Mr. James has done for us in *The Tragic Muse*. As we have intimated, after we have admired the brilliancy of the figures which compose the group constantly before the sight, we become even more interested in the revelation of those characters to the mind by the patient and apparently inexhaustible art of the novelist, showing them by the aid of a few incidents only, but of innumerable expressions in situation and converse. The simple theme on which Mr. James plays with endless variations is profound enough to justify all the labor which he has expended in illustrating it. We are tempted to say, in the light of his great success, that it is the only adequate mode by which the theme could be treated in fiction. For the relations of man to art admit of and demand such subtlety of thought that the fine shades of these relations can only be distinguished by the most painstaking setting forth of delicate workings of this thought in action and speech. Thus, as one recalls the wealth of phrase in which this masterly work abounds, he will admit that it is the lavishness of true art, not the prodigality of a spendthrift in words. Follow as one will the lines of movement in the novel, they all lead to the few fundamental, authoritative principles which form the groundwork of the novel. To the careless reader there is a waste of material in

determining the question whether or not Nick Dormer is to marry Julia, whether Peter Sherringham is to marry Bidley or Miriam. He may be amused by the suspense in which he is kept, and entertained indefinitely by the spirited dialogue, but, judging the novel by its issue, he would have his own applause if he demanded, Is the game worth the candle?

The triumph of the novelist, in our judgment, lies in the fact that he can hold the careless reader to the close, cajoling him with the notion that he is in for the matrimonial hunt of the conventional novel, while at the same time he slowly opens to the student of life a singularly interesting relation of the progress of human souls, each moving toward its determination by choice and the gravitation of nature, and presenting constantly fresh examples of the problems of which they are themselves only now and then distinctly conscious. Perhaps the subtlest of these disclosures is in the delicately suggested nature of the attitude which Miriam Rooth holds at the last toward Nick Dormer. The real stanchness of this artist's fidelity to his art is seen in the sincerity of his dealings with Julia Dallow, and his absolute immobility under the tentative advances of Miriam. Indeed, the reader comes to have a sense of compassion for the tragedienne which is nowhere directly solicited by the author. He reads between the lines, not because the author has written a story faintly there, but because he has described the persons so truthfully, so completely, that, given the persons and situations, this unexpressed relation is inevitable. Here is an artist brave with no heroics, but through the simple honesty of his nature. He is the rock toward which Miriam turns, uncompromising in fidelity to her art, as instanced by her penetrating disclosure of Sherringham's nature, but also conscious of her own feminine dependency. It was a stroke of genius, and not the

pis aller of a novelist intent upon pairing off his characters, which made her contemptuously tuck Basil Dashwood under her arm at the last.

Mr. James, to the thinking of many, gave himself space enough for the explanation of his theme, but it is clear that he limited himself deliberately by recognizing in his study of the relations of art to life only two forms of art, the pictorial and the histrionic. He needed two because he needed both Nick Dormer and Miriam Rooth; and some of his happiest interpretations of the entire theme are in the glimpses which he gives of Nick Dormer's attitude toward portrait-painting. Once, at least, also, he throws in a fine illustration from the art of writing when Gabriel Nash says:—

“Life consists of the personal experiments of each of us, and the point of an experiment is that it shall succeed. What we contribute is our treatment of the material, our rendering of the text, our style. A sense of the qualities of a style is so rare that many persons should doubtless be forgiven for not being able to read, or at all events to enjoy us. But is that a reason for giving it up, for not being, in this other sphere, if one possibly can, a Macaulay, a Ruskin, a Renan? Ah, we must write our best; it's the great thing we can do in the world, on the right side. One has one's form, *que diable*, and a mighty good thing that one has. I'm not afraid of putting life into mine, without unduly squeezing it. I'm not afraid of putting in honor and courage and charity, without spoiling them; on the contrary, I'll only do them good. People may not read you at sight, may not like you, but there's a chance they'll come round; and the only way to court the chance is to keep it up—always to keep it up. That's what I do, my dear fellow, if you don't think I've perseverance. If some one likes it here and there, if you give a little impression of solidity, that's

your reward; besides, of course, the pleasure for yourself.”

Nash is a writer, though the fact is lightly stated, and Mr. James has not worked him as a *littérateur*. It is sometimes hard to say just what he meant to make of the figure, whose personality is faintly sketched, and who seems scarcely more than a stalking-horse of clever approaches to the main game; his taking off is the most effective part. The great character of the book is the title character, and the art which is most elaborately analyzed is the histrionic. The actual development of the perfected artist out of the crude shape in which we first discover Miss Rooth is not given. Instead we have the much more interesting study of Miss Rooth in her earlier phase, and then, presto! change! the Miss Rooth who blazes forth. For the author's interest and the reader's is not in how to make a great artist out of unpromising material, but how, when the artist is made, everything looks to her. There are few more deft touches in this clever book than the genuine surprise which all enjoy, Sherringham, Dormer, Madame Carré, and the reader, when the cocoon is broken and the brilliant butterfly emerges.

It is a striking illustration of Mr. James's power of handling his material that from first to last Miriam Rooth is always seen *en face*. That is to say, though their author indulges in analysis of his other characters, he gives the reader only a front view of his heroine. When she appears she is on exhibition. We see her reflected occasionally in the faces of her audience, but we are not helped to a more intimate knowledge through the private advices of her creator. The brilliancy of the effect is greatly enhanced by this means, and the sort of theatrical show which goes on is wonderfully effective as a mode of carrying off the study which Mr. James is constantly making of the tragedian's art, as seen in the attitude toward it of the

tragedian himself, or, as in this case, herself. He seems to ask himself, How would a girl having this genius for the stage regard herself, the stage, the play, the critic, the audience; how even would she look upon marriage, so universally regarded as the crown of a woman's life. But inasmuch as this artistic life is led in the glare of publicity, he preserves the illusion by making Miss Rooth ask all these questions, as it were, in public. There are no concealments, and there is no evasion. The persistency with which histrionic art in its personal aspect is pursued, without any wearisome, impersonal discussion, is most admirable. The unfolding of this theme is the unfolding of the story. Not for a

moment does the reader find himself in any eddies of conversation; he is always in the current. It would be easy to quote passage after passage in illustration of the wit, the insight, the broad sense, which mark the development of this interior plot of the story, but we should only be printing over again what already has been printed in these pages. We can only advise students of literature and art who wish to see how a fine theme may be presented with a technique which, at first blush, would seem inconsistent with breadth of handling, but on closer scrutiny proves to be the facile instrument of a master workman who is thinking of the soul of his art, to read *The Tragic Muse*.

AMERICANS AT HOME.¹

BOTH as a nation and individually we profess to like to see ourselves as others see us, and the Marchioness de San Carlos has given us the chance of knowing how we strike a foreign woman of fashion. Madame San Carlos has had unusual opportunities of seeing Americans at home and abroad, and of comparing New York with London, Paris, Havana, and Madrid. She has embodied her impressions in a book, rather loosely put together and without serious method, but which will be read with interest and improvement by every woman in this country who is curious about the judgment of an impartial tribunal. The volume may be divided into two portions: the first deals with society, woman, the young girl, propriety, the new man, music, the machine, by which is meant not political organization, but the vast whirl and whiz of American life; the

other and larger part is devoted to art, literature, and the drama in the United States, to religion, education, the state, and the labor question.

Madame San Carlos writes with the light touch and amiable temper of a true woman of society, looking for the agreeable side of things. She has not fallen into the vulgar mistakes about this country to which even intelligent foreigners are prone; if some of her remarks appear to us stereotyped, it is because certain of our faults cannot fail to strike everybody from other countries in the same way. As long, for instance, as frivolity and extravagance are the besetting sins of our women, they must expect to hear about them. "The trouble a young American will take to gratify her slightest whim is inconceivable!" Madame San Carlos exclaims. But she has taken the measure of the American woman with remarkable accuracy, and while giving her credit heartily for her virtues shows a good deal of penetration in

¹ *Les Américains chez eux*. Par MADAME LA MARQUISE DE SAN CARLOS DE PEDROSO. Paris. Brentano: New York. 1890.

asserting them to be unconscious rather than the result of effort. Madame San Carlos does not adopt the tone or gesture of a censor; her attitude from the outset is a recognition that there are more ways than one of living and looking at life; a slight shrug or shake of the head marks her dissent or disapproval. She owns that there must be some excellence in customs which make women so frank and independent. She adverts to one danger in the free intercourse between our young unmarried men and women which we never before heard any one mention, — the risk of a girl's falling hopelessly in love with a flirt or with a man who has only friendship for her. Against this and other flaws in our polite system for women, Madame San Carlos sees a safeguard in their general habit of reading; it is this, she says, which prevents the trifling American from becoming commonplace, or worse. It must depend in great degree on the nature of the reading, but she is no doubt right in supposing that the practice is on the whole strengthening and salutary. In her estimate of our national character, she gives the highest place to truthfulness, and she makes a good point in saying that the story of Washington and his cherry-tree, which is told to every American child, at once teaches and typifies the quality we prize most.

Madame San Carlos has not only a very lively, graceful way of writing, but an uncommon gift of description; her style is easy and unstudied, and though not what is at present known as graphic it gives a clear impression in a few words. A single page devoted to the ordinary New York house is as exact as a ground plan, and as faithful and unflattering as a photograph; after reading it one might paint, paper, and furnish every room to order without crossing the threshold. Another example of her descriptive power is the picture of the guest arriving at an evening party in

overcoat and galoshes, blinded by the light of the long, narrow entry, down which the icy air from the street rushes in his wake straight upon the staircase with its crowded tiers of pretty girls in ball dress, whom he must face and trample on his way to the host's bed-room, where he leaves his wraps. She finds a painful sameness in New York parties notwithstanding the pleasant, cordial nature of social intercourse, owing to the practice of inviting too many people into too narrow quarters. The highest art of Madame San Carlos's talent for description is in her chapter on Niagara, for which she finds some fresh colors and original touches; of the whirlpool she says: —

“There one may sometimes see the prow of a canoe, or the hideous spectre of a wretch who has been drawn into the current far above the rapids. Strange! in the whirlpool every waif rises to the surface before being swallowed up forever. It is the sole spot where the uprooted pines once more behold the blue sky, and a man may look for an instant on the lifeless body of his friend.”

In the chapters on the school, the church, taxation, and trades unions, not only is the subject matter more solid than in the previous ones, but the handling is so much heavier as to raise a suspicion that the Marchioness' pen began to tire her fingers, or that she passed it on to somebody else. The peculiarity of her book is that it has a moral: Madame San Carlos concludes from her observation of this country that the only power which can check the swing of irreligion and license is that of the Roman Catholic Church. Her inference reaches a possible consequence of our present condition, though not the cure for it. The decline of authority, parental, spiritual, conventional, and the defiance of every rule are giving a preponderance to tendencies in our national character which sooner or later will be

compensated by a reaction of the self-adjustive balance of temporal affairs. If we do not seek for a safer counterpoise, we may feel the heavy hand of

Rome on the beam, settling order; and it will take a long and costly struggle to shake it off and restore the true equilibrium.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Moral Perspective.

Is there anything in nature which when scrutinized does not appear wonderful? Familiar as it may be to our careless glances, the moment we begin to examine it we find how much more than we had imagined there is in it to study and ponder over. And true as this is of objects in nature, it is more true, so to speak, with regard to our fellow-men. The nearer the relationship, the closer the intimacy, the more we find to learn about our friend or brother. Never while he lives ought we to fancy we know of any man all there is to be known. The main lines of character, the stronger currents of feeling, we have perhaps discovered, but we may be sure there are regions whose depths we have not penetrated. All we do know has come to us as fragments, and we put the pieces together as a child does his "dissected map." Is it not true, on the other hand, that the very nearness to a friend which gives us opportunity of studying him in detail in another way interferes with our gaining a just and whole impression? We know there is an opposite method of approach to objects that brings into view features which, seen too close at hand, we are likely to overlook. I think we often fail of a proper understanding of our best known friend by forgetting to look at him in perspective. We see the picture habitually at too short remove from it, and not in the large wholeness of the composition, as in the intention of the artist and in its true proportions it should be viewed.

We regard our neighbor or friend too often from the standpoint of our own relation to him; it is as he affects us that we chiefly think of and judge him. It does not occur to us that he may have qualities which are not brought out at all in connection with us. The personality of each of us is like a little sphere, which meeting with another touches it at a single point and leaves it, rolling on to meet and touch in like manner a third sphere at some different point of its own circumference. To take a thorough and true account of any man, therefore, it is necessary — and impossible — that we know him as intimately in his relation to other persons as in his relation to ourself.

If we were taxed with the fault, most of us would admit that we are less grateful for the blessings of our life than disposed to complain of its deprivations and misfortunes. In the same fashion, we take our dear brother's or sister's graces and virtues calmly, as matters of course, while we wonder at and deplore his defects and faults. We are prepared to love perfectly, we believe, but it is a perfect being we unconsciously make demand for as the object of our affection.

Suppose we were really to love our neighbor as ourself, — in the way that makes us certain that we are better than any one knows us to be. We are aware of unworthy thoughts and wishes at times, it is true, which we should be ashamed to have come to light, and yet we are conscious also of aspirations and

strivings after the infinitely good and true which we can never put into words. There are depths of love for those my life is bound up with that are never wholly revealed, either in my words or deeds. There is an ideal self in me to which my actual self is always striving to conform; is there not in my brother, too, an ideal I but dimly guess at? There is no time when we come so near to knowing a friend truly as when he has gone forever from our earthly sight. Then for the first time we see him in right focus of vision. Pettier, accidental traits are lost to us; the more distinctive ones come out; the general scope of character, the permanent, constructive forces of his soul, stand forth in clear light. We think of him not merely as he was to us, but as he was to himself and to his Maker. We wonder then that we thought so little of the ideal aspect of the man,—of that which during all his frail and faulty life he wished to be, tried to be, and perhaps in truth was more nearly than we suspected.

Thus sympathetically reviewed, the career of our dead friend becomes sometimes strangely pathetic. Brilliant in mind, sanguine in temperament, full of confidence and energy, he started out to win intellectual honors and social distinction, and perhaps achieved a measure of success; but repeated misfortunes or certain inherent weaknesses of character, lack of balance, wisdom, or staying power, got in his way, clogged the wheels of his advance, till at last he dropped behind, gave up the race, and ended his days in premature retirement from the world's activities. This drama of his life,—it was of intense moment and interest to him, but, preoccupied with ourselves, how little thought we had to spare for our friend! The new and truer apprehension of him flashed on us when too late; only in time to bring self-reproach for our selfish blindness.

Friends often smile inwardly as they listen to a mourner fondly recalling the noble and endearing qualities of a dear one gone, and go away saying to each other benevolently, It is only natural a man's family should idealize him when they have lost him. Yes, it is natural and it is right, and in the long perspective to which death has removed him he is first truly seen and known.

An Old Norse — There is scarce a class of Punster. humorists whose fortunes have been so fluctuating as those of the punster. We read that in the reign of the wise King James a happy play upon words often insured its author a rich living or even an episcopal see, whereas in our own times the perpetrator of a pun, however apt, is more in danger of being sent to Coventry. In the golden age of punsters referred to, the pun found its way into the very pulpit itself, the gravest divines introducing this popular form of wit into their sermons. Nowadays, puns are occasionally allowed to pass unchallenged in a humorous story or poem, but their position is by no means fixed, and the tide of popular favor may in the next decade sweep away their last prop. We can well understand Dr. Johnson's characterizing punning as "the lowest form of wit;" but all punsters, that is, the majority of mankind, must derive great comfort from the saying that "none despise puns but those that cannot make them." Every one with the least sense of humor must at times be struck by the resemblance between certain words, and, if he yield to the natural impulse to express it, the result is a pun,—in the vast majority of cases a poor pun.

But I am wandering from my purpose, which has to do not with punsters of our own day, but with a humorist of over nine hundred years ago. This worthy was named Egil the son of Skallagrinn, and he lived in Norway and Iceland. He is famous in the history of the North for his powers as skald and warrior, and

it is in the former capacity that he may be regarded also as a humorist. It is by no means paradoxical to state that extreme cruelty is often accompanied with a sense of humor; grim, to be sure, and not provocative to laughter, but none the less genuine. While committing the most dreadful deed of violence, the Old Norse warrior often pauses to utter some savage jest, and in the midst of death and torture the sufferer's lip curls with a scornful *mot*. Readers of Dasent's *Burnt Njal* will recall Skarphedin's fierce jest as he sees his father and mother and brother burning in the homestead, and similar instances might be culled in vast numbers from the sagas and poems of Iceland.

The quality of Old Norse poetry encouraged the use of puns. To the modern reader this poetry of the skalds seems characterized mainly by its extreme difficulty, caused by the employment of involved and often obscure circumlocutions. An Icelandic skald would have scorned to call a spade a spade. He would probably have delicately referred to it as the mighty sword that pierces the breast of Erda; and so with every word whose meaning could in any way be distorted by the ingenuity of the poet. The resulting obscurity ought perhaps to recommend this ancient poetry to the disciples of some of our modern English poets. Since so much attention was paid to the use of figures, what more natural than that the pun, perhaps the simplest and most obvious of all figures, should also have been not infrequently employed?

The examples that present themselves to our notice occur in the skaldic verses of the Egil's Saga, a work which, though second only to the *Njala*, has not yet been translated into English. The first that we shall consider is strongly tinged with pathos. Let us try to picture the scene. Egil is now an old man. After enduring the hardships of war and freebooting, the excitement of the duel and

the chase, he finds himself in his old age, blind and feeble, constrained to seek rest and comfort in the *eld-hus* by the hearth. Some one of the company warns him that if he is not careful he will burn himself, whereat the old skald breaks out into verse, — the saddest I think, in the poetry of the North; not even the despair of *The Loss of the Son* touches a tenderer chord of human sympathy. The poet says: —

“Long methinks
I lie alone;
A feeble carl
Away from the king.
Widows own I
Twain, all-cold.
But those wenches
Crave the warmth.”

It is in the fifth and sixth lines that the pun occurs. By the “two cold widows” Egil means his heels. The Icelandic word for heel is *hæll*, which is also a poetical word for “widow.” The poet substitutes for this rare poetical word the ordinary one *ekkjur*, and carries out the pun in the following lines, “But those wenches crave the warmth.” Taken all in all, it may be regarded as one of the most remarkable puns that have ever been made.

Egil did not, however, confine himself to puns upon words. He did not hesitate to tamper with personal names, an offense which at the present day is universally regarded as almost criminal, but was perhaps less heinous in Old Norse times. Names were then still in the process of change and formation. Egil's own father was named Skallagrim, but he was “sprinkled” Grim. The first part of the name means “bald,” and the epithet could not have been applied before he had reached manhood. Skallagrim's father, again, was named Koeldulf (Evening Ulf), from his habit of sleeping in the evening. Being subject at any time to change, personal names could not have had the same sacredness that we attach to them. Immutability is essential to

sacredness; a tendency to change is apt to bring with it a lack of reverence. Since a man's name could be changed or added to at will, what claim had it to any respect? If an insulting epithet were applied, the *holm-gang*¹ could always wipe out the offense in blood. Otherwise, no offense was intended, none felt. The poet had added one more figure to his poem, — that was all.

The first pun of this kind that we shall consider is made on no less a personage than Athelstan, king of England, whose name is mentioned in several of the Icelandic sagas. Egil had spent part of his youth in England, and had met Athelstan there and lived with him for some time. In the last verse but one that Egil composed, the poet refers to his old patron as "the lordly spear of Hamdir, the king." To one ignorant of Old Norse legendary lore, the connection seems very vague indeed, but by a little research we find that Hamdir was one of the sons of Gudrun, and that he was furnished by his mother with an armor invulnerable against steel. Learning this, his opponent, Jormanrek, orders his men to hurl stones at Hamdir, who is thus slain. The idea contained in the myth is of course similar to that of Achilles' heel. From this incident of mythology, a stone came to be called by poets "the spear of Hamdir," and as the latter part of Athelstan's name in Old Norse is *steiðinn*, or "stone," the appropriateness of the pun in this case becomes quite obvious. For *athal*, the first part of the compound, which means "noble," a synonymous adjective is employed, and the pun is complete.

In an earlier verse of the same poet we find another example, which shows that the habit was not the result of senility. The victim, who was a dear friend of Egil, by the way, is named Arinbjörn. The first part of the word,

¹ The duel, or "island-going;" so called from the custom of holding such meetings on an island, or *holm*.

arin, means literally "hearth," for the poet substitutes "the resting-place of the eagle." This is a poetical circumlocution for crag, rock, stone in general: here, a hearth-stone in particular. The latter part of the word means "bear," but strangely enough the poet does not avail himself of this tempting opportunity to extend his pun. We are not told what Arinbjörn said on hearing this mutilation of his name, but if he found its elucidation as difficult as modern scholars do, his anger had time to cool.

In chapter eighty-two of the same saga we find the following. There was a man in the saga named Einar Tinkling-Scale, in whose honor Egil composed a verse, in which Einar is referred to, not as Tinkling-Scale, but as the trusty joy of scales. Here the offense is perhaps not so great, since it is merely the nickname that is changed. As the greatest freedom prevailed with regard to the giving of nicknames, the same freedom must have been allowed in their mutilation.

In this short article I have of necessity regarded Egil from only one side of his character. But that this old Northern skald was a true poet must be acknowledged by every one who has read *The Loss of the Son*, referred to above. This poem was composed by Egil on the death of his favorite son, who was drowned before reaching manhood. Those ignorant of Old Norse can enjoy its spirit and pathos in Professor Boyesen's admirable translation, published four years ago in the *Christian Union*. We must not, however, judge Egil by our own standards of taste, and in considering his involved figures we must remember that they were in perfect keeping with the taste of the time and country in which the poet wrote. It is sincerely to be hoped that the pun will never regain the power it held among our great-grandparents' grandparents; but in measuring this sin among their others, we may credit the account, as

historians are always bidding us, with "the age in which they lived." When cracking skulls was an ordinary occupation, cracking such jokes as the above was more harmless and less reprehensible than it is now.

Old Slave Names. — A contributor in the March Atlantic argues that Bryant followed closely the canons of reason and realism in giving to his hunter's wife the saintly name of Genevieve. The same contributor asserts that these fanciful names — Gwendolen, Editha, Alone, and the rest — especially abound in the backwoods of the South.

In the remote settlements of that sort of which I have any knowledge, it has usually happened that the names of the neighborhood showed distinctly the influence of the one or two cultivated and beneficent families living adjacent thereto. As the names of the members of these "old families" are usually almost Biblical in their plainness and severity, it followed that the dwellers in the neighboring settlements bear like simple names, — with, however, the favorite affix of the backwoods, Ann or Jane; as, for instance, Charlotte Jane, Julia Jane, Martha Ann, Phaniel Ann. Even the unique names that sometimes venture into the hallowed precincts of old families are adopted by the admiring "piney woodsman," and are treated with a like affix. Then names like the following become very popular in a poverty-stricken settlement: Dixie Ann, Buena Vista Jane. Secessia Ann Jane, — names that breathe of battle brought to absolute plainness by the peace-breathing affix. There are some names, however, indigenous to certain neighborhoods, which remain with a settlement and flourish there forever and a day, — names like these: Lorene, Lethe, Lomie.

There is one vein of Southern nomenclature that will yield an unfailing supply of oddity and variety, — the names of the negroes: some new names given in free-

dom, but more especially quaint are the old slave names. The origin of these marvels of queerness is lost, as is the inception of so many marvels; their ultimatum is exhibited in these examples absolutely taken from life: Juniper Buzby, Rina Multon, Bania Agnew, Bob Robert Langdon, Moses Carr the Prophet, Prophet Christian, Reason Hinton, Shadrach-Meshach - Abednego - Hebrew-Chillien-De-Fiery-Furnace, Pirree Sylvanee Poke, Apple White Scarlet Jones, July Grey. Fancy the combination of any suggestion of dimness, any hint of gray, with the name of a month that sparkles through and through with unmarred brilliancy, that glitters with scintillation of sunshine and moonlight until it glows one flame of lucent gold!

The old negroes, the preservers of "before the war" memories, wear often the exquisite cognomens of Greece, — Daphne and Chloe being usual names for old head-handkerchiefed aunties. Their names sometimes are intended to tell a story, — a proposition that this bitter one accentuates: John Brown Son Of Jim Brown My Master Whip Me And De Niggers Stand Around.

The following belong especially to the negroes of "since the war" birth; they breathe freedom of fancy at least: Mary Ellen Purgana Roberta Louisa Eliza; Daisy Lucy Alice Mary Ella; Carter Avery John Wesley Mumford Jones; and still another, Marthine Nilline Feradine Hygine Corney White. But most marvelous of all is the name of an old, old negro of Hale County, Alabama, — a name that is a wonder and marvel, for there can be no other like it in heaven above or in the earth beneath: George Solomon King Dick Lick A Loon Half At Log Cabin I Been Dar Ole Verginny Nigger Lie By De Fire Eat Parch Corn And Potatoes And Send De Dogs Ter De Simmon Tree And Have Guards After Dem Ter See Dat Dee Do Go.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. *Black Beauty*, his Grooms and Companions, by Anna Sewell. (American Humane Education Society, Boston.) A spirited autobiography of a horse, with the design of instilling kindness to animals into the minds of people. The intention of the book is so obvious that we wonder why the author, or her editor, has thought it necessary to italicize all the points. However, if this system impresses the special lessons on the mind, we ought not to complain, though so many shouts tend to defeat the loneliness of each one. — *A Waif of the Plains*, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) Like others of Mr. Harte's recent stories, this is a story of real life in stage land, clever and kaleidoscopic. The bits of colored glass which constitute his artistic material are shaken about into everlastingly new combinations, with the same general effect. Mr. Harte can no longer escape from the world he has peopled into that which exists for ordinary men and women. — *The Mistress of Beech Knoll*, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Houghton.) Mrs. Burnham has a bright story to tell, and her characters have an ease of life which is nearly as good as profundity of conception. The incidents are simple, and if there is no absorbing demand on the reader's attention, there is no lack of honest, straightforward movement toward a natural and agreeable end. — *Yazoo*, by Will J. Whelless. (Murray's Steam Printing House, Dallas, Texas.) A first performance, we suppose, by a writer who has a story in his head, but is very much bothered to get it out in some extraordinary fashion, instead of trusting to the simple form of story-telling. — *Albrecht*, by Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) Mr. Bates essays a romance of a primitive type in the midst of a scoffing generation of realists, and has added thus to the necessary perils of his undertaking that of an unsympathetic audience. But if one has a poetic thought which naturally takes to itself this form, why should he not be true to his art? It may yet be that we shall not be foolish partisans in our attitude toward the art of fiction. — *A Chronicle of Conquest*, by Frances C. Sparhawk. (Lothrop.) An enthusiastic story devoted to the exploitation of the Carlyle system of regenerating the Indian. Miss Sparhawk has the first requisite of success in a strong faith in this system, and her belief in it goes far to giving reality to characters which, without this faith, tend to merely conventional creations. — *Circumstances beyond Control*, by Luther H.

Bickford. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Hypnotism is in the doctor's hands for experiment with possible results in pathology. It is also in the novelist's hands with possible results of adding new enormities to fiction. — *Two Voices*, by Henry Harland. (Cassell.) *Dies Iræ*, the former of the two sketches which make up this little book, is a study of morbid anatomy; and *De Profundis*, the second, the meditation of a sinner on his death-bed. The work as a whole is crude, though not without force, but has an air of experiment about it. — *Adrift*, a Story of Niagara, by Julia Ditto Young. (Lippincott.) We notice that the author dedicates her book to Mr. Howells. If she intends by this to express her regard for that writer as a writer, she intimates by the book itself that she has profited little by reading his works. The story is realistically improbable, and has a conventional plot rendered more conventional by the air of naturalness that is cast about it. — *Heart Stories*, by Theodore Bartlett. (Putnam's.) A thin volume containing the beginnings in literature of a young man whose short life is told pathetically in the preface. The work is marked by sentiment and generous impulses, and if it has the sound of other novelists' voices in it, that is a note which belongs to beginners' work. — *Jack Horner*, by Mary Spear Tiernan. (Houghton.) There must be a long step taken in the pacification of the North and the South when a Southern woman, writing a novel whose scene is laid principally in Richmond during the war, can use her art to bring about a marriage between a Confederate woman and a Union soldier, under circumstances which appear to cover the soldier with shame. Yet this is what Mrs. Tiernan has done with skill. Her pictures, moreover, of life in Richmond during the siege are vivacious and have the air of truthfulness. We are not quite sure that there is not some inconsistency in the development of the character of Madelaine, but the reader assuredly gets a very readable novel. — *Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales*, with notes on the origin, customs, and character of the Pawnee people, by George Bird Grinnell. (Forest & Stream Publishing Co., New York.) An interesting collection of Indian tales, told with evident intention on the part of the author to be faithful, and of notes drawn largely from first-hand observation. The treatment is sympathetic, but the author is neither a sentimentalist nor a blind partisan. He says some admirable things in his

preface, especially when he is pointing out the false judgments passed on the Pawnee; for instance: "To speak of their stealing horses, using that verb in the sense which we commonly give it, would be like saying that an army stole the cannon which it captured in an engagement with the enemy. Captured horses were the legitimate spoils of war."

Education and Text-Books. Handbook of Psychology, Senses and Intellect, by James Mark Baldwin. (Holt.) There is something very refreshing in the naive hope with which the preface of this work opens, — a hope that "no book [on psychology] will hereafter meet the requirements of higher education for more than a generation." The author justifies his own course in producing one by a consideration of the rapid growth of the science. It would almost seem as if students of psychology who were also teachers would prefer to express themselves only on the lecture-platform and in the class-room, since by this means they could get out a new edition every year, if need be. Mr. Baldwin is an enthusiast, but a clear-headed one, and seeks to adjust the conflicting claims of psychology and metaphysics. Apparently he was trained in respect, at least, for the old school, while his individual bent is toward the new, and he seeks with much earnestness to do justice to each. The volume is to be followed by one on the Emotions and Will. The form of the work makes it adapted to class-room use — *Ancient History for Colleges and High Schools*, by William F. Allen and P. V. N. Myers. (Ginn.) Part I. is devoted to The Eastern Nation and Greece, being a revision and expansion of the corresponding part of Mr. Myers's *Outlines of Ancient History*. It is a convenient epitome of modern research and theory. Part II., also a volume by itself, is a short *History of the Roman People*, by William F. Allen, whose death is a great loss to historical science in this country. A thoughtful, discriminating mind is at work on every page, and the part strikes us as having more unity of design and more individuality than the other, but the subject may account for that. — *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, par A. Dumas, edited and annotated, for use in colleges and schools, by F. C. Sumichrast. (Ginn.) The editing consists in the condensation of the original work by the omission of long descriptions, and of the immoralities which are out of place in the school-room. Where are they in place? An excellent body of notes contains the biographical and geographical ones in an alphabetically arranged section by themselves. — *Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1887-88.* (Government Printing Office, Washington) There is the customary body of statistics, and a great deal of testi-

mony on a variety of topics from a number of persons holding educational offices. There is also a good deal of digest of published reports. In our opinion, local influences determine educational methods to so great an extent that the comparative method is of little value except in the hands of a master of statistical science. A considerable part of what is collected with so much labor is of no value except to a few persons, and they are likely to accept the results with allowance for error. — The Bureau of Education also issues *Proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at its meeting in Washington, March, 1889*, and the *History of Federal and State Aid to Higher Education in the United States*, by Frank W. Blackman. The latter contains a summary drawn from a number of accessible works, but no one portion of the subject seems to have been exhaustively treated. There is also the customary aimless kind of writing. It is hard to say why it should be so, but there is a sort of dry rot to most official documents of this class in America. Apparently no pains is taken to present matter in its best form, but volumes are ground out by the public printer which appear to have been written with no expectation that any one would read them. — *The Nursery Lesson Book, a Guide for mothers in teaching young children: fifty easy lessons, each lesson combining simple and progressive instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and singing; with one hundred illustrations in outline, and sixteen songs set to music.* By Philip G. Hubert, Jr. (Putnams.) This full title-page indicates the character of the contents. The book is rather for home use than for schools. We think the music and some of the hints given are of more value than the special method of the whole book. — *Minna von Barnhelm, oder das Soldatenglück*, by G. E. Lessing, edited by Sylvester Primer. (Heath.) A number of Heath's Modern Language Series. The introduction to the play contains a good sketch of Lessing and the influence of the times, as also an analysis of Minna. The notes are critical and explanatory, and a bibliography of books of reference used by the careful editor is appended. — *A Primer of School Management.* (Bardeen.) A somewhat vague and generalized little treatise, with copy-book advice. — *Sesenheim*, from Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*; edited, with an introduction and notes, by H. C. O. Huss. (Heath.) *Tales from History*, by Dr. Friedrich Hoffmann; edited, with notes, by H. S. Beresford-Webb. (Heath.) Both of these little books are in Heath's Modern Language Series, which appears to be a fresh and unhackneyed collection of reading manuals. — In the same ex-

cellent Series, two new numbers are Schiller's Ballads, edited by Henry Johnson, and *Sept Grands Auteurs du Dix-neuvième Siècle*, by Alcée Fortier. Mr. Johnson shows his careful scholarship in the body of notes which he has collected, and especially in his study of Schiller's own attitude toward his work. Mr. Fortier's book is a course of lectures which he delivered in French at Tulane University, on Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Gautier, Prosper Mérimée, and François Coppée. The lectures are running notes on the writings of these authors. — *Two Great Teachers*, Johnson's Memoir of Roger Ascham, and selections from Stanley's Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, with introductions by James H. Carlisle. (Bardeen.) Arnold's life comes a little nearer to the experience of modern school-teachers, and both lives are valuable in proportion as methods are subordinated and principles given heed to.

Literary Criticism. Mr. Jesse Shepard prints in Paris, at the press of T. Symonds, a little volume of Essays and Pen-Pictures upon various themes suggested by life in Europe, such as Aristocratic Paris, A Visit to Gatchina, together with discussions upon topics which do not require a familiarity with life abroad, but are due to interest in æsthetic and literary subjects, such as Wagner's Music, Joseph Roux, Dumas. There is an imaginary dialogue between Euripides and Æschylus on the tragedy of Macbeth, an imaginary discourse by De Quincey on Optimism, and other papers. The general tone is that of protest against the physical school of philosophy, and of reverence for every form of genius as displayed in art. The same writer sends us his *Pensées et Essais* (Librairie Documentaire), which is in part, at least, the same material in a French dress. We have not the two books by us at once, but our impression is that in using the French form the author has introduced matter which finds a more familiar association with the French language than with the English. — *The Poetry of Job*, by George H. Gilbert. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Gilbert gives a rhythmical translation, and afterwards an interpretation of the poem. His translation may be more exact, and it may aim at a studied rhythm, but it has not the fullness, the real rhythmic splendor, of the authorized version, which no one should attempt to meddle with who is not a poet as well as a scholar. It does not seem to us that Mr. Gilbert's interpretation, which is chiefly of details, sufficiently considers the work as a whole, as regards either its literary form or its philosophic content. Mozley's essay is more likely to set the reader to thinking, and Mr. Genung's essay in the *Andover Review* shows possibly an acuter perception

of the structural character of the work. The reader, however, will find many interesting and sympathetic comments in Mr. Gilbert's study. — *Lectures on Russian Literature*, by Ivan Panin. (Putnams.) The authors treated are Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenef, and Tolstoy. Mr. Panin finds in literature a revelation of soul through its manifold changes and developing forms, and holds that a certain cycle is run by each nation. Such a cycle he discovers in Russian literature, but he denies any originating force in this literature. The comparative method which he adopts is an interesting one, and his book, illustrated as it is with many translations from the representative authors whom he selects, offers a suggestive study, of more value to the reader than such books are apt to be, because the critic constantly appeals to the reader's familiarity with parallel manifestations in Occidental or classic literature. The great need, in any study of a foreign literature, is of standards of comparison. — *Literature and Poetry*, by Philip Schaff. (Scribners.) Dr. Schaff discourses on the English Language, the Poetry of the Bible, the Great Latin Hymns, the University, Ancient and Modern, and Dante, with various illustrative and companion subjects. We do not see the significance of the title. Does he exclude poetry from the class of literature? The work is encyclopædic and matter of fact rather than marked by the insight which belongs to a quickening apprehension of literature. — *Studies in Literature and style*, by Theodore W. Hunt. (Armstrong.) "It is the purpose of these Studies," says the author in his preface, "to state, discuss, and exemplify the representative types of style with primary reference to the needs of the English literary student." Under the captions, thus, of the Intellectual Style, the Literary, the Impassioned, the Popular, the Critical, the Poetic, the Satirical, and the Humorous, with special studies of the style of Matthew Arnold and of Emerson, the author undertakes to state principles and to give examples. It is a temperate book, with a certain independence of judgment about it, and a vigor of moderation which imparts a sane air to the work. — In a Club Corner, the Monologue of a Man who might have been Sociable, overheard by A. P. Russell. (Houghton.) The slight mannerism of the title fits well the book, which is a mosaic of bits of criticism and comment from a great variety of authors. Mr. Russell has studied this literary art so long and faithfully that he has become exceedingly skillful in joining his bits, so that one sees no longer a collection, but a whole. — W. A. W., a Souvenir of the Fourth Annual Convention at Warsaw, Indiana, July 9, 10, 11,

and 12, 1889, by L. May Wheeler and Mary E. Cardwill. (M. Cullaton & Co., Richmond, Ind.) It is plain that we must look beyond the title-page for an explanation of W. A. W., and we find it on the first page of the book in the expansion into Western Association of Writers. The book is a report of the Convention of Western Writers. The West is a large term; perhaps it was the place where the convention met which gives the reader the impression that the West means Indiana. It is clear that the writers all had a capital time, and read poems and papers in the most reckless manner. At the East we fear they would have played base-ball. If to a reader not born within reach of Warsaw there seems sometimes to be a little lack of proportion, the thought quickly comes that the West will cure that trifling evil, if the enthusiasm of the Western Association may be taken as an indication.

Domestic Economy. Dimerology, our Experiments in Diet, from Crankery to Common-sense. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) The writer of this book resorts to the expedient of conubial conversation and similar frippery to enable him to set forth various experiments looking to the reduction of weight, the extirpation of dyspepsia and similar evils in modern good living. The embellishment of small and usually poor jokes adds to the discouragement of the reader who is trying to find the real substance of the book. Still, patient labor will disclose a residuum of good sense. — *Delicate Feasting*, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) This book was written in the meridian of Paris, and the author is at the top of an Eiffel Tower of supreme condescension for England and America. If he had as much lightness of touch as he has earnestness of principle in all matters relating to the dinner table, he might have made an amusing as well as an instructive book. We find most useful hints in his work, and we take the chastising with good nature. It is something for an American to be whipped into an appreciation of the stomach and the palate as the last fine retreat of the spirit of man.

Poetry and the Drama. Eleusis is the title of a poem privately printed in Chicago, copyrighted, but by nobody, and dedicated to W. H. S. We can give the reader no further clue to the publisher or author, but we wish we could, for the poem is worthier attention than many that come heralded with pomp of advertisement. We cannot say that it impresses us as a work of original power. On the contrary, it is quite assuredly reflective. It reflects in its measure *In Memoriam*, in its thought it reflects the pessimistic philosophy of the day, in

its phraseology it reflects Tennyson; but it is thoughtful and it is musical, the work of a man of fine feeling and sensitiveness. If one drifts along with it, he is suffused with a not disagreeable melancholy; if he stops to analyze, he begins to question the fundamental thought; and if he be pretty sane, he is likely to consider at the close that noble poetry is not built upon negations. Fitzgerald's poem, for example, depends for its life upon its positive philosophy, not upon its superficial denials.

Economics. The Economic Basis of Protection, by Simon N. Patten. (Lippincott.) A temperate, thoughtful little book, in which the writer studies his subject from the point of view which assumes the question of a free-trade or protection policy to be an individual one for each nation, and not capable of being formulated into a general law. Hence his inquiry is, What conduces most to the growth and well-being of the United States, that nation having certain differentiated conditions not to be averred of other nations? — *Silver in Europe*, by S. Dana Horton. (Macmillan.) A pamphlet in cloth covers. The author, a well-known authority on bimetallism, aims to get a hearing, from those whom it is important to influence to-day, upon the theme of the general restoration of silver to legal equality with gold. His book is historical so far as it treats very recent movements like the Paris monetary Congress of September, 1889, and argumentative as it undertakes to pass in review the objections which have been raised by monometallists.

History. The Dutch in America, by William Henry Arnoux (Privately printed), is an argument in a New York elevated railway case, involving the question whether the Dutch Roman law prevailed in Manhattan Island previous to 1664. The railway corporation claimed that, under this law, the state held full control of the streets, and that the owners of abutting property had no rights or easements therein. The point furnishes Mr. Arnoux with the text for a very interesting historical essay.

Handbooks. Barnes & Co. have issued a new and revised edition of *A History of Art* for classes, students, and tourists in Europe, by William H. Goodyear, late curator in the N. Y. Metropolitan Museum of Art. This excellent handbook is very fully and handsomely illustrated with process plates in various tints.

Travels. *A Naturalist's Voyage around the World in 1831*, by Charles Darwin, has a staying charm not usual in books of travel. This new edition contains a number of excellent illustrations. (Appletons.)

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SIDNEY.

XXIX.

ALAN went; but he took his disposition with him. He was full of the exaltation of sacrifice; yet he watched critically for the first indication of weakening resolution. After a while, with the reality of absence came a depression which was new, and in which, for once, he failed to find his own mood interesting. It became necessary that he should repeatedly assure himself that he had done well to spare Sidney his love, because he spared her also the end which was hurriedly approaching. Perhaps Alan's weakness of soul, as well as body, in those yellow September days, was good for Robert Steele. Usefulness was to be his salvation, he said to himself, and, gradually, his purpose of going into the Catholic Church became not only a flight from despair, but a hope for the future. He and Alan spoke of it often, as they wandered and rested among the hills; Alan admitting, reluctantly, that it was best, yet filled with the friendliest curiosity and wonder. He recognized in Robert the absence of that spiritual passion which, having little to do with sweet reasonableness, often hurries an impressionable man into some expression of religion. In the past, Robert had had scarcely more of a creed than Alan; but he had always felt the need of one, and to feel that is almost a creed in itself. He had been terrified at his own nature, and he had sought to escape from it in the strong, wise arms

of that church which nourishes the soul, and leaves the intellect to itself; there, with bitter knowledge of his cowardice, he saw his safety assured.

Alan understood and sympathized with all his sweet and generous heart, but refrained from theological discussion. This for two reasons: he did not know anything about theology, and he cared less. He entered into Robert's plans with the greatest interest, and furthered them by suggesting that, as soon as he himself was a little stronger, they should go together to Rome. Then he fell to thinking how rich his life had grown since he saw Italy last, and the light in his face was as though for a moment the flame of life lifted and glowed behind his smiling eyes. These moments of satisfaction with himself, however, became rarer as his strength declined, and so the date of departure for Europe was postponed, and still postponed.

October came, and yet they lingered among the hills. Alan had begun to say to himself that perhaps he had been a fool; and when a man reaches that point, it is only a step to the determination to renounce his folly. Yet to break one's word to one's self is distinctly unpleasant, although if the responsibility of it can be shared with another person it is a little less so. Alan instinctively sought approval; and who would be so ready to approve of anything he might do as Robert?

One still day, early in November, the

two young men went very slowly, and resting often, up and across a ferny pasture on the steep side of a mountain, and stopped at last beside a low, shaggy cedar. It was late in the afternoon, but the Indian-summer mildness lingered, even while the gradual amethyst of evening fell around the feet of the mountains opposite, and crept, like a tide of dreams, up and across the great ranges of the hills. From behind the shoulder of a peak misty with this haze of night, which yet is not darkness, the yellow sunset blurred the distance in flooding gold, and fell upon the bosom of this rocky field. Down in the valley, a little tumbling branch of the Yougiogheny grew dark in the shadows, only gleaming with sudden white where the water leaped and broke across the great stones in its path.

Alan had changed in these two months. His eyes yet smiled, but his face was white. He lay flat on his back under the cedar, where the sunshine was warm still upon the frosted ferns; his hands were under his head, his knees crossed, and there was a cigar between his lips. Robert sat beside him, looking down into the darkening valley, thinking. As he watched the twist of blue smoke from Alan's cigar, or, absently, the swing of a stalk of goldenrod under the weight of a brown butterfly, he was pressing his own weakness in upon his memory, as a fanatic will again and again open a healing wound. He would not accept the consolation even of a look into the future, with its hope of a better life, — except, possibly, as he said to himself, that he would never take any positive stand again so long as he lived; he would do only as he might be directed, and then, perhaps, he could get through life without injuring any one.

"Bob," said the doctor, "do you know, I believe I've been a fool to come up here?"

"Why?" Robert asked, turning with

quick anxiety to look into his face. "You are no worse?"

"Oh, I was n't thinking of that. I mean in leaving Mercer."

"Yes?"

"Well," Alan began slowly, "I'll tell you what I mean;" and then he told him.

It was not a long story, and the main fact his hearer had long ago guessed; but, in the middle, at the point at which he had told Major Lee that he would not see Sidney, Alan stopped, — perhaps to relight his cigar, perhaps to seek some words which might make his change of mind seem to himself reasonable, or at least inevitable. Robert looked at him with a tenderness which might have shone in the eyes of a woman.

"It was a mistake to take such a stand," the doctor proceeded; "and to stick to a blunder, when you recognize it as such, is obstinacy, not consistency. I mean the going away was a blunder; there is no reason why I should not have stayed in Mercer. I need not have — I mean, just to see her sometimes would have done no harm. There is no reason why I should not see her. As for the major, his plan of life is wicked."

"It is against nature," Robert admitted.

"How does it strike you," Alan asked, after a pause, — "the going back to Mercer?"

Robert hesitated. "I am confused," he said at last, "between the right she has to receive, even to claim, sorrow and the right you have to withhold it from her. But that is not your question. Your promise to Major Lee is the first thing. Of course he must release you from that before you can return."

"There was no promise — exactly," Alan explained impatiently.

Robert's face flushed, and he looked away from the doctor. "It would not, however, be — honorable." He dropped his voice, miserably, at that last word.

Alan struck him on the knee with

friendly roughness. "I don't pretend to be as good as you; no doubt you are right. But I'm going back. Perhaps I'll die there, but — not directly! And just to see her, Bob!"

He had only said that he loved Sidney, and she had refused him; the sacred confession of that second refusal he kept in his own heart. But the gladness in his face betrayed the truth.

Not many days later, they returned to Mercer: Robert, with faint protestations that the major should be asked to release Alan, or at least warned of the doctor's intentions; Alan, with the reckless gayety of the man who has no misgivings about his duty, because he lives only in the present moment. They went back to their old rooms in Mercer, for the agent had found no other tenants; and the sunshine dancing on the walls of the library met them with the welcome Alan's heart supplied.

"Ah," he said, "it is good to be in the same town with her. To-morrow I shall see her, — and I'll see Major Lee, of course; you need n't look at me in that way!"

But that was not to be. To-morrow came, and with it the rising tide of death. Alan was very ill for nearly a week. Robert wondered, as he watched the young man's brave fight for life, whether his friend was glad the fates had spared Sidney. But Alan, smiling with white lips, settled that question.

"Bob, if this is going to be the end," he said, with a pause between his words, "you must bring Sidney, you know." His face lighted as he spoke.

It was not the end. Little by little he came back to life, but it was some time before he spoke of Sidney again. "You have n't seen her, have you?" he asked. He was watching at dusk the dance of the flames on the hearth.

"I?" Robert answered. "No, of course not."

Alan raised his eyebrows. "I cannot imagine why not."

"Because I did n't suppose you wished her to know that you were here before you had seen her father."

Alan looked at him in despair. "As though I remembered that nonsense, with one foot in the grave. And she must have heard it from somebody." He frowned as he spoke; it had been a beautiful solace, in those sharp hours, to fancy that Sidney's thoughts were with him.

"No," Robert returned. "Mrs. Paul is away, as you know, and unless the major has chanced to hear that we are in Mercer, and mentioned it to Miss Lee (which does not seem probable), how could she know it?"

Alan shook his head impatiently. "I want her to know it!" Robert made no reply. "You must go and tell her," Alan declared.

"You will write to Major Lee?" his friend entreated gently.

"Write to nobody!" said Alan sharply. "Unless it is to Sidney, if you refuse to take my message. Do you refuse?"

"Alan," the other evaded, "do reconsider this!" Robert Steele had never been so heroic as when he raised his standard of honor out of the wreck and ruin of his own life. The sick man wearily turned his head away. He could not argue; how foolish it seemed, this straining at a gnat! Yet a little later he was able to say, with friendly cheerfulness, "All right; only you are wrong, old man." At that Robert threw his scruples to the winds. Of course he did not know that Alan had quietly made up his mind to "manage his own affairs," but that would not have made any difference. Without a word of his plans he said he was going out to walk.

Robert had not entered Major Lee's house since that day when he had gone to tell Miss Sally the truth, and, as he crossed the courtyard, memory assailed him like a physical pain. The little paving-stones were wet with November

mist, and the fallen leaves lay in wind-blown heaps, too heavy with dampness to rustle as he walked through them. Just a year ago Miss Sally had welcomed him here; the major had trusted him; Alan had respected him; and Sidney? The thought of seeing her now was intolerable.

He followed little Susan to the library, but with a shuddering consciousness of the yellow drawing-room, and even that strange sidewise look with which one sees a spot where perhaps a coffin has stood. Behind that closed door Miss Sally had listened to his confession. As he stood waiting, saying to himself, "She is dead, — she is dead," he forgot the terror of meeting Sidney; after all these weeks his humiliation was too absorbing for the consciousness of shame.

Sidney, when she heard who was in the library, turned white, and then a wave of color covered her face. Mr. Steele in Mercer? Then Alan must be, also! Oh, why had he come back? She went downstairs slowly, her hand resting on the banister, her mind in a tumult. Then the thought struck her of the pain it must be to Mr. Steele to come back to this house where death had been, and her own confusion was forgotten. That Sidney could so forget was indicative of that change in her which Robert saw in her face. For an instant it seemed as though this woman, in her black gown, with earnest, pitying eyes, could not be the old Sidney Lee; her wide, indifferent gaze had gone, and with it self-satisfaction and a certain sweet disdain which had charmed and wounded at once. Instead, there was a quiet acceptance of life, lightened, indeed, by that great moment when she had recognized her larger self, but only by its memory, not its repetition. Such memories feed the soul; a man who has once lifted his eyes to the midnight heavens may walk forever afterwards with his face towards the dust, but he cannot forget that he has seen the stars!

So Sidney, failing again and yet again, bowed by the shame of self-knowledge, struggling with her own weakness and incompleteness, was sustained by the memory of that Strength which was sufficient for her.

She had suffered, and her soul was born.

Robert and she looked at each other a moment, as she gave him her hand, and then he turned sharply away from her. Sidney did not speak; those meaningless commonplaces, which wash realities out of life, were not easy to either of these two. The tears trembled in her eyes; sympathy, which was a new sense, showed her what to say.

"Mr. Steele, the lilies in the church the day that Katherine was married, were so beautiful; I knew you put them there."

"I had no right to do even that!" he answered, in a low voice. His own misery made him forget his purpose in coming, and Sidney was too pitiful to think of herself, and so remind him.

"You are unhappy," she said gently, and with that calm, direct look which made any subject fitting. "You are unhappy because you brought your engagement with my aunt to an end. That is not right, it seems to me. Truly, I think you honored truth in doing it; but you degrade truth in being sorry that you did it."

"It — it is not that!" he cried; and then, almost with a groan, "I am unworthy to speak her name!"

Sidney waited. "I wonder where Alan is," she was saying to herself; but she waited.

"No," he went on, after a pause, "I did right to tell her; but the sin — the sin was in the beginning, — that I did not see that it was not love!"

"Yes," she assented.

"And now," Robert ended, "she is dead."

They neither of them spoke for a few moments.

"Miss Lee," Robert began, his voice firm again, "will you tell me a little about her illness? I know nothing of it. I felt I had no right to ask Alan."

Sidney started. "It was not very long, you know. Alan was with us almost all the time. He was so good."

"Yes?"

"Oh, where is he?" she cried, turning, and looking straight into his face. "Where is Alan?"

"He is here in Mercer. I came to tell you."

"Here?" she faltered. "We have not seen him."

"We only came ten days ago," he explained. "I want to tell you about him, Miss Lee."

"Yes, tell me!" It would not have occurred to Sidney to disguise her wish to hear of Alan.

"I hope that he may be able to come to see you" —

"Be able?" Sidney interrupted quickly. "Has he been ill?"

"Yes; Alan has been very ill, Miss Lee."

"But not now?" she entreated breathlessly, — "Is he better now?"

"For to-day, yes," he answered, "but he will never be well." She did not speak; Robert could not tell whether she understood him. "He has been so much worse, so much weaker, and — we shall not have him with us very long. I thought — I thought you ought to know it?"

"Yes." Her face was so white that Robert was terrified at what he had done. He tried to say something more of what he still dared to hope, but every word of hope was strung upon a thread of fear, and he dared not offer the comfort of a lie. Sidney was not listening; when he ended, she said quietly, "There is my father coming; tell him."

Robert met the major on the doorstep. He had forgotten that this was the first time that he had seen him since Miss Sally's funeral; for once he was so

unconscious of his own sins that he did not see the questioning displeasure on Mortimer Lee's face. "Alan Crossan is in Mercer," he said, "but he is very ill. I have just told your daughter." Then, without pausing for an answer, he left him.

Sidney stood in the firelit dusk, waiting. "Father," she said, as he entered, — "father, I have something to tell you."

The major closed the door, and took her in his arms.

XXX.

With the perfect blossoming of a rose its calyx falls away, and is folded back under its shadowy fragrance. So do the small things of life, necessary in their hour, find their relative values in a great crisis. "For this cause came I into the world," the soul declares calmly; and knows no hesitation, and, equally, no determination. Its purpose and itself are one. When the environment is forgotten, the supremest individuality is reached.

Now, staring into the eyes of Death, while Grief beckoned her with extended hand, Sidney Lee's consciousness of fear, and expediency, and obedience to her father, was pushed back by this blossoming of her life. She read her own soul, and saw her love for Alan, not as a thing bursting into existence at this touch of death, but as a tranquil and eternal fact; so much a part of her that not only did it seem that it must always be, but that it always had been. It was not to be accepted or rejected. It was. Her past was but the shell which held the possibility; the calyx of the consummate flowering of life.

She was so calm as she told her father her purpose, so ultimate, that the old man presented no argument and ventured no entreaty. There was nothing to be done or said.

Sidney kissed him gently when she ended what she had to say, and then left him. He could not touch her; he could not speak to her. "It is as though I were dead," he said to himself. This heart, which had answered his as the water answers the wind, could not be reached by his despair. "This is the pain of the dead," he thought, sitting alone in his library; "they cannot touch us!" The dead! What was he thinking of? No, they had neither this nor any other pain. A trembling comfort crept back into his heart; no one could deprive him of death. In that, at least, was no disappointment. But why had he lived so long? A strange feeling came over him, a realization of his infinite removal from all which had made his life. Surely he had died when Gertrude's lovely eyes closed upon the world? Here, in the shadows, beside his smouldering fire, that delicate and marvelous mechanism of a human mind quivered, under the jar and shock of pain; in a dull confusion he seemed to forget Sidney, and the thought came to him that Gertrude was still his. To rest his head upon her bosom — ah! the hideous desolation of longing! The slow tears of age burned under his weary eyelids. Scarcely aware of what he was doing, he rose, taking the lamp in his unsteady hands, and with a feeble step left the library. He crossed the hall, and stood at the door of the yellow parlor. The house was quite silent; little Susan had put out the lamp on the staircase an hour ago, and gone up to bed; the faint glow from the library fire lay like a bridge across the darkness of the hall. He did not hesitate, but the confusion of his thoughts betrayed itself by the slowness with which he turned the knob and entered the parlor. The door stuck a little, and the jar of pushing it open moved with a muffled echo through the darkness; the room was very cold, and there was the scent of the unused fireplace and the linen covers of

the furniture. Mortimer Lee went at once towards its further end. He put the lamp down upon a small table before the portrait, stopping to move aside a little workbag of green silk, vaguely aware that it was Sarah's. Curiously enough, it reminded him of death, for he had been saying to himself that Gertrude and he were together, and that meant life.

Then he turned his dim eyes upon the portrait.

How long he stood there, his hands clasped behind him, or holding the lamp above his head, that its shifting light might fall upon that young face, he never knew. But the silence, ringing in his ears, was clamorous with a new desolation: in the arch sweetness of those eyes there was no comprehension of his pain. Who was she, this beautiful young woman? Not the wife who had lived in his heart all these years, — not Gertrude, whom he knew with the passion of sorrow? Mortimer Lee dropped his head upon his breast, without a sound. What was this new despair? Where was his grief? Suddenly, for one swift instant, the unreality of these twenty years swept over him, — his precious possession of pain was torn out of his heart, — he seemed to stand alone. That sense of the solitude of the soul is not often revealed to a man, and when it is it crushes the mind into the numbness of despair. It is so absolute that, afterwards, the soul doubts its reality, and resumes easily the old habit of communion with whatever, in the past, has been most real.

That night Sidney slept as peacefully as a child. Her life, it seemed to her, had been taken out of her hands, and she knew the calm of the fatalist, which is, perhaps, the highest form of faith.

It was snowing when she looked out into her garden, the next morning; the firs in the evergreen hedge were like cowed and muffled figures stealing

through the storm; her window-ledge was piled high with feathery white, and the leaded outlines of the fan-lights were traced in twists of down. All the grimy, bustling town faded into misty purity while the snow fell; here and there from a great chimney a burst of flame, like a ruddy banner, flared out into the driving white, and then subsided into a roll of dark smoke, laced by hurrying flakes.

"If only it would n't stop!" Alan Crossan said, sitting at his library window, and looking at the soft depths on the naked branches of the old locust-tree; "but it will melt, and then I can't go out for a week."

"Do you think," Robert asked, "that you will be able to start in a week, Alan?"

"If I want to," the other replied, with gay significance. "Bob, don't worry about not getting to Rome at once. Let me die in peace at Mercer, and I'll be your patron saint. Besides, if you are really worried at the delay, I have a History of the Popes you can study. It is by an eminent Protestant; it will give you lots of information."

Robert laughed, but said he really thought Alan ought to make up his mind to start; a Pennsylvania winter was not the best thing in the world for an invalid.

Alan looked at him with interest. "You don't take the strictly moral view which you did yesterday?" he observed.

"Yes, I do; only I can't see that it makes any difference what view I take."

"Not the slightest," Alan agreed good-naturedly.

"I'd like to ask you something," Robert began, after a pause. "Do you mean, if you stay, to — to try to make her love you?"

Alan's face grew suddenly grave. "No," he said quietly.

"But if she sees you, may not that come?"

Alan shook his head. "I only want her to know that I am in town."

"She knows that."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor. "When?"

"I told her, yesterday."

"Bob," cried the other joyously, "you're a trump! What did she say?"

"Nothing," Robert answered, uncertain whether he should tell Alan the confession of Sidney's silence. ("It will only make it harder for him," he thought.)

"Nothing? Did you tell her I had been ill?"

"Yes," Robert admitted, still struggling to see whether he was not really helping Alan to break his word to the major.

"Well?"

"She did n't say anything."

Alan opened his lips, but seemed to find himself at a loss for words. "Did n't say anything?" he repeated blankly. "Did n't she say she was sorry?"

Robert shook his head. He had made up his mind; he had done wrong in telling Sidney, — at least it should end here.

Alan fell into gloomy silence. He was hurt. Not a message, not a word? He would not ask anything further. He began to torment himself with questions which revealed how, underneath his assurance to her and his sacrifice in going away, had lurked the hope that she would love him. "Perhaps she was angry that I did not say good-by? Perhaps my note was curt, and she felt that I had ceased to love her?" Perhaps — perhaps — Is a lover ever done with that word?

The snow whirled and drifted against his window, but to Alan's eyes all the cheerfulness of the storm had gone. Once he asked abruptly, "Did she look well?" And Robert said, "Yes; but older and graver." Alan would not read; he had not strength enough for his violin; he answered Robert's efforts

at conversation by monosyllables. He looked gloomily at the fire, and said to himself that, after all, life was a grim sort of thing; and he wondered whether the mere satiety of living might not bring the desire for death.

But while he brooded and wondered, turning studiously away from Robert's troubled face, the door opened, and some one stood in the doorway. Neither of the young men looked up, until Alan, realizing with vague annoyance that some one was standing behind him, turned and saw her. The wind had brought the wild-rose color into Sidney's cheeks, and the snow had caught on the rings of shining hair upon her forehead. She looked like a flower swept in out of the storm. Her long gray cloak dropped from her shoulders, as she unfastened its clasp and came quietly to his side.

"Alan, I have come," she said.

Robert Steele started to his feet with one astounded word, but Alan, a sudden content smoothing the trouble and weariness from his face, as the west wind blows the clouds from the serene and open spaces of the sky, lifted his eyes to hers, without speaking. Sidney took his hand and held it against her bosom, stroking it softly.

"Mr. Steele," she said, without a tremor or a blush, and looking directly at him, "I have come to marry Alan." She did not wait to see Robert leave the room; it was nothing to Sidney if the whole world should see her now; she knelt down beside Alan, and laid her head upon his breast. He heard her whisper one word. Weakened and trembling, he could only rest his cheek against her hair, with a sob upon his lips.

XXXI.

It was just a fortnight later that Mrs. Paul returned from her first visit to Katherine and John,—a visit which

had been an extraordinary experience to her. She had gone full of plans for her beloved Kate's happiness, but they had been quietly and quite courteously ignored. Katherine, although never unkind, was quite indifferent to her husband's mother. Life was so interesting to young Mrs. Paul that she no longer diverted herself by trying to charm the bitter and selfish old woman. Mrs. Paul was at first incapable of grasping the situation, but it dawned upon her when Katherine civilly acquiesced in her mother-in-law's tentative statement that perhaps she had better go back to Mercer.

"Yes," she said, "perhaps it is best. You would not want to travel in the colder weather."

Mrs. Paul did not understand her own emotions. She still said to herself, mechanically, that Kate was delightful, and she tried to adjust this speech to her ideal. It was inconceivable that Katherine did not love her; this willingness to have her go was really consideration; but she felt sore and baffled, and a forlorn dismay began to creep into her mind.

After all, it was a relief to come back to Mercer. With this new light upon Kate's character, it would be easier to talk about her than to talk to her. She wished that she could have had Sally for half an hour, but Sidney was better than no one. So, just before tea, she bade Scarlett step over to the other house, and say, with Mrs. Paul's love, "Will Miss Lee come in this evening for a little while?"

"She should come without being sent for," she added severely; "but Mortimer Lee is so selfish in keeping her with him. He made her neglect me shamefully in the summer, after Sally died."

She wondered, as she watched the fire shine and flicker, how Mortimer Lee would get along without Sally's stupid goodness. "Of course he will be

uncomfortable," she said to herself, and smiled.

Thus sitting, thinking, Mrs. Paul saw Scarlett crossing the major's garden, and hurrying through the doorway in the garden wall. A moment later there was a sound of voices in the kitchen. This was so unusual and so little in accordance with Mrs. Paul's theories that she frowned, and bent her head as though to listen; but through the green baize door only a muffled discord reached her.

Scarlett, in the kitchen, with her black shawl falling off one shoulder, her small withered hands gesticulating and trembling, was at last talking. Her words came fast, but Davids, leaning against the dresser, his arms folded and his feet crossed, observed her with complacent silence.

"What has come to you?" demanded the woman. "I've been in the house since noon, and you never let on to me. And you, to hold your tongue five hours!"

"And how do you like my holdin' my tongue?" inquired Davids.

"That's neither here nor there. There's some meaning in your head, or you would n't be so close-mouthed. I know you!"

Scarlett's face was growing pale again, and her voice was steadier. She turned to take off her bonnet, that she might go to her mistress, but Davids quietly stepped in front of the door, and stood, with his hands behind him, rattling the knob, observing her all the while with intense satisfaction.

"Yes," he said, "I did keep my mouth shut, and I'd 'a' kep' it shut an hour longer if it had killed me, if I'd 'a' bust, just for a lesson to you. You an' me's lived in this kitchen pretty near twenty-five years, and from the very first you set out to keep a close mouth, an' you've done it. You've never give a bit of news that you could help. Well, it come my turn. An' I

made out I could be as mean as you. I know all, — *all*; but I ain't got a word to say!"

Scarlett looked at him steadily and in silence; then a slow smile came about her lips. She turned away without a protest, to wait, with folded hands, until he chose to open the door. Her composure made Davids furious. Stammering with anger, he moved unconsciously out into the room. As he did so, the small, gray woman slipped past him, and escaped into the hall. In spite of her self-control, however, she was visibly excited when she opened the drawing-room door.

"Mrs. Paul" — she began, in a fluttering breath.

"What was that disgraceful noise in the kitchen?" interrupted her mistress sharply.

"Ma'am," cried Scarlett, "she's married!"

Mrs. Paul put on her glasses, and looked at the woman as though she thought her suddenly insane.

"She's married!" Scarlett declared again. "It's two weeks to-morrow. And — and — that Billy Davids!"

"What are you talking about?" said Mrs. Paul.

Scarlett breathed hard in the effort to compose herself. "Miss Sidney has gone and got married, and us away!" Mrs. Paul stared at her, with parted lips. "Seems he was going to die (he ain't dead yet, though; them doctors never die), and she said she'd have him; and she went to his house with a minister, — 't was n't Mr. Brown, Susan said. Yes, Miss Sidney took the preacher to him. The major was n't there, and nobody except Mr. Steele. La, madam, you're faint?" But Mrs. Paul motioned her to proceed. "She told Susan," said Scarlett, rubbing her hands to express her agitation, — "she told Susan she was going to get married, as — as natural as if it was n't anything more than to go and buy a pair of

gloves, she was so easy saying it. Did n't seem to be anything to her. Susan says she ain't been home since, and she *says* the major has n't seen her. He's white mad, Susan says. And — and — that Davids!" she ended, her voice breaking as she thought of him.

"It is Alan Crossan," said Mrs. Paul, in a low voice, as though she spoke to herself.

"Yes, ma'am, it is," Scarlett assented; "and he's dying."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by Scarlett's hurried breathing.

"Bring my writing-table," commanded Mrs. Paul quietly. The woman brought it, and stood waiting, with excited curiosity on every feature. "You may go," said her mistress, looking up over her glasses; and then, with the pen between her fingers, she leaned back in her chair and thought.

"At last!" she said, under her breath, — "at last! A righteous retribution."

"My dear Major Lee," she wrote rapidly, "I hear with pleasure" — No, that was too crude really to wound him. Sympathy would be a more subtle thrust. She tore her letter across, and threw it in the fire. "How he must suffer!" she thought, and her eyes exulted. "And to think that I was not at home to see it all!"

She had forgotten Katherine and her own mortification. Such grievances were superficial when placed beside this old reality, which was as enduring as a cruel rock that had been hidden, but not destroyed, by a shining tide. It was as though Katherine had never existed. Again she tried to write, but it was impossible. "I must know first how it happened," she said to herself, striking her hand sharply on the table. "Of course he is not angry with Sidney; Susan is a fool; but how much did he know about it? How does he feel towards Alan? How" — Endless questions came into her mind, but all bore upon Major

Lee's discomfiture; in her exultation she had forgotten Sidney, save as the means by which her father's wickedness had been baffled, and it was with almost a start of surprise that she remembered that the girl herself could best give the information she desired.

"How stupid!" she said, frowning. "I should have sent for her at once!" But, to lose no further time, she wrote a brief note, veiling her triumph with only the faintest pretense of sympathy and congratulation together, and bidding Sidney come at once to see her. "Scarlett will see you home," she added in a postscript, "if, as I suppose, your husband is unable to come with you." It was characteristic that, upon the receipt of Sidney's brief message that she did not wish to leave Alan and would not come, Mrs. Paul had nothing but anger and injured feelings. "I never saw so selfish a girl," she said bitterly.

That evening was intolerably long and empty. A curious feeling of being left out began to intrude upon her anger. She said to herself, "Why has no one told me this? Why did no one write to me? The world is mad!" Her chagrin had in it a sort of terror, which she refused to face, preferring, instead, to dwell upon Mortimer Lee's pain. She scarcely slept that night, and as the gray Sunday morning widened into the reluctant day she was impatient to execute some of the plans which had occurred to her. First, she sent for Robert Steele; but his response to her peremptory summons was a curt note, begging to be excused. Scarlett stood watching her as she read it, and saw her lift her head with the air of one who refuses to be rebuffed; but her voice trembled when she spoke. "Order the carriage at twelve," she said. She had made up her mind that she would go directly to Mortimer Lee. Of course he would be at home, and alone. He did not go to see Sidney, he had not a friend in the world, — save herself, —

and, wicked atheist that he was, there was no hope that he might be in church.

"It is very raw and cold," Scarlett observed.

"I said twelve," Mrs. Paul answered.

"Very well," said Scarlett. She had done her duty by the protest; it was nothing to her if her mistress chose to get sick.

But when twelve o'clock came Mrs. Paul's angry mortification insisted upon words, and, while Scarlett was dressing her, she found fault with a thousand things for the mere relief of speaking.

"Why can't you fasten my cloak without fumbling about so?" she demanded. "You never try to do anything well, Scarlett; you are like all the rest of the world, and have no gratitude in you!" The woman, who had dropped on her knees to fasten Mrs. Paul's fur-lined slippers, made no reply. "There is no such thing as gratitude," continued the other; "there is not a soul I can depend upon."

Scarlett rose, her small, lean hands clasped in front of her, and her passionless eyes fixed upon Mrs. Paul's face. "I am not surprised that you should think so, madam."

"What do you mean?" returned Mrs. Paul contemptuously.

This simple question was Scarlett's opportunity; it was the small and sputtering match which may yet fire a powder magazine. She stepped back a little, swallowed once or twice, and looked steadily at a spot upon the wall, above Mrs. Paul's head. She had always meant to tell her mistress her opinion of her; as well now as any time. So, calmly, rocking slightly back and forth upon her heels, she said monotonously, "Because, madam, you are unkind, even when you do a kindness. You are unjust and you are bad-tempered. Mr. John could n't stand it, and he knew it would n't be for edification to bring his wife here to live. We get our deservings in this life, and you've got what

you've earned, when you find that nobody cares for you. That is my opinion, madam."

Mrs. Paul lifted her glasses and observed the woman in silence for a moment, during which Scarlett changed color, but did not cease swaying back and forth upon her heels, and regarding the wall with a tranquil stare.

"Is the carriage ready?" said Mrs. Paul.

"Yes, madam;" and without another word they went downstairs.

In nearly sixty years of brilliant selfishness, Mrs. Paul had had no friend who would do for her this simple office of telling her the truth, and it had to come at last from the lips of a servant. When the carriage door closed and she was alone, Mrs. Paul's face was white.

Little Susan caught a glimpse of the heavy carriage just before it left the lane and came rumbling into the courtyard, and, realizing that her master was to have a caller, she was so grateful that she was moved to tears when she opened the door to Mrs. Paul. "Anything," thought Susan, "to get him like folks."

The sight of the old man sitting in his library, his white head sunk upon his breast, his sad eyes watching the vacant moments drag themselves away, had been very distressing to Susan. She wiped her eyes frequently as she looked at him, or as she stood behind his chair in the dining-room; for the major was as careful as ever of the details of life, and went through the form of dining as ceremoniously as though he had his old household about him. He even tried to eat, because he feared that the young woman might be distressed if he did not. With the instinct of a gentle heart he had felt little Susan's unhappiness concerning him. Indeed, the girl had told her mother that she was that sorry for him that she did n't know but what she must go to a more cheerful place.

Susan went each day to inquire for Miss Sidney's husband, and, unasked, announced his condition to the major at tea. She could not tell, she had confided to Scarlett, whether he listened or not, but she was n't one to be turned from her duty by that. It was natural that she should have said that he was angry. His silence, even during Mr. Steele's daily call (Susan knew that he was silent then, she was so interested herself, she said); the fact that he made no inquiries concerning his daughter, that he never went to her house, that he did not even write to her, that he had not seen her since that morning when she had left him to marry Alan, — what could it mean but anger? To be sure, the expression upon his face was not exactly anger, Susan thought; it puzzled her because she could not classify it; it was so pitiful that sometimes she could not bear to look at him.

Mortimer Lee had grown suddenly and awfully old, in these weeks since Sidney's marriage; the shock of her grief had shaken the very foundations of his life. That strange confusion which had befogged his senses the night he went to look at Gertrude's picture lingered still in his thoughts. His daughter's grief seemed to be his own, not hers. He lived over again the old despair of more than twenty years ago, and then, with a start, realized that Sidney was waiting for pain which had not reached her yet. Robert told him once, hesitatingly, how calm and even glad Sidney was. The old man made no reply. Sorrow had not come yet; a false excitement upheld her, the exhilaration of present joy blinded her; the terror would but be the greater when it came. It was for that he waited; then he would go to her. As for seeing her before that moment when she should need him, it never occurred to him. This rending of the bone and marrow, this parting of two souls, was not for his eyes. Sitting here in his library, alone,

night after night, without even the friendly companionship of his books, it seemed as though, with exceeding pity, his very soul wept.

And so the days passed. Alan, his hand held in his wife's, was going out into the Unknown. Sidney went step by step beside him, straining her eyes into the darkness of the future, shuddering lest at any moment her feet should touch the first wave of that dark stream upon which she must let him venture forth alone, and yet walking with a lofty serenity and peace which astounded the dying man. His own mystery of death was not half so great to Alan as was Sidney's mystery of life. He watched her with a sort of awe. Every instant was appreciation, every moment a jewel, which the divine caress of consciousness held in this light and in that, that no gleam of its beauty might be lost. Her lovely joy was set in grief, but there was no terror in it. They had talked much of her assurance, but it seemed to Alan only words.

"God is enough for pain," she had told him. "Love is possible and beautiful, even though its flower is grief, because it grows from the heart of the Purpose of the universe, because it is folded about by God."

"Don't you understand me, Alan?" she said once, wistfully. He put his thin white hand under her chin, and looked down into her tranquil eyes.

"It does not seem probable that I do," he answered, smiling. "I do not very often understand myself — but I am glad."

Perhaps he was too weak to take her wider view; perhaps the exceeding simplicity of dying brought back the older thoughts, his mother's teachings of so long ago, and he rested in them with great content; but he was glad for Sidney. Once he asked her, with a pause here and there between his words, of her hope for the future.

"I cannot grasp your — willingness

not to know. You do not expect to see me again?"

"If it is best," she answered, her voice quivering into calmness; "but it will be best, either way. There is no death,—never any death! It is all life; we came from it, and we go back into it again. Oh, Alan, we both belong to life; it is in it that we are really and truly *one*."

Afterwards, when he had been lying silently for a long time, he looked up at her, with a smile flickering in his eyes. "But I—shall not be I?" he said, with pitiful gentleness.

"God is," she answered. "Oh, I cannot let go of that one moment."

Their two lives shut out the rest of the world. They saw Robert Steele come and go with the same indifference to a necessity with which they saw light and darkness. Appreciation of moments may turn a day into a year, and these months together held the experiences of a lifetime. Sidney's consciousness of the pervading God took no definite shape, although she felt that she could not have lived without such consciousness. As a star opens its bosom to the sun that it may fill itself with light for the coming darkness, Sidney absorbed the present. It was at this time that she prayed, dumbly, not for Alan's life, not for strength to bear her coming sorrow, but for more, and more, and more God! There were no words in this outcry of her soul to Him who gave words, and needeth not that any should tell Him. Deep was calling unto deep,—existence itself was a prayer.

She told Alan all this, as he could listen to it; and once he said to her, "Yes, yes, I know, and I am glad. Only remember—will you, Sidney?—that I am *sure* of the rest, of the future? I am sure of it. I have come back to the old familiar things, Christ and heaven (that means having you again!); they are easier to think about than this abstraction, and I believe they are just

what you have found, by another name. No, I don't reason; I trust. It is your attitude, only I go a step further than you." And then, later, "Sometimes it seems to me, do you know, that for me to go on ahead is just to teach you to take that step. And you won't forget that—*I am sure?*"

Sidney's thought of her father in these beautiful days was only that "he understood." Major Lee knew that she felt this; it would have been profane had either of them insisted upon it by words. Thus they waited: Sidney for a deeper glory, her father for the inevitable night.

That Sunday when Mrs. Paul's carriage came across the creaking snow in the courtyard, the major had been brooding over this strange pause in his life, realizing with pathetic patience that even when it ended, when Alan died and his daughter came back to him again, life could not be as it had been. His dim eyes burned as this cruel thought struck upon his heart; the insolence of time is like a blow in the face from an unseen enemy.

"There is no help for it," he was saying to himself. He was so absorbed that he did not understand Susan's summons to the parlor, or hear the name she gave, so the girl had to speak again, pleadingly: "She's in the parlor, sir, waitin'. I put a match to the fire, but it's cold in there."

"She?" said the old man vaguely. "Where?" and then brushed past her in tremulous haste. Sidney had come. But why had she waited; was Alan—

The shock of seeing Mrs. Paul, shivering in her furs, upon the yellow satin sofa was almost a physical pain. He had no words. But Mrs. Paul supplied them; her voice was full of fine anxiety.

"My dear Major Lee, pray what is this about Sidney? I was so shocked, so concerned. Such a tragedy for the poor girl! Pray tell me how you could have permitted such a thing?"

He did not answer, but seemed to look beyond her, as though he were unconscious of her presence. The change in his face since she had seen him last awed but could not silence her.

"She has grieved you, I know," she began to say, "but her disobedience will bring its own punishment; you can only pity and forgive her. And the selfishness of the young man — but tell me" —

"Not here, — not here," interposed Mortimer Lee, still gazing above her, at the further end of the room.

She turned, following his eyes, to meet those of the portrait, beautiful, disdainful, and, as she thought with sudden fury, triumphant. Standing at the feet of this dead woman, she saw the source of all her bitterness, her selfishness, her cruelty, — saw it with futile rage at her own helplessness in the hand of Fate. She had been robbed by this young creature, and she had tried to hide the desolation of her heart by worldliness and selfishness. Her loss had turned to evil everything which had been good; and then, as though that were not cruel enough, Annette had been taken away. Her own son did not love her; Katherine cared nothing for her; Sidney had forgotten her; her very servant despised her. She looked again at Mortimer Lee, still staring at the picture. "Yes, not here," she repeated, "not here!" (It was strange to see how simple the primal passion of humanity made these two souls.) She motioned him to give her his arm. "I came," she said, — "I came, but I will go away; yes, I will go away!" Her voice broke.

Without a word, the major led her to her carriage. He bowed, and stood, the cold wind blowing his white hair about, watching the carriage circle around the snow-covered lawn, and disappear down the lane. Then he went back, and stood before the portrait.

"It was the only thing I ever kept from you, Gertrude," he said feebly;

"but she has come and shown it to you herself. You would not have had me tell you such a thing? But she has told you" —

After the shock of that interview the confusion of Mortimer Lee's thoughts passed away. His profound dismay settled into a certain tranquillity of waiting. He was gathering up his strength to meet Sidney's need of it, when the day should come.

And so the winter failed, and fainted into the hesitating spring. Robert Steele came every evening to tell him of Alan; they never spoke of Sidney. But one day in March he did not come, and a strange excitement grew in Mortimer Lee's face. "It is near," he said to himself. It was; very near. He did not go to the bank the next morning; he must be at home to know when Sidney needed him.

All that morning he sat in his library in tense expectancy. In the early afternoon came a note from Robert Steele. "Not yet, not yet," the old man said; longing for the blow to fall, that his own work of tenderness might begin. The windy March sky lifted and lightened towards sunset, and all along behind the hills the clear and lucent air, yellow as a topaz, faded up into pale violet under the torn fringes of the clouds. Mortimer Lee stood, with his hands behind him, looking out at the peace of the coming night; but he turned at the sound of the opening door, and Sidney came swiftly to his arms.

The room had darkened in the fading light, but he could see the change in her face; not age, but living, had marked it. That ecstasy shone in her eyes which is the realization of the Infinite, and may be called either joy or grief, as both are one in it.

"I have come to tell you," he heard her say, "it is over, my life. But I am glad to have lived. Oh, I am glad!"

"Alan" —

"Yes; yet I am a happy woman.

Father, I wanted you to know that I was happy! It is joy, father!"

He held her fast in his trembling arms, and his tears fell upon her head. But Sidney's eyes were clear. She raised her face, and it was she who was the comforter. "It is worth while," she said tenderly. His grief moved her as her own had not; a flood of tears, as natural and unrestrained as a child's, shook her from head to foot. "He is dead, but he has lived. He is mine, always. Oh, it is worth while, — it is worth while; the past is ours, and all is — God!"

Then they went back again together to Alan's side.

Sidney's life afterwards was as though into a dead body had come a living soul.

The old circumstances remained, the old possibilities, but the spirit which animated them was a new spirit. She and her father drew closer and closer to-

gether, the old love greater for the new love. Calm, she was, and strangely content; entering deeper into that Refuge which had revealed itself to her, and losing her life daily in the lives of others; yet never limiting her peace by defining it, nor daring to imprison it within a creed.

Mrs. Paul called her an infidel.

Robert Steele, feeling vaguely that Sidney, religious, without a religion, drew her strength from the same source as did he, absorbed in the wonderful ritual of the most detailed religion in the world, yet prayed for her salvation with the anguished fear of the consistent Christian who hears his Lord denied.

The major only waited.

"It cannot last," he said to himself sadly; "it is unreal. And when it breaks down — even I cannot help her! Oh, the cruelty of love!"

And still he waited.

Margaret Deland.

ALTDORF AND THE LANDESGEMEINDE OF URI.

LET me say at once that, although the name of Altdorf is indissolubly linked with that of William Tell, the place aroused an interest in me which did not at all depend upon its associations with the famous but now discarded archer. From the very first it gave me the impression of possessing a distinct personality, of ringing, as it were, to a note I had never heard before, and thus challenging my attention to its peculiarities.

No doubt this effect was heightened by the manner in which my visits were made, since on both occasions, when I spent the month of May in Altdorf, I arrived directly from Italy, and so exchanged abruptly the characteristics of two widely differing countries. It was very striking, this sudden transition from the olive to the pine; from landscapes in

which purely Italian colors predominated to hillsides of fresh green, dotted with wooden chalets instead of whitewashed stone houses; to hear the cuckoo in the woods and the inspiring lark rising from the fields instead of the caressing notes of the nightingale; and to find myself once more in the midst of a people who had at all events a reasonable idea of *prix fixe*. But even when these differences were forgotten, Altdorf continued to impress me as a thing apart, singularly interesting and not easily understood.

Besides the annual Landesgemeinde, or open-air legislative assembly, held in the environs, the primary object of my visits, which I shall describe later in this article, there was a great deal in the ordinary village life to stimulate thought, and at times I found myself not a little

puzzled to account for certain apparent contradictions and inconsistencies which confronted me as I learned to know the place better.

It is often a source of genuine disappointment to the traveler to find the Swiss mountaineers so different from what he had expected. They are hardy and good-natured, but, speaking more especially of German Switzerland, handsome men and pretty women are very rare. The canton of Uri is no exception to this rule. Many of its inhabitants have been crippled by accidents, not a few are deformed from their birth; they speak one of the harshest dialects in Europe, and have not even a cantonal costume to make them picturesque. Perhaps, if Schiller had actually visited Uri, and had not obtained the necessary information for his play at second hand, his version of the origin of the Swiss Confederation would have been less romantic and more in accordance with the facts. The traveler, I suppose, sets up an imaginary type. Every beauty in nature, he reasons, should somehow be reflected by a corresponding good quality in man; but he forgets that if scenery leaves its traces upon character, so do privation, overwork, and bad food. The truth is, the Swiss are the most practical, matter-of-fact, and commonplace people in the world, and are necessarily rendered so by the hardships with which they are surrounded. If they were what the tourist would like them to be, picturesque, romantically inclined, venturesome for the sake of adventure, they would long ago have been absorbed by the great powers upon their borders, and the mission of Switzerland, to provide a neutral territory in the midst of Europe, would never have been fulfilled. Perhaps the national qualities have been best summed up by the Genevese writer, Paul Vaucher, who, in speaking of the early Confederates, calls them "*parfois un peu grossiers, mais toujours intelligents.*"

As you approach Aldorf from Flüelen on the Lake of Lucerne by the long, white road, the first houses you reach are large structures of the conventional village type, plain, but evidently the homes of well-to-do people, and some even adorned with family coats of arms. In fact, this street is dedicated to the aristocracy, and formerly went by the name of the Herrengasse, the lane of the lords. You may well be shocked at the application of the word "aristocracy" to the democratic canton of Uri, in this republic of Switzerland; nevertheless, though these "lords" no longer bear titles, except those they may hold temporarily by virtue of their offices in the commonwealth, they occupy a social position absolutely apart from the common peasants. Their children receive a superior education, the sons being usually sent to foreign countries, or at least to other cantons, to perfect themselves, while the daughters bestow the most fastidious attention upon their toilets, and contract matrimonial alliances with the same care in regard to social standing as the nobility of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. At the same time, I saw no evidence that this aristocratic position was in any sense abused in a political manner; for indeed absolute democracy and the equality of rights are strictly enforced by the constitution of Uri, and one need only attend the Landesgemeinde to appreciate how completely this equality is carried out. There is, furthermore, an historical aspect of the case which will help to explain this modern paradox, an aristocracy within a democracy. When the first settlers moved into the country, — those Alamannian colonists from the surrounding lowlands who doubtless brought with them the germs of the Tell legend, — they were grouped in the various degrees of the feudal state, noblemen, freemen, and serfs, but were also united upon an equal footing in an Association of the Mark, in charge of the common land. They were peers in the adminis-

tration of this land, but not in social position.

Beyond these fashionable houses is an open square, upon which faces the cozy inn where I stayed, — named, of course, after William Tell; and off on one side the large parish church, built in cheap barocco style, but containing a few objects of interest. One is a Birth of Christ, ascribed to Van Dyck; how justly I could not tell. In support of its authenticity they say that a Count of Beroldingen presented it upon his return from military service in the Netherlands; and in fact the ancestral castle of this family may be seen from Altdorf, if you look in the direction of Seelisberg. It is a white house upon the green pastures at the foot of the mountain Nieder Bauen. A Burial of Christ is attributed to Caracci, probably with little reason; and near one of the side doors is a Madonna and Child in relief by Imhof, a sculptor born near the neighboring village of Bürglen, which is also, it will be remembered, the traditional birthplace of William Tell. In his youth Imhof was a goatherd, who used his knife to carve upon any material he could find, as once the boy Giotto used his pencil. Imhof's Cimabue was a certain Doctor Ebel, who, passing through Altdorf in 1818, heard of the young artist, and sent him first to Stuttgart to study under Dannecker, and then to Rome, where he died in 1869, after having acquired a European reputation, but before he could complete a monument of William Tell for which he was making designs. In Uri every act of the state is accompanied by a church function of some sort. The annual pilgrimage to Tell's famous chapel on the Lake of Lucerne, which always takes place on the Friday following Ascension Day, has a semi-ecclesiastical, semi-political character. In all affairs of the commonwealth the priesthood exercises a tacit but predominating influence. Educational matters are, of course, entirely in the hands of the clergy; nor is the

tolerant spirit of this wicked age allowed to work its way into the minds of the people through other channels, for recently, when a company from the neighboring canton of Glarus proposed to use the water-power of the turbulent Schächenbach for factories, the opposition of the clergy made it impossible to obtain the necessary concession. The same thing happened when the St. Gothard railroad offered to build extensive workshops in Altdorf. In both cases the fear was expressed that Protestants thereby might be brought into the country. Perhaps this explains why Uri is at once the poorest and most illiterate of all the Swiss cantons. On looking over the cantonal constitution, however, I discovered a privilege so remarkable that it must always have gone far to reconcile the men of Uri to the authority of the Vatican. Every Gemeinde, or parish, it appears, elects its own priests, and thus controls their actions sufficiently to make unpatriotic intrigues impossible.

There is a good deal of sight-seeing to be done in Altdorf for so small a place. In the town hall are shown the tattered flags carried by the warriors of Uri in the early battles of the Confederation, the mace and sword of state which are borne by the beadles to the Landesgemeinde, and a portrait which the attendant informs you with a grave face is the oldest extant of William Tell. In a somewhat inaccessible corner, a few houses off, the beginnings of a museum have been made. Here is another portrait of interest, that of the giant Püntener, a mercenary whose valor made him the terror of the enemy in the battle of Marignano in 1515; so that when finally he was killed, they avenged themselves, according to a writing beneath the picture, by using his fat to smear their weapons, and his carcass to feed their horses. Just outside the village rises the arsenal, whence, I was told, old armor was taken and turned into shovels, when the St. Gothard railroad was

building, so poor and ignorant were the people. If you are of the sterner sex, you can also penetrate the Capuchin monastery, and enter the gardens, where the terraces that rise behind the buildings are almost Italian in appearance, festooned with vines and radiant with roses. Not that the fame of this institution rests on such trivial matters, however. The brothers boast of two things: it is the oldest of the order in Switzerland, dating from 1581, and they carry on in it the somewhat unappetizing industry of cultivating snails for the gourmands of foreign countries. Above the Capuchins is the famous *Barnewald*, mentioned by Schiller, a tract of forest on the mountain slope in which no one is allowed to fell trees, because it protects the village from avalanches and rolling stones.

After all, however, the best part of Altdorf, to make an Irish bull, lies outside of the village. I can give no adequate idea of the impression left upon me by this strange little community without referring to the *Almend*, or village common. Indeed, as time went on, I learned to regard this *Almend* as the complete expression and final summing up of all that was best in Altdorf, the reconciliation of all its inconsistencies, and the symbol of its pure democracy.

Day after day, insensibly, almost involuntarily, I would go out to the great pasture beside the river *Reuss*, a field of short, juicy Alpine grass, in sight of the snow-capped *Bristenstock* at one end of the valley, and of the waters of *Lake Lucerne* at the other. In May the full-grown cattle had already departed for the higher summer pastures, leaving only the feeble young behind, who were to follow as soon as they had grown strong enough to bear the fatigues of the journey. At this time, therefore, the *Almend* became a sort of vision of youth, — of calves, lambs, and foals, guarded by little boys, all gamboling in the exuberance of early life. At noon

I often delighted to sit upon the green, and give myself up wholly to the influence of the hour. A spirit of idyllic peace pervaded the scene, emphasized rather than broken by the actions of the young animals. Perhaps a foal would tear across the field in skittish glee, or a calf which had long stood staring into vacancy would suddenly blurt out unmeaning bellowings. Ever and anon a spirit of mischief prompted one of the boys or the attendant puppies, on sport intent, to rush with much show of fierce purpose into the ranks of the sheep, — the poor sheep, that, nibbling feverishly, each trying to get into the shade of the others, desired nothing so much as to be left alone. At such times, as I sat buried in contemplation of this play, a lark would rise from near by, where the peasants were tilling the fields, and, soaring, leave behind it a trail of sound, a succession of inspired notes, like an aerial ladder to the sky, at whose foot I stood spellbound, speechless, and my eyes strained to follow the bird in its flight until it was lost in the heights. Then, when the lark descends; when it drops suddenly from the clouds, carrying a long-drawn crescendo note to earth; when it hovers for an instant with outstretched, quivering wings over its nest in the rushes, gives a few last trills of bliss, and all is silence, — ah, how the heart beats! What a moment of serene joy that is! Alas that we Americans can never hear the skylark in our own country! I used to think, on those occasions, that the song of the lark was a fit emblem of the scene on the *Almend*, a veritable hymn to youth.

But the *Landesgemeinde* was the attraction which drew me in the first place to Altdorf, at a season when few travelers are to be seen. The open-air legislative assemblies, which, as has been said, are held annually in the primitive Swiss cantons, are the oldest examples of purely democratic institutions to be found in the world to-day. In their present

complete form they probably do not antedate the end of the thirteenth century; at all events, we have no documentary evidence of a regular *Landesgemeinde* prior to 1294; but the germs from which they have been developed can be traced faintly until they disappear in the very dawn of recorded history. Their origin must be sought in the political and social organization of the early Germans; perhaps in the assembly of the Hundred, or in the agricultural Association of the Mark; for Swiss liberty is based upon the ancient Teutonic institutions introduced by the Alamanni, a branch of the great Teutonic race, when they invaded Helvetia, at the beginning of the fifth century, and put an end to the Roman dominion, which had existed in that country since the time of Julius Cæsar. In the German Empire, which rose upon the ruins of the Roman, and of which the early Swiss formed a part, these democratic institutions almost everywhere succumbed to the influence of the feudal system; but in the more secluded regions, especially amid the mountain fastnesses of central Switzerland, they were able to retain a great deal of their ancient Teutonic purity.

It is with good reason, therefore, that Mr. Freeman opens his published lectures on *The Growth of the English Constitution* by describing two typical *Landesgemeinden* in Switzerland. "In the institutions of Uri and Appenzell," he says, "and in those others of the Swiss cantons which have never departed from the primeval model, we may see the institutions of our own forefathers, the institutions which were once common to the whole Teutonic race, institutions whose outward form has necessarily passed away from greater states, but which contain the germs out of which every free constitution in the world has grown."

Every year, on the first Sunday in May, the voting population of Uri, all men of twenty and upwards, meet upon

a meadow just off the great St. Gothard carriage-road, about two miles south of Altdorf. The spot is known as Bötzingen an der Gand; behind it rise some formidable rocks which culminate in the Hohe Faulen, and in front stretches the plain of the Reuss, classic with many legends and traditions of the early days of Swiss freedom. Here the affairs of the commonwealth of Uri have been discussed and decided annually probably for some five centuries; the only known break having occurred at the end of the last century, when the privileges and prerogatives of the sovereign states which composed the old Confederation were annulled to make place for the short-lived Helvetic republic set up by the French revolutionists.

Although I attended the *Landesgemeinden* both of 1888 and 1889, I will confine myself to that of 1888 in the following description, as it proved the more interesting of the two. The 6th of May turned out to be one of those brilliant days which are experienced in Switzerland principally in the spring and autumn, when the tourists have not yet arrived, or have already left; a day full of the exhilaration and intoxication of nature. From end to end the valley of the Reuss lay bathed in a flood of golden light shining through an atmosphere of crystal purity. Daisies, cowslips, and buttercups, the flowers of rural well-being, showed through the rising grass of the fields; along the hedges and crumbling walls of the lanes peeped timid primroses and violets, and in wilder spots the Alpine gentian, intensely blue. High up upon the mountain slopes the verdure had already assumed that indescribable soft velvet green which appeals so strongly to every artist, notably to Ruskin, while higher still, upon the summer pastures, ragged and vanishing patches of snow proclaimed the rapid approach of warmer days.

Early in the morning crowds of wor-

shippers repaired to the parish church at Altdorf, and after service dispersed in groups about the village, to await the time when the procession should start for the famous meadow. At last, at about eleven o'clock, there was a roll of drums, a burst of music, and a train of persons issued from the little market-place in front of the town hall (Rathaus.)

First marched two men clad in mediæval costumes of orange and black, the cantonal colors, each bearing upon his shoulders the great horn of a bull. These individuals are called Tells, in memory of the traditional hero, and the horns are those which the ancient warriors of Uri carried with them to battle. Then followed drums and music and a detachment of soldiers, over whom waved the ancient banner, in the centre of which was embroidered a bull's head, the cantonal coat of arms, and in one corner a miniature representation of the crucifixion; for church and state, religion and warfare, have always gone hand in hand in the primitive Swiss cantons. Behind this guard of honor came the magistrates and their seven beadles in carriages, the latter made imposing by cocked hats and long cloaks, also of orange and black. In the carriages were the three symbols of state: the mace, a wooden staff studded with brass nails, and surmounted by a ball representing an apple pierced by an arrow (evidently another reference to William Tell); the sword of state, a long, two-edged weapon; and a bag containing the cantonal seals. If I dwell upon these details, it is because the accessories to the Landesgemeinde are undergoing a process of simplification which renders it advisable that they should be noted before they are finally swept away. For example, I see that when Mr. Freeman was present, in 1863 and 1864, the magistrates rode on horseback, and the chief magistrate wore the sword by his side; now these worthies drive in the ordinary tourist carriages of the country, and the

sword is entrusted to a beadle. The procession was closed by an irregular following of all the men, women, and children who could manage to leave their homes in various parts of the canton.

Arrived at the meadow, the voters, estimated at two thousand by the weekly paper of Uri, the *Uerner Wochenblatt*, ranged themselves upon a wooden stand, built for the occasion, in the shape of an amphitheatre; the chief magistrate, the Landammann, and the Landesstatthalter took positions at a table in the centre, where the symbols of state were displayed with the horns, drums, and banner, while the seven beadles occupied raised seats at one side of the ring. The women, children, and visitors, on their part, withdrew to the unoccupied portions of the meadow or to an adjacent hillock, from which the proceedings could be more conveniently watched. Amongst the spectators were also some visitors from neighboring cantons, a member or two of the federal legislatures at Berne, the late British minister to Switzerland, Sir F. O. Adams, who has since written a work on *The Swiss Confederation*,¹ and a few Americans.

It is customary for the Landammann to open the assembly with a speech, in which he rehearses the affairs of the canton, of Switzerland, and even the most important events in foreign countries which have occurred during the past year.

While this was in progress I looked more closely at the men who composed the assembly, and could see how truly democratic a gathering they made. All manner of men were there side by side; all kinds of trades and occupations were represented, — the cowherd, the artisan, and the shopkeeper, the professional man, the parish priest, the monk, and the soldier, all on an equal political footing, deliberating together for the common good. They paid the closest attention to the speech of the Landammann, who,

¹ Reviewed in *The Atlantic*, January, 1890.

as he advanced and warmed up to his theme, departed more and more from pure German and lapsed into the familiar dialect, which was used by every subsequent speaker.

As soon as this speech had been brought to a close, a ceremony of the utmost solemnity took place. The whole assembly rose, and stood bareheaded for some moments in silent prayer, — an impressive incident, never to be forgotten: the sudden silence of the multitude, the heads bared to the sky, and the deeply religious aspect of the whole thing. After this the business of the meeting began.

Every one knew that a measure of great importance would be presented to the assembly that day; in fact, nothing less than the adoption of a new constitution. The old one had been found to be both cumbersome and antiquated, and the new one had been framed with a view toward simplification, so that it might correspond more closely to those of the other cantons. As the project had been before the people for some time, ample opportunity had been given them to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with its provisions, and the assembly was therefore prepared to discuss the proposed changes intelligently. A strong minority from the valley of Urseren, where lies the popular summer resort of Andermatt, opposed the new constitution, especially on account of certain clauses referring to the management of roads. These views were represented by five speakers, whereas the majority put forward nine. After an animated debate lasting for two hours and a half, a vote was taken upon the question of adopting a new constitution pure and simple, adoption being carried by the bare majority of three fifths to two fifths of the votes. Another vote was taken, this time upon the adoption of the new constitution as it stood or as amended by the minority, and resulted in the almost unanimous adoption of the

constitution as it stood. The voting was done by a show of hands, according to the old Teutonic custom, so familiar to us; but it was accompanied by a curious sound, which I fancied was in imitation of the bellowing of a bull, the inevitable bull of Uri. An appeal in writing against the new constitution was then handed to the Landesstatthalter, based, as I afterwards ascertained, upon the forty-third article of the federal constitution, and the assembly proceeded to the next order of business, the election of officers. First came the seven Regierungsräthe; literally, "councilors of the government," or, as we should say, "the cabinet." In only two cases was there any serious opposition to the candidate nominated; for it seems to be customary in this conservative little democracy to reëlect officers who have done their work satisfactorily, rather than experiment with untried ones. The result of every election was announced by the head beadle, or crier (*Landesweibel*), who, raising his cocked hat, repeated a set formula, wishing the successful candidate "joy and health" (*Glück und Heil*). At this juncture the assembly was asked to choose the Landammann and the Landesstatthalter from the number of the Regierungsräthe. Immediately the actual Landammann rose, and resigned his office in a speech in which he declared that he had served four years as chief magistrate, and therefore declined reëlection. At the same time he proposed the actual Landesstatthalter as his successor, and with this took his seat amongst the people. The assembly followed his suggestion as to his successor, and afterwards returned the Landammann himself to the office of Landesstatthalter; so that the two highest officers had in the end only exchanged places. After the oath had been administered to them, the necessary representatives of the federal legislature in Berne were elected, and then a number of minor officers of the canton. As a

last piece of legislation, the rights of citizenship (*Bürgerrecht*) were granted to a family which had lately immigrated from the canton of Unterwalden.

With this the order of business was complete, and the assembly adjourned. The session had lasted four hours and a half, when the procession marched back to Altdorf in the same order in which it had arrived.

Simple and prosaic as this political act may seem, I turned from contemplating it with the feeling that I had been witnessing a religious rite. Never had I seen the state placed on so high a plane, or the functions of government so nearly endowed with ideal attributes; for I realized that these rude peasants are more truly sovereign than any crowned ruler, and that their assembly, though sprung from a seed planted in the dawn of recorded history, is neither antiquated nor outworn, but filled with the spirit of perennial youth. Could there be a clearer witness to the stability which inheres in genuine democracies? The primitive Swiss cantons are at once the oldest democracies in existence, and the most radical. Statesmen never contrived, philosophers never speculated upon or poets sung of, commonwealths so practical, rational, and withal so ideal as they, in which the voice of every man was more distinctly heard and the execution of the public will more certain of fulfillment. In them the maximum of flexibility has been reconciled to the strongest conservatism, and that without bombastic assertions of equal rights or theoretical definitions of liberty, but naturally and without premeditation.

A modern historian has said that every form of government contains within itself the germ which will eventually destroy it, but the *Landesgemeinde* is as vigorous to-day as it has ever been, and really seems more in accordance with the spirit of this age of ours, which makes for absolute self-government, than with that of previous ones. In truth,

there is a something in this *Landesgemeinde* which is not merely Swiss, or even Teutonic, but which answers to the aspirations of mankind in general. A book is called a classic because it appeals to qualities in human nature which are permanent, and belong more or less to every age and every clime; in this sense the *Landesgemeinde* is a classic amongst forms of government, for it is the expression of pure democracy, for which humanity has always striven and will always strive.

But why should this institution thrive in a little obscure corner, rather than in the centres of human thought and endeavor? What is the secret of its success in Switzerland? The candid observer will find an answer to these questions in the surprising equality which reigns amongst the men who compose the assembly. They are equal not only from a political, but also, in a measure, from an economic standpoint. Absolute equality of worldly possessions will never be possible in any state, nor would such a result probably be desirable, but an approximation towards the golden mean has been reached in the primitive Swiss cantons which is certainly very remarkable.

Amongst the causes which have contributed to bring about this happy state of things, some are undoubtedly local, rooted to the soil, and could not be transplanted, but others might well serve as suggestions to the great modern states, in which, whether they call themselves republics, monarchies, or empires, the most crying inequalities are demanding attention. Doubtless the seclusion in which these commonwealths have thrived has imprinted a certain simplicity and uniformity upon the lives of the inhabitants, very favorable to maintenance of economic equality. The dangers to which the people are exposed in their daily occupations have taught every person the double lesson of taking care of himself and of cooperating

with others in case of necessity. No better training could be devised for the members of a free state. Moreover, it must be added that mountaineers the world over have usually been independent of foreign rule and equal amongst themselves.

But above all other influences (and this it is which statesmen might well study) must be counted the system of the *Almend*, the system by which a part, at least, of the land in every *Gemeinde* or commune has not been allowed to fall into the hands of private owners, but has been reserved for public use. We have a reminiscence of this in the common of England and New England, though the resemblance does not go very far; for the Swiss *Almend*, in its wide sense, consists of forest, pasture, and meadow land, and according to the nature of the ground sometimes also of marshy land for rushes and peat. The use of this domain is governed by rules, which vary in different cantons and often in neighboring *Gemeinden*: in some it is the common property of all; in others, of a privileged class, generally the lineal descendants of the original settlers. Etymologists are not yet agreed whether the name "*Almend*" meant originally *common* land or *fodder* land, and historians are debating whether the use of it was intended in the beginning to be communistic or not. These are questions for the specialists to decide, but the result which has been attained is patent to all. There can be no doubt that this system has contributed more than any other factor towards making the great extremes of wealth and poverty impossible in the primitive cantons, and giving every man an interest in the soil.

The reason for this becomes obvious when we consider that great wealth, in its ultimate analysis, almost always springs from the exclusive control of certain natural opportunities; or, more briefly, from the monopolization of land, with all which that term implies. These

rustics, by treating at least some of the total supply of land as common property, exclude the possibility of the complete monopolization of land, and the resulting concentration of wealth into the hands of a few. It is true that they have by no means reached a radical solution of the land question. There are landlords in Uri, as elsewhere, and they are no better and no worse than elsewhere, since their conduct is governed by economic laws which are not of their own making; but even this partial treatment of land as common property secures to the people certain solid advantages. Nor must this public property be regarded merely as a provision for the poor, since all alike have a share in it.

Hence it is that when the voters come together in their assembly, they are equal, as I said above, not only from a political, but also, in a measure, from an economic standpoint. This is the secret of the *Landesgemeinde*; and should this comparative equality ever be disturbed by the working of modern industrial forces, the *Landesgemeinde* will lose its identity, will become a mere form, and eventually an impossibility.

Historical and political comparisons are apt to be risky and unsatisfactory, since exactly the same conditions can never be repeated in different countries and at different periods. We will, therefore, entertain no illusions on the subject. Our millions of voters cannot meet in an open-air assembly, nor can the affairs of our vast country be managed as simply and expeditiously as are those of that little commonwealth; but nevertheless youth can always profit by the experience of age, and we in America can learn something from Uri, the oldest democracy in existence. It seemed to me, as I watched the ancient assembly, that the *Landesgemeinde* confirmed a principle of inestimable value. History teaches that all democracies sooner or later end in anarchy or are

transformed into despotic governments, unless they can guarantee to the people something more than mere political equality, which soon becomes a delusive sham in the presence of great economic inequalities. The venerable democracy of Uri reminds us that where this true

equality reigns, or where even a reasonable approximation towards it is reached, there the most stable and abiding of states can be reared, and its maintenance entrusted with perfect confidence to the people themselves, acting without intermediaries.

W. D. McCrackan.

ON THE EVE OF SLEEP.

WHAT is softer than two snowflakes meeting

In a windless fall of snow?

What is lighter than a down-ball sinking

On a still stream's polished flow?

Smoother than the liquid circle spreading

From the swallow's touch-and-go? —

Oh, softer, lighter, smoother, is the first approach of Sleep!

(Yet guard us in that moment, lest thy boon we may not keep!)

What is stiller than two blossoms kissing

Charily with petal-tips?

Sweeter than the dewdrop that their kissing

Doth unsphere — and down it slips?

What is dimmer than the night-moth groping

For the lily's nectared lips? —

Oh, stiller, sweeter, dimmer, is the first approach of Sleep!

(Yet guard us in that moment, lest thy boon we may not keep!)

What is subtler than the clues that tighten

Round the dancing midge's wings?

Shyer than the bird its nest concealing

As aloof it flits and sings?

Closer than the poppy-leaf-lined chamber

Where the lone bee's cradle swings? —

Oh, subtler, shyer, closer, is the first approach of Sleep!

(Yet guard us in that moment ere we reach thy safest deep!)

What is stranger than the moonlight mingling

With the red fire of the west?

Wilder than an Amazonian forest

Where no foot the mould hath pressed?

Dearer than the heart's most secret brooding

On the face it loveth best? —

Oh, stranger, wilder, dearer, is the first approach of Sleep!

(Oh, guard us in that moment, lest we waver back and weep!)

Edith M. Thomas.

HENRIK IBSEN: HIS LIFE ABROAD AND LATER DRAMAS.

DURING the last two years of his life in Norway Ibsen felt as though he were standing on the verge of his grave. The atmosphere of Christiania oppressed him like the air of a charnel-house. This city, although the political capital of the realm, is not and never has been a centre of artistic and literary culture. At the beginning of the present century it numbered less than ten thousand inhabitants; now it has a population of considerably over one hundred thousand. But this rapid growth has not improved its intellectual character, nor rendered it a whit less provincial than it was ninety years ago.

It is a significant fact that no Norwegian poet, except Henrik Wergeland, has ever sung the praises of Christiania; and even he only expresses a certain pleasure in its material prosperity. His sister, the well-known authoress, Camilla Collett, in her novel *The Bailiff's Daughters* (*Amtmandens Døttre*), denounces in the bitterest terms the mean and petty spirit prevailing there. The city is large enough, she says, to peck slowly to death, with its thousands of malicious beaks, all at whom it takes offense, but not large enough to afford one such unfortunate person a nook in which he can hide himself from calumny.

Whoever takes the trouble to examine the files of the *Kristianiapost* of 1858, and the *Morgenbladet* and *Aftenbladet* of 1863, may see what absurd strictures, mingled with personal abuse, appeared in the columns of those journals under the guise of criticism, and will appreciate fully the feelings of disgust and the immense sense of relief with which Ibsen shook off the dust of Christiania from his feet, and bade what he hoped would be a final farewell to his fatherland.

No man can ever forget his mother country, although he may cease to re-

member it with pleasure. As Ibsen states in his poem *Brændte Skibe*, the column of smoke rising from his burnt ships blew northward, and formed a bridge over which a rider swiftly sped every night

"To the snowy land
From the sunny strand."

In another poem he compares himself to an eider which

"Plucks its breast
To feather its nest"

on a wild Norwegian fiord. Thrice it makes the attempt, but each time the nest is despoiled of its soft down by greedy fishermen, until, in despair, the injured bird spreads its wings, and

"With bleeding breast to the south it flies,—
To the south with its brighter and kinder
skies."

The manner in which the memory of Norway excites him to literary activity reminds him of the bear which is trained to dance by being made to stand in a large kettle heated by a slow fire; as the tortured beast leaps up and down a merry melody is played. Ever afterwards, when Bruin hears this tune, he associates it with scorched paws, and begins to dance. It was by painful reminiscences that Ibsen's imagination was stimulated to creative productivity during the first few years of his life abroad.

To the Norse poet, emerging from the mist and gloom of his native Niflheim, Italy was a new and marvelous revelation. It seemed to him that he had never before seen the sun. Nature, who had hitherto appeared to him with sombre visage and clad in sober gray, now wore a bright and joyous face, and arrayed herself in gorgeous colors far surpassing the limitations of her melancholy and monotonous Scandinavian wardrobe. This feeling is very clearly reflected in *Brand*, his first drama

written on foreign soil and under the influence of foreign impressions. The Norwegian landscape, as described in this play, is rude, inhospitable, and utterly unattractive. Drifting snow, raging storms, inaccessible glaciers, threatening avalanches, and narrow valleys inclosed by rocky walls, and seldom visited by a ray of sunlight, fill the scene. The soft, summery air of the highlands, resplendent with "the lustre of gold and amber," which he celebrated in his earlier poems, finds no mention here.

In Rome, too, the remains of classical antiquity, the ruins of a past civilization, excited in him the same lively interest and admiration that they had before awakened in the minds of Gibbon and Goethe. The emotions of wonder and insatiable curiosity, says Vasenius, with which the northerner at first regards the new and the unknown in this southern land, grew upon him from day to day, and soon developed into sentiments of warm sympathy and love. Unlike the majority of his countrymen and companions, he now thought of the Eternal City as a permanent abode, and there were moments when he spoke with bitterness of his determination never again to see his fatherland. The hot summer months he passed in the Alban Mountains or on the coast of Naples. His hours of work extended from early morning till far into the afternoon; the rest of the day and evening he gave to walks and social recreation. He was a frequent and always welcome guest of the Scandinavian Club in the Via dei Pontefici, whose members, consisting chiefly of artists, were disposed to lionize him. "A lion among ladies," says Bottom, "is a most dreadful thing;" but not more so, perhaps, than among youthful and enthusiastic wielders of the mahl-stick. Indeed, under any circumstances, as the same honest weaver remarks, "there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living." In this case the lion positively refused to

roar, and said by modest reserve as plainly as Snug the joiner could have done by words, "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. I am a man as other men are." He very rarely referred to any of his published works, and evidently disliked to make them a topic of conversation. Still less could he be induced to discourse about any projected and unfinished play. This sort of author's coyness has increased with the lapse of years, and he never permits even his most intimate friends to take a peep into the laboratory of his brain, where the half-formed creations of his imagination are being gradually turned into shape and endowed with life and individuality.

Three dramatic poems, *Brand* (1866), *Peer Gynt* (1867), and *Emperor and Galilean* (planned probably before leaving Norway, but not completed till 1873), belong to the transition period of Ibsen's intellectual and poetic development chronologically coincident with his sojourn in Rome. The first two of these plays are distinctively dramas with a purpose, and portray two different phases of the Norwegian national character. Indeed, they are, strictly speaking, like Goethe's *Faust*, not so much dramas as dramatic poems; more suitable to be read than to be represented on the stage.

Brand is what has been called "the tragedy of the categorical imperative." The protagonist of the play is the stern personification of the uncompromising spirit, which demands "all or nought," and refuses to admit half measures of any kind, or to make the slightest concession to the foibles and infirmities of human nature. He leaves his old mother to die alone without spiritual consolation, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd," because she is unwilling to renounce, before her death, all the earthly possessions which she had accumulated as his inheritance. He sacrifices his wife and

child to an exalted idea of his mission. Even the sad and tender affection which the mother cherishes for the garments of her dead boy he censures as idolatry, and is not content until she gives these sacred souvenirs of her sorrow to a wandering gypsy. The sublime and sterile mountain peaks and glaciers among which he first appears, and finally disappears, symbolize the unattainable and unfruitful heights of his almost superhuman ideals and aspirations. He is the embodiment of an iron will, hard and inflexible, bruising whatever it comes in contact with, and stands in striking contrast to the weak and wishy-washy Norwegian liberals who had excited Ibsen's contempt, and provoked his satire in the melodrama *Norma*.

Peer Gynt, on the other hand, represents the opposite element of weakness in the Norwegian character, namely, the injurious influence of an exuberant and undisciplined fantasy upon the normal growth and proper exercise of the moral faculties. The very first line of the play, in which his angry mother exclaims, "Peer, du lyver!" is the sharp and succinct expression of the qualities of this inveterate liar, and assigns the piece a place in literature by the side of *Corneille's Menteur*, *Goldoni's Bugiardo*, and *La Verdad Sospechosa* of Alarcon y Mendoza. In no other work has Ibsen given such free rein to his merciless sarcasm and caustic humor, and exemplified so fully the Horatian maxim concerning the force and fruitfulness of indignation as a source of poetic inspiration.

Peer is well up in *Jägerlatein*, and the descriptions of his hunting exploits and his ride on the reindeer are worthy of the immortal *Münchhausen*. He is a sturdy youth, and has a strong arm for "drawing a long-bow." He makes himself the hero of every strange adventure he has ever heard of or read about in fairy tales. This kind of illusion, which converts figments of the imagina-

tion into realities, is by no means a rare psychological phenomenon; it is a sort of chronic calenture, which, so far from being confined to mariners exposed to the heat of the tropics, finds its victims among seamen and landsmen alike in every zone.

The action in *Peer Gynt* comprises the whole lifetime of the hero from the beginning of the century to the present day, and the scenes shift with kaleidoscopic facility and variety from the highlands of Norway to the coast of Morocco, the desert of Sahara, the streets of Cairo, the plantations of South Carolina, and back again to the seaports of the Baltic and the German Ocean. These constant changes bring us in contact with all classes and conditions of men, boors, "patches and rude mechanicals," sailors and shippers, wedding guests, old hags and youthful maidens, fairies and trolls, the weird sisters in the guise of herdswomen (*søterjenter*), Bedouins, fellahin, slave-traders, lunatics, thieves, robbers, wandering minstrels; and numerous allegorical persons, such as the English, French, and German types, Master Cotton, Monsieur Ballon, and Herr von Eberkopf. Huhn from Malabar, who advocates a return to the primitive tongue of the orang-outangs, is a caricature of Norwegian purists and linguistic reformers (*maalstræverne*); and the wretched fellah, who carries on his back the mummified corpse of an old Egyptian monarch, is a satire on the Swedes, who are always praising, but never imitating, the heroic achievements of Charles XII.

In 1867, Ibsen's feelings of resentment towards the Swedes for their passive attitude during the Dano-German war were still fresh, and he presents them to us personified in Herr Trum-peterstraale, who limits his activity to wordy protests, and is ever ready to drain his goblet in a *skual* to the Swedish sword, which he has not the courage to wield.

When Monsieur Ballou asks Peer Gynt whether he is a Norseman, he replies, "Yes, by birth, but a cosmopolite in spirit." He then goes on to specify of what elements this cosmopolitanism consists. He made his money in America, and attained the position of a "Cræsus among Charleston's ship-owners" by importing slaves to South Carolina and carrying cargoes of idols to China, with an occasional consignment of missionaries to Asiatic stations; for his well-filled bookshelves he is indebted to "Germany's younger schools;" France provides him with wardrobe and wit; from England he acquired a will to work and a keen sense of his own advantage; from the Jews he learned patience; and Italy taught him the pleasures of idleness and made him an expert in *dolce far niente*.

Peer Gynt, like Dante's Divine Comedy and Goethe's Faust, is a poem which stimulates the commentatorial spirit and opens a field of endless conjecture to expositors, who doubtless discover in it profound philosophical ideas and hidden meanings never dreamed of by the author himself. That its symbolical characters and incidents are often quite obscure, and may sometimes baffle all attempts of the average reader to understand them, even the most enthusiastic admirer of Ibsen must admit. Notwithstanding these serious difficulties and the undeniable technical defects of the play, every page is so pregnant with thought and suggestiveness, every scene turning upon us, as it were, some new facet of the many-faced mirror of modern life, and the whole showing so fully "the very age and the body of the time," that it seems hardly credible that any person of literary taste and ordinary intelligence should find it either dull or wholly unintelligible. Nevertheless, it will probably be a long while before even the most ardent Ibsenite will venture to put this poem into English verse, or a translator will appear possessing

the necessary skill and courage for the successful achievement of such a task. Passarge's German version, published in 1881, and now in a second revised edition, although very creditable to that enthusiastic and indefatigable interpreter of the Norse poet, fails to do justice to the marvelous compactness and vigor of the original. Whether Borch, Herrmann, Strodttmann, Lange, Brausewetter, Caroline von Klingenberg, or any other of the many German translators of Ibsen's dramas would have done the work better is questionable.

It may be proper to state in connection with this that all the German versions of Ibsen's plays are fairly good, and the renderings of the later prose dramas for the most part excellent. The only fault to be found with them is that the translators have taken the liberty of changing the names of many of the *dramatis personæ*, and have thus created unnecessary confusion. There is no reason, for example, why, in The Young Men's League, Lundestad should be transformed into Dransfelt and Lundenburg, or Bratsberg into Malsberg and Steilberg, or Stensgård into Steinhof and Windhof, or Fjeldbo into Felder and Feldmann. There is also nothing gained by calling Torvard Helmer, in A Doll's House, Robert, or Krogstaad, Gunther. In a stage adaptation of The Pillars of Society for a German theatre, Rörilund, the curate, appears as a "school-master," and thus the cloth is saved from a stain in the eyes of the religious public. Years ago, Meyerbeer's Huguenots could be represented in Munich only by transferring the scene of the massacre to Scotland, and making Covenanters the wicked persecutors of Catholics. But one would imagine that the day had gone by when these thin disguises and weak concessions could deceive any one, or serve any other purpose than to render the authors of such pitiable shifts ridiculous. Also in Passarge's translation of Ibsen's miscel-

laneous poems (*Digte*) the celebrated *Balloon Epistle to a Swedish Lady*, written at Dresden in December, 1870, is included; but all the keenest thrusts at Bismarck, Fritz, Blumenthal, Moltke, and Prussia are either carefully omitted, or so completely blunted as not to wound the tenderest susceptibilities of the German people. The poem has all the pith taken out of it, and is thus deprived of whatever literary worth or historical interest it may possess.

Emperor and Galilean is a drama in two parts, entitled *Cæsar's Apostasy and Emperor Julian*. It is by far the longest of Ibsen's works, and some ten or more years elapsed between its inception and completion. Distinct traces of this gradual and often-interrupted process of composition are perceptible in a certain inequality of artistic execution, and can hardly fail to escape the eye of the critical reader. During his four years' sojourn in Rome the poet had this play constantly in mind, and made many historical studies with direct reference to it, but confesses that his point of view was at that time too strictly Scandinavian to enable him to do justice to such a subject. In 1868, he brought his notes and a few fragmentary sketches of scenes with him to Dresden. Then came the Franco-German war of 1870, and the rapid political development and consolidation of Germany. These sudden and startling events exerted in many respects a transforming influence upon him. Heretofore, as he admits, he had looked at human history and human life from a narrow national standpoint. His horizon was now immensely widened and his historical perspective cleared and deepened. The great changes which took place under his eyes in the latter half of the nineteenth century dispersed the northern mist, that had obscured his view of the struggles which agitated the Roman world during the latter half of the fourth century. Under the intellectual impulse

produced by this movement he went to work again on *Emperor and Galilean*, and finished it in 1873.

The extraordinary character and career of the brilliant but somewhat exalted and eccentric Cæsar, whom the Church has unjustly branded as apostate, has always had a peculiar fascination for dramatic poets, especially for those who are fond of studying complicated and conflicting social conditions and spiritual crises in the history of mankind, and solving the puzzling psychological problems which they involve. It is well known that Schiller took, as he says, a "terrible interest" in this imperial personage, whose *Misopogon and Epistles* he requested Goethe to procure for him from the Weimar Library; and one of the best tragedies by the Danish poet Carsten Hauch, a Norwegian by birth, is his *Julian den Frøfaldne*, which was published at Copenhagen in 1866. Ibsen's "world-historical play," as he calls it, is written in prose, and contains many scenes of singularly tragic intensity and power, which would be exceedingly effective on the stage; but, as a whole, it is hardly suitable for representation, and, like *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, was not intended for this purpose. Both from an artistic and dramaturgical point of view, it is, nevertheless, decidedly superior to the work of his countryman and older contemporary. This is especially true of the first part, in which the process of Julian's intellectual growth and evolution is unfolded and traced to its origin in the environment of a corrupt Christian court.

The action in *Peer Gynt*, as we have already seen, embraces the events and experiences of an individual life, and exhibits in succession the follies and vices of an entire generation of men and women. It is an arraignment of modern civilization, in which the poet dumps his general indignation into the vehicle of vigorous dialogue, and thus produces a congeries of vivid scenes and striking

situations, which, however forcible as satire, lacks the dramatic cohesion and consistency essential to a perfect work of art. Indeed, there is in it something akin to the vastness and vagueness of a musical symphony; and one of the finest of recent compositions is Grieg's suite, *Peer Gynt*, Op. 46, containing the themes *Daybreak*, *Aase's Death*, *Anitra's Dance*, and *In the Halls of the King of the Dovre Mountains*.

It is only when properly pruned that the poetic imagination keeps its strength and vitality and bears its finest fruits. "In der Beschränkung," says Goethe, "zeigt sich erst der Meister;" and in no dramatic creations of the present time is this maxim more admirably illustrated and artistic mastery through limitation more completely attained than in Ibsen's later productions.

In a poetic epistle (*et rimbrev*) addressed to a "dear friend," who asked why it is that every one nowadays seems so full of unrest and despondency and dark forebodings, Ibsen replies in parable by describing a richly laden ship setting sail for a distant shore. A fresh breeze bears the stout vessel on her course through the sparkling waves; compass, sextant, and telescope are in perfect order; the freight has been safely stowed by approved stevedores; captain, cook, and steward are each at his post, providing for the security and comfort of the passengers, who have every reason to be cheerful and confident and free from care. But no sooner is the ship at sea than a vague feeling of apprehension begins to prevail; a nameless dread oppresses them all; the slightest incident excites alarm; a flaw of wind, a flapping sail, a wave breaking over the deck, a leaping dolphin, or an albatross suffices to spread consternation. What is the matter? What has happened? Has the ship sprung a leak? Have the provisions failed? Not at all. We are going on as usual, but without hope, or courage, or burst of song: —

"Nej, ingenlunde. Alting går sin gang,
Men uden håb og mod, og uden sang."

The suspicion has arisen among the crew, and has spread from the fore-castle to the cabin, that there is a *corpse on board*.

The poet then applies this seaman's superstition to Europe's ship of state, in which every passenger has his ticket and his bunk and his place at table, all duly regulated and registered. The engine is good, the steam is up, the well-oiled piston works without a jar, the tireless screw beats the billowy brine, a nicely adjusted sail keeps the vessel from rolling, a strong-armed steersman holds her in her course, a vigilant captain walks the bridge and sweeps the horizon with his spyglass: what more is needed for a prosperous voyage? But notwithstanding this apparently fair sailing, there is no lightness or joy in any face, and every soul is weighed down by some heavy burden of anxiety: —

"Man synker sammen, ruger, grubler, lytter
i forlugarer og i pragt-kahytter."

One sultry night, as the poet stood on deck alone "with the stars and the stillness," and looked down through the half-open skylight on the passengers below, statesmen, theologians, learned professors, artists, and authors, each the victim of some form of brooding melancholy and dark presentiment, a voice as of a man in a nightmare came from beneath, and broke upon the ear with the despairing cry, "*There's a corpse on board*:" —

"Jeg tror vi sejler med et lig i lasten!"

In this poem Ibsen strikes with a clear and ringing stroke the fundamental tone of the chord which vibrates in various modulations through all his later dramas, each of which is devoted to the analysis of some single morbid feature of our social and domestic life, and unravels some mesh in the vast web of falsities and hypocrisies, out of which is

woven the conventional vesture of what Paolo Mantegazza calls our "Tartuffian age." From the cradle to the grave, says the Italian professor, we live in an atmosphere of lies, that feed and clothe and flatter us, amuse us when annoyed, soothe us in sorrow, smooth the ruggedness of our pathway through life, and glorify us in funeral orations and necrologies after death.

The first of the remarkable series of realistic plays, upon which Ibsen's reputation chiefly rests, was *The Young Men's League* (*De Unges Forbund*), begun in Rome, and finished during the winter of 1868-69 in Dresden. The scene of the action is the chamberlain Bratsberg's foundry, near an industrial town in southern Norway, and the time the 17th of May, the anniversary of the Norwegian Constitution of 1814. One of the principal characters is the lawyer Stensgård, a political adventurer and agitator of the worst sort, a brazen-faced egotist, shameless and sycophantic, and ever ready to sell the services of his glib tongue to any party that seems for the moment best adapted to further his ambition for office. Low fellows of this type played a prominent part in Norwegian public affairs a quarter of a century ago, and Ibsen performed a patriotic duty by putting them in the pillory. The piece was represented for the first time at Christiania, October 18, 1869, and as vigorously clapped by one faction as it was violently hissed by the other. At a second representation, two days after, the friendly and hostile demonstrations became so vehement that the manager was obliged to appear before the curtain and state that unless quiet were restored the performance would be stopped. There was no further interruption till the middle of the fourth act, where Bastian Monsen exclaims to Stensgård, "Don't you know what the nation is? The nation is the people,— the common people; those who have nothing and are nothing; those who are

bound in servitude;" and Stensgård replies, "What, the deuce! is that for tomfoolery?" Thereupon the storm of partisan feeling broke out anew, and continued to vent itself in mingled applause and cat-calls until the curtain dropped; and long after the gas was extinguished and the doors of the theatre were closed, the streets echoed with the voices of angry and excited disputants.

Ibsen visited Stockholm in the summer of 1869, and passed a few weeks at Copenhagen in the following year; but while this controversy was waging in the theatre and the press at Christiania, he was on the banks of the Nile, as the honored guest of the Khedive at the opening of the Suez Canal. In some verses entitled *At Port Said*, he expresses his indignation at the manner in which the poetic mirror he had polished should have been smutched in his native land:—

"Det digt-spejl, jeg pudsede
for mandlige tøjter,
var hjemme smudset
af stænk fra fløjter."

His play was criticised not as a work of art, but as a political pamphlet, and bandied about in the dusty arena of party strife. In the summer of 1874, however, when he paid a first visit to Norway after a ten years' absence, he not only received the warmest welcome from all classes and factions, but *The Young Men's League* was also given in his honor, and enthusiastically applauded, without a single dissenting hiss, from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same. It was on this occasion that the students of the University brought him an ovation in the form of a "banner-procession," in response to which he made a short but exceedingly interesting autobiographical speech, setting forth his personal relations to his countrymen, his intellectual relations to his dramas, and his general conception of the functions and mission of the poet. "It was a long time," he said,

“before my eyes were opened to the fact that poetizing is essentially seeing.” The office of the poet is therefore identical with that of the seer, and does not expend itself in mere singing; although simply as a master of rhythm and rhyme, Ibsen has few equals among his contemporaries. His lyrics and early dramas show a marvelous facility in the purely mechanical part of poetical composition; but he never attached much value to this faculty, and, to the regret of some of his admirers, has in late years let it fall into abeyance. “Life,” he says elsewhere, “is war with the trolls that haunt the heart and the brain, and poetizing is holding doomsday over one’s self.” He would agree with Emerson, that the exercise of this sort of seership is

“No jingling serenader’s art,
No tinkling of piano-strings,”

but demands an earnest and exalted purpose, and

“Must smite the chords rudely and hard,
As with hammer or with mace.”

“Liberty, equality, and fraternity,” says Ibsen, “are no longer what they were in the days of the beatified guillotine. This is something which the politicians fail to comprehend, and therefore I hate them. Men wish only to effect partial external and political revolutions; but this is sheer nonsense. What is needed is a revolution of the spirit of man. . . . I would gladly take part in a revolution to abolish the state, but feel no interest and have no faith in revolutions which aim merely to reform it.” In his lines addressed To my Friend the Revolutionary Orator, he comes to the conclusion that it would be better to lay a torpedo under the ark than to attempt to steer the clumsy and leaky craft away from its shoaly moorings into the deep waters of the ocean. Not only is “the state the curse of the individual,” as in Prussia, where “the serving-man makes the best soldier,” and is therefore the most valuable citizen, but

all social and domestic institutions which hamper the free growth and proper development of the personality are evil, and should be set aside.

Hitherto in the world’s history women have suffered most from this tyranny of the community and the family, and it is their revolt against it, in some of its manifold and most illusive forms, that is portrayed in Ibsen’s plays. In *Brand* the artist Einar treats Agnes as a pretty little butterfly, which he has caught in a net; and she hovers about him, perfectly happy in this relation, and only anxious lest her dainty wings may be too roughly touched, until she meets a man of heroic spirit in the protagonist of the drama, and perceives by contrast the real contemptibleness of her craven-hearted lover. This conception of woman as a soulless toy and amusing automaton is most drastically expressed by Peer Gynt in the scene in which he makes love after his fashion to the Bedouin maiden Anitra, who is not to have any will or thoughts or purposes of her own, but is to live and move and have her being in him:—

“Hele du, hver trevl og tomme,
uden vilje, ja, og nej,
vil jeg vide fyldt af mig.”

Stensgård, in *The Young Men’s League*, regards marriage solely as a means of social advantage and political preferment; and it is otherwise a matter of indifference to him whether he forms a matrimonial alliance with the honorable and aristocratic Bratsberg or with the rich and rascally upstart Monsen, or leads the grocer’s widow, Madame Rundholm, to the altar. In the third act of the same play, the episodic outburst of indignation with which Selma, the wife of Erik Bratsberg, astonishes her husband and his family is a sudden thunderclap, prophetic of the storm that is gathering on the horizon, and is destined to beat upon A Doll’s House and bring it to its fall. “Oh, how you have maltreated me!” she

exclaims, — “shamefully maltreated me, all of you together! You have always compelled me to receive, and never permitted me to give. You have never required the least sacrifice of me, nor laid upon me the slightest weight of care. When I asked to share your burdens, you put me off with a flattering jest. How I hate and detest you! You have brought me up to be dandled like a doll, and to be played with as one plays with a child.”

It is in this wise that Ibsen, while solving one social or psychological problem, often suggests another, and touches, as it were, in passing, upon some topic which he makes the theme of a subsequent drama. As Selma foreshadows Nora, so, in *A Doll's House*, the half-jesting allusion of Dr. Rank to his “poor, innocent spine, which has to pay the penalty of the dissipations of his father when he was a gay lieutenant,” forebodes the dreadful fate of Oswald Alving, in *Ghosts*. The little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, reappears, and, overspreading the sky and shutting out the sun, fills the whole scene with darkness and impenetrable gloom.

Helen Alving, following the advice of Pastor Manders, with his narrow, pharisaic sense of duty, does not dare to obey the dictates of her better womanly instincts, and do what a commonplace, conventional standard of morality censures Nora for having done; and the consequences of such an act of treachery and apostasy to her nobler and purer self are traced in this fearful tragedy. Her return to her dissolute husband not only involves a life of hypocrisy and deceit, but also transmits a taint of insanity to her only son, who was the “worm-eaten” fruit of this reunion. Never was the doctrine of the vicarious expiation of sin and the predestination of the guiltless to damnation, through heredity, brought home to the hearts and consciences of men more powerfully than in this play. It is

Calvinism, with the implacable law of descent substituted for the arbitrary will of God. The “ghosts” which are here encountered are not the vulgar spooks of superstition nor the visioned spectres of the imagination, but the foul goblins which are bred in the blood, and haunt a man's posterity as inherited tendencies and ineradicable taints, and drive his children's children, generation after generation, to suicide or the madhouse. They are no mere phantoms, but dread realities, as distinctly recognized by science as the microbes of cholera or the bacilli of rabies, but far more insidiously destructive in their devastations, and beyond the reach of any prophylactic.

As the mother detects in her son the first symptoms of his father's vicious propensities, “Ghosts!” she exclaims. Oswald now stands before her the incarnation of the deceased Captain Alving, from whose corrupting companionship she had so carefully shielded him. Subsequently, in her conversation with Pastor Manders, she adds: “I am inclined to think we are all ghosts. It is not only what we have inherited from our fathers and mothers that walks with us: it is all sorts of dead ideas and old beliefs and the like, which have lost all their vitality for us, but which cling to us nevertheless, so that we cannot get rid of them. If I take up a newspaper, I seem to see ghosts gliding between the lines as I read it. There must be ghosts all over the country, as thick as the sands of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light.” Pastor Manders is horrified at such sentiments, and attributes them to “the detestable, incendiary, freethinking books” she has been reading. “You are mistaken, my dear pastor,” she replies. “It was you yourself who set me thinking, and I thank you for it.” “I?” cries the astonished clergyman. “Yes,” retorts the lady; “when you forced me into the bonds of what you

called duty and obligation, and praised as right and proper what my whole soul rebelled against and looked upon with loathing. Then it was that I wished to test your teaching on my own seam. I meant to undo only a single stitch, but when I had loosened that the whole thing raveled out, and I saw that it was all mere machine-sewing!"

Thus we clothe ourselves in a web of conventional and traditional opinions, and fondly imagine we are clad in mail; but at the first rip or rent produced by rough contact with the realities of life the shoddy texture goes to pieces, and leaves us with hardly a shred to hide our nakedness.

It is the utterance of such sentiments on the part of Mrs. Alving that has caused Ibsen to be denounced as a nihilist, and has contributed not a little to put Ghosts under the ban of the police in Germany. The poet, in a private letter, emphatically protests against this attempt to hold him responsible for the views expressed by the persons of his dramas, and especially by the characters in this play. The introduction of the author's private opinions into the dialogue, he says, is forbidden by the essential nature and technical structure of such a work, and would defeat his purpose by preventing the reader or spectator from receiving the strong impression of actuality which it is his aim to produce. "My poem," he adds, "does not preach nihilism nor any other ism. Indeed, it does not undertake to preach at all. It indicates that with us, as everywhere, nihilistic ideas are working and worming under the surface. If true to modern life, it could not be otherwise."

The popular conception of a poet as a person on a par with a lunatic, subject to ecstatic fits, and productive only in rare exalted moods, when his

"Eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

does not find its realization in Ibsen. There is nothing spasmodic in the manifestations of his genius, and no posing, as one possessed, on the Pythian tripod. Not only are all his habits of life, his outgoings and his incomings, remarkably regular, but also his methods of work are as strict and systematic as those of any man of science. A vigorous and well-preserved natural constitution prevents any loss of time from bodily ailments, and a certain sternness of reserve effectually wards off all intrusions of lionism and vulgar tuft-hunting. His plans, therefore, seldom suffer interruption, and are carried to completion without hasting and without resting. The casual reader would scarcely suspect what an amount of careful study and conscientious use of the critical file the compact structure of his dramas and the admirable simplicity of his dialogue imply. He moves slowly, but with a firm step which never sinks into a slouch.

Each play goes through three stages of elaboration, or rather of evolution, before it is finished. In the first draught, which is rapidly outlined, his characters are chance acquaintances, such as one might fall in with on a railway train. He does not know them well, but the conversation, although only touching the surface of things, interests him, and he jots down any little remarks they may make. Day after day, however, he walks and talks with them and thinks about them, at each interview getting a clearer and deeper insight into their qualities, until they are, to use his own comparison, like persons whom he has associated with for a month or six weeks at a watering-place. Then comes the second draught of the play, in which the traits of the several persons appear more distinctly marked; they are no longer mere shadows of names, but real men and women, each with an individuality of his or her own. He is now on such an intimate footing with them that they

begin to reveal themselves to him without reserve, and have no longer any surprises for him. He reads them like a book; they are open volumes to him; he looks into the innermost recesses of their hearts and knows their most secret thoughts; they can do nothing which he does not foresee, nor deceive him as to the motives of their actions. At this stage the third and final draught is made. The finished manuscript is a model of neatness and legibility, not a single blot or erasure marring the beauty of the page. His chirography is a fair index of his intellectual character, clean, upright and downright, and a little rigid withal. His process of thinking is as direct and straightforward and free from all obliquity and slovenliness as his penmanship.

Ibsen is biennial in his poetic productivity, but, unlike his botanical prototypes, does not exhaust his fruitfulness in a single bearing. The Pillars of Society (*Sanfundets Støtter*) appeared in 1877, *A Doll's House* (*Et Dukkehjem*¹) in 1879, *Ghosts* (*Gengangere*) in 1881, *An Enemy of the People* (*En Folkefiende*) in 1882, *The Wild Duck* (*Vildanden*) in 1884, *Rosmersholm* in 1886, and *The Lady of the Sea* (*Fruen fra Havet*) in 1888. Another drama is due in 1890, and will appear with the punctuality of a planet just before the Christmas holidays. The only break in this regular chronological sequence is the publication of *An Enemy of the People* in 1882; but the shorter interval in this case was due to the extreme provocation excited by the manner in which *Ghosts* had been received.

In this drama Ibsen had shown how our physical and spiritual life may be poisoned at its sources, which are none the less pestilential because they are concealed by a fair hymeneal altar, erected

by the state, consecrated by the church, and adorned and adored by society. Woe to the man who dares to lay a sacrilegious hand upon this shrine, or to suggest that a filthy mantled pool of corruption may be hidden beneath it, exhaling noxious vapors, whose virus the odor of burning incense may disguise, but cannot disinfect! Such was the position in which Ibsen was placed by the publication of *Ghosts*; the dramatic allegory of the pestiferous aqueduct in *An Enemy of the People* was his self-defense and vindication.

Dr. Stockmann discovers that the springs of the baths of which he is the medical director are badly contaminated, and that this corruption has its origin chiefly in the tanneries of his father-in-law, Morten Kiil. His brother Peter is also burgomaster of the town. Like an honest man, whom no personal, pecuniary, or family considerations can bribe, he at once makes his discovery known, and expects, as a matter of course, that his fellow-citizens will all approve of his conduct, and aid him in removing the evil at any cost. At a public meeting, which he had called for the purpose of making a full statement of the case, he is refused a hearing, and by a formal resolution, unanimously adopted, is branded as "an enemy of the people." His indignation at such unworthy treatment finally breaks forth in fierce denunciations of society in general, of which the filth under the bath-rooms is only a fitting symbol. "I have made a discovery," he declares, "of infinitely greater moment than the trivial fact that our water-works are poisoned, and that our hygienic establishment is built upon a pestiferous soil." It is "the discovery that all the spiritual wellsprings of our life are poisoned, and that our whole civic society rests upon a soil

¹ *Et Dukkehjem* should be translated *A Doll Home*, or perhaps a still better rendering would be *A Puppet Home*. It might even be admissible to use the homely equivalent, *A*

Baby House. For the sake of convenience and to avoid confusion, however, the play is referred to in the present paper by the title of the English version, *A Doll's House*.

infected with the pestilence of lies." Furthermore, the channel by which these lies are conveyed and the contagion spread is "the compact majority, this cursed compact liberal majority, — the most dangerous foe of truth and freedom." "The majority has unfortunately the might, but not the right. The minority is always right."

Thus, in the progress of the play, a little watering-place on the southern coast of Norway becomes typical of modern society and civilization. This transition, in the fourth act, from the symbol to the thing signified adds immensely to the psychological scope and moral purpose of the drama, however much it may disturb its artistic unity by the introduction of what appears to be another theme. In *An Enemy of the People*, we again meet two of the most contemptible characters of *The Young Men's League*. The unscrupulous demagogue Stensgård has fulfilled Lundestad's prediction and risen to the highest position in the state, and the wretched Aslaksen has become a wealthy and worthy householder, and figures as an enterprising publicist and influential citizen. The success of these rascals is a striking illustration of the truth of Dr. Stockmann's statements, and lends additional force to his denunciations.

Interesting, too, is the manner in which Ibsen often touches upon some topic or settles some theory, incidentally, in a single paragraph. Thus the remark of Petra's younger brother, that she must have many sins on her conscience, because she is always so industrious, since the preacher says that work is imposed upon us as a penalty for sin, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a whole system of theology, so far as it is based upon the doctrine that labor is a curse.

Dr. Stockmann is the embodiment of perfect truthfulness and plain-speaking, and the fearlessness with which he performs his painful duty excites our sincere sympathy and admiration; but that

such a line of conduct has its limitations is shown in *The Wild Duck*. The tragic consequences of extreme candor are exhibited in Gregers Werle, who, from the best of motives, makes it his mission in the world to set up an ideal standard of right doing and right living, to which every one must conform at all hazards. In his endeavors to emancipate and enable his friends by freeing them from all self-deceptions and beneficent illusions, he destroys their domestic happiness, and plunges them still deeper into the slough out of which he would fain lift them.

The antipodes of Gregers Werle is Dr. Relling, who holds the world to be such a wretched place and men such contemptible creatures that they can live and thrive only in an atmosphere of lies. Illusions are absolutely essential to human happiness, and the unfortunate persons who are so poor as to have none should be provided with them by their friends. If Molvig and Hjalmar Ekdal are fair specimens of average humanity, Relling's cynical pessimism is fully justified, and the greatest charity to one's fellow-men is to prevent them from coming to a thorough knowledge of themselves.

When Ibsen visited Norway in the summer of 1885, it seemed to him as though the land were inhabited, "not by two million human beings, but by two million cats and dogs." Political antitheses had degenerated into personal antipathies, and calumny was the favorite weapon of controversy. Mere differences of opinion concerning matters of church or state sufficed to sever the closest bonds of kinship, and to convert the most intimate friends into the bitterest foes. This rupture of the most sacred domestic and social relations by the fanatical spirit of partisanship is admirably set forth in *Rosmersholm*, in which Rector Kroll, who asperses the moral character of Parson Rosmer on account of the latter's change of views,

is the type of conservatism and orthodoxy, and the time-serving Peter Mortensgård and the brilliant but dissolute Ulric Brendel, who is in the last stages of financial, intellectual, and moral seediness, and ready to accept alms of all sorts, from a pair of old boots to a bundle of "cast-off ideals," represent the triumphant radicalism of that period. But the chief dramatic and psychological interest of the play centres in the noble-minded and naive ex-pastor Rosmer and the energetic and unscrupulous *intrigante* Rebecca West, the moral of whose expiatory death is the elevating and transforming power of a love which has become gradually purged from every taint of selfishness and sensuality, and, when put to the test, gladly proves its worthiness by supreme self-sacrifice.

In *The Lady of the Sea* we have the solution of the puzzling problem that ruffled for a moment the placid spirit of Selma in *The Young Men's League*, and so sternly confronted Nora in *A Doll's House* and Helen Alving in *Ghosts*. Had Dr. Wrangel been an egotistic prig like Torvald Helmer, Elvida, too, would have abandoned her home and followed the mysterious mariner, who returned to claim her as his bride. But in her case the "miracle" of manly love, which Nora had so confidently and vainly expected to see revealed in the character and conduct of her husband, is wrought. Instead of rudely asserting his marital authority, and bidding her remember that she is first of all his wife and the mother of his children, he gently lifts the galling conjugal yoke from her neck and gives her back her liberty. The perfect freedom of choice awakens a lively sense of responsibility such as no mere matrimonial

thrall could ever feel, and brings with it a clearness of perception and strength of will which enable her to perceive and to pursue the right course without the slightest vacillation. The hypnotic spell, which could not be broken at another's behest, dissolves like the mists of the fiord in the presence of a self-reliant personality. Peculiar, too, is the part which nature plays in Ibsen's dramas. As in *Brand* the mountains symbolize the aspirations of the emancipated and enlightened intellect, so here the sea is the mystic emblem of the soul's striving to free itself from the fetters of common conventional life.

The charge of immorality which some good people have urged against these works is due either to a false conception of morality, or to an utter misapprehension of the nature and purpose of the works themselves. The accusation is as absurd as the Neapolitan's denunciation of doctors as the originators and disseminators of cholera, thus branding them as the authors of the ills which they only detect and would fain prevent. According to the doctrine of evolution, the greatest sin one can commit is the neglect of one's own highest culture and development. It is this ethical corollary to modern science that Ibsen accepts as the only firm foundation of morals, and illustrates and inculcates in his dramas. What he insists upon is the sacredness of the individual. It is at this shrine, which the state, the church, and society have hitherto so recklessly and ruthlessly desecrated, that he pays his devout homage. Here, too, he recognizes no distinction of sex. In this respect, he is the most radical living apostle of "the emancipation of woman" in the truest sense of the much-abused phrase.

F. P. Evans.

FELICIA.

VIII.

So long the silence continued, so strangely did it all at once seem imbued with a momentous meaning, that there was evident trepidation underlying the impatience in Felicia's voice when she again spoke.

"What is your profession?" she asked.

"Felicia," said Kennett, looking into her eyes, "I am a singer. That is my profession."

"A singer?" she repeated, vaguely. "Do you mean a professional singer? In opera?"

"Yes."

She gazed at him blankly.

"Now that I think of it," he continued, "I cannot remember ever mentioning it. But how could I dream that you did not understand! The name is so well known. It is placarded on every blank wall; it is in every newspaper."

He glanced about him, observed the programme she had thrown, with her hat, on the table, rose suddenly, and walked swiftly across the room. As her eyes followed him, she realized now that a quality which she had thought a natural gift — his grace, a certain deftness and suppleness of movement and attitude, and even his appropriateness of manner — was only the prosaic result of professional training in gait and pose; a sordid acquisition, worked for, paid for; part of a stock in trade, an available asset.

It was with a certain inconsequence that because of this utilitarian value she felt, in the midst of the whirl of emotion in which she was abruptly involved, a definite sharp pang, — she, whose talent in what might be called the art of deportment had also been assiduously

cultivated for merely ornamental purposes. Her sudden chagrin that he was thus deprived of an endowment of æsthetic worth, with which her respectful estimate had invested him, was only a sentimental grief, but at the moment it was almost a sense of bereavement.

He returned to his place with the programme in his hand, and showed her that printed opposite to Prince Roderic was the name of Hugh Kennett.

"You never heard of me?" he asked.

There are many degrees in notability. He could hardly realize it, but she never had.

"It is strange that you never heard of me," he said, meditatively. "Did they never take you to the opera, when you were at school here in New York?"

"They took us to the Italian opera on Patti nights, and when there were other great stars, and they often took us to the German opera," said Felicia, "but they did n't seem to — well — to think a great deal of English light opera."

He was a polite man, and, what is more to the purpose, he was in love. He did not openly sneer, "Fine judges!" but there was much of resentful protest in the sarcastic gleam in his eye.

"You did not know me, then, this afternoon, in costume?" he resumed.

"No," said Felicia, faintly.

"And you did not recognize my voice?"

"No; I never heard you sing."

"But sometimes there is speaking."

"I remember that once or twice when he spoke — when *you* spoke — I was affected strangely, but I only thought it was a marvelous resemblance. I did not dream of anything more. How could I! Then the singing recommenced, and I began to think about — about something else. I did not even look at that programme. My mind was ab-

sorbed. I did not notice anything very much."

"I thought I spoke of my profession to your brother, the evening I was introduced to him, though I had no definite intention. I supposed he knew all about it, as a matter of course."

"You merely mentioned business."

After a pause he said: —

"I knew *you* this afternoon, in a moment, among all those people. As soon as the performance was over I changed my dress as quickly as possible, and hurried to the street in the hope of seeing you. And when you said to your young friend that you were infatuated with the tenor I overheard it. I thought you felt that you had treated me badly in not answering my letter, and wanted me to hear it. I thought you said it under a sudden impulse to make amends."

"Oh, no, no. It was only a jest, — a very poor jest. I did n't imagine that *you* were the tenor. It was the merest accident."

There was another pause. Then he took her hand. "You are not going to let this come between us?" he said. "There are singers — and singers. I have a very respectable place. I may say without vanity that I stand high. I expect to stand much higher."

He lifted his head with a quick movement; his eyes were alight.

"I shall do some good work!" he exclaimed, the tense vibration of elation in his strong, expressive voice. "Some day I shall sing the great Wagnerian tenor rôles as they have never yet been sung. I don't talk and boast beforehand, but I will do much to be proud of. So far I have only lacked fair opportunities, but they will come; and I am ready for them."

That latent capacity for expression, ordinarily not more than suggested in his severely regular features, was distinctly manifest now. His face was transfigured with the light, the hope, the exultation, upon it. He wore the look of

a man on the verge of achievement, — perchance on the threshold of some discovery in physics which was to revolutionize mechanical science; or thus, perhaps, might look a general suddenly evolving a feat of strategy whereby the enemy would be surrounded, a statesman holding the destiny of a nation in his hand.

So intent of purpose, so prescient of success, so reverent of faith in the worthiness of those aims he held dear, was his face with that expression upon it, she might only gaze at him in wonder.

For she? She had as much of fashionable musical feeling as might remain to her of her fashionable musical education. She might speak knowingly, in the estimation of unmusical people, of notable productions. If in those moonlit evening talks they had ever chanced on the subject, it might have amused him to have heard her prattle enriched by such expressions as "tone color," "close harmony," "technique," "phrasing," "contrapuntal effect." In her naive assumption of dilettanteism she was perfectly sincere. With the happy confidence of ignorance she fancied she knew something of the art; she even had some faint idea that as a science it held certain values, perhaps important values; she was aware that there are schools and movements in varied directions; she apprehended, too, that there is an ascending scale in lyric achievement, — gradations, for example, between the rôles of Nanki Poo, Don Cæsar, Manrico, Vasco di Gama, and Lohengrin. But in essentials, regarded from the sensible and mundane vantage-ground of a fine social position, with the conservatism and common sense of its atmosphere and traditions, what did this amount to? They were all tenor rôles, the possibility of an aspiration infinitely removed from any sympathies, except of a purely æsthetic and impersonal sort, which she might be expected

to entertain. That such achievement might be the serious ambition, invested with force, dignity, absorption, of an earnest nature, endowed with a highly intelligent, even a highly intellectual organization; that such a goal could be lifted to so elevated a plane of endeavor, she first realized from the look in his face.

That exultant look passed. He drew a long sigh.

"Ah, well," he said, his eyes seeking hers with a smile, "a wise man will not forecast futurity. We had best confine our attention just now to the present; that is simple and practical. The present, as it happens, is sufficiently satisfactory. I am in demand with managers. I get a good salary. As to the profession" — He hesitated; his color rose. "I don't apologize for the profession. I am not ashamed of it. Although I am a singer, I hope I am a gentleman."

Felicia withdrew her hand from his. "Don't argue it with me," she said. "Let me think it out and decide for myself."

She crossed the room to the window, and stood leaning against the frame, while he sat silent, watching her. It was well for his peace that he did not realize the struggle in the mind of Madame Sevier's pupil and John Hamilton's sister. To be gayly and impersonally infatuated with the tenor was one thing; to be in love with the man was a different and a much more complicated matter. Her natural bent and the acquired influences that had made her what she was placed her in revolt against this culmination. The atmosphere she had breathed was as aristocratic as the free air of a republic can be. She understood remarkably well — especially considering the fact that she had never known their deprivation — the worth of an established position in society, the value of fortune, its subtler as well as its practical value. Heretofore she had

been unaware that she had gauged these things, — one does not consciously appraise the air one breathes. Now that it was brought before her she could accede to the proposition without fully realizing it, that outside her world there was a world with other standards of excellence, other estimates of values, other objects of ambition. It might be a very talented, highly artistic world, but it was not hers. The John Hamiltons, the Mrs. Stanley-Brants, the Madame Seviers, the Mrs. Graftons, — the code they exemplified, the life they typified, the status they expressed, — these made her world. And even in this alien sphere of his he was not eminent; he was merely a notable member of a moderately meritorious organization. In a crisis like this dormant intuitions abruptly develop into knowledge. She was suddenly aware that there are many gradations in that world whose existence she had ignored. He evidently stood high in a certain line, but his line was not high; possibly he would never reach anything higher; and he would devote all his powers to the attempt. What an ambition! What a future! To consecrate his varied and excellent capacities to success in a pursuit at its best grotesquely unworthy of them and of him! Could she share a life pledged like this? Her pride was on fire.

"Would you be willing to give it up?" she asked, without turning her head.

"My profession?" he said, wonderingly.

She assented. There was a pause.

"Do you realize what you ask?" he replied at last. "I cannot give it up. It is my living. I am fitted for nothing else. I have been in training for fifteen years."

Again she was silent, and he marveled that she should take it so hard. He was becoming a great man in his world, — so like, yet so unlike, her world. He was applauded and praised by the public,

held in respect by the magnates of his craft, admired by his associates, revered by those below him, whose ambition it was to have at some auspicious future the opportunity to imitate him. He was as far from comprehending the issues which led to contemptuous aversion of his vocation as she was from comprehending those which led to pride in it. When he spoke, she detected something in his voice she had never before heard.

"I cannot understand why you object so seriously," he said.

She kept her head turned persistently from him. She promised herself that she would not be influenced. She would not be touched by his sense of injury, his wounded pride. It had come to a choice, — that was evident; she could not hope he would relinquish his profession. And the choice should be a deliberate one.

The stealthy wind was rising, hardly distinguishable above the muffled noises on the streets; the air was saturated with a heavy moisture; the mist was accented at intervals by the yellow blur of the invisible lamps; faint lightnings, fitful, vague, like indefinite, piteous phantoms, skulked across the black sky. And ever the treacherous wind was rising.

She must choose. To give him up? That meant a great deal. She realized her inordinate sensitiveness to the disposition and temperament of those near to her. To be comprehended thoroughly; to be her truest self without effort, explanation, or qualification; to discover in another mind and heart the complement of her own thought and feeling; to experience, in thus sharing the thought or feeling of that other mind and heart, its deeper, fuller development; to delight in the delight which her presence, her words, her glances, could give; to find her exacting taste satisfied, her intellectual nature met on its own level; to feel the hours imbued with a happiness that never palled, the fulfillment of

a joyous expectation, — this was what those weeks of early summer had given her. Having once known so perfect an accord, vouchsafed to few even of the most fortunate of mortals, could she, did she dare voluntarily to relinquish it? The recollection of all she had endured during their separation surged over her in a wave of bitterness. She remembered, too, how needlessly and cruelly it had been enhanced. But she said to herself she would be dispassionate; she would admit that her brother had great cause for annoyance, disappointment, even dismay, — he could hardly have felt these more acutely than she had done this evening; his wife might well be distressed. But what of the conciliation due from a brother who loves his sister; what of the sympathy one woman gives another woman's heartache! She resolutely withdrew her thoughts from this branch of the subject; she would not risk her happiness, she declared to herself, to be revenged on John and Sophie by making a marriage they would bitterly deprecate. They should not influence her. The decision involved only her future and Hugh Kennett's. No other consideration should have weight.

How should she decide? To give him up? Could she do it? To marry him? To place in controversy the human heart and the implacable forces of conventionality? — it was a dangerous experiment.

The rain was falling heavily and the wind was loud at last. Then as to the menace that the future held, as to the pallid potentialities of regret, disappointment, despair, could these vague gleams, slipping about the horizon, contend against the effulgence of love and hope? Only a room bounded by four walls, or a realm vast as the universe? Now darkness had come, and the prophecy of winter was on the turbulent air; or were light and summer here, and all sweet promises and dreams?

When she suddenly turned, there was a strange commingling of expressions on her expressive face; that tumult of thought and perplexity which had torn her with a sort of mental anguish, and had stamped her features with its intensity and its trouble, was still upon them. But a radiance was dawning in her eyes, and an amazed delight that this feeling which she could not conquer was stronger than her will. She held out her hands to him. "I cannot give you up," she said, simply. "I thought I could — and I cannot."

That night Kennett sang and acted like a man inspired. His elaborate stage training, which had been a conspicuous element in the excellence of his work heretofore, was now merely a subservient adjunct — valuable, but imperceptible — to the fiery and tender exaltation which possessed him.

"Oh, Lord! if you're going to keep this up, Kennett, you'll walk over the course away from all of us," said young Preston, during one of the waits, as, arrayed in ruby-tinted velvet, he threw himself into a chair in Kennett's dressing-room, and elevated his feet to the back of another chair. He lifted a glass to his lips and drained it with a grace of gesture that would have done justice to '28 port, but it was only beer.

"Kennett must be a little tight," said Abbott, dryly. "A man is always at his best when he is a little tight."

Kennett only laughed. He was a notable figure as he stood among them, gay and triumphant, and with brilliant eyes. Small wonder that Felicia had not recognized him in costume. That which had met the requirement of her stringent taste, a certain neutrality, a conservatism, gave him the look of an unobtrusive and serious man, and had even rendered inconspicuous certain qualities of his personality, — the regularity of his features, his symmetry and grace of figure and gait; for the stage hero these had a market value, and were

brought out and accented by his Auburn wig, his r $\acute{o$ uge, his slashed black-and-gold costume, his long, supple, easy stage stride.

IX.

Judge Hamilton reached New York the next morning.

In comparison with his father, John Hamilton might be deemed meek. There was a strong likeness between the two in appearance; the elder man being a trifle more florid, stout, bald, and hale than the younger. What little hair he possessed, however, was gray; his mustache was short, bristling, and white; he was more vehement and rapid of speech; he had an emphatic gesture of his right hand brought down upon the open palm of the left which the son had not yet acquired. He also had a habit, in excitement, of throwing back his head, widening his eyes, and dilating his nostrils, which were flexible and open, with a sound resembling a snort of indignation or of intense affirmation. At such moments he suggested a horse subjected to unusual cerebral activity.

When, his shaggy white eyebrows contracted over his big, indignant dark eyes, he listened to the reasons which led to the summer "pleasuring," his first impulse was to settle accounts with his unlucky son.

"I thought it was better to take her away from there," said John, concluding his report. "I thought that perhaps in changing about from place to place she would lose interest in the fellow, and may be forget him."

The old gentleman, when his son ceased, bounded from his chair with an elasticity wonderful in a man of his years and weight. He was almost inarticulate in his wrath, as he dashed about the room; accenting his words by a sounding thump on the floor with his stick, and now and then facing round on his anxious son.

“By the Lord Harry,” he roared, “you ought to be in the lunatic asylum, sir! You ought to have a guardian appointed, sir! You are not fit to manage your own affairs! Any man who can’t take better care than that of a girl like Felicia ought n’t to be trusted with business.”

He stood still suddenly, beating out the words impressively on the marble-topped table; and the decanters and glasses — ordered by his son in the hope of a mollifying preparatory influence — rang with the vibrations.

“Good Lord, sir, I would n’t have believed it! I send my daughter — the best child in the world, and the most docile — to your house to make you a visit, because you and Sophie insist on having her, and because it is dull for her at home, and you let her fall in love with an *oper-y* singer!”

It is beyond the possibility of the printer’s art to intimate the scorn which the old gentleman infused into these words. He spoke them, too, with a certain remarkable nasal, rustic drawl, suggestive of extremely rural regions. Perhaps he had picked it up in his canvasses in the more remote counties of his circuit. Whenever he chose, in scorn and anger, to affect this tone, it always made his daughter wince with a disapprobation that was nearly akin to pain. He was an able lawyer, a logical reasoner, an intellectual man, accustomed to good society, but occasionally, in some crisis of temper, his personation of an ignorant country boor would have been useful in the profession he contemned.

“An *oper-y* singer,” he drawled; “light *oper-y*! Comic *oper-y*, I suppose. They tell me that’s lower than the other kind. Comic *oper-y*! Mighty comical, I’ll swear! And you have the grit to tell me that you and Sophie hope it will not amount to anything serious! It’s damned serious! And you tell me you hope he’ll disappear from here, do you? A man, too, with a sort of claim,

— kin to that blamed fool Bob Raymond! Kin to the pa’son, sir, — kin, in a sort of way, to her cousin Amy. And you *invited* the man to call! You found out nothing about him, — his business, his character, his habits, his friends! You only *invited* him — a *perfect stranger* — to your house — just because he was kin to dear cousin Bob, the pa’son! Then you took yourself off to Dakota next morning, and he came to the house every day or so! Met a girl like Felicia mighty near every day! And you hope a fellow with that much chance and that much claim will never be heard of any more! God bless you, John, what a fool you are!”

It might be supposed from these strictures that the old gentleman’s wrath would soon exhaust itself. Such an expectation would be based on a very slight knowledge of the resources of his temper. He shared none of John’s ideas as to the policy of non-explanations. Almost his first words to his daughter were on this subject. She came in with delight to meet him, having for a moment dashed aside her anxieties. She threw herself into his arms, with tears in her eyes. There was great fondness between them. He petted and spoiled her, rebuked and praised her, lavishly, inconsistently, and inconsiderately; and his demonstrative and tyrannical affection had never seemed to her so precious as now.

“See here, Felicia,” he exclaimed, after a hurried kiss and a tremendous hug, “what’s all this they tell me about their having introduced strangers to you? When did you see that fellow Kennett?”

Perhaps it was the courage of desperation which nerved her to reply with calmness: “I saw him yesterday afternoon, papa.”

Though Judge Hamilton became purple with wrath, he cast a glance of triumph at his son, — a glance which said bitterly, “What did I tell you?”

"I find that the man is an opera singer. Did you know that?" he demanded.

"I have known it only since yesterday," said Felicia.

"Ah — um — is that the case? Well, I don't blame you," with a gulp; the old gentleman was trying to be just. "But he is not an appropriate acquaintance for you. It is a low business, — comic opera is."

"I dislike it as much as you do," said Felicia, in a low tone.

"That's a reasonable girl. I thought you would look at it that way," said Judge Hamilton, with great approbation. "Yes, yes, it's a low business; don't wonder you disapprove of anybody connected with it. You shall not meet that man again."

"I don't think I can promise you that, papa," said Felicia, still more faintly. "I am going to marry him."

The color suddenly left Judge Hamilton's face, then surged back in a deeply crimson tide. "Hey! hey!" he demanded, as if he doubted his sense of hearing.

At this moment, after his customary annunciatory tap, the brisk bell-boy entered with a card, which he handed to Judge Hamilton. Then he stood still, awaiting instructions.

Judge Hamilton hurriedly examined his pocket for his spectacle-case. He did not find it, and with a growl of impatience he gave the card to his son, for the benefit of his younger eyes. One glance at John's perturbed countenance as he read the name was sufficient.

"That's the man, is it?" said the old gentleman, sharply. "Yes, I thought so. Show him in, you, sir!" He glared at the startled bell-boy with a fierceness intended for Kennett. "Show him in immediately!"

As the servant vanished he walked up and down the room in a sort of angry elation. "I'll settle this matter at once!" he cried. "Stay where you are,

Felicia," for she had risen to make her escape. "Sit down," he ordered, peremptorily. "I intend to put an end to this affair; I'll settle it." He thumped the floor with his thick cane, in his excitement.

At the sound of the opening door, Judge Hamilton faced about suddenly. The sedate, almost saturnine gentleman on the threshold did not accord with his idea of an opera singer in private life. His mental ideal was of a more pronounced type. However, he stepped quickly to the middle of the room. The hand holding his stick was trembling violently; his eyes were very fierce.

"If I am not mistaken, sir, your name is Kennett," he began. "Yes, I thought so. Now, sir, I am a man of few words, — a plain man. I am told you have been visiting my daughter. I don't approve of it. I won't have it. I know nothing against you personally, but I won't have an opera singer among her acquaintance. You will be so good as to discontinue your calls."

John Hamilton, now that he was relieved of the responsibility of the crisis, was able to look at Kennett, at this trying moment, with a certain dispassionate criticism impossible earlier; and in this calmer mood he marveled at Felicia's infatuation. No man could fully gauge another man's power in a matter of this sort, he reflected, but, making all allowance, what could she see in this fellow? He looked like an honest man, with the proclivities of a gentleman, of somewhat more than average intelligence. It was perhaps the best which might be said for him that his was a lucid nature, with a certain dignity, a certain strength. Surely this was not remarkable; there were doubtless hundreds and thousands of men equal to him in these respects, in the conventional walks of life. How had she happened to fancy the man? She was not a fool to be attracted merely by the tawdry glitter appertaining to his vocation. What a commentary on

the perversity of women that she, with her ultra-fastidious notions, should be seized upon by an infatuation like this, without even the absurd excuse of dash, romance, fascination, in its object to explain it!

Judge Hamilton's look and tone, in their arrogance, their intolerance, were hard to endure without protest more or less insistent, but the habit of self-management had been the business of Kennett's life; the exercise of tact, of policy, was a daily necessity. It was with a judicious admixture of firmness, of self-respect, and of respect for Judge Hamilton's seniority that he replied.

"Your daughter has promised to marry me," he said, "and I shall use every effort to induce her to keep her promise."

Judge Hamilton shifted his hand from the head of his cane, and, grasping it in the middle, brandished it with a wildly threatening motion.

"But I tell you, sir, I won't have it!" he exclaimed, in a stentorian roar.

"She has promised to marry me," repeated the young man.

Is every able jury lawyer an actor as well; has he something of that wonderful faculty which can instantaneously master a situation, experience an emotion, gauge and apportion its reflex action upon the natures of others; or was there hidden away in Judge Hamilton's intellectual being an exceptional gift of which he was half unconscious? His face suddenly cleared; he let his cane slip through his fingers, which lightly tightened upon the gold head; he gently tapped the floor; he nodded two or three times, with an expression denoting perfect faith in his own words.

"She will never do it," he said. "She will marry no man without my consent." He turned upon his daughter a beautiful look of tenderness and confidence. "She is fond of her old father," he added, simply.

It was a fine touch and very well

done; all the actor's sensitive perceptions made Kennett keenly alive to its artistic merits. The others, less discriminating, were more emotionally, and consequently more vividly impressed. Evidently this had told heavily against him. He was beginning to lose his calmness; he attempted to argue.

"If her happiness is at stake," he said eagerly, "does it not occur to you that my personal character is a matter worthy of some consideration? I think a little inquiry would satisfy you on this score. I can"—

"I need inquire no further, sir, than your business," returned Judge Hamilton, lapsing into anger. "To me it is intolerable, unendurable. Allow my daughter to marry a singer, an operatic singer! Sir, I would not for one moment entertain the idea."

If he could have stopped here, the affair might even yet have adjusted itself on his basis. Since that fine little stroke of delicate sentiment his daughter had grown white; there were tears on her cheek. He loved her so,—her father,—and she *was* fond of him; what must she do,—what must she do?

When, however, Judge Hamilton's astuteness and his temper were weighed in the balance, the chances were in favor of the temper as the more definite element. It shortly effaced the impression his tact had produced.

"There are other considerations"—persisted Kennett.

"Can't you take No for an answer?" interrupted the old gentleman, aggressively. "There is no use in discussing the matter."

Kennett turned suddenly to Felicia. His self-possession was gone at last. She had never thought to see him so shaken. His voice was strained; the hand that held his hat was trembling; the look of appeal he bent upon her, charged with a sort of helplessness in significant contrast with his strength as she had known him heretofore, was very

potent with the woman who loved him. Her heart beat fast; she looked at him piteously.

"I will take my answer only from you, Felicia," he said.

The tone in which he pronounced her name, the fact that he dared utter her name at all, set the old gentleman's blood boiling. He again grasped his cane in the centre and made a hurried stride forward; then he turned sharply and fixed his angry eyes on his daughter.

"Give him his answer," he commanded; "his answer is *No!*"

She made no reply.

"I will be obeyed, Felicia!" he thundered. "Send the man about his affairs! Give him his answer; his answer is *No!* You *shall* obey me! Send him away — or I'll disinherit you — I'll write my will this night, and cut you off without a cent!"

"Lord, Lord!" groaned John, in his corner. "To threaten a girl like Felicia! And he calls me a lunatic!" But John groaned this reflection very *sotto voce* indeed.

Felicia had risen; her color had come back in a brilliant spot on either cheek; her eyes were bright.

"You bring money into this discussion, papa," she said. "I will not obey you for such a reason. I will not send him away so that I may inherit your money. I feel very well satisfied that he will take care of me. Besides," she added proudly, "I am not a beggar. I have my own property that mamma's father left me."

The old gentleman glared at her in a baffled way during this defiance, and as she concluded he gave a loud snort of scorn and anger.

"Lord, yes," he exclaimed, contemptuously, "you have got that! I'd lost sight of that vast estate. Oh, yes, you've got your mother's share."

"And you can leave your money to whom you please. I don't want it!" cried Felicia, unappeasable now.

In this spirit of mutual defiance the contest was waged afterward. There was no more of softening on either side. Felicia could not forgive her father's threat of disinheritance; it had kindled even more resentment than John's mistaken and disingenuous policy of silent antagonism. Judge Hamilton, on his side, could not forgive her infatuation, and it held for him the element of dismayed astonishment. He was one of those men whose critical faculty is not disarmed by partiality. His very fondness for his daughter made him keenly alert to her faults, and he had decided, upon what he deemed abundant evidence, that a pronounced worldly-mindedness was one of those faults, — that she had an undue appreciation of a fine establishment, of the newest and most desirable attainment in equipage, diamonds, laces, the triumphs of the dressmaker's and milliner's arts. He desired that she should enjoy these good and valuable things, that she should appreciate them fully, and yet that she should in some sort spiritually ignore them. The reverse danger, the unreasoning relinquishment of all this gilded and refined mammon, he had not felt called upon to fear.

In this emergency he took Madame Sevier into his confidence. His feeling toward this lady was somewhat contradictory. When, ten years before, he had opened his eyes to the fact that his daughter was growing into a tall, dreamy, awkward girl, extremely fond of books and abnormally ignorant of everything else, he selected a notable French boarding-school as offering the influences likely to ward off the danger that she would develop into a desultorily intellectual and socially untrained woman. With the result of the experiment he was not altogether satisfied; yet he could hardly say what was lacking. She was, as he desired, educated, yet not over-educated; her taste was schooled, her social gifts were cultivated; she had a good French and Italian ac-

cent, and spoke both languages fluently; she sang and played on the piano and harp very creditably, according to the authorities, — he admitted his incapacity to judge in this regard; she understood life and society, — there was no doubt about that. Sometimes he called the vague fault he felt in this product of Madame Sevier's civilization frivolity; sometimes, vanity, petty-mindedness, artificiality. It did not occur to him that he had desired an impossibility: worldly training with simplicity, intellect without its self-assertion, social culture without its imperative demands and its intolerance. He was as greatly surprised that the moderately near approximation to his ideal which his daughter embodied should not be content with the society of Blankburg divinity students, thus negating her intellectual tendencies, as that she should ignore her worldly training by giving a serious thought to a man in Hugh Kennett's position in life. He forgot now all that he had said in disapprobation of Madame Sevier, her methods and achievement, and turned to her for aid, as he had done ten years before.

She gave him her most ardent sympathy, — who feels another's woe so keenly as one whose own interest is also involved? She threw up her hands; she elevated her fine gray eyes, her delicate black eyebrows, and her thin, expressive shoulders. And she said, with the intensest and most sincere feeling, "A-h-h, mais mon Dieu, c'est trop fort!" An eloquent dismay was depicted on every feature: on the curves of her short upper lip; on the thin dilating nostrils of her classic nose; in the flush that overspread the clear pallor of her complexion; on the delicate network of wrinkles that corrugated her frowning brow, and extended to the dense black hair which she dared to dress, in this day of curls and bangs, in the fashion of forty years ago, — in soft loose waves on each side of her broad low forehead. Her favorite pupil, the show

young lady of the Institute, who had been with her for ten years, whom she was accustomed to point out as an exemplification of what she and the Institute could do, — her *Félicité*, of whom she was so fond and so proud, — to marry a singer in light opera, and thus reinforce the fascinations of the stage hero for silly school-girls! She, the model, the intellectual, — it would have surprised Alfred Grafton, the extent to which Felicia's intellectuality was esteemed at the Institute, — she, the clear-headed, the solid-minded! Ah-h-h! such an example to the other young ladies! What could Madame Sevier do but call upon her *bon Dieu*, maintain that this was *affreux*, and promise to see Felicia at once?

She was eminently calculated to influence Felicia. The magnetism of her presence, her superior mental qualities, the adroitness of her tact, the graceful tenderness of her demonstrations of affection, the force of long association, all conspired to bring their strength to any cause she might espouse. This time, however, she was too thoroughly interested to avail herself fully of these aids. Her tact at a moment of peril was not equal to her earnestness, — which affords gratifying evidence of the sincerity inherent in the human soul. Beyond this Madame Sevier was at a disadvantage. An argument which can be supported only by commonplace truisms — so obvious that nobody denies them — is necessarily weak. She could only declare in varied phrase that marriage is a serious matter; that a freak, a passing fancy, should not be allowed to jeopardize solid happiness; that only in romances is emotion the all in all of existence. It might have been better if she had stopped here, but —

"Ah, ma chère, c'est trop affreux! Only reflect. How public! how notorious! And your father and brother are so violent, so imprudent. Ah-h-h, my dear, these family storms will be heard

of. You are notable. The Institute is so notable! There will be paragraphs. Ah, yes, indeed; the reporters are hungry for items. Paragraphs in the newspapers about the beautiful heiress, a former pupil of the well-known Sevier Institute, who is bent on marrying a singer! What an *esclandre!* Ah, just Heaven! I would not have that happen for a great deal. Give it up, my dear Felicia. Think of the Institute! Think of ME!"

It may be doubted if Judge Hamilton's partisan did his cause much service.

So strained and unnatural a situation could not long remain unchanged. It was radically and very suddenly altered one afternoon, when Felicia walked down to the public parlor of the hotel, met Hugh Kennett, and accompanied him to St. — Church, where they were quietly married.

In an hour thereafter, Judge Hamilton, his son, Sophie, and the children had left New York; the two gentlemen metaphorically shaking the dust from their indignant feet, and literally bestowing hearty maledictions on the devoted city and all it contained.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

A WANDERING SCHOLAR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

JOHANNES BUTZBACH of Miltenberg, named, after the Latinizing fashion of the time, "Piemontanus," belonged to the group of Humanist scholars and writers, whose influence in the Germany of the latter half of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth century rose steadily in importance, until it was carried away and lost sight of in the much stronger movement of the Reformation. The writings of the school are characterized, as are those of the Italian authors of the Renaissance, to whom the German Humanists correspond, by a passionate return to the study of the Latin and Greek classics, neglected during the Middle Ages for the philosophy of the Schoolmen and St. Augustine. That other chief trait of the Renaissance, the renewed interest in nature and closer observation of its processes, is to be found in them, too, and comes like a ray of sunlight to lighten many a dusty page. If it is to be detected less frequently, on the whole, than might have been expected, it only lightens the brighter when, in some *naïveté* of opinion or bit of fresh description, it finds

its way to the surface of the author's thought.

With such contemporaries as Erasmus of Rotterdam, Johannes Reuchlin, Wilibald Pirckheimer, and Sebastian Brandt, our Butzbach cannot be said to have held a leading place in the thought of his day; yet it is certain that, for the right understanding of the life of that day, he has left behind a work that is surpassed in importance by no one of those of his more distinguished colleagues. This little book, called by him *Hodoporicon*, or the Book of Travels, was written for his half-brother, Philip Drunck, as an encouragement in his studies, and contains the account of his wanderings in Germany and Bohemia as the *Schütz*, or fag, of a roving scholar. It presents so fresh and admirable a picture of the times, besides abounding in the elements for an exciting romance, and displaying on almost every page the gentle, sympathetic character of the author, that it has seemed to me worth while to give some little account of it to English readers. Johann's brother, Philip, had begged for a narrative

in German; but Piemontanus, true to his classical tendencies, wrote it in Latin, telling his brother that to read it in this language would be a far better gain to his cultivation. The original manuscript exists still, with Butzbach's other writings, in the University Library at Bonn; but a translation into German was made, in 1869, by D. J. Becker, and of this I have availed myself in the following pages.

Butzbach was born in Miltenberg, a town on the river Main, in 1477. His father was a weaver, and his parents were so poor that before the birth of his sister, hardly a year later, he was given over to the care of a wealthy aunt, to be brought up at her expense. When five years old he was sent to school, although, as he expresses it, "hardly able to speak intelligibly." Sugar-plums and honey-cakes were persuasive arguments with him at first, but later the birch rod had to be unsparingly applied before he could be induced to enter the school-room. At the end of some four years the good aunt died, mourned by all the orphans and poor of the neighborhood. Johannes, or Hans, as he was called then, was sent back to his parents; his uncle taking another wife, who quickly brought him to ruin. Hans was old enough to feel his aunt's loss deeply, but no small consolation, he confesses, was the reflection that now he would escape having to go to school. This, however, was not to be, for his parents decided to keep him on at the school. For a while he managed to outwit them, concealing himself every day in a boat on the river-bank, and remaining there until school was out and it became time to go home. Whenever he met the school-master, and was asked the cause of his absence, he had some story to tell of being kept at home to help his mother in the housework. One day a piece of inadvertency betrayed him, and the long course of his deception came to light. Forgetful of the fact that it was

a Friday, he replied to the school-master's usual question that his mother had kept him to put the meat to the fire. The lie was transparent, in those days before Luther had enunciated his doctrine of dining well when the Church ordered a fast, in order to accentuate an intellectual independence, and the young scapegrace was severely flogged. As long as the marks of the flogging remained visible on his back he was more circumspect, but a day came when the last one had disappeared, and then he relapsed into his evil habits. His parents discovered that he was repeating to them the Latin words already learned instead of new ones, and inquiry among the other scholars convinced them that he had been "dodging" again. So his mother took him, one morning, by the collar, and marched him into the school-room, where he was turned over to an under-teacher ("hireling," the boys called him), to be treated according to the law. This man was of a cruel disposition, who, for his part in this affair, was afterward degraded to a jailer, as having shown a nature better fitted to deal with criminals. He made Hans strip off his clothes, and bound him fast to a post, while he beat him so unmercifully with birch rods that the blood flowed from wounds all over his body. The screams of the unfortunate lad brought his mother back to the school-room door; but she was not allowed to come in, and the other scholars were kept singing a hymn to drown her threats of having the school-master prosecuted.

Hans did not return to the school after this. A university student, the son of a neighbor, proposed to his father to take the boy with him on a pilgrimage to the principal schools of Germany, promising that he would learn more in this way in a short time than in long years in the school at home. It was the custom then, as it is to a certain extent to the present day, in Germany, for students to visit more than one institution

of learning before completing their education. They wandered about, in those days, from school to school, receiving the name of "Bacchantes;" probably a corruption, as Mr. Becker suggests, of the German *Vagabund*. These students were commonly accompanied by much younger boys, often mere children, whom they employed to steal and run errands for them; allowing them, in return, to pick up such crumbs of knowledge as might fall from their masters' not too well-laden tables. Butzbach says, in one place, that he does not remember ever to have learned a word of Latin from his protector; and his instruction in every other branch of useful knowledge, it is safe to say, was just as little. On the other hand, he learned, as the sequel will show, to beg, lie, and steal, although he was no apt pupil. It was to such a preceptor that Johann's father, the simple weaver, caught by fair words and big promises, entrusted his son, then a boy of twelve. The little fellow was delighted with the prospect of change held out to him, persuading himself that the roadside hedges were made of roast sausage, and the houses thatched with pancakes,—a truly German picture of felicity. Only when the day of parting had come did he realize how hard it was to leave his comfortable home for a world about which his expectations might prove delusory. His father, much affected, read him a long lecture, containing much sensible advice, upon his conduct in the future, and then, filling a tankard with wine, bade him take the first sip, whereupon all the rest of the family, his relations, and the student followed in turn. This done, his father kissed him good-by, and retired to pray; all the rest of the family, with a delegation of playfellows from the school, accompanying him to the town gate. Here more good-bys were said, and all turned back except his mother, who kept on along the country road, giving him many parting bits of advice, interrupted by heavy

sobs. At last, when the sun was getting low in the sky, the student bade the good woman go back and comfort her husband, or she would cause them to be late at the inn they must reach by nightfall. In bitter grief the mother and son took leave of each other, turning back as they went in opposite directions, to keep one another in sight as long as the road would allow it. That night, at the inn, the student entertained some relations with the money given him by Johann's father, while his little *protégé* went supperless to a corner behind the stove, where he was permitted to pass the night. Hans was now fairly launched in the world, and he found it a hard one.

At evening on the third day, after a weary foot-journey, they arrived before the walls of Nuremberg, which, with its many tall spires and houses, seemed to Hans not a city, but a whole world. They stopped a few moments to rest before entering the gates, and the student gave Hans his instructions: to keep up with him, not lagging behind, as he had done on the road; to refrain from gaping at the high-gabled houses; and to answer no questions that might be asked him in the town. On their way through the streets they were met by a throng of students, who gathered around Hans, wishing to know whether he were one of them. Receiving no reply, they put their hands to their heads in imitation of asses' ears, and followed him thus to the inn where the student was to put up for the night. Here they ceased jeering, and broke out into loud praises of their school, calling it the best in Germany. The student, however, discovering that the town was full of merchants from Miltenberg, and fearing that his charge might find opportunity to desert him, decided to start early on the following morning for Bamberg. On the way thither they passed through Forchheim, whose inhabitants boasted, with an exaggeration of local patriotism,

that it was the birthplace of Pontius Pilate. Bamberg, with its great cathedral, made a deep impression upon our hero, who quotes a page of Latin verse in its honor. Reception at the school here was denied them by the rector, on account of the too great number of scholars, and they were forced to return to Nuremberg. From here they wandered farther into Bavaria, in search of a school not too crowded to receive them. Johann soon discovered that his protector avoided the great schools, where he would have been set hard at work, and indeed preferred, so long as the money held out, to change about from place to place, luxuriating in his idleness. Two months having now gone by since their departure from Miltenberg, there was little money left, and Hans was obliged to beg for bread in every village that lay upon their road. The method employed by the student was as follows: Having sent Hans ahead, he skirted the houses of the village, and awaited his pupil at a point on the road beyond. If the boy returned with empty hands, he was severely beaten, and threatened with worse in the future; if he brought anything with him, the student disposed of it himself, leaving for his follower hardly so much as would be given a dog. In order to satisfy himself that the lad had taken nothing on the way, he pursued a plan commonly in use among the students of that day. This consisted in compelling the wretched youth to rinse his mouth with warm water, and then subjecting the water to a scrupulous examination. If any small particles of food were found to linger there, his punishment was a hard one. The kind-hearted farmers' wives, touched at the sight of so small a boy traveling alone, often took him into their houses, and made much of him; but if he accepted the warm food offered him, he was sure to suffer for it when he rejoined his tormentor. The mud in these village streets was

often so thick that the little fellow stuck fast in it, and was unable to move forward or backward. The savage dogs were another danger, and he relates that more than once he would have been torn to pieces if it had not been for the timely intervention of some passing inhabitants.

Traveling in this way, they crossed the Bohemian frontier, and came to the town of Kaaden, where they were received into the school, and assigned to a single room, which was soon uncomfortably crowded by the arrival of two Vienna students with their attendant "fags." With his two small companions in misery, Hans begged and slaved for his master all day, and climbed at night to a sort of wooden shelf over the stove, where the three were obliged to huddle together to keep warm. One night he fell in his sleep from this precarious resting-place, and was soundly beaten next day for some injury done the stove by his fall. Not being able to satisfy his master's luxurious tastes by begging, he was called upon to commit small thefts; and when he refused, he was exposed to inhuman cruelties and torment. When the snow had disappeared, and the fields were beginning to show green again, they moved on to a place called Komotau, where Hans first made the acquaintance of the Protestant heretics, already very numerous in Bohemia. The plague was raging here, and they were obliged to continue their journey to Maschau, a little town ruled over by a bloodthirsty count. Hans interrupts the thread of his story to relate the misdeeds of this tyrant, who, he tells us, was materially assisted in his deviltries by a thorough understanding of the black art. Still more wonderful than the count's own performances were those of his tame bear, which intelligent animal, going on its own understanding, apparently unassisted by black art, undertook the rescue of a prisoner from a most desperate situa-

tion, and as a reward for its success was sentenced to be hunted as a common wild beast. Refusing to take part in its own degradation, it was shot by the hunters, as it sat at the base of a tree, with its front paws extended in the position of a suppliant. For this and other dastardly acts, the count seems to have deserved his reputation, and Butzbach remarks with entire justice, "However noble this man may have been by race, in his soul he was more uncultured than the roughest peasant."

Begging was doubly difficult in Bohemia by reason of Johann's ignorance of the language. Having asked a school-fellow for the polite form in which to address a woman, the wretch took advantage of the opportunity to play a practical joke, by teaching him some unseemly expression. He had occasion, soon afterward, to make use of it, and the young woman he addressed was so angry that she seized the nearest chair and flung it at his head. In his haste to escape, he trod upon two young geese, trampling them to death, — a circumstance that did not tend to excuse his conduct. This young woman, he afterward discovered, was the sister of the youth who had practiced upon his credulity. Thus was guilt revisited upon its author in a manner that happens seldom in this unpoetic world.

Johann's protector was happiest in a school of small boys, where his bodily strength was accepted as a sufficient guarantee of his intellectual eminence. The outbreak of the plague in Maschau, however, soon drove them off; and on the way back to Eger, where there was a good school, they stopped for nearly three weeks to bathe in some wonderful warm springs, now the famous watering place Carlsbad. In Eger they were admitted to the school, and received outside help from a rich couple whose children they were to assist in their studies. Here, at last, Johann might have hoped to enjoy something like rest and advan-

tage, had not the student determined to render his lot uncomfortable. "It is not befitting," so said his tormentor, "that a fag like you should find in a foreign land such speedy advancement, and enjoy all at once better days than your master." Accordingly, he was sublet to two other students, for whom he was required to procure food on the same hard terms. Rebelling against this, he was stripped of his clothes, beaten with birches, and left naked over night. Unable to endure the hard treatment any longer, he fled to the house of the rich merchant whose children were his fellow-pupils, and begged for protection against his persecutors. The rich man accorded it, and drove back a band of students that assembled before his house to effect the capture of the young prisoner. But the students found means to let Johann know that his life would not be safe if he tarried longer in Eger, and the little fellow took the first opportunity of running away, and managed to reach Carlsbad in safety. Here he met two other children, who told him that their protectors had been hanged for theft.

The break between Johann and the student was a definite one, and they never met again. Butzbach, on his return to his own country, heard of him once, as a dissolute, idle fellow, who had brought his studies to no good; but he had never ventured to show himself in Miltenberg, where his father had come to a bad end, and where his own reputation had preceded him.

But in breaking away from the student Johann had also cut adrift from his studies. He found himself, a child of twelve, alone in a foreign land; and he was not destined to return to the life of study, as a preparation to which he had already made so many sacrifices, until he was twenty-one. In the meantime a life full of adventure and uncertainty opened before him. He began it as a waiter at the inn of Carlsbad; but

he had not been there more than a few weeks before he was carried off by a Bohemian nobleman to a country estate, where he learned to speak the language and to act as squire to his master. A friend of this nobleman, a "very bad heretic," Butzbach calls him, begged and received him as a gift; but Hans found services expected of him to which he could not reconcile his conscience, and lost no time in escaping back to his first master. This man also sometimes found the youngster's conscience inconvenient, and once, as a punishment, confiscated all his clothes, and refused to return them until he offered some stolen article as fair equivalent. Once again, in the absence of the master, the servants gave themselves up to riotous living; and in order to throw the suspicion upon him, they filled his pockets with almonds and raisins, which, when he was discovered eating them, led to his being beaten by four peasants until the blood came. Much of his time was spent on horseback, but his natural timidity rendered this more a torment than a pleasure. He was often thrown, he tells us, by the horse barking itself against the trees, and no less frequently flogged for refusing to gallop. The woods, in those days, were infested by robbers, and the master, when he had a journey to make, gave strict orders that he should be followed, whether he decided for flight or fight. He was apt to try resistance at first; but when the robbers got out their shrill whistles, with which they summoned the rest of the band, he called on his followers to put spurs to their horses and lend all their energy to escape. The description of one of these ruffians accords not badly with the ideas obtained from the stage costuming of the present day. "He had," says the chronicle, "a long sword in his right hand, a shorter broadsword in his left, a double axe on his back, and a coat of mail about his shoulders."

The next event in Johann's life was his transference, as a "little present," to

a certain Pan¹ Shefforsyt, who took him to his estate, about six miles distant from the city of Prague. A visit to Prague, soon after his arrival here, is made the occasion of a long digression concerning the customs and manners of the Bohemians, with some scanty references to their history taken from other books, particularly from the well-known account of Æneas Silvius. The reigning sovereign, at the time of Butzbach's visit, was Ladislaus II., a Catholic prince, whose efforts against the prevailing heresy were so moderate as to bring him into suspicion among the leaders of the Church. He died in 1516, after a reign of forty-five years. Butzbach has much to say of a splendid monastery, then already in ruins, on the bank of the Moldau, the walls of which contained the entire Bible in the Bohemian tongue. Of the language, he says it was supposed to be one of the seventy-two in use at the Tower of Babel, and hence the oldest of the Slavic tongues. The Bohemians value it so highly that all the sacred books are translated and all religious services held in it. As examples, he subjoins copies of the Creed and Pater Noster, with an accompanying injunction to his brother not to laugh at the gibberish of the tongue, but to remember that the subject-matter is sacred. The people, he says, when praying, spread out their hands to heaven, and do not use beads. They seldom pray for the dead, and admit children and simple persons to communion. Holy water is not in use. "The main articles of their heresy," he remarks, "they are supposed to have from the gospel commentary of a certain Englishman, John Wycliffe, to which articles others, such as Johann and Hieronymus Huss, contributed later." After some quotations from Æneas Silvius, he goes on: "In earthly goods they have much good fortune and prosperity. What they have to hope for in heaven is a matter of grave

¹ "Pan" is the Bohemian for "Mr."

doubt ;" and he adds the pious wish that they may turn from their errors, and help restore the old Bohemia, which was once one of the brightest gems in the Church's diadem. In the matter of fasting they are as particular as the most devout adherents of the old Church. "A Bohemian," says Butzbach, "is as bold to steal a horse out of the stable as to eat an egg on Friday," and they abstain from milk not only every Friday, but throughout Lent.

Of worldly goods, as has been already remarked, the Bohemians had a generous share. Butzbach is quite amazed at the fatness of the land, and the amount of food consumed daily by even the poorest of the population. "A pig in Bohemia," he says, "gets more saffron to eat in a year than a man in Germany in his whole life." No one had less than four dishes at dinner, and the same number again at tea, and bread and cheese with milk were eaten as vesper-bread between the two. The very wealthy were frequently so weighted with their own corpulence as to be obliged, if they would stand upright, to keep themselves bound about with tight bandages. Beer and wine were both produced in the country, but the wine imported from Hungary was preferred. "Old beer" was made so thick that it could be used for glue. Some barrels of jellified beer were found once in excavating a cellar that had fallen in, and the substance, after the crust had been bored through and then restored to liquid form, is pronounced by Butzbach to have been the best drink ever known. The system of "treating" and drinking healths was not in force, and our author notes that there was much more moderation in drinking than in eating. It was a custom among the peasants to come to town to eat white bread and drink beer until their appetites were satisfied, when they would begin to hum gently, gradually increasing the noise until it resembled the whinnying of a horse. Even the nobles

indulged in this last practice, and when, in the presence of women, they wished to be gallant, they knew no better way than by careering about on their horses, uttering these mad sounds. The women, apparently, found it very amusing, and encouraged them in the wildest excesses. In the cities serenades were popular, and the nights were full of hideous discords, but this practice was less affected among the nobility. The dress of the peasants was of some simple kind of cloth, and instead of wearing shoes they bound the feet and legs with pieces of hide, which were fastened under the knee with straw. Women and girls wore bright neckerchiefs and ribbons with gold thread in them. In winter they wore long body-coats of fur, sometimes with capes or hoods. The city folk wore long clothes and tall fox-skin caps, under which their hair fell in curls, or else was gathered in with bands of linen or ribbons. Both men and women were very careful of their hair, and wore it as long as possible. The country was very cold in winter, and the pine-board houses were kept warm by great stone ovens. When, in the morning, fire was lighted in these, the family withdrew into the open air, until the smoke had had a chance to dissipate itself through the open windows and door. Pine torches placed in metal holders supplied the interior with light.

Hans remained with this master for three years, and then left him to become a retainer of the Lord of Chulm. By the country folk he was kindly treated, going by the title, accorded out of deference to his foreign origin, of "Mr." Hans, but from his master he had many hard words to endure. In his new position, he came promptly into disfavor through his obstinate refusal to recognize the woman with whom his master lived as lawful lady of the house. In the absence of any better pretext, offense was taken at his distributing the crumbs that remained on the table to the wash-

erwoman's children, and he was deprived of his best clothes and put under watch. In this emergency he had recourse to a witch, who advised him on the best means of escape. She told him that the journey would take a day and a night, and must be made on the back of a black cow. He was sorely tempted to accept her assistance; but fear of being injured by the devil, and possibly reluctance to mount the cow, led him to refuse. At Easter, in order that he might make a proper appearance before the guests expected at the castle, his clothes were returned to him. He had, however, little opportunity of making use of them. A few days later, he accompanied one of the family to a neighboring town, where he fell in with a German pilgrim returning to his own country. Forgetful of his duties, he follows this man, enthralled by his conversation, beyond the town gates. It is now too late to return, and a heavy punishment, no doubt, awaits him on the morrow. He puts his case to the pilgrim, and is advised by him to "take his legs on his shoulders" and flee in the opposite direction. Hans quickly makes up his mind for flight, and reaches that night the house of a pious tanner, who takes him in and washes the dust from his feet. Through him he sends back, the next day, some silk he had been commissioned to buy for one of the ladies of the house.

From this point he made his way by slow stages, stopping often to gain his livelihood by serving as weaver, as tanner's apprentice, and as butcher's boy, to the German frontier. By the butcher he was not released from his employment until he could procure a lamb as compensation. At Brûx, on the frontier, he engaged himself as an interpreter. He returned to Germany after five years' absence, not as a doctor, or even a Latin scholar, but as a barbarian, with long blond hair down to his waist, and outlandish clothes and manners. From

Carlsbad to Nuremberg he traveled in a private coach, having hoodwinked the driver with a false account of his wealthy parents in Miltenberg, who had received the Emperor at their house, and would pay him well for his pains in providing for their son's transport. Arrived at Nuremberg, the man wished to take him the rest of the way, and Hans only escaped by a lucky accident the embarrassment involved in this plan. An old patron insisted upon the driver's conveying his family and himself back to Carlsbad. It was arranged, therefore, that the driver should visit Miltenberg later to claim his reward, in the mean time entrusting his young charge to the care of some Miltenberg merchants then tarrying in Nuremberg. Some of these were old friends of Butzbach's father, and, on receiving a hint from the young man, lent a valued corroboration to his story. From them he heard of his father's death, but his grief was so violent and despairing that they quieted him by declaring that the news was false. On arriving at Miltenberg, he learned that his father had been dead for five years, and that his mother had been remarried for a period almost as long. His stepfather received him kindly, and he found that his mother had never forgotten her love for her first-born. They cut his hair, gave him new clothes, and sent him to church to partake of his first communion.

It was determined, after a little, that Johann should be educated to the tailor's trade, and he was sent, accordingly, to Aschaffenburg for his apprenticeship; six gold guildens and twenty ells of cloth being paid to a masterman tailor for his support. Here he was kept busy from three in the morning till ten at night, attention to the housework being included among his duties. The presence of the court at the castle gave the tailor plenty of work, and Butzbach complains of the "coats of arms, embroidery, and all kinds of foppish finery" that so much increased the difficulty of their profes-

sion. One practice he notes, common, he tells us, to all tailors of the time, which met with the reprobation of his conscience. This is what was called "filling the eye," the eye being a large basket kept under the table to receive the scraps of cloth cut off with the shears. The tailors always assured their customers that there was not enough of the material left "to fill an eye with;" meaning, of course, the basket, but being understood literally. Johann was also made to steal wax from the church candles, — an operation naturally repugnant to his firm religious instincts. He left Aschaffenburg as soon as he was well grounded in his trade, going to Frankfurt and Mayence. At the latter place he was engaged as lay-brother tailor to the monks of St. John the Baptist at the Johannisberg monastery in the Rheingau. The worldly tailor, his predecessor, had turned out a thief, and the monks were glad to obtain a good workman to dwell with them, and to take part in the household service. His duties, beside tailoring, were to draw water and buy eggs; and he was required, at times, to do errands in the neighboring towns. The routine was very severe, all being obliged to rise every morning at four to attend chapel, and to maintain in the dormitory and at table a silence broken only by reading aloud from the Bible. A violation of the rules on the part of any brother was punished by deprivation of the two cups of wine allotted him each day. The quiet life at this place, affording him leisure for reflection, and the influence of men given to habits of scholarship, awakened in Butzbach a fierce desire to return to those paths of learning in which it had been intended that his course should lie; and this desire, strengthening with time, induced him at length to leave the monastery and proceed to Deventer, in the Netherlands, where Alexander Hegius, the teacher of Erasmus, was then conduct-

ing his celebrated school. Johann, now a tall youth of twenty-one, was assigned to the seventh class, with the little boys; but he was too poor to remain, and was forced to return to Johannisberg. He had settled down to the old life, not indeed contentedly, but with some degree of resignation, when a visit from his mother brought him a new and unexpected hope of release. The good woman could not resign herself to her son's remaining a common lay brother, and had undertaken the journey to bring him money and to entreat the abbot to allow him to depart. Her prayers were of no avail, and she was obliged to return without having accomplished her object. Johann, however, persevered in his supplications after her departure; and the abbot, moved by his steadfastness of purpose, and the hunger after knowledge to which he confessed, finally relented and gave his permission. "Go, then, my son, in the name of the Lord," he said at parting; "the wish of thy mother shall be fulfilled. Apply thy energy and diligence to thy studies, and bring them to completion. Then return to us, and the order is open to thee."

Light of heart, Johann left the monastery, and returned to his home before setting forth on his second journey to the Low Countries. All were delighted at the step he was about to take. His stepfather presented him with five gulden, and not deeming this sufficient demanded from his wife the coin he had given her as an engagement gift. On her refusal to surrender it, he lost his temper, and after giving her a beating took it away from her by force, and presented it to Johann. The young man took it in order to avoid a new disturbance, but gave it back to his mother in secret. The father afterwards came to his senses, and all parted in amity. At the school Johann rose quickly from the eighth to the sixth class, and came by Easter to the fifth. He lived in the house of a very pious spinster, by name

Gutta Kortenhorff, who took in penniless students and gave them their board for charity's sake. This extraordinary woman not only wore a hair shirt next to her body, but carried besides a heavy chain, as a sort of perpetual penance. Like St. Francis of Assisi, she took delight in nursing patients suffering under the most loathsome complaints, and carried her devotion to the extent of kissing the most revolting sores. Young Butzbach suffered almost continually, during his stay at Deventer. Disease, extreme poverty, and the severity of the weather brought him a succession of troubles that made life little better than a torment. Often he was on the point of renouncing his studies, and returning to the monastery without the qualifications for his admission into the order; but something always intervened to change his purpose. About a year after his entrance into the school, it was a swollen foot that prevented him from carrying out a plan of running away. He remained, and advanced to the fourth class; and from this he passed to the third, taught at this time by the celebrated Master Bartholomæus of Cologne, who, although already renowned, continued to pass his nights in studying, "like an ignorant person," and steadfastly refused all titles of distinction; declaring such things to be the empty adornments of knowledge which the wise man knew how to do without.

Butzbach was still in the third class, under the careful training of Master Bartholomæus, when the "Pater Econom" of the abbey of Laach came to Deventer to seek novices among the students. It was already late in the season, December of the year 1500 being close at hand, and the students, having engaged their lodgings and paid their tuition fees for the winter, were unwilling now to enter into new arrangements. With great difficulty, the reverend father succeeded in getting one student to promise to go with him to Laach.

In the making of this single convert, Butzbach, to whose heart the honor of the Benedictine order lay near, had been of great assistance, and the monk now turned to him with an earnest entreaty that he might himself delay no longer in giving up his life to God. To the young student, with a mind eager to absorb all the knowledge offered him by his age, the temptation to remain at Deventer was doubtless a mighty one. The proposal of the father involved also his renunciation of the retreat awaiting him at Johannisberg. On the other hand, his sufferings at Deventer and the hardships he was still called upon to endure may have influenced his decision to yield to the father's request. His masters all commended him for this decision; but he left Deventer sorrowfully, not forgetful of the pain he had suffered there, but mindful of the faces he was unlikely ever to see again. Accompanied by a throng of his fellow-students, who followed them to the gates, Butzbach and his two companions took leave of the town, and set out upon their journey along the banks of the Rhine. With much fear they crossed the river on the ice, and came to the cloister of Neuss, distinguished from all other institutions of its kind by a regulation that forbade the reception of any person bearing the Christian name of Peter. Butzbach devotes a couple of chapters to descanting upon the injustice of this, but is unable to mention a cause for it. At Cologne they halted to buy some pictures, as well as to rest awhile from their weariness; then they traveled further to Bonn, Andernach, and the abbey on the island of Niederwerth. In Coblenz Butzbach lingered with the steward of the monastery to purchase supplies, while the other novice was sent ahead with a lay brother. They did not expect to overtake them until evening, but at the very first roadside tavern the two were found overcome by the effects of a good dinner and too much Rüdeshheimer wine. They had

spent, to the last groshen, the money entrusted to them, and there was now hardly enough left with which to pursue the journey to Laach. The road was so muddy that Butzbach's fellow-student kept slipping and falling in the mire. He himself felt his courage giving way, and found his spirit beset with temptations to turn aside and make his way alone to the *Johannisberg* retreat. He dismissed these temptations, however, as whisperings of the Evil One, and kept manfully on the path he had chosen for himself. They arrived on the eighteenth day of December, and were received by the noble abbot, *Simon von der Leyen*. Butzbach, in crossing the threshold, said, "*Hæc requies mea in sæculum sæculi, hic habitabo, quoniam elegi eam*;" and as he spoke the last word, his foot slipped on the polished floor, and he fell to the ground. The other student laughed so much at poor Butzbach's mishap that he was unable to bring out a word. Both were given clothes, and put on probation until *St. Benedict's Day*, the 21st of March. Before that time Butzbach's fellow-novice had weakened in his determination to renounce the world, and had taken secret departure from the monastery. His falling away had the effect of emphasizing to Butzbach the importance and irrevocability of the step he was about to take, and lent discouragement to his first efforts to habituate himself to the solitary monastic life. But in time he grew to find delight in his new surroundings. The monastery he calls a paradise on earth, praising the noble architecture of its buildings, — church, dormitory, refectory, and library, — and its fine outlook over the wooded hills, with a little lake at the bottom of the valley. His year of novitiate came to an end in 1502, and he was admitted to the order and ordained in the following year at *Trier*.

With an exhortation to his brother to pursue the paths of learning, not neglecting the care of his soul, Butzbach

brings his little book to a close. It was finished on the 1st of April, 1506. In an appendix Mr. Becker has collected what information he could find concerning Butzbach's life at Laach, and we may note briefly the chief facts of his later career. He was selected by his superior, during the first years of residence, to teach the novices. Feeling painfully conscious of his unfitness, he wished to refuse, but his vows constrained him to obey. He then applied himself to reading anew all the Latin authors, besides a translation of the *Cabala* and the works of the fathers of the Church. The monastery library being somewhat deficient, he supplied his needs by borrowing from one *Nicholas von Bensrodt*, the private secretary of the Count of *Virneburg*, whose castle was near by. This man had studied in *Paris* under *Erasmus*, and became a valued friend of Butzbach's, leaving him some of his books on his withdrawing, unexpectedly, to a monastery to end his life. Another friend was *Jacob Siberti*, a distinguished Humanist, who came by Butzbach's inducement to Laach, and soon took his place as teacher of the novices. To Butzbach was now given the charge of the refectory and of the clothes chamber, the conduct of services in the *Nicholas Church*, and the duty of preaching in Laach and in a neighboring village. In 1507 he became prior, and the care of the whole monastery fell upon his shoulders. Night was the only time left him for study, and he and *Siberti* lingered often into the morning over their precious folios. His writing years were from 1505 to 1512; in this short time he produced an almost incredible number of dissertations, poems, and monographs on various subjects. His main works, beside his poems, all in the Latin tongue, are a book of illustrious women, and another of celebrated painters; a volume devoted to the praises of the Humanist *Triphemius* and his vindication from the

attacks of his enemies; his own apology, read at his trial, to be mentioned shortly; and the great *Auctarium*, or Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Authors, begun in 1508, and not finished until 1513, — this last a really complete and exhaustive dictionary of the subject, the preparation of which involved great knowledge and immense labor.

Butzbach was accused in 1509 of having neglected his duties as prior in order to carry on his studies. He wrote a defense of his conduct, and was ordered by the judges to produce the results of his labor. Amazed at the amount he had achieved, they ordered his acquittal. The whole proceeding of the accusation was an unworthy plot of the lazy monks, who bore him ill will because of his constant efforts to get them to work. With all his additional labor, it was discovered that he was not so behindhand in his duties as they. The last ten years of his life he gave to the study of theology, which he considered the queen of the sciences, to which all others were as stepping-stones. He remained a stout defender of the classics, likening them to the rich gems that the heathen kings thought not unworthy to be laid at the feet of the Babe in the manger. After the completion of his *Auctarium*, he seems to have given up writing altogether; and it is probable that these last years were filled with weakness and disease, resulting from the privations, illnesses, and overwork of his early life. In one place he says that he never had a well day in Laach. At his death, which occurred in the year 1526, a band of blessed spirits, headed by St. Scholastica, appeared to him, keeping watch about his bedside. They held converse with him, but he said that he was forbidden to divulge

the nature of their communications. He died in great peace with his brethren, the rest of the world, and his own soul.

No more sympathetic, if many more striking, figures than Butzbach are to be found among the Humanists of the sixteenth century. Bringing his life to a close just as Luther was starting in upon the career that was destined to revolutionize the culture no less than the faith of the world, he was not called upon to take sides in the fight. If he had been, there is no reason to suppose that his course would have been different from that of the other leaders in the movement in which he took part. The great majority of the Humanists held aloof from Luther, repelled by the roughness and impetuous quality of his genius, which, they foresaw, if allowed to prevail, would throw into the background the literary and classic revival they held so near at heart, in substituting for it the mighty question of church reform. Devoted to their own pursuits, they saw, probably, less than others of the corruption that had invaded the mother Church, and certainly thought it not too great to be cured by skillful treatment from within. Men of peace, they naturally recoiled from violent measures of remedy, and the Church, in their eyes, containing within its bounds, as it had for centuries, all the learning of which the world could then make boast, must have borne an appearance different from that which it presented to the lay, or even the average clerical, point of view. Butzbach, we may be sure, would have shared but slightly in the restless strivings of the new era in the Church, and we may be permitted to rejoice that death spared him a realization of the strength of the storm impending over the institutions he loved.

J. Kirke Paullding.

ROBIN ROOSTS.

OF all the nearly eight hundred species of North American birds, the robin is without question the one most generally known. Its great commonness and wide distribution have something to do with this fact, but can hardly be said to account for it altogether. The red-eyed vireo has almost as extensive a range, and at least in New England is possibly more numerous; but except among ornithologists it remains a stranger, even to country-bred people. Not long ago a man, whose writings show him to be an exceptionally intelligent lover of things out-of-doors, wrote to me that to the best of his knowledge he had never seen a vireo of any kind. The robin owes its universal recognition partly to its size and perfectly distinctive dress, partly to its early arrival in the spring, but especially to the nature of its nesting and feeding habits, which bring it constantly under every one's eye.

It would seem impossible, at this late day, to say anything new about so familiar a bird; but the robin has one interesting and remarkable habit, to which there is no allusion in any of our systematic ornithological treatises, so far as I am aware, although many individual observers must have taken notice of it. I mean the habit of roosting at night in large flocks, while still on its breeding grounds, and long before the close of the breeding season.¹

Toward the end of summer, two years ago, I saw what looked like a daily passage back and forth of small companies of robins. A friend, living in another town, had noticed similar occurrences,

and more than once we discussed the subject; agreeing that such movements were probably not connected in any way with the grand southward migration, which, so far as we could judge, had not yet commenced, but that birds must be flying to and from some nightly resort. The flocks were small, however, and neither of us suspected the full significance of what we had seen.

On the 19th of July, 1889, the same friend informed me that one of our Cambridge ornithologists had found a robin roost in that city, — a wood in which great numbers of birds congregated every night. This led me to keep a sharper eye upon my own robins, whom I had already noticed repeating their previous year's actions. Every evening, shortly before and after sunset, they were to be seen flying, now singly, now by twos and threes, or even by the half dozen, evidently on their way to some rendezvous. I was suspicious of a rather distant hilltop covered with pine-trees; but before I could make it convenient to visit the place at the proper hour, I discovered, quite unexpectedly, that the roost was close by the very road up and down which I had been walking: an isolated piece of swampy wood, a few acres in extent, mostly a dense growth of gray birches and swamp white oaks, but with a sprinkling of maples and other deciduous trees. It is bounded on the further side by a wet meadow; at the eastern end by a little ice-pond, with a dwelling-house and other buildings beside it, all within a stone's throw of the wood.

¹ Six years ago, in the summer of 1884, Mr. William Brewster discovered such a general roost in Belmont, Mass. The place has been used ever since for the same purpose, and is frequently mentioned in the following pages. Just as my manuscript is ready for the printer,

Mr. Brewster informs me that he is to treat the subject in the next issue of *The Auk*, — for October, 1890, — to which I am happy to refer readers who may wish a more thorough discussion of the matter than I have been able to give.

This discovery was made on the evening of July 25th, and I at once crossed a narrow field between the wood and the highway, and pushed in after the birds. It was too dark for me to see what was going on, but as I brushed against the close branches the robins set up a lively cackling, and presently commenced flying from tree to tree before me as I advanced, though plainly with no intention of deserting their quarters. The place was full of them, but I could form no estimate of their number.

On the following evening I took my stand upon a little knoll commanding the western end of the wood. According to my notes, the birds began to arrive about sunset, — but this was pretty certainly an error, — and though I did not undertake an exact count until the flight was mainly over, it seemed likely that at least three hundred passed in at that point. This would have made the total number twelve hundred, or thereabout, on the assumption that my outlook had covered a quarter of the circuit. After the flight ceased I went into the wood, and from the commotion overhead it was impossible not to believe that such a calculation must be well within the truth.

The next day was rainy, but on the evening of the 28th I stood by the shore of the pond, on the eastern side of the wood, and made as accurate a count as possible of the arrivals at that point. Unfortunately I was too late; the robins were already coming. But in fifty minutes, between 6.40 and 7.30, I counted 1072 birds. They appeared singly and in small flocks, and it was out of the question for me to make sure of them all; while I was busy with a flock on the right, there was no telling how many might be passing in on the left. If my observations comprehended a quarter of the circle, and if the influx was equally great on the other sides (an assumption afterward disproved), then it was safe to set the whole number of birds at five

thousand or more. Of the 1072 actually seen, 797 came before the sunset gun was fired, — a proportion somewhat larger than it would have been had the sky been clear.

On the afternoon of the 29th I again counted the arrivals at the eastern end; but though I set out, as I thought, in good season, I found myself once more behind time. At 6.30 robins were already dropping in, notwithstanding the sky was cloudless. In the first five minutes eighteen birds appeared; at sunset 818 had been counted; and at 7.30, when I came away, the figures stood at 1267. "The robins came more rapidly than last night," I wrote in my note-book, "and for much of the time I could keep watch of the southeastern corner only. My vision then covered much less than a quarter of the circuit; so that if the birds came as freely from other directions, at least five thousand must have entered the wood between 6.30 and 7.30. As long as it was light they avoided passing directly by me, going generally to the left, and slipping into the roost behind some low outlying trees; though, fortunately, in doing this they were compelled to cross a narrow patch of the illuminated western sky. I suspect that the number increases from night to night. Between 6.40 and 7.30, 1235 birds came, as compared with 1072 last evening."

Two days afterward (July 31st) I went to the western end of the wood, and found the influx there much smaller than on the opposite side; but I arrived late, and made a partial count only. After sunset 186 birds were seen, whereas there had been 455 entries at the eastern end, two nights before, during the same time.

Thus far I had always been too late to witness the beginning of the flight. On the evening of August 1st I resolved to be in season. I reached the border of the pond at 5.15, and at that very moment a single robin flew into the

wood. No others were seen for eighteen minutes, when three arrived together. From this time stragglers continued to appear, and at 6.30 I had counted 176. In the next ten minutes 180 arrived; in the next five minutes, 138. Between 6.45 and 7, I counted 549; then, in six minutes, 217 appeared. At 7.25, when I concluded, the figures stood at 1533 birds. For about twenty minutes, as will be noticed, the arrivals were at the rate of thirty-six a minute. Throughout the thickest of the flight I could keep a lookout upon only one side of me, and, moreover, the gathering darkness was by that time making it more and more difficult to see any birds except such as passed above the dark tree line; and from what went on just about me, it was evident that the number of arrivals was increasing rather than diminishing as my count fell off. There seemed to be no good reason for doubting that at least two thousand robins entered the wood at the eastern end.

Two nights later I stationed myself in the meadow southwest of the roost. Here I counted but 935 entries. The movement appeared to be fully as steady as on the opposite side, but as darkness came on I found myself at a great disadvantage; a hill occupied the background, giving me no illuminated sky to bring the birds into relief, so that I could see only such as passed close at hand. Of the 935 birds, 761 came before seven o'clock, but it was reasonably certain that the flight afterward was nearly or quite as great, only that I wanted light wherewith to see it.

On the evening of August 4th I went back to the eastern end, and as the sky was perfectly clear I hoped to make a gain upon all my previous figures. But the fair weather was perhaps a hindrance rather than a help; for the robins came later than before, and more in a body, and continued to arrive long after it was impossible to see them. I counted 1480, — 53 less than on the 1st.

I attempted no further enumeration until the 18th. Then, in an hour and ten minutes, 1203 birds were seen to enter the roost at the eastern end. But they arrived more than ever in flocks, and so late that for much of the time I missed all except the comparatively small number that passed in my immediate vicinity. Many were flying at a great height, — having come from a long distance, as I inferred, — and sometimes I knew nothing of their approach till they dropped out of the sky directly over the wood. On this occasion, as well as on many others, — but chiefly during the latter part of the season, — it was noticeable that some of the robins appeared to be ignorant of the precise whereabouts of the roost; they flew past it at first, and then, after more or less circling about, with loud cackling, dived hurriedly into the wood. I took special note of one fellow, who came from the south at a great altitude, and went directly over the wood. When he was well past it he suddenly pulled himself up, as if fancying he had caught a signal. After a moment of hesitation he proceeded on his northerly course, but had not gone far before he met half a dozen birds flying south. Perhaps he asked them the way. At all events, he wheeled about and joined them, and in half a minute was safe in port. He had heard of the roost, apparently (how and where?), but had not before visited it.

This count of August 18th was the last for nearly a month, but I find a minute of August 27th stating that, while walking along the highway on the westerly side of the roost, — the side that had always been the least populous, — I saw within less than two minutes (as I calculated the time) more than eighty robins flying toward the wood. Up to this date, then, there could not have been any considerable falling off in the size of the gathering. Indeed, from my friend's observations upon the Belmont roost, to be mentioned later,

it seems well-nigh certain that it was still upon the increase.

Toward the close of August I became interested in the late singing of several whippoorwills, and so was taken away from the robins' haunt at the hour of sunset. Then, from the 5th to the 13th of September, I was absent from home. On the night of my return I went to the shore of the pond, where, on the 1st of August, I had counted 1533 entries. The weather was favorable, and I arrived in good season and remained till the stars came out, but I counted only 137 robins! It was plain that the great majority of the congregation had departed.

As I have said, there was little to be learned by going into the wood after the robins were assembled. Nevertheless I used frequently to intrude upon them, especially as friends or neighbors, who had heard of my "discovery," were desirous to see the show. The prodigious cackling and rustling overhead seemed to make a deep impression upon all such visitors, while, for myself, I should have had no difficulty in crediting the statement had I been told that *ten thousand* robins were in the tree-tops. One night I took two friends to the place after it was really dark. All was silent as we felt our way among the trees, till, suddenly, one of the trio struck a match and kindled a blaze of dry twigs. The smoke and flame speedily waked the sleepers; but even then they manifested no disposition to be driven out.

For curiosity's sake, I paid one early morning visit to the roost, on the 30th of July. It would be worth while, I thought, to see how much music so large a chorus would make, as well as to note the manner of its dispersion. To tell the truth, I hoped for something spectacular, — a grand burst of melody, and then a pouring forth of a dense, uncountable army of robins. I arrived about 3.40 (it was still hardly light enough to show the face of the watch), and found

everything quiet. Pretty soon the robins commenced cackling. At 3.45 a song sparrow sang, and at the same moment I saw a robin fly out of the wood. Five minutes later a robin sang; at 3.55 the second one appeared; at four o'clock a few of the birds were in song, but the effect was not in any way peculiar, — very much as if two or three had been singing in the ordinary manner. They dispersed precisely as I had seen them gather: now a single bird, now two or three, now six, or even ten. A casual passer along the road would have remarked nothing out of the common course. They flew low, — not as if they were starting upon any prolonged flight, — and a goodly number alighted for a little in the field where I was standing. Shortly before sunrise I went into the wood and found it deserted. The robin is one of our noisiest birds. Who would have believed that an assembly of thousands could break up so quietly? Their behavior in this regard may possibly have been influenced by prudential considerations. I have said that many of them seemingly took pains to approach the roost indirectly and under cover. On the westerly side, for example, they almost invariably followed a line of bushes and trees which runs toward the roost along the edge of the meadow, even though they were obliged sharply to alter their course in so doing.

All this time I had been in correspondence with my friend before referred to, who was studying a similar roost,¹ — in Belmont, — which proved to be more populous than mine, as was to be expected, perhaps, the surrounding country being less generally wooded. It was a mile or more from his house, which was so situated that he could sit upon his piazza in the evening and watch the birds streaming past. On the 11th of August he counted here 556 robins, of

¹ This roost was discovered by Mr. William Brewster, in August, 1884, as already mentioned.

which 336 passed within five minutes. On the 28th he counted 1180, of which 456 passed within five minutes, — ninety-one a minute! On the 2d of September, from a knoll nearer the roost, he counted 1883 entries.

This gathering, like the one in Melrose, was greatly depleted by the middle of September. "Only 109 robins flew over the place to-night," my correspondent wrote on the 25th, "against 538 September 4th, 838 August 30th, and 1180 August 28th." Two evenings later (September 27th) he went to the neighborhood of the roost, and counted 251 birds, — instead of 1883 on the 2d. Even so late as October 9th, however, the wood was not entirely deserted. During the last month or so of its occupancy, the number of the birds was apparently subject to sudden and wide fluctuations, and it seemed not unlikely that travelers from the north were making a temporary use of the well-known resort. It would not be surprising if the same were found to be true in the spring. In April, 1890, I saw some things which pointed, as I thought, in this direction, but I was then too closely occupied to follow the matter.

How early in the season does this nightly flocking begin? This question often presented itself. It was only the middle of July when the Cambridge roost was found in full operation, though at that time many robins must still have had family duties, and some were probably building new nests. Next summer, we said, we would try to mark the beginnings of the congregation.

My own plans to this end came near being thwarted. In December I was dismayed to see the owner of the wood cutting it down. Happily some kind power stayed his hand when not more than a third of the mischief was done, and on the 29th of June, 1890, while strolling homeward along the highway, listening to the distant song of a veery, I noticed within five or ten minutes

seventeen robins making toward the old rendezvous. On the following evening I stood beside the ice-pond and saw one hundred and ninety-two robins enter the wood. The flight had begun before my arrival, and was not entirely over when I came away. Evidently several hundreds of the birds were already passing their nights in company. In my ignorance, I was surprised at the early date; but when I communicated my discovery to the Belmont observer, he replied at once that he had noticed a similar movement on the 11th of June. The birds, about a dozen, were seen passing his house.

Thinking over the matter, I began to ask myself — though I hesitate about making such a confession — whether it might not be the adult males who thus unseasonably went off to bed in a crowd, leaving their mates to care for eggs and little ones. At this very moment, as it happened, I was watching with lively sympathy the incessant activities of a female humming-bird, who appeared to be bringing up a family (two very hungry nestlings), with no husband to lift a finger for her assistance; and the sight, as I fear, put me into a cynical mood. Male robins were probably like males in general, — lovers of clubs and shirkers of home duties. Indeed, a friend who went into the roost with me, one evening, remarked upon the continual cackling in the tree-tops as "a very social sound;" and upon my saying something about a sewing circle, he answered, quite seriously, "No, it is rather like a gentleman's club." But it would have been unscientific, as well as unchristian, to entertain a hypothesis like this without putting its soundness to some kind of test. I adopted the only plan that occurred to me, — short of rising at half past two o'clock in the morning to see the birds disperse. I entered the wood just before the assemblage was due (this was on the 9th of July), and took a sheltered position on the eastern edge, where, as the robins flew by me, or

alighted temporarily in the trees just across the brook, they would have the sunlight upon their breasts. Here, as often as one came sufficiently near and in a sufficiently favorable light, I noted whether it was an adult, or a streaked, spotted bird of the present season. As a matter of course, the number concerning which this point could be positively determined under such conditions was very small, — only fifty-seven altogether. Of these, forty-nine were surely birds of the present summer, and only eight unmistakable adult males. If any adult females came in, they passed among the unidentified and uncounted.¹ I was glad I had made the test. As a kind-hearted cynic (I confess to being nothing worse than this), I was relieved to find my misanthropic, or, to speak more exactly, my misornithic, notions ill founded. As for the sprinkling of adult males, they may have been, as a "friend and fellow-woodlander" suggests, birds which, for one reason or another, had taken up with the detestable opinion that "marriage is a failure."

During the month of July, 1890, I made frequent counts of the entries at the eastern end of the roost, thinking thus to ascertain in a general way the rate at which its population increased. On the whole, the growth proved to be fairly steady, in spite of some mysterious fluctuations, as will be seen by the following table: —

July 3	247	July 16	1064
" 5	383	" 17	1333
" 6	356	" 19	1584
" 10	765	" 22	1520
" 12	970	" 23	1453
" 14	1120	" 27	2314

After July 6th all the enumerations were made with the help of another man, though we stood side by side, and covered no more ground than I had hitherto attempted to compass alone.

¹ A week later, my correspondent reported a similar state of things at the Belmont roost. "A very large proportion of the birds are spotted-breasted young of the year, but occa-

sionally I have detected an adult male." He examined the birds at near range, and at rest, after they had come into the roost in the earlier part of the evening.

The figures of the 27th were far in excess of any obtained in 1889, and for a day I was disposed to take seriously the suggestion of a friend that some other roost must have been broken up and its members turned into the Melrose gathering. But on the evening of the 28th I tried a count by myself, and made only 1517 birds! The conditions were favorable, and the robins came, as they had come the night before, in flocks, almost in continuous streams. The figures had fallen off, not because there were fewer birds, but because I was unable to count them. They were literally too many for me. The difficulties of the work, it should be explained, are greatly enhanced by the fact that at the very corner where the influx is largest none of the low-flying birds can be seen except for a second or two, as they dart across a bit of sky between the roost and an outlying wood. To secure anything like a complete census, this point must be watched continuously; and meantime birds are streaming in at the other corner, and shooting over the distracted enumerator's head, and perhaps dropping out of the sky. I conclude, therefore, not that the roost has increased in population, but that my last year's reckoning was even more inadequate than I then supposed. Even with two pairs of eyes, it is inevitable that multitudes of birds should pass in unnoticed, especially during the latter half of the flight. I have never had an assistant or a looker-on to whom this was not perfectly apparent.

As I stood night after night watching the robins stream into this little wood, — no better, surely, than many they had passed on their way, — I asked myself again and again what could be the motive that drew them together. The flocking of birds for a long journey, or

in the winter season, is less mysterious. In times of danger and distress there is at least a feeling of safety in a crowd. But robins cannot be afraid of the dark. Why, then, should not each sleep upon its own feeding grounds, alone, or with a few neighbors for company, instead of flying two or three miles, more or less, twice a day, simply for the sake of passing the night in a general roost?

Such questions we must perhaps be content to ask without expecting an answer. By nature the robin is strongly gregarious, and though his present mode of existence does not permit him to live during the summer in close communities, — as marsh wrens do, for example, and some of our swallows, — his ancestral passion for society still asserts itself at nightfall. Ten or twelve years ago, when I was bird-gazing in Boston, there were sometimes a hundred robins at once upon the Common, in the time of the vernal migration. By day they were scattered over the lawns; but at sunset they gathered habitually in a certain two or three contiguous trees, not far from the Frog Pond and the Beacon Street Mall (I wonder whether the same trees are still in use for the same purpose), where, after much noise and some singing, they retired to rest, — if going to sleep in a leafless tree-top can be called retiring.

Whatever the origin and reason of this roosting habit, I have no doubt that it is universal. Middlesex County birds cannot be in any respect peculiar. Whoever will keep a close eye upon the robins in his neighborhood, in July and August, will find them at sunset flocking to some general sleeping-place.

It would be interesting to know how far they travel at such times. The fact that so many hundreds were to be seen at a point more than a mile away from the Belmont roost is significant; but I am not aware that any one has yet made a study of this part of the subject. My own birds seemed to come, as a rule, by easy stages. In the long narrow valley east of the roost, where I oftenest watched their approach, they followed habitually — not invariably — a zigzag route, crossing the meadow diagonally, and for the most part alighting for a little upon a certain wooded hill, whence they took a final flight to their nightly haven, perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond. Farther down the valley; a mile or more from the roost, birds were to be seen flying toward it, but I found no place at which a general movement could be observed and large numbers counted.

As to the size of these nightly gatherings, it seems wisest not to guess; though, treating the subject in this narrative manner, I have not scrupled to mention, simply as a part of the story, some of my temporary surmises. What I am told of the Belmont wood is true also of the one in Melrose; its shape and situation are such as to make an accurate census impossible, no matter how many "enumerators" might be employed. It could be surrounded easily enough, but it would be out of the question to divide the space between the different men so that no two of them should count the same birds. At present it can only be said that the robins are numbered by thousands; in some cases, perhaps, by tens of thousands.

Bradford Torrey.

THE NIECES OF MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

MADAME DE THIANGES, the eldest sister of Madame de Montespan, had two daughters, the Duchesse de Nevers and the Duchess Sforza; and two other duchesses and a marquise were daughters of her brother, the Maréchal Duc de Vivonne. They were all charming women, and well worth knowing not only by name, but by sight; and any one who will read with us a few pages of two or three of the most entertaining books in the world may have the pleasure of seeing them more vividly than if he had beheld them a thousand times with his own eyes.

It is of Diane-Gabrielle, Mademoiselle de Thianges, that Madame de Sévigné speaks in writing to M. de Grignan (December 10, 1670): "My daughter begs me to tell you of the marriage of M. de Nevers, — the M. de Nevers so difficult to bind, the extraordinary M. de Nevers who slips through people's fingers when they least expect it; he marries at last, — guess who? It is not Mademoiselle d'Houdancourt nor Mademoiselle de Grancei; it's Mademoiselle de Thianges, young, pretty, modest, educated at l'Abbaye-aux-Bois. Madame de Montespan celebrates the wedding festivities Sunday; she does it quite as if she were the mother, and receives all the honors of them. The king confers on M. de Nevers all his official positions, so that this beauty, who has not a sou, is worth more to him than the greatest heiress of France."

The view of this last sentence is not quite borne out by Saint-Simon, who represents the duke as much more inclined to get rid of official positions than to seek them. He was a nephew of Cardinal Mazarin, and brother of the five famous Mancini sisters. His uncle left him very rich and highly connected, and he could have made his

way in any direction; but he cared neither for military nor court life, and dropped out of one career after another through indolence and love of pleasure. He got rid of the government of La Rochelle and the Pays d'Aunis, according to Saint-Simon, and married, in 1670, the most beautiful person at the court. Beautiful she must have been to have that said of her, for it was the very moment of her most beautiful aunt's supreme radiance. Six years later, Madame de Sévigné says she "is beautiful as the day, and shines brilliantly without any painstaking;" while Madame de Caylus observes about her adoring mother, "Madame de Thianges was not in the wrong in admiring Madame de Nevers; all the world admired her, too; but no one saw the resemblance between them which she imagined."

When the arrangement for the marriage was made the duke was at Rome, amusing himself with his sisters, the beautiful Hortense and the vehement Marie; and although he soon set out thence in company with Hortense, they lingered six months on the way, and the fair Diane must have wondered more than once whether her *fiancé* would not, in Madame de Sévigné's phrase, "slip through her fingers." But M. le *Retardataire* put in his appearance at last, and then — was it a characteristic exhibition of his pronounced fraternal devotion to his famous sisters? — he chose, as a part of his wedding celebrations, to have performed the *Bérénice* of Racine, the play which immortalizes the love passages between Marie Mancini and the king. The drama had taken place in real life some ten years before, but the poetic presentation of it was at that moment but lately composed. Whatever personal interest the piece possessed for

the duke, it seems an odd thing to grace his nuptials with.

Married in December, poor Diane (as we find by a little accidental sentence in one of Madame de Maintenon's letters) was obliged, the next September, to go to Italy "to find her husband," who was in all ways *très Italien*. With artistic tastes, cultivated by the works of art bequeathed to him by his uncle, he was full of intelligence in many directions, and wrote verses with sufficient ability for Voltaire to include him in his list of writers of that day; but Voltaire's comment on them is that their taste is peculiar. Madame de Sévigné found them admirable, and calls their author "a true son of Apollo and the Muses." She uses precisely the same word, *singulier*, about them as Voltaire, but she adds another epithet, *relevé*, which suggests the pungent quality they possessed; and she says, "I have made a little collection of them, which I would not part with for much money; . . . all that comes from him has a character so special and so excellent that it throws all others into the shade."

He sometimes ventured, unfortunately, into the region of satire, and dared to attack not only Racine and Boileau (on occasion of the cabal against Racine in favor of Pradon), but to throw stones at Bossuet, audaciously styling him *charlatan*. This was at the time of the great quarrel of Quietism, when the duke was on the side of the Mystics.

It was not his verses only that were unlike others. "Il étoit en tout extrêmement singulier," says Saint-Simon (always the same word). One of his eccentricities — in the eyes or ears of Saint-Simon — was that he always called his wife by her name, Diane, instead of Madame de Nevers. A greater oddity, to modern minds, was that he was in the habit of setting off for Rome, Madame de Caylus says (and Saint-Simon also), "in the same manner in which one goes to sup at what is now called a

guinguette [a small country-house]; and Madame de Nevers has been seen entering her carriage, supposing that she was only going to drive, and hearing the direction given to her coachman, 'To Rome.'" Saint-Simon declares such departures happened three or four times. It is no wonder that "one could not weary of hearing her relate the adventures of her Italian journeys." Her domestic adventures must have been peculiar, too, for her husband was excessively miserly, and "very often went himself to the market and elsewhere to buy what he wished to eat, and usually made his bed-chamber his pantry."

It need scarcely be said that the duke was often jealous, — "*fort inutilement*," adds Saint-Simon. But he never quarreled with his wife. "Il ne l'appeloit jamais que Diane." Of course she had a lover, and of course he was of the highest; none less than M. le Prince, the son of the great Condé. He had the appearance "more of a gnome than a man," as Madame de Caylus says, but his looks were hidden by his wit, his gallantry, his magnificence. A story regarding his devotion is told both by Madame de Caylus and Saint-Simon, but, curiously enough, at the point they diverge into differences. They go along together smoothly on these facts: The prince, to prevent an anticipated rush to Rome, wished to give Madame de Nevers a *fête* at Chantilly, and veiled it under the pretext that it was for Monseigneur. His knowledge of the tastes and character of M. de Nevers made him resolve, as he was not less *malin* than *amoureux*, to induce the husband to write the verses (a necessary part of the brilliant gayeties of those days) which should express the lover's passion for the wife. M. de Nevers fell into the trap, and — so continues Madame de Caylus — "the *fête* was given; it cost more than a hundred thousand crowns. Madame de Nevers did not go to Rome." Saint-Simon's version is:

"The fête was prepared, . . . but four or five days before it came off M. de Nevers discovered the trick played upon him. He said nothing, but set off the next morning for Rome with his wife, where he remained for a long time, and in his turn discomfited M. le Prince."
 "Il glisse des mains alors qu'on y pense le moins." Madame de Sévigné's phrase makes us give faith to Saint-Simon.

Their sojourns at Rome were passed in their palace on Monte Cavallo or at their numerous villas; and they were always surrounded by a few gay and brilliant friends, — among them, often, "little" Coulanges (the cousin of Madame de Sévigné), the *chansonnier*, who sings: —

"Rome était aimable,
 Plaisante, agréable,
 Pendant le règne de Nevers;
 Toujours de jolis vers,
 Toujours un table
 De peu de couverts."

They lived after the same fashion in France. Chauvieu, writing to La Fare, says: "We have had the best and most delicate suppers possible with M. le Duc de Nevers. The company select and small, combining the Mortemart graces with the Mancini imagination." In his own phrase, the duke was one of those

"Qui sait goûter la vie
 En paresseux sensé qui pond sur ses plaisirs;"
 a man who lazily and contentedly enjoys the sunshine and broods over his pleasures. It was the same tone of thought, the same views of life, that controlled the existences of his brilliant sisters, the Duchesse de Mazarin and the Duchesse de Bouillon. He was a truer, a more refined Epicurean than they, but he seems also to have been more feminine, to have had more delicacy and less strength. His relations with them and with la Connétable Colonna were always those of more than fraternal admiration and sympathy. His social circle and that of the Duchesse de

Bouillon were identical; and after Hortense took up her abode in England, and their personal intercourse came to an end, he held frequent communication with her by letter. Those on her side were often written for her by Saint-Evremond, who had a high appreciation of the duke's talents, and evidently enjoyed an interchange of courtesies with him. The correspondence hardly amounts to more than that.

The most attractive side of the duke's nature is his tender attachment to his youngest daughter, "la belle Api," as she was styled at Sceaux, the little pseudo-court of the indomitable, disagreeable little Duchesse de Maine, where M. and Madame de Nevers were *habitués*. His verses to this dear child are full of sweetness, and have a touch of melancholy that may be felt more or less in all his later writings. He addresses her as "Thou to whom belong all my wishes, — dear creature, in whom I delight." Soon after her marriage he died quietly.

The married life of the duke and duchess lasted for thirty-seven years; she survived him eight years, and died past sixty, "still perfectly beautiful." "Few women," Saint-Simon says, "had surpassed her in beauty. Hers was of every kind, with an enchanting individuality."

The sister of Madame de Nevers was also the wife of an Italian, and also lived at Rome; but Duke Sforza, some forty years older than she, died only eight years after their marriage, and she returned to the French court, *belle, sage et spirituelle*. It was after the decadence of the favor of Madame de Montespan, yet it was always something to be her niece, and it was still more to have inherited that *langage singulier* of which Saint-Simon so often describes the charm. Madame de Caylus denies that Madame Sforza was beautiful. "She had only a white skin, and fine enough eyes, with a nose pendent over

a very red mouth, which made M. de Vendôme say that she resembled a parouquet eating a cherry." Beautiful or not, she pleased the king enough for Madame de Maintenon to find it best to maintain a distance between them; but an intimate union was formed between Madame Sforza and her cousin the Duchesse de Orléans, an intimacy which Saint-Simon considered "fortunate for this princess, for M. le Duc d'Orléans, and for all that branch of the royal family." The cousins passed their lives together, and dined almost every day *tête à tête*. "Madame Sforza," Saint-Simon says, "had cleverness, but of a judicious, sensible, prudent, considerate kind; she was good and kindly by nature, remote from all evil and tending toward all good. . . . Her bearing had something repellent; it was stiff, dry, cold, and haughty. She liked to govern. She was a weaker Princesse des Ursins. But penetrate this shell and you found only good sense, moderation, kindness, politeness, reasonableness, the desire to oblige, to conciliate, and, above all, truth, sincerity, uprightness, entire trustiness, inviolable secrecy, — an assemblage very precious and very rare, especially at court and in a woman. She held herself high without pride and without meanness; that is to say, she felt her own power, and she bore herself with reserve and dignity far apart from all that was degrading at court, where nevertheless she was a person considered, although she frequented it little."

The Maréchal Duc de Vivonne, whose daughters are our next personages, held high offices. He did good service in Spain, where he was viceroy of Messina, and afterward he was general of the galleys in France; but he is chiefly memorable for the countless jests regarding his extreme stoutness, of which he was alternately the author and the audience. Madame de Sévigné, with whom he was on familiar terms, and whom he called *maman mignonne*, has

her little word about the trouble it was *de l'embrasser*. But his *esprit* was not less than his size, and he had a strong love of letters. The king, who never cared for books, asked him one day what was the use of reading; the duke pointed to his own well-complexioned face, and answered, "Reading gives to the mind what your Majesty's partridges give to my cheeks." He was a friend of La Rochefoucauld, and Madame de Sévigné mentions meeting him with Madame de Thianges, Madame Scarron, M. le Duc, and M. de La Rochefoucauld, when, on one of her visits to Saint-Germain, she went to sup in the "enchanted apartment" of M. de Marsillac (La Rochefoucauld's son). And she entertains her daughter, in continuation, with the account of a quarrel M. le Chevalier de Vendôme had tried to pick with M. de Vivonne, who, just recovering from wounds he had received at the passage of the Rhine, entirely refused to be insulted. "I, gentlemen," he cried to the courtiers who flocked to see him, "I fight! He may fight me if he chooses, but I defy him to make me fight! First let him break his shoulder, and receive eighteen cuts; and then" — every one thought he was going to say, "then we will fight;" instead he added — "then we will make it up. But is he jesting in thinking of firing at me? That's a fine project; it would be like firing into a *porte cochère*. I greatly regret having saved his life at the passage of the Rhine; I won't do any more such actions before having the horoscope drawn of those for whom I do them. Could you ever have believed that I had re-seated him in his saddle, merely that he might pierce me through the body?" All this, without the tone and manner which Madame de Sévigné says made it most amusing, would be hardly worth quoting, did it not give so vivid an impression of the quality of the gayety of those days. Before long the Chevalier de Vendôme asked mercy from his jests

of M. de Vivonne, who was never weary of proclaiming his horror of fighting, and the quarrel was made up.

The Duchesse de Vivonne, though she never could perpetrate a joke herself, was one of those who most enjoyed her husband's raillery, and seemingly nothing could be more gayly careless than their lives, spent in squandering their immense wealth. All the gayety came to an end with his death; the duchess, in the ruin of their affairs, found herself obliged to live in the house of their intendant, and Madame de Montespan was obliged to befriend the daughters. The eldest lacked neither beauty, wit, nor charm, but, by some fatality, her aunt found much difficulty in obtaining an establishment for her; and with that curious interlacing of interests which for some years existed, Madame de Maintenon stepped in and secured for Mademoiselle de Vivonne the Duc d'Elbeuf. It was a marriage of the kind that she was not averse to making; witness that of her own charming niece, Madame de Caylus, — the union of an honest young girl to a disreputable debauchee.

In after-days "Madame de Maintenon [it is Madame de Caylus herself who relates this] retained with the Duc d'Elbeuf a freedom of intercourse which she had begun in the house of Madame de Montespan, where, jestingly, he was never called anything but *le goujat* [the blackguard], to indicate the life that he led and the company that he kept; and she often gave him reprimands that were as useless as they were well received." Naturally, *Madame sa femme* was not very happy, and Madame de Caylus thinks that Madame de Montespan did not sufficiently "sustain" her, support her, in her domestic troubles. Madame de Montespan apparently did not like her, but never blamed her except for not having *l'air assez noble*. It was perhaps this very quality that endeared her to Madame de Maintenon, towards whom she, in return,

was always grateful and admiring. In the letters of Madame de Caylus to Madame de Maintenon there are constant references to Madame d'Elbeuf of the friendliest kind; one day she tells her she (Madame de Maintenon) "shall have what makes the pleasure of your game [of piquet]. I will bring you Madame d'Elbeuf." After the king's death, she writes, "Madame d'Elbeuf," and some half dozen other people whom she names, "ask me news of you with the same eagerness as if you were still queen of the universe." But we receive little impression of Madame d'Elbeuf, except that she had *beaucoup d'esprit*; and nothing is known of the details of her life.

Her next youngest sister had also "much cleverness, virtue and birth," and also not a *sou vaillant*, and also lived with Madame de Montespan, who gave her even her clothes. Her marriage was not easier to make than her sister's; but when she was no longer young, an old gentleman of seventy-five appeared on the scene, a nice old gentleman, — a M. Canaples, afterward Duc de Lesdiguières, — who by the death of a nephew had become the last of his family. He wished to marry *pour continuer la race*. He was a man excessively *borné* and constantly doing absurd things, always very much dressed and very tiresome, but the best creature in the world. His wishes turned to Mademoiselle de Vivonne, and her aunt brought the matter to a happy conclusion. "When it began to be reported," says Saint-Simon, "the Cardinal de Coislin spoke about it to Canaples, who seemed to him very old to marry. Canaples told him he wished to have children. '*Des enfants, monsieur!*' exclaimed the cardinal; '*mais elle est si vertueuse!*' The bystanders burst into laughter, all the more that the cardinal, very pure in his character, was singularly so in his speech. His saying was true, and the marriage was sterile."

The year after his marriage Canaples became duke by the death of another nephew, and lived for eight years more. When this *courtisan imbécile*, as Saint-Simon calls him, died, "his wife, who possessed much of the *esprit des Mortemarts*, had the folly to mourn him. She was well laughed at. 'What will you?' she said. 'I respected him as if he were my father, and I loved him as if he were my son.' She was still more ridiculed; she did not dare to weep." This is one of the few occasions when Saint-Simon does not seem to have understood "good feeling." Poor woman! "With Madame de Montespan she had passed her life in great constraint; her husband constrained her even more; with all her *esprit* she was embarrassed by being at liberty."

The third sister, Madame de Castries, was like her mother, a little woman in size. "She was a quarter of a woman, [it is always Saint-Simon], as it were an imperfect bit of porcelain, — extremely small, but well proportioned; she could have passed through a common-sized ring; she had neither back, nor front, nor chin; she was very ugly, with an air of always being astonished and in trouble, and yet with a face which was brilliant with wit, and she kept its promise. She knew everything,¹ — history, philosophy, mathematics, the learned languages, — yet it never appeared that she knew anything beyond how to speak French; but her talk had a justness, a vigor, an eloquence, a grace even in the most common things, with that unique turn of phrase which belongs only to the Mortemarts; she was ami-

able, amusing, gay, serious, everything to all, charming when she wished to please, naturally jocular, with the utmost acuteness without aiming at it, and dealing such jests as could never be forgotten; holding herself high, offended by a thousand things, with a querulousness that carried all before it, cruelly malicious when so inclined, yet a very good friend, and in general polite, gracious, obliging, with no *galanterie*, but delicate in regard to intellectual qualities, and in love with cleverness when it was to her taste; with all this a charming talent for narration, and, when she was inclined to invent a story, an originality, a variety, and a delightfulness which were astonishing. With all her vanity she considered herself well married through the friendship she felt for her husband; her self-complacency extended over everything that was his, and she demanded as much for him as for herself. She received in return the same regard from him, and all sorts of consideration and respect."

She was *dame d'atour* to the Duchesse d'Orléans, who was her cousin, as they both were also of Madame Sforza; and Madame de Castries, who had the same turn of wit as Madame Sforza, but much more of it, was as jealous as possible of her intimate relations with the duchess.

The portraits of which these pages are imperfect sketches from the originals are, when those originals are studied, seen to be more than portraits; they seem to breathe and move as we look at them, and they lead the way into the Past.

Hope Notnor.

¹ Huet (Bishop of Avranches) says that when at the baths of Bourbon with Madame de Fontevrauld and Madame de Castries he found the niece to be as learned as the aunt, and he surprised her one day reading secretly a book

that she tried to hide, and which proved to be a volume of Plato. Afterward he and she read together Plato's *Crito*, and the bishop knew not which to admire most, her intelligence or her modesty.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S TREASON.

To understand the proximate causes of Arnold's treason, we must start from the summer of 1778, when Philadelphia was evacuated by the British. On that occasion, as General Arnold was incapacitated for active service by the wound he had received at Saratoga, Washington placed him in command of Philadelphia. This step brought Arnold into direct contact with Congress, toward which he bore a fierce grudge for the slights it had put upon him;¹ and, moreover, the command was in itself a difficult one. The authority vested in the commandant was not clearly demarcated from that which belonged to the state government, so that occasions for dispute were sure to be forthcoming. While the British had held the city many of the inhabitants had given them active aid and encouragement, and there was now more or less property to be confiscated. By a resolve of Congress, all public stores belonging to the enemy were to be appropriated for the use of the army, and the commander-in-chief was directed to suspend the sale or transfer of goods until the general question of ownership should have been determined by a joint committee of Congress and of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania. It became Arnold's duty to carry out this order, which not only wrought serious disturbance to business, but made the city a hornet's nest of bickerings and complaints. The qualities needed for dealing successfully with such an affair as this were very different from the qualities which had distinguished Arnold in the field. The utmost delicacy of tact was required, and Arnold was blunt, and self-willed, and deficient in tact. He was accordingly soon at loggerheads with the state government, and lost, besides, much of the personal pop-

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1889.

ularity with which he started. Stories were whispered about to his discredit. It was charged against Arnold that the extravagance of his style of living was an offense against republican simplicity, and a scandal in view of the distressed condition of the country; that in order to obtain the means of meeting his heavy expenses he resorted to speculation and extortion; and that he showed too much favor to the Tories. These charges were doubtless not without some foundation. This era of paper money and failing credit was an era of ostentatious expenditure, not altogether unlike that which, in later days, preceded the financial break-down of 1873. People in the towns lived extravagantly, and in no other town was this more conspicuous than in Philadelphia; while perhaps no one in Philadelphia kept a finer stable of horses or gave more costly dinners than General Arnold. He ran in debt, and engaged in commercial speculations to remedy the evil; and, in view of the light afterward thrown upon his character, it is not unlikely that he may have sometimes availed himself of his high position to aid these speculations.

The charge of favoring the Tories may find its explanation in a circumstance which possibly throws a side-light upon his lavish use of money. Miss Margaret Shippen, daughter of a gentleman of moderate Tory sympathies, who some years afterward became chief justice of Pennsylvania, was one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in America, and at that time the reigning belle of Philadelphia; and no sooner had the new commandant arrived at his post than he was taken captive. The lady was scarcely twenty years old, while Arnold was a widower of thirty-five, with three sons; but his handsome

face, his gallant bearing, and his splendid career outweighed these disadvantages, and in the autumn of 1778 he was betrothed to Miss Shippen, and thus entered into close relations with a prominent Tory family. In the moderate section of the Tory party, to which the Shippens belonged, there were many people who, while strongly opposed to the Declaration of Independence, would nevertheless have deemed it dishonorable to lend active aid to the enemy. In 1778, such people thought that Congress did wrong in making an alliance with France instead of accepting the liberal proposals of Lord North. The Declaration of Independence, they argued, would never have been made had it been supposed that the constitutional liberties of the American people could any otherwise be securely protected. Even Samuel Adams admitted this. In the war which had been undertaken in defense of these liberties, the victory of Saratoga had driven the British government to pledge itself to concede them once and forever. Then why not be magnanimous in the hour of triumph? Why not consider the victory of Saratoga as final, instead of subjecting the resources of the country to a terrible strain in the doubtful attempt to secure a result which, only three years before, even Washington himself had regarded as undesirable? Was it not unwise and unpatriotic to reject the overtures of our kinsmen, and cast in our lot with that Catholic and despotic power which had ever been our deadliest foe?

Such were the arguments to which Arnold must have listened again and again, during the summer and autumn of 1778. How far he may have been predisposed toward such views it would be impossible to say. He always declared himself disgusted with the French alliance,¹ and in this there is nothing im-

probable. But that, under the circumstances, he should gradually have drifted into the Tory position was, in a man of his temperament, almost inevitable. His nature was warm, impulsive, and easily impressible, while he was deficient in breadth of intelligence and in rigorous moral conviction; and his opinions on public matters took their hue largely from his personal feelings. It was not surprising that such a man, in giving splendid entertainments, should invite to them the Tory friends of the lady whose favor he was courting. His course excited the wrath of the Whigs. General Reed wrote indignantly to General Greene that Arnold had actually given a party at which "not only common Tory ladies, but the wives and daughters of persons proscribed by the State, and now with the enemy at New York," were present in considerable numbers. When twitted with such things, Arnold used to reply that it was the part of a true soldier to fight his enemies in the open field, but not to proscribe or persecute their wives and daughters in private life. But such an explanation naturally satisfied no one. His quarrels with the Executive Council, sharpened by such incidents as these, grew more and more violent, until when, in December, his most active enemy, Joseph Reed, became president of the Council, he suddenly made up his mind to resign his post and leave the army altogether. He would quit the turmoil of public affairs, obtain a grant of land in western New York, settle it with his old soldiers, with whom he had always been a favorite, and lead henceforth a life of Arcadian simplicity. In this mood he wrote to Schuyler, in words which to-day seem strange and sad, that his ambition was not so much to "shine in history" as to be "a good citizen;" and about the 1st of January, 1779, he set out for Albany to consult with the New York legislature about the desired land.

¹ The story of his attempt to enter the service of Luzerne, the French minister, rests upon very insufficient authority.

His scheme was approved by John Jay and others, and in all likelihood would have succeeded; but as he stopped for a day at Morristown to visit Washington, a letter overtook him, with the information that as soon as his back had been turned upon Philadelphia he had been publicly attacked by President Reed and the Council. Formal charges were brought against him: 1, of having improperly granted a pass for a ship to come into port; 2, of having once used some public wagons for the transportation of private property; 3, of having usurped the privilege of the Council in allowing people to enter the enemy's lines; 4, of having illegally brought up a lawsuit over a prize vessel; 5, of having "imposed menial offices upon the sons of freemen" serving in the militia; and 6, of having made purchases for his private benefit at the time when, by his own order, all shops were shut. These charges were promulgated in a most extraordinary fashion. Not only were they laid before Congress, but copies of them were sent to the governors of all the States, accompanied by a circular letter from President Reed requesting the governors to communicate them to their respective legislatures. Arnold was naturally enraged at such an elaborate attempt to prepossess the public mind against him, but his first concern was for the possible effect it might have upon Miss Shippen. He instantly returned to Philadelphia, and demanded an investigation. He had obtained Washington's permission to resign his command, but deferred acting upon it till the inquiry should have ended. The charges were investigated by a committee of Congress, and about the middle of March this committee brought in a report stating that all the accusations were groundless, save the two which related to the use of the wagons and the irregular granting of a pass; and since in these instances there was no evidence of wrong intent, the committee recommended an

unqualified verdict of acquittal. Arnold thereupon, considering himself vindicated, resigned his command. But Reed now represented to Congress that further testimony was forthcoming, and urged that the case should be reconsidered. Accordingly, instead of acting upon the report of its committee, Congress referred the matter anew to a joint committee of Congress and the Assembly and Council of Pennsylvania. This joint committee shirked the matter by recommending that the case be referred to a court-martial, and this recommendation was adopted by Congress on the 3d of April. The vials of Arnold's wrath were now full to overflowing; but he had no cause to complain of Miss Shippen, for their marriage took place in less than a week after this action of Congress. Washington, who sympathized with Arnold's impatience, appointed the court-martial for the 1st of May, but the Council of Pennsylvania begged for more time to collect evidence. And thus, in one way and another, the summer and autumn were frittered away, so that the trial did not begin until the 19th of December. All this time Arnold kept clamoring for a speedy trial, and Washington did his best to soothe him while paying due heed to the representations of the Council.

In the excitement of this fierce controversy the Arcadian project seems to have been forgotten. Up to this point Arnold's anger had been chiefly directed toward the authorities of Pennsylvania; but when Congress refused to act upon the report of its committee exonerating him from blame, he became incensed against the whole party which, as he said, had so ill requited his services. It is supposed to have been about that time, in April, 1779, that he wrote a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, in disguised handwriting and under the signature of "Gustavus," describing himself as an American officer of high rank, who, through disgust at the French alliance

and *other recent proceedings of Congress*, might perhaps be persuaded to go over to the British, provided he could be indemnified for any losses he might incur by so doing. The beginning of this correspondence — if this was really the time — coincided curiously with the date of Arnold's marriage, but it is in the highest degree probable that down to the final catastrophe Mrs. Arnold knew nothing whatever of what was going on.¹ The correspondence was kept up at intervals, Sir Henry's replies being written by Major John André, his adjutant-general, over the signature of "John Anderson." Nothing seems to have been thought of at first beyond the personal desertion of Arnold to the enemy; the betrayal of a fortress was a later development of infamy. For the present, too, we may suppose that Arnold was merely playing with fire, while he awaited the result of the court-martial.

The summer was not a happy one. His debts went on increasing, while his accounts with Congress remained unsettled, and he found it impossible to collect large sums that were due him. At last the court-martial met, and sat for five weeks. On the 26th of January, 1780, the verdict was rendered, and in substance it agreed exactly with that of the committee of Congress ten months before. Arnold was fully acquitted of all the charges which alleged dishonorable dealings. The pass which he had granted was irregular, and public wagons, which were standing idle, had once been used to remove private property that was in imminent danger from the enemy. The court exonerated Arnold of all intentional wrong, even in these venial matters, which it characterized as "inprudent;" but, as a sort of lame concession to the Council of Pennsylvania, it directed that he should receive a public reprimand from the commander-

in-chief for his imprudence in the use of wagons, and for hurriedly giving a pass in which all due forms were not attended to. The decision of the court-martial was promptly confirmed by Congress, and Washington had no alternative but to issue the reprimand, which he couched in such words as plainly to indicate his opinion of the trivial nature of the offense, while he seized the occasion to characterize Arnold's military services in terms of magnificent eulogy.

It was too late, however. The damage was done. Arnold had long felt persecuted and insulted. He had already dallied with temptation, and the poison was now working in his veins. His sense of public duty was utterly distorted by the keener sense of his private injuries. We may imagine him brooding over some memorable incidents in the careers of Monk, of the great Montrose and the greater Marlborough, until he persuaded himself that to change sides in a civil war was not so heinous a crime after all. Especially the example of Monk, which had already led Charles Lee to disgrace, seems to have riveted the attention of Arnold, although only the most shallow scrutiny could discover any resemblance between what the great English general had done and what Arnold purposed to do. There was not a more scrupulously honorable soldier in his day than George Monk. Arnold's thoughts may have run somewhat as follows. He would not become an ordinary deserter, a villain on a small scale. He would not sell himself cheaply to the devil; but he would play as signal a part in his new career as he had played in the old one. He would overwhelm this blundering Congress, and triumphantly carry the country back to its old allegiance. To play such a part would require the blackest treachery. Fancy George Monk,

¹ The charge against Mrs. Arnold, in Parson's *Life of Burr*, i. 126, is conclusively refuted by Sabine, in his *Loyalists of the Amer-*

ican Revolution, i. 172-178. I think there can be no doubt that Burr lied.

"honest old George," asking for the command of a fortress in order to betray it to the enemy!

When once Arnold had committed himself to this evil course, his story becomes a sickening one, lacking no element of horror, whether in its foul beginnings or in its wretched end. To play his new part properly, he must obtain an important command, and the place which obviously suggested itself was West Point.

Since Burgoyne's overthrow, Washington had built a chain of strong fortresses there, for he did not intend that the possession of the Hudson River should ever again be put in question, so far as fortifications could go. Could this cardinal position be delivered up to Clinton, the prize would be worth tenfold the recent triumphs at Charleston and Camden. It would be giving the British what Burgoyne had tried in vain to get; and now it was the hero of Saratoga who plotted to undo his own good work at the dictates of perverted ambition and unhallowed revenge.

To get possession of this stronghold, it was necessary to take advantage of the confidence with which his great commander had always honored him. From Washington, in July, 1780, Arnold sought the command of West Point, alleging that his wounded leg still kept him unfit for service in the field; and Washington immediately put him in charge of this all-important post, thus giving him the strongest proof of unabated confidence and esteem which it was in his power to give: and among all the dark shades in Arnold's treason, perhaps none seems darker than this personal treachery toward the man who had always trusted and defended him. What must the traitor's feelings have been when he read the affectionate letters which Schuyler wrote him at this very time? In better days he had shown much generosity of nature. Can it be that this is the same man who on the

field of Saratoga saved the life of the poor soldier who in honest fight had shot him and broken his leg? Such are the strange contrasts that we sometimes see in characters that are governed by impulse, and not by principle. Their virtue may be real enough while it lasts, but it does not weather the storm; and when once wrecked, the very same emotional nature by which alone it was supported often prompts to deeds of incredible wickedness.

After taking command of West Point, the correspondence with André, carefully couched in such terms as to make it seem to refer to some commercial enterprise, was vigorously kept up; and hints were let drop which convinced Sir Henry Clinton that the writer was Arnold, and the betrayal of the highland stronghold his purpose. Troops were accordingly embarked on the Hudson, and the flotilla was put in command of Admiral Rodney, who had looked in at New York on his way to the West Indies. To disguise the purpose of the embarkation, a rumor was industriously circulated that a force was to be sent southward to the Chesapeake. To arrange some important details of the affair, it seemed desirable that the two correspondents, "Gustavus" and "John Anderson," should meet, and talk over matters which could not safely be committed to paper. On the 18th of September, Washington, accompanied by Lafayette and Hamilton, set out for Hartford, for an interview with Rochambeau; and advantage was taken of his absence to arrange a meeting between the plotters. On the 20th André was taken up the river on the Vulture, sloop-of-war, and on the night of the 21st Arnold sent out a boat which brought him ashore about four miles below Stony Point. There in a thicket of fir-trees, under the veil of blackest midnight, the scheme was matured; but as gray dawn came on before all the details had been arranged, the boatmen

became alarmed, and refused to take André back to the ship, and he was accordingly persuaded, though against his will, to accompany Arnold within the American lines. The two conspirators walked up the bank a couple of miles to the house of one Joshua Smith, a man of doubtful allegiance, who does not seem to have understood the nature and extent of the plot, or to have known who Arnold's visitor was. It was thought that they might spend the day discussing their enterprise, and when it should have grown dark André could be rowed back to the *Vulture*.

But now a quite unforeseen accident occurred. Colonel Livingston, commanding the works on the opposite side of the river, was provoked by the sight of a British ship standing so near; and he opened such a lively fire upon the *Vulture* that she was obliged to withdraw from the scene. As the conspirators were waiting in Smith's house for breakfast to be served, they heard the booming of the guns, and André, rushing to the window, beheld with dismay the ship on whose presence so much depended dropping out of sight down the stream. On second thoughts, however, it was clear that she would not go far, as her commander had orders not to return to New York without André, and it was still thought that he might regain her. After breakfast he went to an upper chamber with Arnold, and several hours were spent in perfecting their plans. Immediately upon André's return to New York, the force under Clinton and Rodney was to ascend the river. To obstruct the approach of a hostile flotilla, an enormous chain lay stretched across the river, guarded by water-batteries. Under pretense of repairs, one link was to be taken out for a few days, and supplied by a rope which a slight blow would tear away. The approach of the British was to be announced by a concerted system of signals, and the American forces were to be so distributed that they could be

surrounded and captured in detail, until at the proper moment Arnold, taking advantage of the apparent defeat, was to surrender the works, with all the troops — 3000 in number — under his command. It was not unreasonably supposed that such a catastrophe, coming on the heels of Charleston and Camden and general bankruptcy, would put a stop to the war and lead to negotiations, in which Arnold, in view of such decisive service, might hope to play a leading part.

When André set out on this perilous undertaking, Sir Henry Clinton specially warned him not to adopt any disguise or to carry any papers which might compromise his safety. But André disregarded the advice, and took from Arnold six papers, all but one of them in the traitor's own handwriting, containing descriptions of the fortresses and information as to the disposition of the troops. Much risk might have been avoided by putting this information into cipher, or into a memorandum which would have been meaningless save to the parties concerned. But André may perhaps have doubted Arnold's fidelity, and feared lest under a false pretense of treason he might be drawing the British away into a snare. The documents which he took, being in Arnold's handwriting and unmistakable in their purport, were such as to put him in Clinton's power, and compel him, for the sake of his own safety, to perform his part of the contract. André intended, before getting into the boat, to tie up these papers in a bundle loaded with a stone, to be dropped into the water in case of a sudden challenge; but in the mean time he put them where they could not so easily be got rid of, between his stockings and the soles of his feet. Arnold furnished the requisite passes for Smith and André to go either by boat or by land, and, having thus apparently provided for all contingencies, took leave before noon, and returned in his barge

to his headquarters, ten miles up the stream. As evening approached, Smith, who seems to have been a man of unsteady nerves, refused to take André out to the Vulture. He had been alarmed by the firing in the morning, and feared there would be more risk in trying to reach the ship than in traveling down to the British lines by land, and he promised to ride all night with André if he would go that way. The young officer reluctantly consented, and partially disguised himself in some of Smith's clothes. At sundown the two crossed the river at King's Ferry, and pursued their journey on horseback toward White Plains.

The roads east of the Hudson, between the British and the American lines, were at this time infested by robbers, who committed their depredations under pretense of keeping up a partisan warfare. There were two sets of these scapegraces, — the "Cowboys," or cattle-thieves, and the "Skinners," who took everything they could find. These epithets, however, referred to the political complexion they chose to assume, rather than to any difference in their evil practices. The Skinners professed to be Whigs, and the Cowboys called themselves Tories; but in point of fact the two parties were alike political enemies to any farmer or wayfarer whose unprotected situation offered a prospect of booty; and though murder was not often committed, nobody's property was safe. It was a striking instance of the demoralization wrought in a highly civilized part of the country through its having so long continued to be the actual seat of war. Rumors that the Cowboys were out in force made Smith afraid to continue the journey by night, and the impatient André was thus obliged to stop at a farmhouse with his timid companion. Rising before dawn, they kept on until they reached the Croton River, which marked the upper boundary of the neutral ground between

the British and the American lines. Smith's instructions had been, in case of adopting the land route, not to leave his charge before reaching White Plains; but he now became uneasy to return, and André, who was beginning to consider himself out of danger, was perhaps not unwilling to part with a comrade who annoyed him by his loquacious and inquisitive disposition. So Smith made his way back to headquarters, and informed Arnold that he had escorted "Mr. Anderson" within a few miles of the British lines, which he must doubtless by this time have reached in safety.

Meanwhile, André, left to himself, struck into the road which led through Tarrytown, expecting to meet no worse enemies than Cowboys, who would either respect a British officer, or, if bent on plunder, might be satisfied by his money and watch. But it happened that morning that a party of seven young men had come out to intercept some Cowboys who were expected up the road; and about nine o'clock, as André was approaching the creek above Tarrytown, a short distance from the far-famed Sleepy Hollow, he was suddenly confronted by three of this party, who sprang from the bushes and, with leveled muskets, ordered him to halt. These men had let several persons, with whose faces they were familiar, pass unquestioned; and if Smith, who was known to almost every one in that neighborhood, had been with André, they too would doubtless have been allowed to pass. André was stopped because he was a stranger. One of these men happened to have on the coat of a Hessian soldier. Held by the belief that they must be Cowboys, or members of what was sometimes euphemistically termed the "lower party," André expressed a hope that such was the case; and on being assured that it was so, his caution deserted him, and, with that sudden sense of relief which is apt to come after unwonted and prolonged constraint, he

avowed himself a British officer, traveling on business of great importance. To his dismay, he now learned his mistake. John Paulding, the man in the Hessian coat, informed him that they were Americans, and ordered him to dismount. When he now showed them Arnold's pass they disregarded it, and insisted upon searching him, until presently the six papers were discovered where he had hidden them. "By God, he is a spy!" exclaimed Paulding, as he looked over the papers. Threats and promises were of no avail. The young men, who were not to be bought or cajoled, took their prisoner twelve miles up the river, and delivered him into the hands of Colonel John Jameson, a Virginian officer, who commanded a cavalry outpost at North Castle. When Jameson looked over the papers, they seemed to him very extraordinary documents to be traveling toward New York in the stockings of a stranger who could give no satisfactory account of himself. But so far from his suspecting Arnold of any complicity in the matter, he could think of nothing better than to send the prisoner straightway to Arnold himself, together with a brief letter in which he related what had happened. To the honest Jameson it seemed that this must be some foul ruse of the enemy, some device for stirring up suspicion in the camp, — something, at any rate, which could not too quickly be brought to his general's notice. But the documents themselves he prudently sent by an express-rider to Washington, accompanying them with a similar letter of explanation. André, in charge of a military guard, had already proceeded some distance toward West Point when Jameson's second in command, Major Benjamin Tallmadge, came in from some errand on which he had been engaged. On hearing what had happened, Tallmadge suspected that all was not right with Arnold, and insisted that André and the letter should be recalled. After

a hurried discussion, Jameson sent out a party which brought André back; but he still thought it his duty to inform Arnold, and so the letter which saved the traitor's life was allowed to proceed on its way.

Now, if Washington had returned from Hartford by the route which it was supposed he would take, through Danbury and Peekskill, Arnold would not even thus have been saved. For some reason Washington returned two or three days sooner than had been expected; and, moreover, he chose a more northerly route, through Farmington and Litchfield, so that the messenger failed to meet him. It was on the evening of Saturday, the 23d, that Jameson's two letters started. On Sunday afternoon Washington arrived at Fishkill, eighteen miles above West Point, and was just starting down the river road when he met Luzerne, the French minister, who was on his way to consult with Rochambeau. Wishing to have a talk with this gentleman, Washington turned back to the nearest inn, where they sat down to supper and chatted, all unconsciously, with the very Joshua Smith from whom André had parted at the Croton River on the morning of the day before. Word was sent to Arnold to expect the commander-in-chief and his suite to breakfast the next morning, and before daybreak of Monday they were galloping down the wooded road. As they approached the Robinson House, where Arnold had his headquarters, opposite West Point, Washington turned his horse down toward the river, whereat Lafayette reminded him that they were late already, and ought not to keep Mrs. Arnold waiting. "Ah, marquis," said Washington, laughing, "I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold: go and get your breakfast, and tell her not to wait for me." Lafayette did not adopt the suggestion. He accompanied Washington and Knox while they rode down to examine some redoubts. Hamilton

and the rest of the party kept on to the house, and sat down to breakfast in its cheerful wainscoted dining-room, with Arnold and his wife and several of his officers.

As they sat at table, a courier entered, and handed to Arnold the letter in which Colonel Jameson informed him that one John Anderson had been taken with compromising documents in his possession, which had been forwarded to the commander-in-chief. With astonishing presence of mind, he folded the letter and put it in his pocket, finished the remark which had been on his lips when the courier entered, and then, rising, said that he was suddenly called across the river to West Point, but would return to meet Washington without delay; and he ordered his barge to be manned. None of the officers observed anything unusual in his manner, but the quick eye of his wife detected something wrong, and as he left the room she excused herself and hurried after him. Going up to their bedroom, he told her that he was a ruined man and must fly for his life; and as she screamed and fainted in his arms, he laid her upon the bed, called in the maid to attend her, stooped to kiss his baby boy who was sleeping in the cradle, rushed down to the yard, leaped on a horse that was standing there, and galloped down a by-path to his barge. It had promptly occurred to his quick mind that the *Vulture* would still be waiting for André some miles down stream, and he told the oarsmen to row him thither without delay, as he must get back soon to meet Washington. A brisk row of eighteen miles brought them to the *Vulture*, whose commander was still wondering why André did not come back. From the cabin of the *Vulture* Arnold sent a letter to Washington, assuring him of Mrs. Arnold's innocence, and begging that she might be allowed to return to her family in Philadelphia, or come to her husband, as she might choose. Then

the ill-omened ship weighed anchor, and reached New York next morning.

Meanwhile, about noonday Washington came in for his breakfast, and, hearing that Arnold had crossed the river to West Point, soon hurried off to meet him there, followed by all his suite except Hamilton. As they were ferried across, no salute of cannon greeted them, and on landing they learned with astonishment that Arnold had not been there that morning; but no one as yet had a glimmer of suspicion. When they returned to the Robinson House, about two o'clock, they found Hamilton walking up and down before the door in great excitement. Jameson's courier had arrived, with the letters for Washington, which the aide had just opened and read. The commander and his aide went alone into the house, and examined the papers, which, taken in connection with the traitor's flight, but too plainly told the story. From Mrs. Arnold, who was in hysterics, Washington could learn nothing. He privately sent Hamilton and another aide in pursuit of the fugitive; and coming out to meet Lafayette and Knox, his voice choking and tears rolling down his cheeks, he exclaimed, "Arnold is a traitor, and has fled to the British! Whom can we trust now?" In a moment, however, he had regained his wonted composure. It was no time for giving way to emotion. It was as yet impossible to tell how far the scheme might have extended. Even now the enemy's fleet might be ascending the river (as but for André's capture it doubtless would have been doing that day), and an attack might be made before the morrow. Riding anxiously about the works, Washington soon detected the treacherous arrangements that had been made, and by seven in the evening he had done much to correct them and to make ready for an attack. As he was taking supper in the room which Arnold had so hastily quitted in the morning, the traitor's letter from the *Vulture* was

handed him. "Go to Mrs. Arnold," said he quietly to one of his officers, "and tell her that though my duty required no means should be neglected to arrest General Arnold, I have great pleasure in acquainting *her* that he is now safe on board a British vessel."

But while the principal criminal was safe, it was far otherwise with the agent who had been employed in this perilous business. On Sunday, from his room in Jameson's quarters, André had written a letter to Washington, pathetic in its frank simplicity, setting forth his high position in the British army, and telling his story without any attempt at evasion. From the first there could be no doubt as to the nature of his case, yet André for the moment did not fully comprehend it. On Thursday, the 28th, he was taken across the river to Tappan, where the main army was encamped. His escort, Major Tallmadge, was a graduate of Yale College and a classmate of Nathan Hale, whom General Howe had hanged as a spy four years before. Tallmadge had begun to feel a warm interest in André, and as they rode their horses side by side into Tappan, when his prisoner asked how his case would probably be regarded, Tallmadge's countenance fell, and it was not until the question had been twice repeated that he replied by a gentle allusion to the fate of his lamented classmate. "But surely," said poor André, "you do not consider his case and mine alike!" "They are precisely similar," answered Tallmadge gravely, "and similar will be your fate."

Next day a court-martial of fourteen generals was assembled, with Greene presiding, to sit in judgment on the unfortunate young officer. "It is impossible to save him," said the kindly Steuben, who was one of the judges. "Would to God the wretch who has drawn him to his death might be made to suffer in his stead!" The opinion of the court was unanimous that André

had acted as a spy, and incurred the penalty of death. Washington allowed a brief respite, that Sir Henry Clinton's views might be considered. The British commander, in his sore distress over the danger of his young friend, could find no better grounds to allege in his defense than that he had, presumably, gone ashore under a flag of truce, and that when taken he certainly was traveling under the protection of a pass which Arnold, in the ordinary exercise of his authority, had a right to grant. But clearly these safeguards were vitiated by the treasonable purpose of the commander who granted them, and in availing himself of them André, who was privy to this treasonable purpose, took his life in his hands as completely as any ordinary spy would do. André himself had already candidly admitted before the court "that it was impossible for him to suppose that he came ashore under the sanction of a flag;" and Washington struck to the root of the matter, as he invariably did, in his letter to Clinton, where he said that André "was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to the objects of flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize or countenance in the most distant degree." The argument was conclusive, but it was not strange that the British general should have been slow to admit its force. He begged that the question might be submitted to an impartial committee, consisting of Knyphausen from the one army and Rochambeau from the other; but as no question had arisen which the court-martial was not thoroughly competent to decide, Washington very properly refused to permit such an unusual proceeding. Lastly, Clinton asked that André might be exchanged for Christopher Gadsden, who had been taken in the capture of Charleston, and was then imprisoned at St. Augustine. At the same time, a letter from Arnold to Washington, with characteristic want

of tact, hinting at retaliation upon the persons of sundry South Carolinian prisoners, was received with silent contempt.

There was a general feeling in the American army that if Arnold himself could be surrendered to justice, it might perhaps be well to set free the less guilty victim by an act of executive clemency; and Greene gave expression to this feeling in an interview with Lieutenant-General Robertson, whom Clinton sent up on Sunday, the 1st of October, to plead for André's life. No such suggestion could be made in the form of an official proposal. Under no circumstances could Clinton be expected to betray the man from whose crime he had sought to profit, and who had now thrown himself upon him for protection. Nevertheless, in a roundabout way the suggestion was made. On Saturday, Captain Ogden, with an escort of twenty-five men and a flag of truce, was sent down to Paulus Hook with letters for Clinton, and he contrived to whisper to the commandant there that if in any way Arnold might be suffered to slip into the hands of the Americans André would be set free. It was Lafayette who had authorized Ogden to offer the suggestion, and so, apparently, Washington must have connived at it; but Clinton, naturally, refused to entertain the idea for a moment. The conference between Greene and Robertson led to nothing. A petition from André, in which he begged to be shot rather than hanged, was duly considered and rejected; and, accordingly, on Monday, the 2d of October, the ninth day after his capture by the yeomen at Tarrytown, the adjutant-general of the British army was led to the gallows. His remains were buried near the spot where he suffered, but in 1821 they were disinterred and removed to Westminster Abbey.

The fate of this gallant young officer has always called forth tender commiseration, due partly to his high position

and his engaging personal qualities, but chiefly, no doubt, to the fact that, while he suffered the penalty of the law, the chief conspirator escaped. One does not easily get rid of a vague sense of injustice in this, but the injustice was not of man's contriving. But for the remarkable series of accidents — if it be philosophical to call them so — resulting in André's capture, the treason would very likely have been successful, and the cause of American independence might have been for the moment ruined. But for an equally remarkable series of accidents Arnold would not have received warning in time to escape. If both had been captured, both would probably have been hanged. Certainly both alike had incurred the penalty of death. It was not the fault of Washington or of the court-martial that the chief offender went unpunished, and in nowise was André made a scapegoat for Arnold. It is right that we should feel pity for the fate of André; but it is unfortunate that pity should be permitted to cloud the judgment of the historian, as in the case of Lord Mahon, who stands almost alone among competent writers in impugning the justice of André's sentence. One remark of Lord Mahon's I am tempted to quote, as an amusing instance of that certain air of "condescension" which Mr. Lowell has observed in our British cousins. He seeks to throw discredit upon the court-martial by gravely assuming that the American generals must, of course, have been ignorant men, "who had probably never so much as heard the names of Vattel or Puffendorf," and, accordingly, "could be no fit judges on any nice or doubtful point" of military law. Now, of the twelve American generals who sat in judgment on André, at least seven were men of excellent education, two of them having taken degrees at Harvard, and two at English universities. Greene, the president, a self-educated man, who used in leisure moments to read Latin poets

by the light of his camp-fire, had paid especial attention to military law, and had carefully read and copiously annotated his copy of Vattel. The judgment of these twelve men agreed with that of Steuben (formerly a staff officer of Frederick the Great) and Lafayette, who sat with them on the court-martial; and, moreover, no nice or intricate questions were raised. It was natural enough that André's friends should make the most of the fact that when captured he was traveling under a pass granted by the commander of West Point; but to ask the court-martial to accept such a plea was not introducing any nice or doubtful question; it was simply contending that "the willful abuse of a privilege is entitled to the same respect as its legitimate exercise." Accordingly, historians on both sides of the Atlantic have generally admitted the justice of André's sentence, though sometimes its rigorous execution has been censured as an act of unnecessary severity. Yet if we withdraw our attention for a moment from the irrelevant fact that the British adjutant-general was an amiable and interesting young man, and concentrate it upon the essential fact that he had come within our lines to aid a treacherous commander in betraying his post, we cannot fail to see that there is no principle of military policy upon which ordinary spies are rigorously put to death which does not apply with tenfold force to the case of André. Moreover, while it is an undoubted fact that military morality permits, and sometimes applauds, such enterprises as that in which André lost his life, I cannot but feel that the flavor of treachery which clings about it must somewhat weaken the sympathy we should otherwise freely accord; and I find myself agreeing with the British historian, Mr. Massey, when he doubts "whether services of this character entitle his memory to the honors of Westminster Abbey."

As for Arnold, his fall had been as

terrible as that of Milton's rebellious archangel, and we may well believe his state of mind to have been desperate. It was said that on hearing of Captain Ogden's suggestion as to the only possible means of saving André, Arnold went to Clinton and offered to surrender himself as a ransom for his fellow-conspirator. This story was published in the *London Morning Herald* in February, 1782, by Captain Battersby, of the 29th regiment, — one of the "Sam Adams" regiments. Battersby was in New York in September, 1780, and was on terms of intimacy with members of Clinton's staff. In the absence of further evidence, one must beware of attaching too much weight to such a story. Yet it is not inconsistent with what we know of Arnold's impulsive nature. In the agony of his sudden overthrow it may well have seemed that there was nothing left to live for, and a death thus savoring of romantic self-sacrifice might serve to lighten the burden of his shame as nothing else could. Like many men of weak integrity, Arnold was over-sensitive to public opinion, and his treason, as he had planned it, though equally indefensible in point of morality, was something very different from what it seemed now that it was frustrated. It was not for this that he had bartered his soul to Satan. He had aimed at an end so vast that, when once attained, it might be hoped that the nefarious means employed would be overlooked, and that in Arnold, the brilliant general who had restored America to her old allegiance, posterity would see the counterpart of that other general who, for bringing back Charles Stuart to his father's throne, was rewarded with the dukedom of Albemarle. Now he had lost everything, and got nothing in exchange but £6000 sterling and a brigadiership in the British army. He had sold himself cheap, after all, and incurred such hatred and contempt that for a long time, by a righteous

retribution, even his past services were forgotten. Even such weak creatures as Gates could now point the finger of scorn at him, while Washington, his steadfast friend, could never speak of him again without a shudder. From men less reticent than Washington strong words were heard. "What do you think of the damnable doings of that diabolical dog?" wrote Colonel Otho Williams to Arnold's old friend and fellow in the victory of Saratoga, Daniel Morgan. "Curse on his folly and perfidy," said Greene, "how mortifying to think that he is a New Englander!" These were the men who could best appreciate the hard treatment Arnold had received from Congress. But in the frightful abyss of his crime all such considerations were instantly swallowed up and lost. No amount of personal wrong could for a moment excuse or even palliate such a false step as he had taken.

Within three months from the time when his treason was discovered, Arnold was sent by Sir Henry Clinton on a marauding expedition into Virginia, and in the course of one of his raids an American captain was taken prisoner. "What do you suppose my fate would be," Arnold is said to have inquired, "if my misguided countrymen were to take me prisoner?" The captain's reply was prompt and frank: "They would cut off the leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga and bury it with the honors of war, and the rest of you they would hang on a gibbet." After the close of the war, when Arnold, accompanied by his wife, made England his home, it is said that he sometimes had to encounter similar expressions of contempt. The Earl of Surrey once, seeing him in the gallery of the House of Commons, asked the Speaker to have him put out, that the House might not be contaminated by the presence of such a traitor. The story is not well authenticated; but it is certain that in 1792 the Earl of Lauderdale used such language about him

in the House of Lords as to lead to a bloodless duel between Arnold and the noble earl. It does not appear, however, that Arnold was universally despised in England. Influenced by the political passions of the day, many persons were ready to condone his crime; and his generous and affectionate nature won him many friends. It is said that so high-minded a man as Lord Cornwallis became attached to him, and always treated him with respect.

Mrs. Arnold proved herself a devoted wife and mother; and the record of her four sons, during long years of service in the British army, was highly honorable. The second son, Lieutenant-General Sir James Robertson Arnold, served with distinction in the wars against Napoleon. A grandson who was killed in the Crimean war was especially mentioned by Lord Raglan for valor and skill. Another grandson, the Rev. Edward Arnold, is now rector of Great Massingham, in Norfolk. The family has intermarried with the peerage, and has secured for itself an honorable place among the landed gentry of England. But the disgrace of their ancestor has always been keenly felt by them. At Surinam, in 1804, James Robertson Arnold, then a lieutenant, begged the privilege of leading a desperate forlorn hope, that he might redeem the family name from the odium which attached to it; and he acquitted himself in a way that was worthy of his father in the days of Quebec and Saratoga. All the family tradition goes to show that the last years of Benedict Arnold in London were years of bitter remorse and self-reproach. The great name which he had so gallantly won and so wretchedly lost left him no repose by night or day. The iron frame, which had withstood the fatigue of so many trying battlefields and still more trying marches through the wilderness, broke down at last under the slow torture of lost friendships and merited disgrace. In the last

sad days in London, in June, 1801, the family tradition says that Arnold's mind kept reverting to his old friendship with Washington. He had always carefully preserved the American uniform which he wore on the day when he made his escape to the Vulture; and now as, broken in spirit and weary of life, he felt the last moments coming, he called for this uniform and put it on, and decorated himself with the epaulettes and sword-knot which Washington had given him after the victory of Saratoga. "Let me die," said he, "in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other!"

As we thus reach the end of one of the saddest episodes in American history, our sympathy cannot fail for the moment to go out toward the sufferer, nor can we help contrasting these passionate dying words with the last cynical scoff of that other traitor, Charles Lee, when he begged that he might not be buried within a mile of any church, as he did not wish to keep bad company after death. From beginning to end the story of Lee is little more than a vulgar melodrama; but into the story of Arnold there enters that element of awe and pity which, as Aristotle pointed out, is an essential part of real tragedy. That Arnold had been very shabbily treated, long before any thought of treason entered his mind, is not to be denied.

That he may honestly have come to consider the American cause hopeless, that he may really have lost his interest in it because of the French alliance, — all this is quite possible. Such considerations might have justified him in resigning his commission; or even, had he openly and frankly gone over to the enemy, much as we should have deplored such a step, some persons would always have been found to judge him leniently, and accord him the credit of acting upon principle. But the dark and crooked course which he did choose left open no alternative but that of unqualified condemnation. If we feel less of contempt and more of sorrow in the case of Arnold than in the case of such a weakling as Charles Lee, our verdict is not the less unmitigated. Arnold's fall was by far the more terrible, as he fell from a greater height, and into a depth than which none could be lower. It is only fair that we should recall his services to the cause of American independence, which were unquestionably greater than those of any other man in the Continental army except Washington and Greene. But it is part of the natural penalty that attaches to backsliding such as his, that when we hear the name of Benedict Arnold these are not the things which it suggests to our minds, but the name stands, and will always stand, as a symbol of unfaithfulness to trust.

John Fiske.

BY THE MORNING BOAT.

ON the coast of Maine, where many green islands and salt inlets fringe the deep-cut shore line; where balsam firs and bayberry bushes send their fragrance far seaward, and song sparrows sing all day, and the tide runs plashing in and out among the weedy ledges;

where cowbells tinkle on the hills and herons stand in the shady coves, — on the lonely coast of Maine stood a small gray house facing the morning light. All the weather-beaten houses of that region face the sea apprehensively, like the women who live in them.

This home of four people was as bleached and gray with wind and rain as one of the pasture stones close by. There were some cinnamon rose bushes under the window at one side of the door, and a stunted lilac at the other side. It was so early in the cool morning that nobody was astir but some shy birds, that had come in the stillness of dawn to pick and flutter in the short grass.

They flew away together as some one softly opened the unlocked door and stepped out. This was a bent old man, who shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked at the west and the east and overhead, and then took a few lame and feeble steps farther out to see a wooden vane on the barn. Then he sat down on the doorstep, clasped his hands together between his knees, and looked steadily out to sea, scanning the horizon where some schooners had held on their way all night with a light westerly breeze. He seemed to be satisfied with the weather, as if he had been anxious, as he lay unassured in his north bedroom, vexed with the sleeplessness of age and excited by thoughts of the coming day. The old seaman dozed as he sat on the doorstep, while dawn came up and the world grew bright; and the little birds returned, fearfully at first, to finish their breakfast, and at last made bold to hop close to his feet.

After a time some one else came and stood in the open door behind him.

"Why, father! seems to me you've got an early start; 't ain't but four o'clock. I thought I was foolish to get up so soon, but 't wa'n't so I could sleep."

"No, Lucy Ann." The old man smiled as he turned to look at her, wide awake on the instant. "'T ain't so soon as I git out some o' these 'arly mornin's. The birds wake me up singin', an it's so light, you know. I wanted to make sure 'Lisha would have a fair day to go."

"I expect he 'd have to go if the weather wa'n't good," said the woman.

"Yes, yes, but 't is useful to have fair weather, an' a good sign some says it is. This is a great event for the boy, ain't it?"

"I can't face the thought o' losin' on him, father." The woman came forward a step or two and sat down on the doorstep. She was a hard-worked, anxious creature, whose face had lost all look of youth. She was apt, in the general course of things, to hurry the old man and to spare little time for talking, and he was pleased by this acknowledged unity of their interests. He moved aside a little to give her more room, and glanced at her with a smile as if to beg her to speak freely. They were both undemonstrative, taciturn New Englanders; their hearts were warm with pent-up feeling, that summer morning, yet it was easier to understand one another through silence than through speech.

"No, I could n't git much sleep," repeated the daughter at last. "Some things I thought of that ain't come to mind before for years, — things I don't relish the feelin' of, all over again."

"'T was just such a mornin' as this pore little 'Lisha's father went off on that last v'y'ge o' his," answered the old sailor, with instant comprehension. "Yes, you've had it master hard, pore gal, ain't you? I advised him against goin' off on that old vessel with a crew that wa'n't capable."

"Such a mornin' as this, when I come out at sun-up, I always seem to see her tops'ls over there beyond the p'int, where she was to anchor. Well, I thank Heaven 'Lisha was averse to goin' to sea," declared the mother.

"There 's dangers ashore, Lucy Ann," said the grandfather solemnly; but there was no answer, and they sat there in silence until the old man grew drowsy again.

"Yisterday was the first time it fell onto my heart that 'Lisha was goin' off,"

the mother began again, after a time had passed. "I've been workin' every way I could to further him and git him a real good chance up to Boston, and now that we've got to part with him I don't see how to put up with it."

"All nateral," insisted the old man. "My mother wept the night through before I was goin' to sail on my first v'y'ge; she was kind of satisfied, though, when I come home next summer, grown a full man, with my savin's in my pocket, an' I had a master pretty little figured shawl I'd bought for her to Bristol."

"I don't want no shawls. Partin' is partin' to me," said the woman.

"T ain't everybody can stand in her fore-door an' see the chimbleys o' three child'n's houses without a glass," he tried eagerly to console her. "All ready an' willin' to do their part for you, so as you could let 'Lisha go off and have his chance."

"I don't know how it is," she answered, "but none on 'em never give me the rooted home feelin' that 'Lisha has. They was more varyin' and kind o' fast growin' and scatterin'; but 'Lisha was always 'Lisha when he was a babe, and I settled on him for the one to keep with me."

"Then he's just the kind to send off, one you ain't got to worry about. They're all good child'n," said the man. "We've reason to be thankful none on 'em 's been like some young sprigs, more grief 'n glory to their folks. An' I ain't regrettin' 'Lisha's goin' one mite; I believe you'd rather go on doin' for him an' cossetin'. I think 't was high time to shove him out o' the nest."

"You ain't his mother," said Lucy Ann.

"What be you goin' to give him for his breakfast?" asked the stern grandfather, in a softened, less business-like voice.

"I don't know 's I'd thought about it special, sir. I did lay aside that piece

o' apple pie we had left yisterday from dinner," she confessed.

"Fry him out a nice little crisp piece o' pork, Lucy Ann, an' 't will relish with his baked potatoes. He'll think o' his breakfast more times 'n you expect. I know a lad's feelin's when home's put behind him."

The sun was up clear and bright over the broad sea inlet to the eastward, but the shining water struck the eye by its look of vacancy. It was broad daylight, and still so early that no sails came stealing out from the farmhouse landings, or even from the gray groups of battered fish-houses that overlung, here and there, a sheltered cove. Some crows and gulls were busy in the air; it was the time of day when the world belongs more to birds than to men.

"Poor 'Lisha!" the mother went on compassionately. "I expect it has been a long night to him. He seemed to take it in, as he was goin' to bed, how 't was his last night to home. I heard him thrashin' about kind o' restless sometimes."

"Come, Lucy Ann, the boy ought to be stirrin'!" exclaimed the old sailor, without the least show of sympathy. "He's got to be ready when John Sykes comes, an' he ain't so quick as some lads."

The mother rose with a sigh, and went into the house. After her own sleepless night, she dreaded to face the regretful, sleepless eyes of her son; but as she opened the door of his little bedroom, there lay Elisha sound asleep and comfortable to behold. She stood watching him with gloomy tenderness until he stirred uneasily, his consciousness roused by the intentness of her thought and the mysterious current that flowed from her wistful, eager eyes.

But when the lad waked, it was to a joyful sense of manliness and responsibility; for him the change of surroundings was coming through natural processes of growth, not through the uproot-

ing which gave his mother such an aching heart.

A little later Elisha came out to the breakfast table, arrayed in his best sandy-brown clothes set off with a bright blue satin cravat which had been the pride and delight of pleasant Sundays and rare holidays. He already felt unrelated to the familiar scene of things, and was impatient to be gone. For one thing, it was strange to sit down to breakfast in Sunday splendor, while his mother and grandfather and little sister Lydia were in their humble every-day attire. They ate in silence and haste, as they always did, but with a new constraint and awkwardness that forbade their looking at one another. At last the head of the household broke the silence with simple straightforwardness.

"You've got an excellent good day, 'Lisha. I like to have a fair start myself. 'T ain't goin' to be too hot; the wind's working into the north a little."

"Yes, sir," responded Elisha.

"The great p'int about gittin' on in life is bein' able to cope with your headwinds," continued the old man earnestly, pushing away his plate. "Any fool can run before a fair breeze, but I tell ye the best out o' his disadvantages. You won't be treated so pretty as you expect in the store, and you'll git plenty o' blows to your pride; but you keep right ahead, and if you can't run before the wind you can always beat. I ain't no hand to preach, but preachin' ain't goin' to sarve ye now. We've gone an' fetched ye up the best we could, your mother an' me, an' you can't never say but you've started amongst honest folks. If a vessel's built out o' sound timber an' has got good lines for sailin', why then she's seaworthy; but if she ain't, she ain't, an' a mess o' preachin' ain't goin' to alter her over. Now you're standin' out to sea, my boy, an' you can bear your home in mind and work your way, same's plenty of others has done."

It was a solemn moment; the speaker's voice faltered, and little Lydia dried her tearful blue eyes with her gingham apron. Elisha hung his head, and patted the old spotted cat which came to rub herself against his trowsers-leg. The mother rose hastily, and hurried into the pantry close by. She was always an appealing figure, with her thin shoulders and faded calico gowns; it was difficult to believe that she had once been the prettiest girl in that neighborhood. But her son loved her in his sober, undemonstrative way, and was full of plans for coming home rich and generous enough to make her proud and happy. He was half pleased and half annoyed because his leave-taking was of such deep concern to the household.

"Come, Lyddy, don't you take on," he said, with rough kindness. "Let's go out, and I'll show you how to feed the pig and 'tend to the chickens. You'll have to be chief clerk when I'm gone."

They went out to the yard, hand in hand. Elisha stopped to stroke the old cat again, as she ran by his side and mewed.

"I wish I was off and done with it; this morning does seem awful long," said the boy.

"Ain't you afraid you'll be homesick an' want to come back?" asked the little sister timidly; but Elisha scorned so poor a thought.

"You'll have to see if grandpa has 'tended to these things, the pig an' the chickens," he advised her gravely. "He forgets 'em sometimes when I'm away, but he would be cast down if you told him so, and you just keep an eye open, Lyddy. Mother's got enough to do inside the house. But grandsir 'll keep her in kindlin's; he likes to set and chop in the shed rainy days, an' he'll do a sight more if you 'll set with him, an' let him get goin' on his old seafarin' times."

Lydia nodded discreetly.

"An', Lyddy, don't you loiter comin' home from school, an' don't be out late,

an' get 'em fussy, when it comes cold weather. And you tell Susy Draper," — the boy's voice sounded unconcerned, but Lydia glanced at him quickly, — "you tell Susy Draper that I was awful sorry she was over to her aunt's, so I could n't say good-by."

Lydia's heart was the heart of a woman, and she comprehended. Lydia nodded again, more sagely than before.

"See here," said the boy suddenly. "I'm goin' to let my old woodchuck out."

Lydia's face was blank with surprise. "I thought you promised to sell him to big Jim Hooper."

"I did, but I don't care for big Jim Hooper; you just tell him I let my woodchuck go."

The brother and sister went to their favorite playground between the ledges, not far from the small old barn. Here was a clumsy box with wire gratings, behind which an untamed little wild beast sat up and chattered at his harmless foes. "He's a whopping old fellow," said Elisha admiringly. "Big Jim Hooper sha'n't have him!" and as he opened the trap Lydia had hardly time to perch herself high on the ledge before the woodchuck tumbled and scuttled along the short green turf, and was lost among the clumps of juniper and bayberry just beyond.

"I feel just like him," said the boy. "I want to get up to Boston just as bad as that. See here, now!" and he flung a gallant cartwheel of himself in the same direction, and then stood on his head and waved his legs furiously in the air. "I feel just like that."

Lydia, who had been tearful all the morning, looked at him in vague dismay. Only a short time ago she had never been made to feel that her brother was so much older than herself. They had been constant playmates; but now he was like a grown man, and cared no longer for their old pleasures. There was all the possible difference between them

that there can be between fifteen years and twelve, and Lydia was nothing but a child.

"Come, come, where be ye?" shouted the old grandfather, and they both started guiltily. Elisha rubbed some dry grass out of his short-cropped hair, and the little sister came down from her ledge. At that moment the real pang of parting shot through her heart; her brother belonged irrevocably to a wider world.

"Ma'am Stover has sent for ye to come over; she wants to say good-by to ye!" cried the grandfather, leaning on his two canes at the end of the barn. "Come, step lively, an' remember you ain't got none too much time, and the boat ain't goin' to wait a minute for nobody."

"Ma'am Stover?" repeated the boy, with a frown. He and his sister knew only too well the pasture path between the two houses. Ma'am Stover was a bedridden woman, who had seen much trouble, — a town charge in her old age. Her neighbors gave to her generously out of their own slender stores. Yet with all this poverty and dependence, she held firm sway over the customs and opinions of her acquaintance, from the uneasy bed where she lay year in and year out, watching the far sea line beyond a pasture slope.

The young people walked fast, sometimes running a little way, light-footed, the boy going ahead, and burst into their neighbor's room out of breath.

She was calm and critical, and their excitement had a sudden chill.

"So the great day's come at last, 'Elisha?" she asked; at which Elisha was conscious of unnecessary aggravation.

"I don't know's it's much of a day — to anybody but me," he added, discovering a twinkle in her black eyes that was more sympathetic than usual. "I expected to stop an' see you last night; but I had to go round and see all our folks, and when I got back 't was late and the tide was down, an' I knew

that grandsir could n't git the boat up all alone to our lower landin'."

"Well, I did n't forgit you, but I thought p'r'aps you might forgit me, an' I'm goin' to give ye somethin'. 'T is for your folks' sake; I want ye to tell 'em so. I don't want ye never to part with it, even if it fails in time and you git proud an' want a new one. It's been a sight o' company to me." She reached up, with a flush on her wrinkled cheeks and tears in her eyes, and took a worn old silver watch from its nail, and handed it, with a last look at its white face and large gold hands, to the startled boy.

"Oh, I can't take it from ye, Ma'am Stover. I'm just as much obliged to you," he faltered.

"There, go now, dear, go right along," said the old woman, turning quickly away. "Be a good boy for your folks' sake. If so be that I'm here when you come home, you can let me see how well you've kep' it."

The boy and girl went softly out, leaving the door wide open, as Ma'am Stover liked to have it in summer weather, her windows being small and few. There were neighbors near enough to come and shut it if a heavy shower blew up. Sometimes the song sparrows and whippoorwills came hopping in about the little bare room.

"I felt kind of 'shamed to carry off her watch," protested Elisha, with a radiant face that belied his honest words.

"Put it on," said proud little Lydia, trotting alongside; and he hooked the bright steel chain into his buttonhole, and looked down to see how it shone across his waistcoat. None of his friends had so fine a watch; even his grandfather's was so poor a timekeeper that it was rarely worn except as a decoration on Sundays or at a funeral. They hurried home. Ma'am Stover, lying in her bed, could see the two slight figures nearly all the way on the pas-

ture path, flitting along in their joyful haste.

It was disappointing that the mother and grandfather had so little to say about the watch. In fact, Elisha's grandfather only said "Pore creatur" once or twice, and turned away, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand. If Ma'am Stover had chosen to give so rich a gift, to know the joy of such generosity, nobody had a right to protest. Yet nobody knew how much the poor wakeful soul would miss the only one of her meagre possessions that seemed alive and companionable in lonely hours. Somebody had said once that there were chairs that went about on wheels, made on purpose for crippled persons like Ma'am Stover; and Elisha's heart was instantly filled with delight at this remembrance. Perhaps before long, if he could save some money and get ahead, he would buy one of those chairs and send it down from Boston; and a new sense of power filled his honest heart. He had dreamed a great many dreams already of what he meant to do with all his money, when he came home rich and a person of consequence, in summer vacations.

The large leather valise was soon packed, and its owner carried it out to the roadside, and put his last winter's overcoat and a great new umbrella beside it, so as to be ready when John Sykes came with the wagon. He was more and more anxious to be gone, and felt no sense of his old identification with the home interests. His mother said sadly that he would be gone full soon enough, when he joined his grandfather in accusing Mr. Sykes of keeping them waiting forever and making him miss the boat. There were three rough roundabout miles to be traveled to the steamer landing, and the Sykes horses were known to be slow. But at last the team came nodding in sight over a steep hill in the road.

Then the moment of parting had come,

the moment toward which all the long late winter and early summer had looked. The boy was leaving his plain little home for the great adventure of his life's fortunes. Until now he had been the charge and anxiety of his elders, and under their rule and advice. Now he was free to choose; his was the power of direction, his the responsibility; for in the world one must be ranked by his own character and ability, and doomed by his own failures. The boy lifted his burden lightly, and turned with an eager smile to say farewell. But the old people and little Lydia were speechless with grief; they could not bear to part with the pride and hope and boyish strength that were all their slender joy. The worn-out old man, the anxious woman who had been beaten and buffeted by the waves of poverty and sorrow, the little sister with her dreaming heart, stood at the bars and hungrily watched him go away. They feared success for him almost as much as failure. The world was before him now, with its treasures and pleasures, but with those inevitable disappointments and losses which old people know and fear, those sorrows of incapacity and lack of judgment which young hearts go out to meet without foreboding. It was a world of love and favor to which little Lydia's brother had gone; but who would know her fairy prince, in that disguise of a country boy's bashfulness and humble raiment from the cheap counter of a country store? The household stood rapt and silent until the farm wagon had made its last rise on the hilly road and disappeared.

"Well, he's left us now," said the sorrowful, hopeful old grandfather. "I expect I've got to turn to an' be a boy again myself. I feel to hope 'Lisha'll do as well as we covet for him. I seem to take it in, all my father felt when he let me go off to sea. He stood where I'm standin' now, an' I was just as triffin' as pore 'Lisha, and felt full as

big as a man. But Lord! how I give up when it come night, an' I took it in I was gone from home!"

"There, don't ye, father," said the pale mother gently. She was, after all, the stronger of the two. "'Lisha's good an' honest-hearted. You'll feel real proud a year from now, when he gits back. I'm so glad he's got his watch to carry,—he did feel so grand. I expect them poor hens is sufferin'; nobody's thought on 'em this livin' mornin'. You'd better step an' feed 'em right away, sir." She could hardly speak for sorrow and excitement, but the old man was diverted at once, and hobbled away with cheerful importance on his two canes. Then she looked round at the poor, stony little farm almost angrily. "He'd no natural turn for the sea, 'Lisha had n't; but I might have kept him with me if the land was good for anything."

Elisha felt as if he were in a dream, now that his great adventure was begun. He answered John Sykes's questions mechanically, and his head was a little dull and dazed. Then he began to fear that the slow plodding of the farm horses would make him too late for the steamboat, and with sudden satisfaction pulled out the great watch to see if there were still time enough to get to the landing. He was filled with remorse because it was impossible to remember whether he had thanked Ma'am Stover for it. It seemed like a thing of life and consciousness as he pushed it back into his tight pocket. John Sykes looked at it curiously. "Why, that's old Ma'am Stover's timepiece, ain't it? Lend it to ye, did she?"

"Gave it to me," answered Elisha proudly.

"You be careful of it," said the driver; and Elisha nodded soberly.

"Well, good-day; be a stiddy lad," advised John Sykes, a few minutes afterward. "Don't start in too smart an' scare 'em up to Boston. Pride an' am-

bition was the downfall o' old Cole's dog. There, sonny, the bo't ain't no-where in sight, for all your fidgetin'!"

They both smiled broadly at the humorous warning, and as the old wagon rattled away Elisha stood a moment looking after it; then he went down to the wharf by winding ways among piles of decayed timber and disused lobster-pots. A small group of travelers and spectators had already assembled, and they stared at him in a way that made him feel separated from his kind, though some of them had come to see him off. One unenlightened acquaintance inquired if Elisha were expecting friends by that morning's boat; and when he explained that he was going away himself, asked kindly whether it was to be as far as Bath. Elisha mentioned the word "Boston" with scorn and compassion, but he did not feel like discussing his brilliant prospects now, as he had been more than ready to do the week before. Just then a deaf old woman asked for the time of day. She sat next him on the battered bench.

"Be you going up to Bath, dear?" she demanded suddenly; and he said yes. "Guess I'll stick to you, then, fur's you go; 't is kind o' blind in them big places." And Elisha faintly nodded a meek but grudging assent; then, after a few moments, he boldly rose, tall umbrella in hand, and joined the talkative company of young and old men at the other side of the wharf. They proceeded to make very light of a person's going to Boston to enter upon his business career; but, after all, their thoughts were those of mingled respect and envy. Most of them had seen Boston, but no one save Elisha was going there that day to stay for a whole year. It made him feel like a city man.

The steamer whistled loud and hoarse before she came in sight, but presently the gay flags showed close by above the

pointed spruces. Then she came jarring against the wharf, and the instant bustle and hurry, the strange faces of the passengers, and the loud rattle of freight going on board were as confusing and exciting as if a small piece of Boston itself had been dropped into that quiet cove.

The people on the wharf shouted cheerful good-bys, to which the young traveler responded; then he seated himself well astern to enjoy the views, and felt as if he had made a thousand journeys. He bought a newspaper, and began to read it with much pride and a beating heart. The little old woman came and sat next him, and talked straight on whether he listened or not, until he was afraid of what the other passengers might think; but nobody looked that way, and he could not find anything in the paper that he cared to read. Alone, but unfettered and aflame with courage; to himself he was not the boy who went away, but the proud man who one day would be coming home.

"Goin' to Boston, be ye?" asked the old lady for the third time; and it was still a pleasure to say yes, when the boat swung round, and there, far away on its gray and green pasture slope, with the dark evergreens standing back, were the low gray house, the little square barn, and the lines of fence that shut in his home. He strained his eyes to see if any one were watching from the door. He had almost forgotten that they could see him still. He sprang to the boat's side: yes, his mother remembered; there was something white waving from the doorway. The whole landscape faded from his eyes except that far-away gray house; his heart leaped back with love and longing; he gazed and gazed, until a height of green forest came between and shut the picture out. Then the country boy went on alone to make his way in the wide world.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

HEXAMETERS AND RHYTHMIC PROSE.

In the July number of this magazine Mr. Lawton published a paper on *Nausicaa*, which contained some brilliant examples of the ease and power with which hexameters may be employed for the interpretation of Homer. Tennyson, Arnold, Dr. Hawtrey, have given us brief hexameter passages of superior subtlety; but it is doubtful if we have seen an employment of this antique metre which exhibits more completely, on any large scale, its average efficiency in doing the hard work of Homer. From the very fact, however, that Mr. Lawton has so well shown the capacities of the hexameter, its incapacities for the translation of Homer become newly apparent. Fine a scholar of both Greek and English as Mr. Lawton is, he has not been able to relieve his renderings of an air of management and ingenuity more suggestive of the literary monument than of the actual occurrence. His lines do not read themselves. The reader, who should be thinking of *Nausicaa* and the ball dance, must engineer the metre, and give at least half his attention to placing his stresses correctly. Reality, compulsion of belief, absence of literary tang, adaptation to the general man, removal of attention from the medium employed, enchainment to the scene, that union of vividness with simplicity which stamps the pleasures of the years preceding rather than following our early teens, — these are qualities fundamental in Homer. They have not yet appeared in English hexameter translation. Mr. Lawton's experiment increases our doubt whether they ever will. A great poet, like Arthur Clough, can do much in this direction; yet Clough used his strange verse for a serio-comic purpose, and then did not succeed in getting himself widely read. In the hands of a less virile workman, like Longfellow, the metre

becomes too slipshod for permanent charm. The cause of these hexametrical difficulties a single sentence can state. The prevalent movement of English speech is iambic, — that is, a stress is thrown on nearly every second syllable; the movement of the hexameter is largely dactylic, — that is, the stress falls on nearly every third. It may be true that in the ancient hexameter nothing like this English stress occurred, and it certainly is true that by devices both of the tendencies here mentioned are frequently headed off. But the fact remains that the hexameter as we must write it to-day is ill suited to Homer, not merely because it is an unusual metre, but because it calls for that which the English language — at least the Saxon half of it — does not most naturally supply, an abundance of dactylic words. Our native words, even when they have as many as three syllables, tend to accent the alternate ones. A tendency to alternate accent is deep in the temper of the language; so deep that to thwart it in any long-continued way is to work at half power, and to omit those elements of our tongue which are most important for the purpose in hand. For it happens that it is precisely Saxon English, with its dominant iambic beat, which we must chiefly draw upon to equip an English Homer. His sharp-edged pictures, those utterances of his in which sight rather than thinking dictates the expression, will not come out in Latin diction. Whenever we English speakers say anything we really believe, we instinctively drop into Saxon; and Homer we always believe. He is a truth-teller who does not hunt for modes of speech, as Latinizers do. He is a thing-poet, not a word-poet, a master of *incuriosa felicitas*; and any measure which sets us far to seek in finding him appropriate

words will distort him more than it will represent.

In one respect, however, I believe the hexametricians are on the right track. They seem to me to be feeling after a rhythmic effect which shall as little as possible be cut up into recognizable verse lengths. They want the allurements of poetry, but they want also the breadth and expansion which only prose can give. In the hexameter something of this compound power is suggested. In three respects its structure approaches prose. As blank or unrhymed verse, each line has no predetermined place in a stanza scheme; instead, and as in prose, one line may be written or a thousand, nothing but the matter to be expressed fixing the number. Then the hexameter has an exceptionally long flight, half as long again as its nearest of kin the English ten-syllabled heroic. The choppy effect of verse is thus lessened. Strength is imparted by elongating in the direction of prose. Lastly, the variations permissible in the dominant foot and in the pauses are larger than in any of the more familiar English measures. These permissible variations are, however, treacherous. If we stick to dactyls, we produce a kind of feeble canter; if we diversify much with spondees, — feet of two weighty syllables instead of three tripping ones, — we are in danger of puzzling our reader and rendering our verses hard to scan. But many as are the structural pitfalls which the hexameter contains for the writer, to the reader there is usually an appearance of larger license than ordinary poetry conveys. The sensuous effect, with all its palpitating rhythm, seems less rigidly metrical than the measures to which the ear is commonly tuned. To whatever the effect may be due, whether to the three considerations just pointed out or to others more elusive still, I cannot think there is a question that the hexameter strikes us all as a species of prose which has advanced a

good way into the country of verse, or as verse temporarily sojourning in the regions of prose.

Perhaps it is partly this fact, that the English hexameter is a kind of *tertium quid* between verse and prose, which has so often enticed translators to try its difficult measure in the rendering of Homer. Squeezed into ordinary verse, a large part of Homer vanishes; for his so-called poems are straightforward narratives, broad and wide, with nothing lyrical about them. Alternations, antitheses, climaxes of feeling, rarely occur. The current runs even, calm, and clear. As the subject discussed is facts and events, not feelings, considerable space is usually needed for a single effect. This continuity, this actuality, this concernment with the men and things of every day, this emphasis of observation and of intellectual rather than emotional matters, leans toward prose. Verse establishes relations which are not wanted. It disjoins. It calls attention to portions of the poem too minute. Worst of all, it transports us from a real world into one of art and caprice. All this is hopelessly at issue with the large objective veracity of Homer. On the other hand, there is in Homer's work a diffused and ever-present joy which does not belong to prose. He does not write as a chronicler or man of business, but as a taster of beauty, a man of pleasure. His repetitions, — rhymes, as one may say, in the thought, — the coherence and steady elevation of his feeling, his plastic power and his delight in exercising it, all belong to verse. For rendering him fitly a medium is needed possessing the resources of both verse and prose.

Now, as has been said, the hexameter promises something of dual character. But it keeps its promise poorly. The difficulty just pointed out, of fitting our native Saxon iambs to its dactylic rhythm, narrows the means at the command of the translator, and is apt to render him artificial. But there are

precious hints in the hexameter which have been insufficiently heeded. Though hampered by its foreign foot, it strongly suggests the gain that might come by compromise, the fresh power that might be obtained by lightly crossing the bounds which ordinarily separate verse from prose. For the question at once arises if we need restrict ourselves to crossing the bounds in this particular fashion. Dactylic rhythms are not obligatory. Why not employ iambic? May we not abandon rhyme and stanza, just as the hexameter abandons them; with it employ a structure capable of the longest or the shortest flights; then, in order to cast our phrases solid, make use of its large flexibility in pauses and even in the prevalent foot; and still retain the rhythmic beat, — a beat different, however, from that of the hexameter in being akin instead of alien to the genius of our language? When we have done all this, we arrive at an iambic *recitative*, or free unmetred rhythm, whose cadences wait upon the pauses of the thought rather than upon those of any prearranged system.

Half a dozen years ago I published the first twelve books of the *Odyssey*, rendered in a rhythmic prose of this sort. Undertaking a novel thing, my work showed, I believe, a good many marks of the 'prentice hand. There were hitches as one read. One could not altogether withdraw attention from the method and be carried forward by the matter. In a line of verse, when a group of monosyllables falls together, the eye guides the ear to the intended rhythmic effect. In Tennyson's lines, "Her manners had not that repose

Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," every reader rightly accents "had," and leaves "not" alone. When the semblance of a line is removed, the demand becomes more rigid and more difficult to fulfill, that the rhythmic accent and the thought accent shall instinctively coincide. With all the diversities which

thought assumes in different minds, this coincidence is hard to insure. If by any oversight the reader has not been shut up to a single mode of approach, rhythmic roughnesses arise. Whether this difficulty can be altogether avoided in a predominantly Saxon diction, I am not clear. The aim, at any rate, should be to make the factor of rhythm entirely forgotten by the reader; but through its overlooked influence to lend magic to the simple thought, to knit its structure, to justify its poetic peculiarities to the feeling, and so to explain why for twenty-five hundred years Homer has been a passion and an ennoblement among men of every station.

A specimen of a recent experiment of mine in rhythmic prose I here subjoin. It is the twenty-third book of the *Odyssey*, the one entitled *The Recognition of Odysseus by Penelope*. After a twenty years' absence Odysseus has returned from the war, and finds at his palace more than a hundred young nobles from Ithaca and the neighboring islands, who, under pretense of wooing the widowed queen, are living at free quarters there; devouring the wine and cattle of Odysseus, corrupting his serving-women, and disregarding the rights of Penelope and the young Telemachus. In the disguise of a beggar, Odysseus carefully acquaints himself with the situation at the palace before making himself known. To Telemachus first, and subsequently to his faithful swineherd Eumæus and the neatherd Philætius, he discloses himself, and receives from them promises of secrecy and of aid. His old nurse Euryclæia has discovered him by means of a hunting-scar. Aware how impossible it would be for Penelope to know him and to hide the glad knowledge, Athene has kept her from the discovery, but has prompted her to bring her weary years of waiting to an end. To stop the waste of her son's goods, she has offered to give herself to him among the suitors who can bend Odysseus' bow and send

an arrow through a line of axeheads set up in the great hall, or living-room. The trial has taken place this very morning, a festal day of Apollo. The bow proves too strong for everybody in the hall until the supposed beggar, standing on the threshold — the only exit — between Telemachus and the two herdsmen, gets it into his hands, shoots first an arrow through all the twelve openings of the axes, and then shoots one into the throat of Eurymachus, the leader of the suitors. Recognized now by all the riotous troop, but aided by Athene and his three human supporters, Odysseus slaughters every man in the hall except the bard Phemius and the page Medon. During the conflict Penelope has lain asleep in her chamber, and the women-servants have been locked into their own apartment by the old nurse Eurycleia. To Eurycleia Odysseus now gives orders to awaken Penelope.

So the old woman, full of glee, went to the upper chamber to tell her mistress her dear lord was in the house. Her knees grew strong; her feet outran themselves. By Penelope's head she paused, and thus she spoke: —

“Awake, Penelope, dear child, to see with your own eyes what you have hoped to see this many a day. Odysseus is here; he has come home at last, and slain the haughty suitors, — the men who vexed his house, devoured his substance, and oppressed his son.”

Then heedful Penelope said to her: “Dear nurse, the gods have crazed you. They can befool one who is very wise, or set the simple in the paths of prudence. They have confused you; you were sober-minded heretofore. Why mock me when my heart is full of sorrow, telling wild tales like these? And why arouse me from the sleep that sweetly bound me and kept my eyelids closed? I have not slept so soundly since Odysseus went away to see ac-

cursed Ilios, — name never to be named. Nay, then, go down, back to the hall. If any other of my maids had come and told me this and waked me out of sleep, I would soon have sent her off in sorry wise into the hall once more. This time age serves you well.”

Then said to her the good nurse Eurycleia: “Dear child, I do not mock you. In very truth it is Odysseus; he is come, as I have said. He is the stranger whom everybody in the hall has set at naught. Telemachus knew long ago that he was here, but out of prudence hid his knowledge of his father till he should have revenge from these bold men for wicked deeds.”

So spoke she; and Penelope was glad, and, springing from her bed, fell on the woman's neck, and let the tears burst from her eyes; and, speaking in winged words, she said: “Nay, tell me, then, dear nurse, and tell me truly, if he is really come as you declare, how was it he laid hands upon the shameless suitors, being alone, while they were always here together?”

Then answered her the good nurse Eurycleia: “I did not see; I did not ask; I only heard the groans of dying men. In a corner of our protected chamber we sat and trembled, — the doors were tightly closed, — until your son Telemachus called to me from the hall; for his father bade him call. And there among the bodies of the slain I found Odysseus standing. All around, covering the trodden floor, they lay, one on another. It would have warmed your heart to see him, like a lion, dabbled with blood and gore. Now all the bodies are collected at the courtyard gate, while he is fumigating the fair house by lighting a great fire. He sent me here to call you. Follow me, then, that you may come to gladness in your true hearts together, for sorely have you suffered. Now the long hope has been at last fulfilled. He has come back alive to his own hearth, and found you still,

you and his son, within his hall; and upon those who did him wrong, the suitors, on all of them here in his home, he has obtained revenge."

Then heedful Penelope said to her: "Dear nurse, be not too boastful yet, nor filled with glee. You know how welcome here the sight of him would be to all, and most to me and to the son we had. But this is no true tale you tell. Nay, rather some immortal slew the lordly suitors, in anger at their galling insolence and wicked deeds; for they respected nobody on earth, bad man or good, who came among them. So for their sins they suffered. But Odysseus, far from Achaia, lost the hope of coming home; nay, he was lost himself."

Then answered her the good nurse Eurycleia: "My child, what word has passed the barrier of your teeth, to say your husband, who is now beside your hearth, will never come! Your heart is always doubting. Come, then, and let me name another sign most sure,—the scar the boar dealt long ago with his white tusk. I found it as I washed him, and I would have told you then; but he laid his hand upon my mouth, and in his watchful wisdom would not let me speak. But follow me. I stake my very life; if I deceive you, slay me by the vilest death."

Then heedful Penelope answered her: "Dear nurse, 't is hard for you to trace the counsels of the everlasting gods, however wise you are. Nevertheless, let us go down to meet my son, and see the suitors who are dead, and him who slew them."

So saying, she went from her chamber to the hall, and much her heart debated whether aloof to question her dear husband, or to draw near and kiss his face and take his hand. But when she entered, crossing the stone threshold, she sat down opposite Odysseus, in the fire-light, beside the farther wall. He sat by a tall pillar, looking down, waiting

to hear if his stately wife would speak when she should look his way. But she sat silent long; amazement filled her heart. Now she would gaze with a long look upon his face, and now she would not know him for the mean clothes that he wore. But Telemachus rebuked her, and spoke to her and said:—

"Mother, hard mother, of ungentle heart, why do you hold aloof so from my father, and do not sit beside him, plying him with words and questions? There is no other woman of such stubborn spirit to stand off from her husband, who, after many grievous toils, comes, in the twentieth year, home to his native land. Your heart is always harder than a stone."

Then said to him heedful Penelope: "My child, my soul within is dazed with wonder. I cannot speak to him, nor ask a question, nor look him in the face. But if indeed this be Odysseus come at last, we certainly shall know each other better than others know; for we have signs which we two understand,—signs hidden from the rest."

As she, long tried, thus spoke, royal Odysseus smiled, and said to Telemachus forthwith in winged words: "Telemachus, leave your mother in the hall to try my truth. She soon will know me better. Now, because I am foul and dressed in sorry clothes, she holds me in dishonor, and says I am not he. But you and I have yet to plan how all may turn out well. For whoso kills one man among a tribe, though the man leaves few champions behind, becomes an exile, quitting kin and country. We have destroyed the pillars of the state, the very noblest youths of Ithaca. Form, then, a plan, I pray."

Then answered him discreet Telemachus: "Look you to that, dear father. Your wisdom is, they say, the best among mankind. No mortal man can rival you. Zealously will we follow, and not fail, I think, in daring, so far as power is ours."

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Then I will tell you what seems best to me. First wash and put on tunics, and bid the maids about the house array themselves. Then let the sacred bard with tuneful lyre lead us in sportive dancing, that men may say, hearing us from without, 'It is a wedding,' whether such men be passers-by or neighboring folk; and so broad rumor may not reach the town about the suitors' murder till we be gone to our well-wooded farm. There will we plan as the Olympian shall grant us wisdom."

So he spoke, and willingly they heeded and obeyed. First, then, they washed themselves and put on tunics, and the women also put on their attire. And then the noble bard took up his hollow lyre, and in them stirred desire for merry music and the gallant dance; and the great house resounded to the tread of lusty men and gay-girt women. And one who heard the dancing from without would say, "Well, well! some man has married the long-courted queen. Hard-hearted! For the husband of her youth she would not guard her great house to the end, till he should come." So they would say, but knew not how things were.

Meanwhile, within the house, Eurynome the housekeeper bathed resolute Odysseus, and anointed him with oil, and on him put a goodly robe and tunic. Upon his face Athene cast great beauty, and made him taller than before, and stouter to behold; and she made the curling locks to fall around his head as on the hyacinth flower. As when a man lays gold on silver, some skillful man whom Hephæstus and Pallas Athene have trained in every art, and he fashions graceful work, so did she lay a grace upon his head and shoulders. Forth from the bath he came, in bearing like the immortals, and once more took the seat from which he first arose, facing his wife, and spoke to her these words:—

"Lady, a heart impenetrable beyond the sex of women the dwellers on Olympus gave to you. There is no other woman of such stubborn spirit to stand off from her husband when, after many grievous toils, he comes, in the twentieth year, home to his native land. Come, then, good nurse, and make my bed that I may lie alone. For certainly of iron is the heart within her breast."

Then said to him heedful Penelope: "Nay, sir, I am not proud, nor contemptuous of you, nor too much dazed with wonder. I very well remember what you were when you went upon your long-oared ship away from Ithaca. However, Eurycleia, make up his massive bed outside that stately chamber which he himself once built. Move the massive frame out there, and throw the bedding on,—the fleeces, robes, and bright-hued rugs."

She said this in the hope to prove her husband; but Odysseus spoke in anger to his faithful wife: "Woman, these are bitter words which you have said. Who set my bed elsewhere? A hard task that would be for one, however skilled, unless a god should come and by his will set it with ease upon some other spot; but among men no living being, even in his prime, could lightly shift it; for a great token is inwrought into its curious frame. I built it; no one else. There grew a thick-leaved olive shrub inside the yard, full grown and vigorous, in girth much like a pillar. Round this I formed my chamber, and I worked till it was done, building it out of close-set stones, and roofing it over well. Framed and tight-fitting doors I added to it. Then I lopped the thick-leaved olive's crest, cutting the stem high up above the roots, neatly and skillfully smoothed with my axe the sides, and to the line I kept all true to shape my post, and with an auger I bored it all along. Starting with this, I fashioned me the bed till it was finished, and I inlaid it well with gold, with silver, and

with ivory. On it I stretched a thong of ox-hide, gay with purple. This is the token I now tell. I do not know whether the bed still stands there, wife, or whether somebody has set it elsewhere, cutting the olive trunk."

As thus he spoke, her knees grew feeble, and her very soul, when she recognized the tokens which Odysseus truly told. Then, bursting into tears, she ran straight toward him, threw her arms round Odysseus' neck and kissed his face, and said:—

"Odysseus, do not scorn me. Ever before you were the wisest of mankind. The gods have sent us sorrow, and grudged our staying side by side to share the joys of youth and reach the threshold of old age. But do not be angry with me now, nor take it ill that then when I first saw you I did not greet you thus; for the heart within my breast was always trembling. I feared some man might come and cheat me with his tale. Many a man makes wicked schemes for gain. Nay, Argive Helen, the daughter of Zeus, would not have given herself to love a stranger if she had known how warrior sons of the Achæans would bring her home again, back to her native land. And yet it was a god prompted her deed of shame. Before she did not cherish in her heart such sin, such grievous sin, from which began the woe which stretched to us. But now, when you have clearly told the tokens of our bed, which no one else has seen but only you and I and the single servant, Actoris, whom my father gave me on my coming here to keep the door of our closed chamber, you make even my ungentle heart believe."

So she spoke, and stirred still more his yearning after tears; and he began to weep, holding his loved and faithful wife. As when the welcome land appears to swimmers, whose sturdy ship Poseidon wrecked at sea, confounded by the winds and solid waters; a few escape

the foaming sea and swim ashore; thick salt-foam crusts their flesh; they climb the welcome land, and are escaped from danger: so welcome to her gazing eyes appeared her husband. From round his neck she never let her white arms go. And rosy-fingered dawn had found them weeping, but a different plan the goddess formed, clear-eyed Athene. She checked the long night in its passage, and at the Ocean stream she stayed the gold-throned dawn, and did not suffer it to yoke the swift-paced horses which carry light to men, Lampus and Phaeton which bear the dawn. And now to his wife said wise Odysseus:—

"O wife, we have not reached the end of all our trials yet. Hereafter comes a task immeasurable, long and severe, which I must needs fulfill; for so the spirit of Teiresias told me, that day when I descended to the house of Hades to learn about the journey of my comrades and myself. But come, my wife, let us to bed, that there at last we may refresh ourselves with pleasant sleep."

Then said to him heedful Penelope: "The bed shall be prepared whenever your heart wills, now that the gods have let you reach your stately house and native land. But since you speak of this and God inspires your heart, come tell that trial. In time to come I know I shall experience it. To learn about it now makes it no worse."

Then wise Odysseus answered her and said: "Lady, why urge me so insistently to tell? Well, I will speak it out; I will not hide. Yet your heart will feel no joy; I have no joy myself; for Teiresias bade me go to many a peopled town, bearing in hand a shapely oar, till I should reach the men that know no sea and do not eat food mixed with salt. These, therefore, have no knowledge of the red-cheeked ships, nor of the shapely oars which are the wings of ships. And this was the sign, he said, easy to be observed. I will not

hide it from you. When another traveler, meeting me, should say I had a winnowing-fan on my white shoulder, there in the ground he bade me fix my oar and make fit offerings to lord Poseidon, — a ram, a bull, and the sow's mate, a boar, — and, turning homeward, to offer sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods who hold the open sky, all in the order due. And on myself death from the sea shall very gently come and cut me off, bowed down with hale old age. Round me shall be a prosperous people. All this, he said, should be fulfilled."

Then said to him heedful Penelope: "If gods can make old age the better time, then there is hope there will be rest from trouble."

So they conversed together. Meanwhile, Eurynome and the nurse prepared their bed with clothing soft, under the light of blazing torches. And after they had spread the comfortable bed, with busy speed, the old woman departed to her room to rest; while Eurynome the chambermaid, with torch in hand, walked on before, as they two came to bed. She brought them to their chamber, and then she went her way. So they came gladly to their old bed's rites. And now Telemachus, the neatherd, and the swineherd stayed their feet from dancing, and bade the women stay, and all betook themselves to rest throughout the dusky halls.

So when the pair had joyed in happy love; they joyed in talking too, each one relating: she, the royal lady, what she endured at home, watching the wasteful throng of suitors, who, making excuse of her, slew many cattle, beeves and sturdy sheep, and stores of wine were drained from out the casks; he, high-born Odysseus, what miseries he brought on other men and what he bore himself in anguish, — all he told, and she was glad to listen. No sleep fell on her eyelids till he had told her all.

He began with how at first he conquered the Ciconians, and came thereafter to the fruitful land of Lotus-eaters;

then what the Cyclops did, and how he took revenge for the brave comrades whom the Cyclops ate and never pitied; then how he came to Æolus, who gave him hearty welcome and sent him on his way; but it was fated that he should not reach his dear land yet, for a sweeping storm bore him once more along the swarming sea, loudly lamenting; how he came to Telepylus in Læstrygonia, where the men destroyed his ships and his mailed comrades, all of them; Odysseus fled in his black ship alone. He told of Circe, too, and all her crafty guile; and how on a ship of many oars he came to the mouldering house of Hades, there to consult the spirit of Teiresias of Thebes, and looked on all his comrades, and on the mother who had borne him and cared for him when little; how he had heard the full-voiced Sirens' song; how he came to the Wandering Rocks, to dire Charybdis and to Scylla, past whom none goes unharmed; how then his crew slew the Sun's kine; how Zeus with a blazing bolt smote his swift ship, — Zeus, thundering from on high, — and his good comrades perished utterly, all, while he escaped their evil doom; how he came to the island of Ogygia and to the nymph Calypso, who held him in her hollow grotto, wishing him to be her husband, cherishing him, and saying she would make him an immortal, young forever, but she never beguiled the heart within his breast; then how he came through many toils to the Phæacians, who honored him exceedingly, as if he were a god, and brought him on his way to his own native land, giving him stores of bronze and gold and clothing. This was the latest tale he told, when pleasant sleep fell on him, easing his limbs and from his heart removing care.

Now a new plan the goddess formed, clear-eyed Athene, when in her mind she judged Odysseus had enough of love and sleep. Straightway from out the Ocean stream she roused the gold-throned

dawn, to bring the light to men. Odysseus was aroused from his soft bed, and gave his wife this charge:—

“Wife, we have had in days gone by our fill of trials: you mourning here my grievous journey home; me, Zeus and the other gods bound fast in sorrow, all eager as I was, far from my native land. But since we now have reached the rest we long desired together, do you protect whatever wealth is still within my halls. As for the flocks which the audacious suitors wasted, I shall myself seize many, and the Achæans shall give me more besides, until they fill my folds. But now I go to the well-wooded farm to visit my good father, who for my sake has been in constant grief. On you, my

wife, wise as you are, I lay this charge. Straight with the sunrise a report will go abroad about the suitors whom I slew here in the hall. Then go to the upper chamber with your waiting-women, and there abide. Give not a look to any one, nor ask a question.”

He spoke, and girt his beautiful arms about his shoulders; and he awoke Telemachus, the neatherd, and the swineherd, and bade them all take weapons in their hands for fighting. They did not disobey, but took their brazen harness. They opened the doors; they sallied forth; Odysseus led the way. Over the land it was already light, but Athene, hiding them in darkness, led them swiftly from the town.

George Herbert Palmer.

MEMORIA.

If only in my dreams I may behold thee,
 Still hath the day a goal;
 If only in my dreams I may enfold thee,
 Still hath the night a soul.
 Leaden the hours may press upon my spirit,
 Nor one dear pledge redeem,—
 I will not chide, so they at last inherit
 And crown me with the rapture of that dream.

Ten thousand blossoms earth's gay gardens cherish;
 One pale, pale rose is mine.
 Of frost or blight the rest may quickly perish,—
 Not so that rose divine.
 Deathless it blooms in quiet realms Elysian;
 And when toil wins me rest,
 Forgetful of all else, in blissful vision
 I breathe my rose, and clasp it to my breast!

Florence Earle Coates.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

XI.

The tea is sweetened.

WE have been going on very pleasantly of late, each of us pretty well occupied with his or her special business. The Counsellor has been pleading in a great case, and several of The Teacups were in the court-room. I thought, but I will not be certain, that some of his arguments were addressed to Number Five rather than to the jury, — the more eloquent passages especially.

Our young Doctor seems to me to be gradually getting known in the neighborhood and beyond it. A member of one of the more influential families, whose regular physician has gone to Europe, has sent for him to come and see her, and as the patient is a nervous lady, who has nothing in particular the matter with her, he is probably in for a good many visits and a long bill by and by. He has even had a call at a distance of some miles from home, — at least he has had to hire a conveyance frequently of late, for he has not yet set up his own horse and chaise. We do not like to ask him about who his patient may be, but he or she is probably a person of some consequence, as he is absent several hours on these out-of-town visits. He may get a good practice before his bald spot makes its appearance, for I have looked for it many times without as yet seeing a sign of it. I am sure he must feel encouraged, for he has been very bright and cheerful of late; and if he sometimes looks at our new handmaid as if he wished she were Delilah, I do not think he is breaking his heart about her absence. Perhaps he finds consolation in the company of the two Annexes, or one of them, — but which, I cannot make out. He is in consultation occasionally with Number Five, too, but whether

professionally or not I have no means of knowing. I cannot for the life of me see what Number Five wants of a doctor for herself, so perhaps it is another difficult case in which her womanly sagacity is called upon to help him.

In the mean time she and the Tutor continue their readings. In fact, it seems as if these readings were growing more frequent, and lasted longer than they did at first. There is a little arbor in the grounds connected with our place of meeting, and sometimes they have gone there for their readings. Some of The Teacups have listened outside once in a while, for the Tutor reads well, and his clear voice must be heard in the more emphatic passages, whether one is expressly listening or not. But besides the reading there is now and then some talking, and persons talking in an arbor do not always remember that lattice-work, no matter how closely the vines cover it, is not impenetrable to the sound of the human voice. There was a listener one day, — it was not one of The Teacups, I am happy to say, — who heard and reported some fragments of a conversation which reached his ear. Nothing but the profound intimacy which exists between myself and the individual reader whose eyes are on this page would induce me to reveal what I was told of this conversation. The first words seem to have been in reply to some question.

“Why, my dear friend, how can you think of such a thing? Do you know — I am — old enough to be your — [I think she must have been on the point of saying *mother*, but that was more than any woman could be expected to say] — old enough to be your — aunt?”

“To be sure you are,” answered the Tutor, “and what of it? I have two aunts, both younger than I am. Your

years may be more than mine, but your life is fuller of youthful vitality than mine is. I never feel so young as when I have been with you. I don't believe in settling affinities by the almanac. You know what I have told you more than once; you have n't 'bared the ice-cold dagger's edge' upon me yet; may I not cherish the" . . .

What a pity that the listener did not hear the rest of the sentence and the reply to it, if there was one! The readings went on the same as before, but I thought that Number Five was rather more silent and more pensive than she had been.

I was much pleased when the American Annex came to me one day and told me that she and the English Annex were meditating an expedition, in which they wanted the other Teacups to join. About a dozen miles from us is an educational institution of the higher grade, where a large number of young ladies are trained in literature, art, and science, very much as their brothers are trained in the colleges. Our two young ladies have already been through courses of this kind in different schools, and are now busy with those more advanced studies which are ventured upon by only a limited number of "graduates." They have heard a good deal about this institution, but have never visited it.

Every year, as the successive classes finish their course, there is a grand reunion of the former students, with an "exhibition," as it is called, in which the graduates of the year have an opportunity of showing their proficiency in the various branches taught. On that occasion prizes are awarded for excellence in different departments. It would be hard to find a more interesting ceremony. These girls, now recognized as young ladies, are going forth as missionaries of civilization among our busy people. They are many of them to be teachers, and those who have seen what opportunities

they have to learn will understand their fitness for that exalted office. Many are to be the wives and mothers of the generation next coming upon the stage. Young and beautiful, — "youth is always beautiful," said old Samuel Rogers, — their countenances radiant with developed intelligence, their complexions, their figures, their movements, all showing that they have had plenty of outdoor as well as indoor exercise, and have lived well in all respects, one would like to read on the wall of the hall where they are assembled, —

Siste, viator!

Si uzorem requiris, circumspice!

This proposed expedition was a great event in our comparatively quiet circle. The Mistress, who was interested in the school, undertook to be the matron of the party. The young Doctor, who knew the roads better than any of us, was to be our pilot. He arranged it so that he should have the two Annexes under his more immediate charge. We were all on the lookout to see which of the two was to be the favored one, for it was pretty well settled among The Teacups that a wife he must have, whether the bald spot came or not; he was getting into business, and he could not achieve a complete success as a bachelor.

Number Five and the Tutor seemed to come together as a matter of course. I confess that I could not help regretting that our pretty Delilah was not to be one of the party. She always looked so young, so fresh, — she would have enjoyed the excursion so much, that if she had been still with us I would have told the Mistress that she must put on her best dress; and if she had n't one nice enough, I would give her one myself. I thought, too, that our young Doctor would have liked to have had her with us; but he appeared to be getting along very well with the Annexes, one of whom it seems likely that he will annex to himself and his fortunes, if she fancies him, which is not improbable.

The organizing of this expedition was naturally a cause of great excitement among The Teacups. The party had to be arranged in such a way as to suit all concerned, which was a delicate matter. It was finally managed in this way: The Mistress was to go with a body-guard, consisting of myself, the Professor, and Number Seven, who was good company, with all his oddities. The young Doctor was to take the two Annexes in a wagon, and the Tutor was to drive Number Five in a good old-fashioned chaise drawn by a well-conducted family horse. As for the Musician, he had gone over early, by special invitation, to take a part in certain musical exercises which were to have a place in the exhibition. This arrangement appeared to be in every respect satisfactory. The Doctor was in high spirits, apparently delighted, and devoting himself with great gallantry to his two fair companions. The only question which intruded itself was, whether he might not have preferred the company of one to that of two. But both looked very attractive in their best dresses: the English Annex, the rosier and heartier of the two; the American girl, more delicate in features, more mobile and excitable, but suggesting the thought that she would tire out before the other. Which of these did he most favor? It was hard to say. He seemed to look most at the English girl, and yet he talked more with the American girl. In short, he behaved particularly well, and neither of the young ladies could complain that she was not attended to. As to the Tutor and Number Five, their going together caused no special comment. Their intimacy was accepted as an established fact, and nothing but the difference in their ages prevented the conclusion that it was love, and not mere friendship, which brought them together. There was, no doubt, a strong feeling among many people that Number Five's affections were a kind of Gibraltar or Ehrenbreitstein,

— say rather a high table-land in the region of perpetual, unmelting snow. It was hard for these people to believe that any man of mortal mould could find a foothold in that impregnable fortress, — could climb to that height and find the flower of love among its glaciers. The Tutor and Number Five were both quiet, thoughtful: he, evidently captivated; she, — what was the meaning of her manner to him? Say that she seemed *fond* of him, as she might be were he her nephew, — one for whom she had a special liking. If she had a warmer feeling than this, she could hardly know how to manage it; for she was so used to having love made to her without returning it that she would naturally be awkward in dealing with the new experience.

The Doctor drove a lively five-year-old horse, and took the lead. The Tutor followed with his quiet, steady-going nag; if he had driven the five-year-old, I would not have answered for the necks of the pair in the chaise, for he was too much taken up with the subject they were talking of to be very careful about his driving. The Mistress and her escort brought up the rear, — I holding the reins, the Professor at my side, and Number Seven sitting with the Mistress.

We arrived at the institution a little later than we had expected to, and the students were flocking into the hall where the Commencement exercises were to take place, and the medal-scholars were to receive the tokens of their excellence in the various departments. From our seats we could see the greater part of the assembly, — not quite all, however, of the pupils. A pleasing sight it was to look upon, this array of young ladies dressed in white, with their class badges, and with the ribbon of the shade of blue affected by the scholars of the institution. If Solomon in all his glory was not to be compared to a lily, a whole bed of lilies could not be compared to this garden-bed of youthful womanhood.

The performances were very much the same as most of us have seen at the academies and collegiate schools. Some of the graduating class read their "compositions," one of which was a poem,—an echo of the prevailing American echoes, of course, but prettily worded and intelligently read. Then there was a song sung by a choir of the pupils, led by their instructor, who was assisted by the Musician whom we count among The Teacups. There was something in one of the voices that reminded me of one I had heard before. Where could it have been? I am sure I cannot remember. There are some good voices in our village choir, but none so pure and bird-like as this. A sudden thought came into my head, but I kept it to myself. I heard a tremulous catching of the breath, something like a sob, close by me. It was the Mistress,—she was crying. What was she crying for? It was impressive, certainly, to listen to these young voices, many of them blending for the last time,—for the scholars were soon to be scattered all over the country, and some of them beyond its boundaries,—but why the Mistress was so carried away I did not know. She must be more impressible than most of us; yet I thought Number Five also looked as if she were having a struggle with herself to keep down some rebellious signs of emotion.

The exercises went on very pleasingly until they came to the awarding of the gold medal of the year and the valedictory, which was to be delivered by the young lady to whom it was to be presented. The name was called; it was one not unfamiliar to our ears, and the bearer of it—the Delilah of our teatable, Avis as she was known in the school and elsewhere—rose in her place and came forward, so that for the first time on that day we looked upon her. It was a sensation for The Teacups. Our modest, quiet waiting-girl was the best scholar of her year. We had talked

French before her, and we learned that she was the best French scholar the teacher had ever had in the school. We had never thought of her except as a pleasing and well-trained handmaiden, and here she was an accomplished young lady.

Avis went through her part very naturally and gracefully, and when it was finished, and she stood before us with the medal glittering on her breast, we did not know whether to smile or to cry,—some of us did one, and some the other. We all had an opportunity to see her and congratulate her before we left the institution. The mystery of her six weeks' serving at our table was easily solved. She had been studying too hard and too long, and required some change of scene and occupation. She had a fancy for trying to see if she could support herself as so many young women are obliged to, and found a place with us,—the Mistress only knowing her secret.

"She is to be our young Doctor's wife!" the Mistress whispered to me, and did some more crying,—not for grief, certainly.

Whether our young Doctor's long visits to a neighboring town had anything to do with the fact that Avis was at that institution, whether she was the patient he visited or not, may be left in doubt. At all events, he had always driven off in the direction which would carry him to the place where she was at school.

I have attended a large number of celebrations, commencements, banquets, soirées, and so forth, and done my best to help on a good many of them. In fact, I have become rather too well known in connection with "occasions," and it has cost me no little trouble. I believe there is no kind of occurrence for which I have not been requested to contribute something in prose or verse. It is sometimes very hard to say no to the

requests. If one is in the right mood when he or she writes an occasional poem, it seems as if nothing could have been easier. "Why, that piece run off jest like ile. I don't bullieve," the unlettered applicant says to himself, — "I don't bullieve it took him ten minutes to write them verses." The good people have no suspicion of how much a single line, a single expression, may cost its author. The wits used to say that Rogers — the poet once before referred to, old Samuel Rogers, author of the Pleasures of Memory and giver of famous breakfasts — was accustomed to have straw laid before the house whenever he had just given birth to a couplet. It is not quite so bad as that with most of us who are called upon to furnish a poem, a song, a hymn, an ode for some grand meeting, but it is safe to say that many a trifling performance has had more good honest work put into it than the minister's sermon of that week had cost him. If a vessel glides off the ways smoothly and easily at her launching, it does not mean that no great pains have been taken to secure the result. Because a poem is an "occasional" one, it does not follow that it has not taken as much time and skill as if it had been written without immediate, accidental, temporary motive. Pindar's great odes were occasional poems, just as much as our Commencement and Phi Beta Kappa poems are, and yet they have come down among the most precious bequests of antiquity to modern times.

The mystery of the young Doctor's long visits to the neighboring town was satisfactorily explained by what we saw and heard of his relations with our charming "Delilah," — for Delilah we could hardly help calling her. Our little handmaid, the Cinderella of the teacups, now the princess, or, what was better, the pride of the school to which she had belonged, fit for any position to which she might be called, was to be the wife of our young Doctor. It would not have

been the right thing to proclaim the fact while she was a pupil, but now that she had finished her course of instruction there was no need of making a secret of the engagement.

So we have got our romance, our love-story, out of our Teacups, as I hoped and expected that we should, but not exactly in the quarter where it might have been looked for.

What did our two Annexes say to this unexpected turn of events? They were good-hearted girls as ever lived, but they were human, like the rest of us, and women, like some of the rest of us. They behaved perfectly. They congratulated the Doctor, and hoped he would bring the young lady to the teatable where she had played her part so becomingly. It is safe to say that each of the Annexes would have liked to be asked the lover's last question by the very nice young man who had been a pleasant companion at the table and elsewhere to each of them. That same question is the highest compliment a man can pay a woman, and a woman does not mind having a dozen or more such compliments to string on the rosary of her remembrances. Whether either of them was glad, on the whole, that he had not offered himself to the other in preference to herself would be a mean, shabby question, and I think altogether too well of you who are reading this paper to suppose that you would entertain the idea of asking it.

It was a very pleasant occasion when the Doctor brought Avis over to sit with us at the table where she used to stand and wait upon us. We wondered how we could for a moment have questioned that she was one to be waited upon, and not made for the humble office which nevertheless she performed so cheerfully and so well.

Commencements and other Celebrations, American and English.

The social habits of our people have

undergone an immense change within the past half century, largely in consequence of the vast development of the means of intercourse between different neighborhoods.

Commencements, college gatherings of all kinds, church assemblages, school anniversaries, town centennials, — all possible occasions for getting crowds together are made the most of. " 'T is sixty years since," — and a good many years over, — the time to which my memory extends. The great days of the year were, Election, — General Election on Wednesday, and Artillery Election on the Monday following, at which time lilacs were in bloom and 'lection buns were in order; Fourth of July, when strawberries were just going out; and Commencement, a great day of feasting, fiddling, dancing, jollity, not to mention drunkenness and fighting, on the classic green of Cambridge. This was the time of melons and peaches. That is the way our boyhood chronicles events. It was odd that the literary festival should be turned into a Donnybrook fair, but so it was when I was a boy, and the tents and the shows and the crowds on the Common were to the promiscuous many the essential parts of the great occasion. They had been so for generations, and it was only gradually that the Cambridge Saturnalia were replaced by the decencies and solemnities of the present sober anniversary.

Nowadays our celebrations smack of the Sunday-school more than of the dancing-hall. The aroma of the punch-bowl has given way to the milder flavor of lemonade and the cooling virtues of ice-cream. A strawberry festival is about as far as the dissipation of our social gatherings ventures. There was much that was objectionable in those swearing, drinking, fighting times, but they had a certain excitement for us boys of the years when the century was in its teens, which comes back to us not without its fascinations. The days of

total abstinence are a great improvement over those of unlicensed license, but there was a picturesque element about the rowdyism of our old Commencement days which had a charm for the eye of boyhood. My dear old friend, — book-friend, I mean, — whom I always called Daddy Gilpin (as I find Fitzgerald called Wordsworth Daddy Wordsworth), — my old friend Gilpin, I say, considered the donkey more picturesque in a landscape than the horse. So a village *fête* as depicted by Teniers is more picturesque than a teetotal picnic or a Sabbath-school strawberry festival. Let us be thankful that the vicious picturesque is only a remembrance, and the virtuous commonplace a reality of to-day.

What put all this into my head is something which the English Annex has been showing me. Most of my readers are somewhat acquainted with our own church and village celebrations. They know how they are organized; the women always being the chief motors, and the machinery very much the same in one case as in another. Perhaps they would like to hear how such things are managed in England; and that is just what they may learn from the pamphlet which was shown me by the English Annex, and of which I will give them a brief account.

Some of us remember the Rev. Mr. Haweis, his lectures and his violin, which interested and amused us here in Boston a few years ago. Now Mr. Haweis, assisted by his intelligent and spirited wife, has charge of the parish of St. James, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, London. On entering upon the twenty-fifth year of his incumbency in Marylebone, and the twenty-eighth of his ministry in the diocese of London, it was thought a good idea to have an "Evening *Conversazione* and *Fête*." We can imagine just how such a meeting would be organized in one of our towns. Ministers, deacons, perhaps a member of

Congress, possibly a senator, and even, conceivably, his excellency the governor, and a long list of ladies lend their names to give lustre to the occasion. It is all very pleasant, unpretending, unceremonious, cheerful, well ordered, commendable, but not imposing.

Now look at our Marylebone parish celebration, and hold your breath while the procession of great names passes before you. You learn at the outset that it is held UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE, and read the names of two royal highnesses, one highness, a prince, and a princess. Then comes a list before which if you do not turn pale, you must certainly be in the habit of rouging: three earls, seven lords, three bishops, two generals (one of them Lord Wolseley), one admiral, four baronets, nine knights, a crowd of right honorable and honorable ladies (many of them peeresses), and a mob of other personages, among whom I find Mr. Howells, Bret Harte, and myself.

Perhaps we are disposed to smile at seeing so much made of titles; but after what we have seen of Lord Timothy Dexter and the high-sounding names appropriated by many of our own compatriots, who have no more claim to them than we plain Misterys and Misseses, we may feel to them something as our late friend Mr. Appleton felt to the real green turtle soup set before him, when he said that it was almost as good as mock.

The entertainment on this occasion was of the most varied character. The programme makes the following announcement:—

Friday, 4 July, 18—.

At 8 P. M. the Doors will Open.
Mr. Haweis will receive his Friends.
The Royal Handbell Ringers will Ring.
The Fish-pond will be Fished.
The Stalls will be Visited.
The Phonograph will Utter.

Refreshments will be called for, and they will come, — Tea, Coffee, and Cooling Drinks.
Spirits will not be called for, — from the Vasty

Deep or anywhere else, — nor would they come if they were.

At 9.30 Mrs. Haweis will join the assembly.

I am particularly delighted with this last feature in the preliminary announcement. It is a proof of the high regard in which the estimable and gifted lady who shares her husband's labors is held by the people of their congregation, and the friends who share in their feelings. It is such a master stroke of policy, too, to keep back the principal attraction until the guests must have grown eager for her appearance. I can well imagine how great a saving it must have been to the good lady's nerves, which were probably pretty well tried as it was by the fatigues and responsibilities of the busy evening. I have a right to say this, for I myself had the honor of attending a meeting at Mr. Haweis's house, where I was a principal guest, as I suppose, from the fact of the great number of persons who were presented to me. The minister must be very popular, for the meeting was a regular jam, — not quite so tremendous as that greater one, where but for the aid of Mr. Smalley, who kept open a breathing-space round us, my companion and myself thought we should have been asphyxiated.

The company was interested, as some of my readers may be, to know what were the attractions offered to the visitors besides that of meeting the courteous entertainers and their distinguished guests. I cannot give these at length, for each part of the show is introduced in the programme with apt quotations and pleantries, which enlivened the catalogue. There were eleven stalls, "conducted on the coöperative principle of division of profits and interest; they retain the profits, and you take a good deal of interest, we hope, in their success."

Stall No. 1. Edisoniana, or the Phonograph.
Alluded to by the Roman Poet as *Vox, et praterea nihil*.

- Stall No. 2. Money-changing.
 Stall No. 3. Programmes and General Enquiries.
 Stall No. 4. Roses.
A rose by any other name, etc.
 Get one. You can't expect to smell one without buying it, but you may buy one without smelling it.
 Stall No. 5. Lasenby Liberty Stall.

(I cannot explain this. Probably articles from Liberty's famous establishment.)

- Stall No. 6. Historical Costumes and Ceramics.
 Stall No. 7. The Fish-pond.
 Stall No. 8. Varieties.
 Stall No. 9. Bookstall.
 (Books) "highly recommended for insomnia; friends we never speak to, and always cut if we want to know them well."
 Stall No. 10. Icelandic.
 "Mrs. Magnnsson, who is devoted to the North Pole and all its works, will thaw your sympathies, enlighten your minds," etc., etc.
 Stall No. 11. Call Office.
 All you buy may be left at the stalls, ticketed. A duplicate ticket will be handed to you on leaving. Present your duplicate at the Call Office.
 At 9.45, First Concert.
 At 10.45, An Address of Welcome by Rev. H. R. Haweis.
 At 11 P. M., Bird-warbling Interlude by Miss Mabel Stephenson, U. S. A.
 At 11.20, Second Concert.

NOTICE!

Three Great Pictures.

LORD TENNYSON	<i>G. F. Watts, R. A.</i>
JOHN STUART MILL	<i>G. F. Watts, R. A.</i>
JOSEPH GARIBALDI	<i>Sig. Rondi.</i>

NOTICE!

A Famous Violin.

A world-famed Stradivarius Violin, for which Mr. Hill, of Bond Street, gave £1000, etc., etc.

REFRESHMENTS.

Tickets for Tea, Coffee, Sandwiches, Iced Drinks, or Ices, Sixpence each, etc., etc.

I hope my American reader is pleased and interested by this glimpse of the way in which they do these things in London.

There is something very pleasant about all this, but what specially strikes me is a curious flavor of city provincialism. There are little centres in the heart of great cities, just as there are small fresh-water ponds in great islands with the salt sea roaring all round them, and bays and creeks penetrating them as briny as the ocean itself. Irving has given a charming picture of such a *quasi*-provincial centre in one of his papers in the Sketch-Book,—the one with the title "Little Britain." London is a nation of itself, and contains provinces, districts; foreign communities, villages, parishes,—innumerable lesser centres, with their own distinguishing characteristics, habits, pursuits, languages, social laws, as much isolated from each other as if "mountains interposed" made the separation between them. Such a community, I should think, is that over which my friend Mr. Haweis presides as spiritual director. Chelsea has been made famous as the home of many authors and artists,—above all, as the residence of Carlyle during the greater part of his life. Its population, like that of most respectable suburbs, must belong mainly to the kind of citizens which resembles in many ways the better class—as we sometimes dare to call them—of one of our thriving New England towns. How many John Gilpins there must be among them,—citizens of "famous London town," but living with the simplicity of the inhabitants of our inland villages! In the mighty metropolis where the wealth of the world displays itself they practice their snug economies, enjoy their simple pleasures, and look upon ice-cream as a luxury, just as if they were living on the banks of the Connecticut or the Housatonic, in regions where the summer locusts of the great cities have not yet settled on the verdure of the unsophisticated inhabitants. It is delightful to realize the fact that while the West End of London is flaunting its splendors and the East End

is struggling with its miseries, these great middle-class communities are living as comfortable, unpretending lives as if they were in one of our thriving townships in the huckleberry districts. Human beings are wonderfully alike when they are placed in similar conditions.

We were sitting together in a very quiet way over our teacups. The young Doctor, who was in the best of spirits, had been laughing and chatting with the two Annexes. The Tutor, who always sits next to Number Five of late, had been conversing with her in rather low tones. The rest of us had been soberly sipping our tea, and when the Doctor and the Annexes stopped talking there was one of those dead silences which are sometimes so hard to break in upon, and so awkward while they last. All at once Number Seven exploded in a loud laugh, which startled everybody at the table.

What is it that sets you laughing so?
said I.

"I was thinking," Number Seven replied, "of what you said the other day about poetry being only the ashes of emotion. I believe that some people are disposed to dispute the proposition. I have been putting your doctrine to the test. In doing it I made some rhymes, — the first and only ones I ever made. I will suppose a case of very exciting emotion, and see whether it would probably take the form of poetry or prose. You are suddenly informed that your house is on fire, and have to scramble out of it, without stopping to tie your neckcloth neatly or to put a flower in your button-hole. Do you think a poet turning out in his night-dress, and looking on while the flames were swallowing his home and all its contents, would express himself in this style?

My house is on fire!
Bring me my lyre!

Like the flames that rise heavenward my song
shall aspire!

He would n't do any such thing, and you know he would n't. He would yell Fire! Fire! with all his might. Not much rhyming for him just yet! Wait until the fire is put out, and he has had time to look at the charred timbers and the ashes of his home, and in the course of a week he may possibly spin a few rhymes about it. Or suppose he was making an offer of his hand and heart, do you think he would declaim a versified proposal to his Amanda, or perhaps write an impromptu on the back of his hat while he knelt before her?

My beloved, to you
I will always be true.

Oh, pray make me happy, my love, do! do! do!

What would Amanda think of a suitor who courted her with a rhyming dictionary in his pocket to help him make love?"

You are right, said I, — there's nothing in the world like rhymes to cool off a man's passion. You look at a blacksmith working on a bit of iron or steel. Bright enough it looked while it was on the hearth, in the midst of the sea-coal, the great bellows blowing away, and the rod or the horse-shoe as red or as white as the burning coals. How it fizzes as it goes into the trough of water, and how suddenly all the glow is gone! It looks black and cold enough now. Just so with your passionate incandescence. It is all well while it burns and scintillates in your emotional centres, without articulate and connected expression; but the minute you plunge it into the rhyme-trough it cools down, and becomes as dead and dull as the cold horse-shoe. It is true that if you lay it cold on the anvil and hammer away on it for a while it warms up somewhat. Just so with the rhyming fellow, — he pounds away on his verses, and they warm up a little. But don't let him think that this afterglow of composition is the same thing as the original passion. *That* found expression in a few *oh, oh's, à à's, eh, eh's, hélas, hélas's, and*

when the passion had burned itself out you got the rhymed verses, which, as I have said, are its ashes.

I thanked Number Seven for his poetical illustration of my thesis. There is great good to be got out of a squinting brain, if one only knows how to profit by it. We see only one side of the moon, you know, but a fellow with a squinting brain seems now and then to get a peep at the other side. I speak metaphorically. He takes new and startling views of things we have always looked at in one particular aspect. There is a rule invariably to be observed with one of this class of intelligences: *Never contradict a man with a squinting brain.* I say a *man*, because I do not think that squinting brains are nearly so common in women as they are in men. The "eccentrics" are, I think, for the most part of the male sex.

That leads me to say that persons with a strong instinctive tendency to contradiction are apt to become unprofitable companions. Our thoughts are plants that never flourish in inhospitable soils or chilling atmospheres. They are all started under glass, so to speak; that is, sheltered and fostered in our own warm and sunny consciousness. They must expect some rough treatment when we lift the sash from the frame and let the outside elements in upon them. They can bear the rain and the breezes, and be all the better for them; but perpetual contradiction is a pelting hail-storm, which spoils their growth and tends to kill them out altogether.

Now stop and consider a moment. Are not almost all brains a little wanting in bilateral symmetry? Do you not find in persons whom you love, whom you esteem, and even admire, some marks of obliquity in mental vision? Are there not some subjects in looking at which it seems to you impossible that they should ever see straight? Are there not moods in which it seems to you that they are disposed to see all things out of

plumb and in false relations with each other? If you answer these questions in the affirmative, then you will be glad of a hint as to the method of dealing with your friends who have a touch of cerebral strabismus, or are liable to occasional paroxysms of perversity. Let them have their head. Get them talking on subjects that interest them. As a rule, nothing is more likely to serve this purpose than letting them talk about themselves: if authors, about their writings; if artists, about their pictures or statues; and generally on whatever they have most pride in and think most of their own relations with.

Perhaps you will not at first sight agree with me in thinking that slight mental obliquity is as common as I suppose. An analogy may have some influence on your belief in this matter. Will you take the trouble to ask your tailor how many persons have their two shoulders of the same height? I think he will tell you that the majority of his customers show a distinct difference of height on the two sides. Will you ask a portrait-painter how many of those who sit to him have both sides of their faces exactly alike? I believe he will tell you that one side is always a little better than the other. What will your hatter say about the two sides of the head? Do you see equally well with both eyes, and hear equally well with both ears? Few persons past middle age will pretend that they do. Why should the two halves of a brain not show a natural difference, leading to confusion of thought, and very possibly to that instinct of contradiction of which I was speaking? A great deal of time is lost in profitless conversation, and a good deal of ill temper frequently caused, by not considering these organic and practically insuperable conditions. In dealing with them, acquiescence is the best of palliations and silence the sovereign specific.

I have been the reporter, as you have

seen, of my own conversation and that of the other Teacups. I have told some of the circumstances of their personal history, and interested, as I hope, here and there a reader in the fate of different members of our company. Here are our pretty Delilah and our Doctor provided for. We may take it for granted that it will not be very long that the young couple will have to wait; for, as I have told you all, the Doctor is certainly getting into business, and bids fair to have a thriving practice before he saddles his nose with an eyeglass and begins to think of a pair of spectacles. So that part of our little domestic drama is over, and we can only wish the pair that is to be all manner of blessings consistent with a reasonable amount of health in the community on whose ailments must depend their prosperity.

All our thoughts are now concentrated on the relation existing between Number Five and the Tutor. That there is some profound instinctive impulse which is drawing them closer together no one who watches them can for a moment doubt. There are two principles of attraction which bring different natures together: that in which the two natures closely resemble each other, and that in which one is complementary of the other. In the first case, they coalesce as do two drops of water or of mercury, and become intimately blended as soon as they touch; in the other, they rush together as an acid and alkali unite, — predestined from eternity to find all they most needed in each other. What is the condition of things in the growing intimacy of Number Five and the Tutor? He is many years her junior, as we know. Both of them look that fact squarely in the face. The presumption is against the union of two persons under these circumstances. Presumptions are strong obstacles against any result we wish to attain, but half our work in life is to overcome them. A great many presumptions look in the distance like

six-foot walls, and when we get nearer prove to be only five-foot hurdles, to be leaped over or knocked down. Twenty years from now she may be a vigorous and active old woman, and he a middle-aged, half-worn-out invalid, like so many overworked scholars. Everything depends on the number of drops of the elixir vitæ which Nature mingled in the nourishment she administered to the embryo before it tasted its mother's milk. Think of Cleopatra, the bewitching old mischief-maker; think of Ninon de L'Enclos, whose own son fell desperately in love with her, not knowing the relation in which she stood to him; think of Dr. Johnson's friend, Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi, who at the age of eighty was full enough of life to be making love ardently and persistently to Conway, the handsome young actor. I can readily believe that Number Five will outlive the Tutor, even if he is fortunate enough to succeed in storming that Ehrenbreitstein, — say rather in winning his way into the fortress through gates that open to him of their own accord. If he fails in his siege, I do really believe he will die early; not of a broken heart, exactly, but of a heart starved, with the food it was craving close to it, but unattainable. I have, therefore, a deep interest in knowing how Number Five and the Tutor are getting along together. Is there any danger of one or the other growing tired of the intimacy, and becoming willing to get rid of it, like a garment which has shrunk and grown too tight? Is it likely that some other attraction may come in to disturb the existing relation? The problem is to my mind not only interesting, but exceptionally curious. You remember the story of Cymon and Iphigenia as Dryden tells it. The poor youth has the capacity of loving, but it lies hidden in his undeveloped nature. All at once he comes upon the sleeping beauty, and is awakened by her charms to a hitherto unfelt consciousness. With

the advent of the new passion all his dormant faculties start into life, and the seeming simpleton becomes the bright and intelligent lover. The case of Number Five is as different from that of Cymon as it could well be. All her faculties are wide awake, but one emotional side of her nature has never been called into active exercise. Why has she never been in love with any one of her suitors? Because she *liked* too many of them. Do you happen to remember a poem printed among these papers, entitled "I Like You and I Love You"? No one of the poems which have been placed in the urn — that is, the silver sugar-bowl — has had any name attached to it; but you could guess pretty nearly who was the author of some of them, certainly of the one just referred to. Number Five was attracted to the Tutor from the first time he spoke to her. She dreamed about him that night, and nothing idealizes and renders fascinating one in whom we have already an interest like dreaming of him or of her. Many a calm suitor has been made passionate by a dream; many a passionate lover has been made wild and half beside himself by a dream; and now and then an infatuated but hapless lover, waking from a dream of bliss to a cold reality of wretchedness, has helped himself to eternity before he was summoned to the table.

Since Number Five had dreamed about the Tutor, he had been more in her waking thoughts than she was willing to acknowledge. These thoughts were vague, it is true, — emotions, perhaps, rather than worded trains of ideas; but she was conscious of a pleasing excitement as his name or his image floated across her consciousness; she sometimes sighed as she looked over the last passage they had read from the same book, and sometimes when they were together they were silent too long, — too long! What were they thinking of?

And so it was all as plain sailing for

Number Five and the young Tutor as it had been for Delilah and the young Doctor, was it? Do you think so? Then you do not understand Number Five. Many a woman has as many atmospheric rings about her as the planet Saturn. *Three* are easily to be recognized. First, there is the wide ring of attraction which draws into itself all that once cross its outer border. These revolve about her without ever coming any nearer. Next is the inner ring of attraction. Those who come within its irresistible influence are drawn so close that it seems as if they must become one with her sooner or later. But within this ring is another, — an atmospheric girdle, one of repulsion, which love, no matter how enterprising, no matter how prevailing or how insinuating, has never passed, and, if we judge of what is to be by what has been, never will. Perhaps Nature loved Number Five so well that she grudged her to any mortal man, and gave her this inner girdle of repulsion to guard her from all who would know her too nearly and love her too well. Sometimes two vessels at sea keep each other company for a long distance, it may be during a whole voyage. Very pleasant it is to each to have a companion to exchange signals with from time to time; to come near enough, when the winds are light, to hold converse in ordinary tones from deck to deck; to know that, in case of need, there is help at hand. It is good for them to be near each other, but not good to be too near. Woe is to them if they touch! The wreck of one or both is likely to be the consequence. And so two well-equipped and heavily freighted natures may be the best of companions to each other, and yet must never attempt to come into closer union. Is this the condition of affairs between Number Five and the Tutor? I hope not, for I want them to be joined together in that dearest of intimacies, which, if founded in true affinity, is the

nearest approach to happiness to be looked for in our mortal experience. We must wait. The Teacups will meet once more before the circle is broken, and we may, perhaps, find the solution of the question we have raised.

In the mean time, our young Doctor is playing truant oftener than ever. He has brought Avis — if we must call her so, and not Delilah — several times to take tea with us. It means something, in these days, to graduate from one of our first-class academies or collegiate schools. I shall never forget my first visit to one of these institutions. How much its pupils know, I said, which I was never taught, and have never learned! I was fairly frightened to see what a teaching apparatus was provided for them. I should think the first thing to be done with most of the husbands they are likely to get would be to put them through a course of instruction. The young wives must find their lords wofully ignorant, in a large proportion of cases. When the wife has educated the husband to such a point that she can invite him to work out a problem in the higher mathematics or to perform a difficult chemical analysis with her as his collaborator, as less instructed dames ask their husbands to play a game of checkers or backgammon, they can have delightful and instructive evenings together. I hope our young Doctor will take kindly to his wife's (that is to be) teachings.

When the following verses were taken out of the urn, the Mistress asked me to hand the manuscript to the young Doctor to read. I noticed that he did not keep his eyes very closely fixed on the paper. It seemed as if he could have recited the lines without referring to the manuscript at all.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom ;

The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are
red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,
And winter's wild herald is blowing his
blast ?

For me dull November is sweeter than May,
For my Love is its sunshine, — she meets me
to-day!

Will she come ? Will the ring-dove return to
her nest ?

Will the needle swing back from the east or
the west ?

At the stroke of the hour she will be at her
gate ;

A friend may prove laggard, — love never
comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance ? Not yet.
Too early ! Too early ! She could not for-
get !

When I cross the old bridge where the brook
overflowed,

She will flash full in sight at the turn of the
road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines ;
I tread the brown pathway that leads through
the pines ;

I haste by the boulder that lies in the field,
Where her promise at parting was lovingly
sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through
the wood ?

Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle
and hood ?

The minute draws near, — but her watch may
go wrong ;

My heart *will* be asking, What keeps her so
long ?

Why doubt for a moment ? More shame if I
do !

Why question ? Why tremble ? Are angels
more true ?

She would come to the lover who calls her his
own

Though she trod in the track of a whirling
cyclone !

— I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had
passed.

I looked : lo ! my Love stood before me at
last.

Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks, how
they glowed,

As we met, face to face, at the turn of the
road !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FRÉMONT.

AN analysis of the very peculiar and noteworthy qualities that marked the late General Frémont would doubtless be a charming task for a student of psychology, if only adequate materials were at hand. As it is, the man must long remain in many respects an enigma to the public. His own Memoirs, of which but a single volume is in our hands, are disappointingly unenlightening as to what we most wished to know. And it is curious to note, as one looks back, how all through his career there has been the same indefiniteness in the popular estimate of him. His friends have been frequently enthusiastic; but they have always labored in vain to express what his great qualities were, and precisely what mighty deeds he had done. Yet just so his worst enemies, in the old days when he led the Republican canvass in 1856, had to resort to romance when they tried to give a reason for the hatred that was in them. Friends and foes alike thus knew remarkably little of him, save that, for inexpressible reasons, they loved or hated him. The most transient personal intercourse with the man gave a similar sense of his peculiarly hidden and baffling character. The charming and courtly manner, the deep and thoughtful eyes, the gracious and self-possessed demeanor, as of a consciously great man at rest, awaiting his chance to announce his deep purpose and to do his decisive deed,—all these things perplexed one who had any occasion to observe, as some did, that the deep purpose seemed always to have remained in reserve, and that there had been some reason in his life why the decisive deed never could be done. In his accounts of himself he has, moreover, frequently been hopelessly unhistorical as to what he revealed, and profoundly mysterious as to the nature of what he found it

needful to keep to himself. Unhistorical he was, in his revelations, in the most charming and incomprehensible of ways. In vain you endeavored to explain adequately his mistakes as due either to prejudice or to mere forgetfulness; his beautiful eyes and his dignity assured you that they could not be due to any less noble failing. The more you consulted him the fonder you were of him, and the less you were convinced by what he said. He grew more romantic in your eyes the more clearly you saw through his romance. This personal effectiveness of his manner was itself a quality such as ought to have graced a political genius, a born leader of men. In fact, one may say that General Frémont possessed all the qualities of genius except ability.

A confirmation of this view as to our hero's persistently puzzling character is furnished, I say, by the conflicting estimates that have been passed upon him. One of the latest of these estimates is that given of his career in Missouri by the Century biographers of Lincoln, whose effort to be impartial does not conceal the irritation which, as representatives of Lincoln's point of view, they feel toward the man who so grievously disappointed the administration. Yet they, too, have no charge to bring against General Frémont more grave and definite than that of ineffectiveness, and of hopelessly poor judgment about important public matters. It is noteworthy that this view is very far from that of many officers who were upon General Frémont's staff in Missouri. To them the "display" of which Lincoln's biographers complain, the show of power and the expensive habits of the general during his brief term of office, meant the external appearance, at least, of greatness. They were un-

able to judge more accurately of what was behind. They were sure that the general's plans were vast, and they trusted implicitly his imposing manners, as they enjoyed his friendly words. Such a subordinate it was, the late Governor Dorsheimer, who, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1862, published a sketch of the Springfield expedition with which the Hundred Days in Missouri closed. This sketch is rather a tribute of affection to General Frémont than an objective narrative. "The general" has "magic in his name," "ceaseless energy in his action," a spirit that nothing can daunt, a genius that creates armies, a "simple grace and poetry of expression and a tenderness of manner which are very winning," a "magnanimity" and "noble-mindedness" that his friend and staff officer never doubts. Everything suggests the depth of the general's plans. To be sure, these plans lead nowhere; but that is the fault of the jealous enemies who somehow are minded to destroy the general's fame, and to inherit, unearned, the laurels that are his due. Had he but been granted a few days more time, the deep plans, the vast ideas, which his winning countenance concealed would have begun to bear fruit.

If one looks further back, to the great canvass of 1856, one finds the same hazy atmosphere about the young Colonel Frémont's person.

As one admirer¹ of those days stated the case in his favor: "Colonel Frémont is in the prime of life, and near the same age as General Washington was when he accepted the command of the American armies, and surprised the British at Trenton, one of his most brilliant exploits. Colonel Frémont is a man of great natural sagacity, and possesses a calm, clear judgment, improved by study and a large experience of human nature in all its forms, whether of savage or civilized life. He

¹ Mr. John M. Read in a speech at Philadelphia, September 30, 1856.

is unassuming in his manners, with a striking personal appearance and a remarkably fine eye, strongly indicative of a prominent feature in his character, a firm and vigorous will." Verily our hero's eyes had their important part to play in forming his reputation for statesmanship. As for his vigorous will, that was just what, during most of his later career, he so heroically kept in reserve.

For the rest, this young man, whose age made him comparable with Washington and suggested the surprise at Trenton, had in his favor, during the canvass of 1856, the part he had played in the conquest of California in 1846, as well as, earlier still, in the long exploring expeditions of 1841-44. The latter accomplishment was a modest but very solid basis for a topographical engineer's reputation, and was of permanent and no small service to the country, although Western exploration of the way to Oregon and California did not begin with these expeditions, and although the paths which the young engineer had found were mostly not wholly untraversed ones. But if emigrants to both Oregon and California had preceded him across the Rockies, he had done a very fine work in making the new regions known to the world at large, and the geography of the Great Basin accessible to science. As for the other feat, the conquest of California, the general public had learned what seemed a plain and even a glorious tale of patriotic devotion, — a tale which had not suffered through its presentation in the eloquent fashion of Senator Benton. What the truth of the affair was the general public, however, knew but very imperfectly. As a consequence, few public men have ever been more beautifully enveloped in romance than was the Pathfinder that year. His enemies in vain endeavored to speak the truly effective word against him.

Yet neither during the canvass of 1856 nor later was it necessary thus to

resort to artificial romancing in order to adorn the character of one whom fortune had persistently made a man of marvels. There was, as an actual fact, his gold mine on the Mariposa grant. How curious an accident this, that the "Conqueror of California" should by chance have purchased, before the discovery of gold in the territory, the only Mexican grant that covered any part of the gold region! How wondrous that this one grant should have contained so famous a gold mine! And yet this was not a mere tale invented by friends, as were those secrets of the great mind that for them lay hidden behind the deep eyes; nor was it one of the slanders of his foes. It was plain and hard outer fact. The gold mine had fallen to the hero, and, like all his other wonderful fortunes, it profited him nothing; so that he has now died, as he so long lived, a poor man. It was this wonderful caprice about his whole career, this repeated and unheard-of kindness of fortune, and yet this eternal failure and abortion of all his great enterprises, which made his whole life like a dream to his fellows. It was as if a character of pure poetry, some Jaques or some lesser Round Table knight, had escaped from romance-land, and were wandering about amongst live men on the earth. Always, as the Odyssean gods show their airy nature at the moment they vanish, this fictitious being would bear about with him, in the real world, signs of his insubstantiality. If you tried either business, or politics, or warfare in his company, he would at first seem so finely made and genuine a live creature that the artful qualities of his purely ideal and manufactured essence would escape your notice. You would fancy him to be a flesh-and-blood man, and a great one at that. Only, when you had once invested in his vast enterprises, or had entrusted your beloved cause to his care, ere long he would begin to show signs, as it were, of vanishing.

And by and by, after much puzzling on your part as to the sincerity of his purposes and the true wisdom of his schemes, you would come to observe that, after all, things never happened to him as to mortal men, and that he bore every mark of being a fictitious character, a man in a play, an entity of the footlights, a purely literary figment. You would then indeed find that you had invested your money or your trust in vain in his undertakings. They would come to naught; while as for him,—in what wise was he to blame? Can a man help it if, despite all, he *is* a fiction,—a creature 'escaped from a book, wandering about in a real world when he was made for dreamland? Of course he has his character, his fine qualities, his plans, his hopes, his thoughts. What Jaques, what Round Table knight, has not? Of course, then, he could talk with you, plan with you, undertake vast things with you, and could himself accidentally come into possession of a gold mine or play at conquering a province. But then, of course, all this would merely be play, and you could not hold him responsible for it. Nothing would come of him in the end. In all his life he would accomplish absolutely no one significant thing. A vague and ghostly industry, ended only by death, would touch upon and begin a thousand things during his career of flitting and of failing; but that would be all. He would have here no temporal mission, because his only true place would be the world of shadows. He would be subject to 'no ordinary human estimate of his qualities in terms of their visible fruits, because he would bear no fruits, and his qualities would be those of romance.

It may seem, to be sure, a trifle unfair thus to treat so prominent a figure of the past generation. But consider, once more, how previous estimates have conceived him. I have at hand a curious and charming pamphlet, published at Caen, in France, in 1868, and written

by M. Alexandre Büchner, professor of the Faculté des Lettres, and author otherwise of some brochures on the "modern novel" and kindred subjects. Why a professor of letters should have written just this pamphlet, and read it before the Académie des Sciences, Arts, et Belles-Lettres de Caen, in June, 1868, I do not know. The title is *Le Conquérant de la Californie*. The subject is — our hero. The thesis is that General Frémont is the principal cause and the leading mind whereby the abolition of slavery in the United States has been brought about, the future destiny of the republic assured, the history of our continent for the century determined. This essay, like General Frémont's good fortune in acquiring the Mariposa grant, comes, as it were, like a meteor in the darkness. One flash of our general thus illuminates French academic literature, — why, to what end, who can say? There are reasons, to which one need not here further refer, why his name has been, in later years, somewhat unhappily misused in France, — unkindly remembered, to say the least, by disappointed investors; judicially maligned, to speak no more harshly. But in 1868 our general's name had its hour and its honor in the mouth of a friendly critic of no small literary skill. One wonders at the largeness of M. Büchner's well-stated personal information about General Frémont. Can the professor have had access to people who were nearer to the general than he? And why is his interest in *le Conquérant de la Californie* so ardently aroused? Is his concern purely scientific; or is he perchance himself remotely interested in great American enterprises, say of a somewhat commercial and speculative character, so that his mind naturally turns to *le Conquérant*, who shall have made all American speculations since the abolition of slavery possible? One queries in vain. I know not why Professor Büchner wrote, or who coached him as

to what documents to consult. I find, however, that what he wrote reads in sum as follows: General Frémont, whose early life M. Büchner very pleasantly summarizes, first showed his genius by "seeing the necessity of finding ways of regular and direct communication" with the Pacific. After the great explorations between 1841 and 1845, the young officer found himself at the head of a new expedition on the borders of California. Then followed his quarrel with Castro, "*le gouverneur*," and the gallant Frémont's glorious defiance of the armed forces of the Californians, as he unfurled his country's flag from his temporary stronghold. Then the hero retired towards Oregon; but "*en route il reçut des ordres inattendus de son gouvernement*," and these new orders forced him to assume a new rôle. It was, as turned out, the rôle of conqueror of California. M. Büchner makes little of the other officers who took part in this affair. His hero is solely in his mind. The later career, of the colonel, the senator, and the presidential candidate, is pursued to the outbreak of the war. "*Mais ici*," says M. Büchner, "*les documents commencent à faire défaut, de sorte qu'il nous est impossible de préciser le rôle, d'ailleurs peu considérable, qu'il y joua*." Others have felt M. Büchner's difficulty here; but the professor feels no such doubts as he continues with a summary of his hero's public services. This intrepid officer, it will be seen, has, as explorer, "given birth, so to speak," to several new States of the Union. He excluded the Mexicans (and the English) from a large part of the Pacific coast. He conquered California. But hold! This is a small thing compared with what resulted. California contained gold. That fact made California a free State. That fact, again, led to the war. The war abolished slavery. Hence the theorem: "Messieurs, by this extraordinary and almost logical sequence of events ["al-

most logical" is indeed a true word], Frémont, giving California to the United States, determined the movement which has just changed the face and the destiny of America. The problem of emancipation resolved, the future of the great federal republic guaranteed, — such are the results which have been attained; and these results, vast as they are, — the United States owe them, in part, to the knowledge, courage, and energetic perseverance of Frémont."

And now one may ask, Who but a fictitious character, a creature of shadow-land, could possibly expect to find himself made the starting-point and the hero of an "almost logical sequence of events" such as this?

If one drops all such matters for more serious and historically significant ones; if one lays aside the hopeless effort to estimate our hero's true quality, and undertakes rather to find what actually important deeds were behind this romance of his lifetime, one sees forthwith that M. Büchner has so far rightly judged as he has made General Frémont's effective reputation mainly dependent upon his work as "Conqueror of California." Was he or was he not entitled to this distinction? As a matter of fact, the true "conquest of California" involved several conflicts with armed forces, during a revolt which the native Californians, irritated by maltreatment, made against the forces that had formally seized their territory in July, 1846, and that had displaced their local officers, in many cases, by alcaldes or by military officials, set over them without their entire consent. In no one of these armed conflicts did the young Captain Frémont bear any part. Marines under Commodore Stockton, soldiers under General Kearny, did the fighting. Captain Frémont raised indeed a battalion for service; marched far to the southward; endured, together with his command, some bad weather very patiently; and received the capitulation of the already

defeated revolters, who while in flight encountered him, and without contest submitted to him. This whole revolt itself, as it happened, had resulted from friction mainly caused by his own earlier disturbances in the north, brought to pass in June before he had any news of the outbreak of war, and in violation of express instructions, which had been received from home, to conciliate the Californians, and to encourage them to a course of neutrality in case of war with Mexico. These operations in the north themselves constitute his only title to the name of "Conqueror," and they were distinctly the unauthorized operations of a filibuster. From the first day of his engagement in them until the very publication of his Memoirs, at the close of his life, he never told the unromantic and historical truth about them, in public or for publication, to any living soul. Fortune made them appear to all men in a false light. His own government was obliged to ignore wholly his disobedience. His family set forth the tale to the world in colors of Senator Benton's own choosing. And so a reputation was made whose only foundation was a culpable blunder and a perversion of history. I cannot here dwell long upon a tale to which I have elsewhere devoted much attention, in a special study of the early history of the Americans in California,¹ and of which a fuller, and in some few matters of detail a more accurate, version has, since my own, been published in Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's California. I return to the subject here once more, partly because General Frémont's death brings it afresh to mind, and partly because, in his Memoirs, the general himself, some time after my own book was published, sought in vain to give the ancient affair its old romantic coloring. A member of his family, Professor William Carey

¹ California. From the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. (American Commonwealths Series.)

Jones, has also attempted to defend General Frémont's conduct in an elaborate but to my mind unconvincing essay in the Papers of the California Historical Society, published in 1887. But the present is no place for argument. I can only restate the essential facts.

The seizure of California, in 1846, was one of the least creditable affairs in the highly discreditable Mexican war. Especially was it discreditable in view of the fact that it might have been accomplished as a mere incident to the whole criminal enterprise, while the action of a few officers of the government resulted in giving it the character of a separate and independent crime, — a crime not so much against Mexico, whom the whole war robbed, as against the native Californians, who, but for our mismanagement, would have had no share in the war. The territory of California was known to our government, in 1845, as a half-independent province, or so-called "department," under a Mexican rule that was more nominal than effective. The few American settlers in the Sacramento Valley hoped for an early occupation of the land in the name of our government. The few thousand Californians themselves, a proud, helpless, and decidedly provincial people, absorbed in local politics, dreamed often of the entire independence of their land, and were jealous of all foreign interference. But they were also much influenced by our traders, who visited the coast constantly; and they were by no means likely, if properly treated, seriously to resist our occupation of the land in case, upon an outbreak of war with Mexico, we quietly seized their defenseless posts and annexed their province. To fight for Mexico was not their general intent. So judge those who knew them best, and so events indicate. Under these circumstances, it was surely by no means good policy for our government to undertake to harass them in advance of the outbreak of the intended war with

Mexico. In fact, when, in 1845, Lieutenant Frémont's third expedition was sent out to survey the passes to the Pacific through California, it was no part of the plan of the Polk cabinet that the young engineer should engage in aggressively hostile operations in California, even if the war should break out before his return. On the contrary, the cabinet plan, as fully set forth in the known dispatches of Secretary Bancroft and of Secretary Buchanan to officers of the government on the Pacific coast, was to conciliate the inhabitants of California, to encourage them to adopt a "course of neutrality" in case of war, and so to get California without fighting. It has of late become important for General Frémont's friends to assert, as he himself did in his Memoirs, and as Professor Jones does in his paper above mentioned, that there was some sort of opposition between the instructions given by the two secretaries, and that Secretary Bancroft favored a bolder and in substance a more hostile policy in California than did the wily Secretary of State. No assertion could be more hopelessly indefensible in view of the documents as known to us. The cabinet policy was harmonious and perfectly intelligible. In case of war, the Californian ports were to be seized and held by an irresistible naval force. But by sea and by land the Californians themselves were to be well treated, conciliated, and induced, if possible, to help us as against Mexico.

Of this cabinet plan the young topographical engineer was, of course, very imperfectly informed when he set out for California in 1845. But, as his own account shows, he was much impressed by the fact that his father-in-law was influential with the cabinet; that the Mexican war was imminent; that he had a fine chance to win glory for himself and for his family; and that, whatever happened in so distant a region and in the carrying out of so complicated a

business, he would pretty surely escape censure in the end if California was somehow won, if he somehow connected his name with the enterprise, and if he avoided any misconduct for which he could be openly called to account by the government. The business was a delicate one, but for once our hero succeeded; not, to be sure, in obeying his orders or in serving his country, but in making for himself a great name, and in so handling the affair that the very government which intrigued for California in secret could do nothing in public against one who made its intrigues of no avail.

The cabinet plan, I have said, was not known to Frémont when he set out on the expedition of 1845. Before it was made known to him, he had reached California, and had managed to have a bitter and unnecessary quarrel with General Castro, a local official in charge of the northern half of the department, near Monterey; in fact, our hero had defied, with his whole party, the Californian authorities, after a fashion that was sure to offend the pride of all the Californian people, and to make future war with them a little easier. That at the outset the quarrel was deliberately provoked by the young engineer, I do not know. What I do know is that it was carried on in the spirit of a man who hoped soon to be authorized to meet the Californians as their conqueror, and who was anxious early to begin acquiring whatever glory the coming war might be destined to bring to American officers in that particular region. Of the quarrel nothing came at the moment but ill feeling. The engineering party retired northward up the Sacramento Valley, only to return, and to begin the unprovoked troubles of June.

The immediate cause of this return was the fact that Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie, bearer of a secret dispatch from the government to its agent in California, traveled northward after the

engineering party, overtook it, repeated his instructions to Frémont, and acquainted him with the desire of the government that he should give aid in carrying out the instructions. The instructions themselves were addressed by Secretary Buchanan, not to Lieutenant Frémont directly, but to Consul Larkin at Monterey, the agent just mentioned. Lieutenant Frémont, who was not favored with any special dispatch or independent instruction, heard the Larkin dispatch repeated to him by Gillespie, a fact which is known to us through the latter's sworn testimony, given before an official body at Washington but a short time later. Orally, moreover, Gillespie informed our hero of the desire of the government that, if within reach, he should remain near with his party to coöperate in the peaceful intrigue by which California was, if possible, to be won over before the Mexican war began, or, in case the war began too soon, was to be preserved neutral during the hostilities, ready for cession at the end. This, as is demonstrable, was the only official message that Gillespie brought.

The young "Conquéran" considered the situation, as he himself tells us, somewhat carefully. He has never told us, however, what he must really have thought. What the government proposed no doubt must have seemed to him absurd. Had he not already quarreled with the Californians? Would not the war soon come? What glory was there in waiting while Consul Larkin "urged the Californians to adopt a course of neutrality," as the dispatch from Buchanan ordained? Why not rather fight the Californians at once, and get the glory? They were defenseless, but this was unknown at home in Washington. One could plead all sorts of necessities as an excuse for the onslaught. One could say that the Californians were hostile, that they were dangerous, that they forced the fight, and what not. So, in fact,

Senator Benton later said in print, at Washington. Meanwhile, the intrigue proposed by the government to win them over would require a little time. Were it once interrupted by violence, it would never be revealed by that cabinet which thus, somewhat discredibly, had undertaken to carry it out through a consul. Here, then, was a safe chance to win glory.

This our young lieutenant may well have thought. At all events, what he did, after having thus received orders to conciliate the Californians, was to return at once to the Sacramento Valley, for the purpose of making war upon them, and of setting the instructions at defiance. He returned to make war, and to this end he used the American settlers of the Sacramento Valley as his cat's-paws, — arousing them to the hostile operations of the "Bear Flag" affair by various false rumors as to how Castro was coming against them in force to drive them out. In this fashion he soon put the north country in an uproar, and caused trouble that, in view of his small and irregular forces, could not possibly have ended in anything but anarchy save for the coming of the American fleet to seize the land formally. Thus, he continued, with much noise and a little bloodshed, until, on July 7th, Commodore Sloat, in pursuance of his instructions, seized Monterey, having received news of the outbreak of actual war on the Rio Grande. And here the glories of the "conquest" terminate, while its later, wholly lamentable bickerings, marchings, and ultimate bloodshed begin. They, in all their painful details, with all their wearisome after-effects, which embittered the life of California for years, were, however, the fruit of these earlier operations of the north, by which the peace of the territory had been disturbed, and all hopes of a successful intrigue for a "neutrality" of the Californians had been cut off.

Upon this foundation, I repeat, our hero's whole reputation as "conqueror" rests. It is well, after all these years, and after what we have recently heard of the "unique services" of our general, that the romance should at last cease for good. General Frémont was simply *not* the conqueror of California. All that he did up to July 7th was a distinct hindrance to our seizure of the land, was of no effect except to alienate its people, and was the outcome of a deliberate determination to prefer personal glory to obedience, and to take advantage of the secrecy of a cabinet intrigue in order to commit a serious and reckless crime against the Californians. All that the same leader did after July 7th was to march twice to the southward with his battalion against a foe whom he never met in the field, but whom others finally fought and defeated, and thenceforward to pose as hero of his own romance.

Curious, furthermore, are our hero's subsequent explanations, both of his behavior with regard to his instructions, and of the nature of these instructions themselves as Gillespie brought them. At first, in letters sent home to Senator Benton and printed by the latter, he represented that Castro's hostility had justified him in acting as he did. Later, before the court-martial at Washington, which tried him on charges growing out of his relations with General Kearny in the south, he maintained, as he did afterwards for years, that the hostility of Castro, *added to* certain mysterious instructions given him "to watch over the interests of the United States in California," had put him in a position where, in his judgment, it was necessary to act as he did. As years went on, the secret instructions, whose real nature long remained unknown to the public, gained more prominence in this ambiguous account. To me, as historical inquirer, when, in 1884, I asked him for an account of his behavior

in California, for publication and for criticism, General Frémont laid most stress upon the instructions, which he then, very correctly, still attributed to Buchanan. I warned him, when I first approached him, of the serious difficulty of defending his singular assault upon the Californians in a time of profound peace. I offered him throughout nothing but a plain statement of his views in print, and a free criticism of the whole when once I should have the evidence before me. I obtained for publication, and wholly without any offer on my part to accept or to treat favorably his statements, a tolerably full account of his whole action as conqueror. This account I took down from his lips, and submitted to him in manuscript for approval. It was later published as part of a lengthy research. The account was perfectly clear as to the nature of the instructions, which General Frémont declared to be such as made him secret agent of the government in California, and as fully warranted his conduct. He denied absolutely that these instructions were addressed to Consul Larkin; and he proved to me somewhat elaborately that Larkin could not possibly have been employed by the government as agent. When I hereupon acquainted him with the text of the actual dispatch, repeated to him by Gillespie, — a text which, although then unpublished, was in my possession, — General Frémont had no resource but to deny that he had ever heard of such a dispatch. He did so deny the fact, and persisted that Secretary Buchanan had sent him a private and separate dispatch by Gillespie, — a paper of which, of course, he had preserved no record. Herewith our intercourse ended.

As it happens, however, General Frémont, at the time of the "conquest," recorded, in one of his published letters to Senator Benton, his surprise at receiving *no* dispatch from Buchanan addressed personally to himself; while

Gillespie's sworn evidence, given at a time when he was testifying in our hero's own behalf, shortly after the events in question, proves that he did repeat to the latter the Larkin dispatch. All this I set forth in print, along with General Frémont's own statement, in 1886. I waited thereafter, with some interest, to see what the general would say in his Memoirs concerning this curious discrepancy. With a courage worthy of so great a reputation, our hero, in this last work of his life, altered his tale. No longer was it Buchanan, but Secretary Bancroft, as he now asserted, who had "sent Gillespie to" him with special instructions, — instructions which, to be sure, are no longer preserved. But, as he now avers, they were wholly at variance with the instructions which Buchanan sent to Consul Larkin. Secretary Bancroft shall, in substance, have authorized his "vigorous action" towards the Californians; he shall have permitted him to make war even in advance of the news of actual hostilities; while Buchanan, in his inefficiency, ordained a peaceful intrigue with these same Californians. It is the fashion of cabinets to send out such conflicting orders to various agents by the same messenger! But, unfortunately, the instructions which Secretary Bancroft *did* send, *not* to Frémont, to whom he sent nothing personal, but to Commodore Sloat, are extant, and they are in perfect harmony with the dispatch which Buchanan sent to Larkin, which Gillespie repeated to the young Frémont, which the latter disobeyed, and which, at the close of his life, he obstinately denies having ever known or received. There was, in fact, as I am perfectly sure, after the most careful study, but *one* cabinet plan. Frémont thwarted that plan. In doing so he wrought only confusion and sorrow to the land, but glory to himself. To the government at home he explained his disobedience by a false tale of imminent danger from

Castro and the Californians, — a danger which, as he said, forced him to act in self-defense. To other men he explained his conduct, at first in ambiguous fashion, later more plainly, as due to instructions from the government. When his real instructions were shown him, he died persisting that he had never received them. And upon the foundation of these "unique services" was the romance of his wondrous life built.

And yet, after all, one whose destiny was so marvelous, so shadowy in its splendors, so obscure in its intrigues, so paradoxical in its contrasts between the truth and the fiction of the whole, will very long remain a puzzle and a delight

to his history-reading countrymen. Of his true character, I insist, I can form only the halting and problematic estimate that the foregoing pages embody. In private family life the man was plainly the faithful knight and hero that his winning eyes and gentle voice promised. Those were, indeed, long, healthy, and charming years whereof his Memoirs speak, when they describe, with a noble literary touch, his intercourse with those who were nearest to him in life. But it is only of his public life that I have had to treat. The real man behind that public life it is that I find so curious and baffling an enigma, as all others have found him.

Josiah Royce.

AN ARTIST'S IDYL.

IF in reading this desultory but charming volume,¹ by an artist whose pictures are known and loved in our country as in his own, we are reminded in the earlier pages of an Erekmann-Chatrian novel, and in certain later passages of that *Idylle d'un Savant* which told the life of André Marie Ampère, and which, if it had not chanced to be fact, would have ranked among the most exquisite discoveries of fiction, neither comparison impugns the veracity of M. Breton's recollections or the originality of his treatment. For artist and chronicler there exists the same truth, which is the spirit of truth. The genial Alsatian novelists hardly attempted to lower their bucket to the depths of the well, but in devising the well-knit narratives related by their boy heroes they undoubtedly drew upon a fund of incident and impression accumulated in boyhood, and they had the art of reproducing its at-

mosphere as viewed from the standpoint of maturity, of portraying scenes and characters as the man thinks he saw them when a boy. M. Breton's reminiscences take him to a different region, the Pas-de-Calais, but to the same land of childhood, though of a more conscious and highly endowed sort; seen, too, through the same medium of affection and playful poetry, that unconscious fiction of memory which is a part of its truth.

But while the material of a very fresh and pleasing story lies ready at hand in the life which M. Breton has to relate, and is regarded by him with the tenderness of the artist, he has made no attempt to arrange it even so far as to produce a consecutive narrative. Inside the chronological grand divisions of childhood, youth, and later life, which are indicated clearly enough without being too distinctly outlined, there is little order or sequence, events omitted in their due time being brought up elsewhere in some indirect connection. In

¹ *La Vie d'un Artiste. Art et Nature. Par JULES BRETON, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.*

writing his autobiography, if so formal a name can be given to so light a book, M. Breton does not find it necessary to avoid egotism of tone by taking the position of a mere looker-on. Neither does he treat himself as an historical personage, but rather as a personality, looking clearly and simply about him, but always grouping the things reported of in their relation to his own individuality and life as an artist. Perhaps one explanation of the autobiographical successes in French literature, particularly in books of this easy, intimate, inconsequent sort, will be found to lie in a certain simplicity of the French character. The passion for *naïveté*, the deliberate hunting for simplicity, in that literature often appears to us, and in some cases undoubtedly is, an affectation; but in its happiest phases it is a choice of the best, and a return to an element of French life lying behind *la vie* as understood and practiced in Paris,—to a certain natural and spontaneous way of looking at things which exists more distinctively than with us in common life, and is more often preserved side by side with the highest culture. As M. Breton himself somewhere says of his early mistakes in the art galleries, we must get over ignorance to arrive at real simplicity of taste.

One of our cleverest and best equipped *littérateurs*, Mr. Earl Shinn (Édward Strahan), for many years the art critic of *The Nation*, and now, alas! a memory in its files and in other publications of yesterday, coupled Millet and Jules Breton as the Burns and Wordsworth of peasant painting: the former, himself a peasant, depicting the life of the people with the fervor and intensity of one whose own veins throb to its heart-beats; the latter loving it as a result of meditation and worship of a universal nature to which the man of the soil seems to him especially near. The comparison, while not intended in either case to draw an exact parallel between

poet and painter, indicated very justly the relative position of the two artists. Jules Breton had early associations, but no tie of birth, with the peasants whom he loved to paint. His father, like Wordsworth's father and George Eliot's, was a land steward,—a position which brought him into continual relations, apparently on the whole of a very friendly character, with the neighboring population. He had charge of the estates of the Duc de Duras, and occupied a house with a large garden at Courrières, a village of which he became mayor some time before his death. At Courrières, Jules, with his brothers Louis and Émile, passed a childhood which is bright and pleasant to read of, and which remained in his mind as an epoch of unclouded sunshine. The distinction between weather and climate made by one of the youthful contributors to *English as She is Taught*, defining the former as lasting for a time, while "climate is always," often becomes blurred as we look back, a morbid childhood leaving an exaggerated record of rainy days. M. Breton's touch of fancy is therefore in the true line of biography. Characteristic, also, of the blending of impressions in a child's mind is his picture of the mother who died when he was very young, leaving "a remembrance at once vague and powerful," in which two details stood forth: one of her sitting by the fire with leeches on her breast, and saying to him, "I am going to die;" the other of her catching sight from the window of the tailor with the boy's first trowsers, and calling out, "Jules, here are your clothes."

The mother's memory was cheerfully cherished in the atmosphere of French filial devotion, and under the influence of a certain venerable cousin Catherine, who came in the summer to cut the grass on the lawn, and who reported to the children having seen their mother in the sky. "She and I always understood each other; she was so old, and I so lit-

tle." The boys themselves had visions, on which they compared notes from their several beds, — pictures which appeared spontaneously, "actually seen by the inward eye; not like those vague images which later haunt the mind, and are so slow to take the definite form with which we seek to invest them." Hence M. Breton draws the deduction, almost platonic in its suggestiveness, that "ideas in the brain of the child are conceived as images. Before he becomes a thinker man is a seer. This marvelous faculty of vision, I know not why, tends to become atrophied as the power of thought expands. The latter kills the former, and what a pity it is!" Couture, in his pleasant rambling volume which belongs to the same class as M. Breton's, but is more egotistical in tone and less vivid, mentions the same circumstance, counting it part of his birthright as an artist. "I thought in images," he says, "as other people think in words." With M. Breton the pictorial imagination is referred to the whole human mind, and forms part of the heaven which "lies about us in our infancy." These mental panoramas were a source of enjoyment even when they exhibited "great plains, red like blood, with deep shadows in which dreadful serpents, stiff as poles, advanced with a motion that corresponded to the loud beating of my arteries." In spite of these unpleasant visions and others of a more agreeable character, where "the sky shone with magnificent golden clouds, on which walked St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, the Virgin, and the little Jesus," the Breton boys appear to have led a healthy and happy existence. Their father was often absent from home upon visits to the different properties of the duke, and on these occasions they were left to the guardianship of a grandmother, who, after passing heroically in her youth through the ordeal of imprisonment under the Terror, spent her old age tranquilly seated by the kitchen window,

and of an uncle, who was a man of books, and the framer of daily intellectual tasks for his nephews. They escaped from these bonds as quickly as possible, to run about with the village boys, hold snow-fights in winter, and spend "fresh summer mornings in the garden with the wet roses." These early pages are full of exquisite out-of-door pictures, of observations and sentiments which have the flavor of childhood and poetry, and in regard to which M. Breton says, with a clear sense of the relation of life to art: "To reproduce all these emotions, so delicious for the very reason that they are inexpressible and infinite, I am forced to make use of words of which I was ignorant at the time. But if one undertook to talk as a child, one would say nothing. The sensation suffices for him!" Of this sort is the boy's delight in "running everywhere he will and as he will, on roads which sometimes come all at once to an end, as if there were nothing beyond, as if the world itself ended there." The effect on the three minds — for M. Breton writes as one of three, in speaking of his childhood — of the religious processions and pictures which are common sights in rural France is very charmingly described, but there is rather an excess in relating in full the history of the nursery hero locally known to him as Jean d'Arras, but more widely familiar as Jack the Giant Killer.

The achievements of the village house-painter excited a lively emulation in Jules, and led to his early choice of an artistic career. A general education came foremost, however, in the judgment of his relatives, and when ten years old he was taken from the garden of roses and sent to a small seminary, the name of which he does not give, where he passed three unhappy years, exposed not only to humiliations distressing to a sensitive child, but on one occasion to a cruel punishment for the perpetration of a caricature. He made no complaint at the time, but having by chance, dur-

ing a vacation, come upon the offending picture, which had been sent to his father, and discovered that it was regarded as a work of art rather than a disgrace, he told his story, and was at once removed from the school. At the college at Douai his lot was better, and a new life opened for him, on leaving school, through a chance visit to Courrières of the Belgian artist Félix de Vigne, who saw his sketches, and got him admitted as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Art at Ghent, where he was himself a professor.

At Ghent, where Breton passed three years as an art student, we find the beginning of a little idyl, so slight that we can almost quote it entire, but with something of the grace and charm of André Ampère's. It opens in the studio of Félix de Vigne, who had three children.

"The eldest, the little Élodie, was growing modestly. An indefinable charm shone already in her dark blue eyes shaded by long, silky lashes. She went about the house noiselessly, gliding rather than walking, her slight body thrown a little backward, and bending under the weight of a brow already serious, the delicate profile of an angel in a Gothic cathedral. Her father, in creating her, had gone to the heart of that mediæval period which he knew so well. She was about seven years old, and she danced on my knee."

In 1847 Breton went to Paris with his father, and was received into the studio of Dralling, who said of a still-life shown for admission, "Mais c'est peint comme un ange!" a note of praise uttered just in time to please the ear of the father, who was already touched by the illness of which he died in the following year. He had been ruined financially by an imprudent purchase of forest land immediately before the depreciation of money in the revolution of 1848, and he left the burden of a debt which was cheerfully shouldered,

and in due time discharged, by the family. The sons gave up their mother's property. Louis undertook the management of a brewery established by his father. Émile enlisted in the army, and his career, as incidentally sketched in the book, is a striking one. Born with a talent and passion for art, but obliged to defer his hopes as an artist, first for a military, afterwards for a business life, it was only after long waiting that he took up the brush in earnest, and produced landscapes marked by sincerity and feeling. Louis, also, while remaining a brewer, had artistic leanings, shown in paintings and verse. It is evident that the brothers adored each other; and though the achievements of the family talent already known to the world are but lightly dwelt upon in the volume, it is not the place in which to look for any coldly critical view of their powers. M. Breton's pen is dipped liberally in his affections. In relating a visit of his brother Louis to Paris, he tells how they talked without pause and without sense in their joy, "just as the birds twitter." His friendships, too, are warm, and each chum who comes into view receives in passing a cordial grasp of the hand.

The family troubles and the revolution of 1848 are merged in that blending of personal and general experience which makes the consciousness of the artist. Jules Breton's first picture was a garret interior, *Misère et Désespoir*. It was followed by another, entitled *La Faim*, which drew tears from tender-hearted ladies. He had returned to Ghent, his joyous nature under the shadow of a depression which led him to wander solitary about the streets, under "a sun of lead and a high wind that blew the dust about in incessant whirlpools most irritating to the eyes."

But there were consolations in Ghent, though not unmixed with disquietudes, the story of which we have spoken being now in full process of development.

"Towards eleven o'clock, before dinner, I left the studio and went down to the salon, where my little favorite was practicing on the piano her conservatory pieces, with abrupt movements of the head at the difficult passages, her elbows a trifle pointed, her shoulder-blades standing out. She was fourteen and still in short dresses, the age of a charming awkwardness, when the figure lengthens, exaggerating the slenderness of childhood. Her dark eyes, grave and candid, yet with something impenetrable in their depths, no longer looked at me with those glances of affectionate mirthfulness which had so rejoiced my heart in the days already far behind, when she had made a collar of her little arms round my neck and danced on my knee.

"I took an interest in all her lessons, and overwhelmed her with advice. These attentions embarrassed her, and she exhibited signs of impatience, which I misinterpreted, attributing them to aversion. But, after all, what right had I over her? Why was I vexed at her greater familiarity with Winne, whom she addressed simply as *Winne*, whereas she called me Monsieur Jules? She had a right to prefer him to me. And on what ground did I decide that she hated me? . . . One day I went to hear her perform at the *concours* of the conservatory. She played well, and, eager to offer my congratulations, I went to wait for her at the foot of the stairs. She came down soon after with her little friends. I advanced to meet her; but on seeing me she turned away her head abruptly, and walked on without saying anything. 'Evidently,' I said to myself, 'that child has no heart.'"

A little later, seeing her come away, on the day of her graduation, with her arms full of prizes, weeping at the separation from her teachers, he decides that she has "a heart for other people." He leaves Ghent, taking with him a portrait of her, caught surreptitiously, and returns to Courrières, where he

makes studies of peasant life, and begins to paint the *Petite Glaneuse*. He resolves not to look at the portrait, but takes it out again and again.

"And, behold, on the 22d of August, 1853, she arrived with her father! She had become a young lady. I was astonished at the change wrought in her face. She was no longer severe. She was so happy to come to us! . . . She said, naively, 'The nearer I got, the more my heart beat!' What a softness in the frank glance of her eyes! The next day, when I was alone, she came to me and uttered just these words: 'I know I have sometimes given you pain. I am sorry for it. Can you forgive me?' I kissed her.

"Two days later we were engaged. It had all come about in the most simple way. I was painting her portrait in the little studio, and when I came to the eyes I stopped, with a sudden sense of oppression, and said to her, 'You understand me?' She made an affirmative sign of the head. 'Will you be my wife?' The same motion of the head gave me an affirmative answer."

They were married in 1858. Happily, the romance had no such end as that of *Ampère* and *Julie*. Madame Breton became herself known as an artist, and was the mother of Madame *Virginie Demont-Breton*, to whom her father dedicates his autobiography, and of whom he is said to have declared many times that she was his superior as an artist.

During that sojourn at Courrières, while happiness lay in wait for him unseen, the artistic conviction which had haunted M. Breton's mind in the studios and galleries took shape in the fields, and crystallized into work. In studying and admiring the earlier schools of French art, he had felt that "there was one thing which had not yet been attempted, namely, the relation between the living creature and the inanimate creation. Painters had not yet fully as-

sociated the life of man with the life of things, or made their figures alive with all the ambient vibrations, participants of all the phenomena of earth and sky; they had not made them breathe their natural element, the air."

At Courrières a new beauty came out on the face of the familiar landscape, and bore testimony to the same idea.

"The most beautiful moment of the day was when, in the evening, after supper, we smoked our pipes, sitting with our chairs tipped back against the wall of the house, and letting our eyes wander along the street, where the vapors of night were beginning to rise through the vibrations of the air, still warm with the day. . . . The dark masses formed by people and objects, still radiated by little gleams of gold, stood out with marvelous force against the saffron sky, and dying flames shot up from behind the rich darkness of the thatched roofs. Tall, sunburnt girls passed by, with the heat of the day still held amid the tangles of their hair in lingering aureoles, and surrounding their dark silhouettes with a thread of light. They seemed to gain a fuller and graver beauty in the dim mystery of the twilight, with their sickles, on which the cool glow of the sky shone like moonlight."

That is a picture which needs no signature. The artist had ceased to paint misery in a garret. He sent three canvases to the Exposition of 1855, and received the acknowledgment, "Your pictures have obtained a great success; that of the Gleaners, above all, has dazzled [*éblouit*] the jury."

The Gleaners preceded by two years Millet's treatment of the same subject. But long before it was painted Breton had taken note of the pictures of the peasant artist who so deeply "associated the life of man with the life of

things," and had been "strangely impressed" with a color "cooked in the sun, austere and earthy." In the remarks on art and artists which abound in the book, and are always vivid and full of insight, he pays tribute again and again to the genius of Millet, and reproduces in words, with great felicity, the effect of his pictures, dwelling upon the power which "can take a rugged field with a plough lying in it and a few bristling thistles, and, with two or three tones and an awkward, woolly handling, can move the depths of the soul and chant the infinite." But the two artists stood for different ideas; there was a divergence, not alone of method, but of temperament, between them. The prophet note in Millet could be felt by Breton, but it awakened no response in his sunny nature. "This sort of implacable rusticity," he says, "is not in the least characteristic of our northern peasantry, though we sometimes find it in the people of La Beauce." While awed and reverent before Millet, it is to Corot, whose poetry is that of pure painting, that M. Breton turns with a salute of sympathy and delight. His last chapter is a review of the Exposition of last year, a glance backward and forward, an admirable summing up of reminiscence, and a confession of artistic faith. "And the Corots, the incomparable Corots, so resplendent in their idealism that they transport us to heaven, so true that we seem to contemplate them through a window opened upon nature itself!"

Has not M. Breton himself painted from the same window? He has given us no such lofty idealism or magic truth as Corot, but in the union of the two elements lies the poetry of what he has painted, and in his perception of their oneness the value of a very candid and attractive book.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY.

CAPTAIN MAHAN has written distinctively the best and most important, and also by far the most interesting, book on naval history¹ which has been produced on either side of the water for many a long year. Himself an officer who has seen active service and borne himself with honor under fire, he starts with an advantage that no civilian can possess. On the other hand, he does not show the shortcomings which make the average military man an exasperatingly incompetent military historian. His work is in every respect scholarly, and has not a trace of the pedantry which invariably mars mere self-conscious striving after scholarship. He is thoroughly conversant with his subject, and has prepared himself for it by exhaustive study and research, and he approaches it in, to use an old-fashioned phrase, an entirely philosophical spirit. He subordinates detail to mass-effects, trying always to grasp and make evident the essential features of a situation; and he neither loses sight of nor exaggerates the bearing which the history of past struggles has upon our present problems.

One of his merits is the use of French authorities. For the last three centuries England has been the central and commanding figure in naval history, and, naturally, her writers, followed by our own, have acted blandly on the belief that they themselves wrote the only books on the subject worth reading. As a matter of fact, the French historians and essayists form a school of marked excellence in many ways. It would, for instance, be difficult to match in English such writings as those of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière. Only by a study of the French authors is it

possible to arrive at the true facts in the history of the gigantic sea struggle, lasting for over a century, which began at Bantry Bay and Beachy Head and ended at Trafalgar.

In his Introduction, Captain Mahan shows very clearly the practical importance of the study of naval history in the past to those who wish to estimate and use aright the navies of the present. He dwells on the fact that not only are the great principles of strategy much the same as they ever were, but that also many of the underlying principles of the tactics of the past are applicable to the tactics of the present; or, at least, that the tacticians of to-day can with advantage study the battles of the past. He does not fall into the mistake of trying to make forced analogies, but he does prove, for one thing, that the school which professes the *mêlée* or "never-mind-manœuvring" principles, no less than the other school, which tends to turn manœuvring into an end instead of a means, and to develop mere timid tactical trifling, may study the fleet actions and naval campaigns of the last two centuries to good purpose. There are plenty of naval authorities who believe that an encounter between squadrons of modern ironclads, with their accompanying rams and torpedo-boats, can be nothing but a huge bloody scramble, in which each ship fights for its own hand. This belief may be true as an estimate of probabilities; but if it be, it will only show that as yet the nineteenth century does not know how to wield with proper skill the wonderful weapons it has forged. Similarly, the early sea fights between fleets of sailing-ships were mere *mêlées*; men knowing nothing more of tactics than that one-sided view of the "shock" principle which consists in running headlong at an adversary, — a sys-

¹ *The Influence of Sea Power upon History.* By Captain A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1890.

tem whereof the success depends entirely upon the nature of the adversary. But as time went on a change took place, and there arose great admirals, who differed as much from the rough fleet-leaders who preceded them as Alexander differed from Alaric. Sea war grew into an art, and the fleet that conquered had to pay heed to such considerations as unity of action and intelligent direction of force quite as much as to the valor of the seaman and the fighting capacity of the individual ships.

Captain Mahan's effort is to show the tremendous effect which sea power has had upon the development of certain of the great nations of the world, especially at momentous crises of their history. In his introductory chapter he gives one striking illustration, for he shows that it was the sea power of Rome, during the second Punic war, which was one of the chief determining factors in bringing about the failure of Hannibal's campaign in Italy, and the consequent overthrow of Carthage. He makes this point so clear that it is difficult to see how it can be controverted successfully. The second Punic war was one of the all-important world struggles, and has been described again and again by every kind of writer for the past twenty centuries, yet Captain Mahan is the first who has given proper prominence to one of the main causes by which the result was determined. This is a fair example of Captain Mahan's acute historic insight, and it is characteristic of the way his book is written. Hitherto, historians of naval matters, at least so far as English and American writers are concerned, have completely ignored the general strategic bearing of the struggles which they chronicle; they have been for the most part mere annalists, who limited themselves to describing the actual battles and the forces on each side. On the other hand, the general historian sees but dimly how much and in what way the net outcome of a conflict has

been influenced by the might of the contestants on the sea, and in consequence pays but vague and unsubstantial heed to the really vital cause by which the result was accomplished. Captain Mahan, however, never loses sight of the deep, underlying causes and of the connection between events. His discussion of the campaigns and battles, of the strategy and tactics, is full and clear, and written in a perfectly scientific and dispassionate spirit. But this is not his greatest merit. He never for a moment loses sight of the relations which the struggles by sea bore to the history of the time; and, for the period which he covers, he shows, as no other writer has done, the exact points and the wonderful extent of the influence of the sea power of the various contending nations upon their ultimate triumph or failure, and upon the futures of the mighty races to which they belonged.

In the first chapter after the Introduction, he discusses the various elements which go to make up sea power, writing always, as elsewhere throughout the book, with especial heed to the circumstances of the United States at the present time. He shows how sea power is affected by the geographical position, physical conformation, extent, and density of population of a country no less than by the character of the people and of the government. He points out the need of adequate fortifications and navy yards on all the coast, and incidentally specifies the need at some point on the Gulf coast, preferably the mouth of the Mississippi; and he lays stress on the necessity of a large commercial marine, if we wish the sea population which alone furnishes a secure base for naval power. He draws one or two instructive lessons from the sudden rise and no less sudden fall of the French sea power during the reign of Louis XIV., and shows how that monarch undid the work of his great minister Colbert. One of the most interesting points he makes is when he

deals with the inherent wrongheadedness of the French policy of hostility to Holland. As he shows, Holland's greatness lay on the sea, and her real rival, the rival before whom she ultimately succumbed, was England. France, also, strove for development by sea only to be steadily thwarted and finally worsted by the island kingdom; while on land Holland had no territory which France was able to gain. It was, therefore, clearly the true wisdom of both nations to make common cause against the people who, in the end, triumphed over both. A policy of steady alliance between France and Holland, from the days of De Ruyter, Tromp, Duquesne, and Tourville onward, might have changed the fate of the world; and, if so, would probably have changed it much for the worse. The spread of the mighty English-speaking race, their rise to world-dominion, was greatly helped by the jealous division between its two most formidable foes during the critical years when the possession of the North American continent hinged largely on the control of the Atlantic Ocean.

Captain Mahan's second and third chapters treat of the wars waged by Holland against England and France, separately or united. Undoubtedly the greatest figure in these wars was the Dutch Admiral De Ruyter; and the series of long and exhausting struggles between Holland and England are especially noteworthy because they afford the only instance where any naval power has striven for the mastery with England, on equal terms, through a succession of wars wherein victory and defeat alternated in campaign after campaign and battle after battle. On the whole, the superiority remained with the English, and the net result left them ahead. But no other nation ever gave England such a tussle for the dominion of the seas; and no admiral, not even Nelson, accomplished more for his country than De Ruyter did in the battles ter-

minating with the battle of the Texel, wherein, with much inferior forces, he held at bay the combined French and English fleet, and thus saved Holland from an invasion which meant destruction. The old hero himself perished, a couple of years later, in the Mediterranean, at the battle of Stromboli. He was then in command of a mixed squadron, part Dutch and part Spanish, and was opposed by a superior French fleet under the able Huguenot Duquesne, who stood in France much as, a century before, Lord Howard stood in England. The first fight between these two redoubtable antagonists was a draw; in the second the Spanish ships fled, and De Ruyter was overcome and slain. The Spanish fleets, from the time of Drake to that of Nelson, won hardly a single victory; and even when they formed part of a coalition, their presence in a given battle rarely did more than swell the adversary's triumph.

In all these seventeenth-century fights fire-ships played an important part, and our author draws one or two curious and interesting comparisons between them and their modern analogues, the torpedo-boats. He then describes the war in which, at the end of the seventeenth century, the French were first pitted against the combined forces of the English and Dutch. The English at that date had no admiral who can be considered the equal of the Frenchman Tourville, though Tourville himself cannot rank with such men as Suffren, Tegethof, or Farragut, not to speak of Nelson. For the first three years of the war Tourville cruised with his fleet off the shores of England and Ireland, and kept the upper hand of his opponents, defeating them twice. In one of these battles, at Beachy Head, he destroyed a dozen Dutch and English ships, but, through over-caution, failed to strike a decisive blow at the enemy, though much his superior in strength. Two years later he was beaten by an over-

whelming force at the obstinate battle of the Hague. Disheartened by this defeat, the French gave up trying to contend for the supremacy, and turned their attention to privateering, or commerce-destroying, on a colossal scale. They inflicted thereby much damage on the English, but the damage was not of a kind that materially affected the issue of the war.

The next four chapters deal with the maritime history of Europe up to the outbreak of the American Revolution; that is, with the first three quarters of the eighteenth century. At the very beginning of this period, in the war of the Spanish succession, England established her overwhelming preponderance at sea, which has lasted, with but one or two partial interruptions, to our own time. Until this period she had shown no such preponderance. During the seventeenth century, though on the whole she established her superiority, she did so only by a long series of desperate and doubtful struggles with the Dutch and French; and she was defeated again and again by both these rivals. She produced one or two noted admirals, like Blake and Monk, but none who stood above the sea chiefs of her adversaries.

All this was changed after the year 1700. From the time when Gibraltar was taken to the beginning of the war for American independence, England possessed the undisputed supremacy of the ocean. It was this, more than anything else, which gave her North America and India, and paved the way for her taking possession of Australia and South Africa. But the very extent of her superiority prevented any serious efforts to overcome it, and the campaigns and battles of this period possess but little interest in themselves.

When, however, England, in the midst of her struggle with the revolted colonies, was struck by the combined navies of France and Spain, both of

them, but especially that of France, having been sedulously cared for and built up in the interval, the fight became most interesting, for it was waged on equal terms. Captain Mahan's account of this war is excellent. Among other things, he shows clearly the harm wrought to France by the system of tactical timidity in naval warfare which her rulers adopted and instilled into the minds of their sea commanders. The English always tried to destroy their opponent's navies, and it was their cue to attack, which they always did with great courage, though often with so little skill as to neutralize their efforts. The French, on the other hand, had been cowed by repeated defeat, and, except when led by some born fighter, like the Bailli de Suffren, rarely took the offensive or pressed home a blow, though they fought with great skill when attacked; and their strategy was fatally defective, in that they conducted their campaigns, not with the purpose of destroying the enemy's fighting power, his war fleets, but with the purpose of neutralizing or evading it, while some island or outpost was secured or conquered. It must be said, nevertheless, that our author does not give sufficient weight to the military operations on land, and to the effect produced by the American privateers.

This war of the American Revolution brought to the front two great admirals, Rodney and Suffren; and two of the best chapters in Captain Mahan's book are those in which he describes the deeds of these men. The military analysis in these two chapters is really very fine; no previous writer has approached it, in dealing with either the Frenchman or the Englishman. In particular, Suffren's campaign in the Indian Ocean has never before been treated with such clearness of perception and appreciation. Indeed, to most English writers he has hitherto been little but a name; and it was hardly possible for a French-

man to write of him as justly as Captain Mahan has done.

One or two of the points which Captain Mahan brings out have a very important bearing on our present condition, especially in view of the increased interest which is felt in the navy and coast defense. There is a popular idea that we could accomplish wonders by privateering, — or rather by commerce-destroying, as Captain Mahan calls it. He shows very clearly, on the other hand, that commerce-destroying can never be more than a secondary factor — even though of very considerable importance — in bringing to a conclusion a war with a powerful foe. He shows also that, for the most successful kind of commerce-destroying, there must be a secure base of operations near the line of the enemy's commerce, and some kind of line of battle to fall back on, — and the United States possesses neither. Doubtless, in event of a war, we might cause annoyance and loss to an enemy's commerce; but we could not by this method accomplish anything like as much as the people at large, and not a few of our naval officers also, believe. It is beyond all comparison more important to cripple the enemy's fighting-ships than to harass his merchantmen.

Again, as Captain Mahan shows, our experience in the Civil War is worthless as a test of what we could do against a foreign sea power. It is impossible to imagine a more foolish state of mind than that which accepts the belief in our capacity to improvise means of resistance against the sea power of Europe, ready equipped and armed at all points, because we were successful in overcoming with our makeshifts an enemy even more unprepared than we were ourselves. It is true that at the end of four years' warfare we had de-

veloped a formidable fleet; but in the event of a European contest, it is not likely that we should be allowed as many weeks before the fatal blow fell. There is a loose popular idea that we could defend ourselves by some kind of patent method, invented on the spur of the moment. This is sheer folly. There is no doubt that American ingenuity could do something, but not enough to prevent the enemy from ruining our coasting-trade and threatening with destruction half our coast towns. Proper forts, with heavy guns, could do much; but our greatest need is the need of a fighting-fleet. Forts alone could not prevent the occupation of any town or territory outside the range of their guns, or the general wasting of the seaboard; while a squadron of heavy battle-ships, able to sail out and attack the enemy's vessels as they approached, and possessing the great advantage of being near their own base of supplies, would effectually guard a thousand miles of coast. Passive defense, giving the assailant complete choice of the time and place for attack, is always a most dangerous expedient. Our ships should be the best of their kind, — this is the first desideratum; but, in addition, there should be plenty of them. We need a large navy, composed not merely of cruisers, but containing also a full proportion of powerful battle-ships, able to meet those of any other nation. It is not economy — it is niggardly and foolish short-sightedness — to cramp our naval expenditures, while squandering money right and left on everything else, from pensions to public buildings.

In conclusion, it must be said that Captain Mahan's style is clear, simple, and terse. His book is as interesting as it is valuable; and in writing it he has done a real service.

CURTIN'S MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND.

SINCE the days when Castrèn made his arduous journeys of linguistic exploration in Siberia, or when the brothers Grimm collected their rich treasures of folk-lore from the lips of German peasants, an active quest of vocables and myths has been conducted with much zeal and energy in nearly all parts of the world. We have tales, proverbs, fragments of verse, superstitious beliefs and usages, from Greenland, from the southern Pacific, from the mountaineers of Thibet and the freedmen upon Georgia plantations. We follow astute Reynard to the land of the Hottentots, and find the ubiquitous Jack planting his beanstalk among the Dog-Rib Indians. At the same time, the nooks and corners of Europe have been ransacked with bountiful results; so that whereas our grandfathers, in speculating about the opinions and mental habits of people in low stages of culture, were dealing with a subject about which they knew almost nothing, on the other hand, our chief difficulty to-day is in shaping and managing the enormous mass of data which keen and patient inquirers have collected. It is well that this work has been carried so far in our time, for modern habits of thought are fast exterminating the Old World fancies. Railroad, newspaper, and telegraphic bulletin of prices are carrying everything before them. The peasant's quaint dialect and his fascinating myth tales are disappearing along with his picturesque dress; and savages, such of them as do not succumb to fire-water, are fast taking on the airs and manners of civilized folk. It is high time to be gathering in all the primitive lore we can find before the men and women in whose minds it is still a living reality have all passed from the scene.

The collection of Irish myth stories

lately published by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin¹ is the result of a myth-hunting visit which the author made in Ireland in 1887, and is one of the most interesting and valuable contributions to the study of folk-lore that have been made for many years. "All the tales in my collection," says Mr. Curtin, "of which those printed in this volume form but a part, were taken down from the mouths of men who, with one or two exceptions, spoke only Gaelic, or but little English, and that imperfectly. These men belong to a group of persons all of whom are well advanced in years, and some very old; with them will pass away the majority of the story-tellers of Ireland, unless new interest in the ancient language and lore of the country is roused.

"For years previous to my visit of 1887 I was not without hope of finding some myth tales in a good state of preservation. I was led to entertain this hope by indications in the few Irish stories already published, and by certain tales and beliefs that I had taken down myself from old Irish persons in the United States. Still, during the earlier part of my visit in Ireland, I was greatly afraid that the best myth materials had perished. Inquiries as to who might be in possession of these old stories seemed fruitless for a considerable time. The persons whom I met that were capable of reading the Gaelic language had never collected stories, and could refer only in a general way to the districts in which the ancient language was still living. All that was left was to seek out the old people for whom Gaelic is the every-day speech, and trust to fortune to find the story-tellers."

Thus Mr. Curtin was led to explore

¹ *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland.* By JEREMIAH CURTIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1890.

the counties of Kerry, Galway, and Donegal. "Comforting myself with the Russian proverb that 'game runs to meet the hunter,' I set out on my pilgrimage, giving more prominence to the study and investigation of Gaelic, which, though one of the two objects of my visit, was not the first. In this way I thought to come more surely upon men who had myth tales in their minds than if I went directly seeking for them. I was not disappointed, for in all my journeyings I did not meet a single person who knew a myth tale or an old story who was not fond of Gaelic, and specially expert in the use of it, while I found very few story-tellers from whom a myth tale could be obtained unless in the Gaelic language; and in no case have I found a story in the possession of a man or woman who knew only English."

There is something so interesting in this fact, and so pathetic in the explanation of it, that we are tempted to quote further: "Since all mental training in Ireland is directed by powers both foreign and hostile to everything Gaelic, the moment a man leaves the sphere of that class which uses Gaelic as an everyday language, and which clings to the ancient ideas of the people, everything which he left behind seems to him valueless, senseless, and vulgar; consequently he takes no care to retain it either in whole or in part. Hence the clean sweep of myth tales in one part of the country, — the greater part, occupied by a majority of the people; while they are still preserved in other and remoter districts, inhabited by men who, for the scholar and the student of mankind, are by far the most interesting in Ireland."

The fate of the Gaelic language has, indeed, been peculiarly sad. In various parts of Europe, and especially among the western Slavs, the native tongues have been to some extent displaced by the speech of conquering peoples; yet it is only in Erin that, within modern

times, a "language of Aryan stock has been driven first from public use, and then dropped from the worship of God and the life of the fireside." Hence, while in many parts of Europe the ancient tales live on, often with their incidents more or less dislocated and their significance quite blurred, on the other hand, in English-speaking Ireland they have been cleared away "as a forest is felled by the axe."

Nevertheless, in the regions where Irish myths have been preserved, they have been remarkably well preserved, and bear unmistakable marks of their vast antiquity. One very noticeable feature in these myths is the definiteness and precision of detail with which the personages and their fields of action are brought before us. This is a characteristic of mythologies which are, comparatively speaking, intact; and, as Mr. Curtin observes, it is to be seen in the myths of the American Indians. As long as a mythology remains intact it "puts its imprint on the whole region to which it belongs." Every rock, every spring, is the scene of some definite incident; every hill has its mythical people, who are as real to the narrators as the flesh-and-blood population which one finds there. In this whole world of belief and sentiment there is the vigor of fresh life, and the country is literally enchanted ground. But when, through the invasion of alien peoples, there is a mingling and conflict of sacred stories, and new groups of ideas and associations have partly displaced the old ones, so that only the argument or general statement of the ancient myth is retained, and perhaps even that but partially, then "all precision and details with reference to persons and places vanish; they become indefinite; are in some kingdom, some place, — nowhere in particular." There is this vagueness in the folk-tales of eastern and central Europe as contrasted with those of Ireland. "Where there was or where there

was not," says the Magyar, "there was in the world;" or, if the Russian hero goes anywhere, it is simply across forty-nine kingdoms, etc.; "but in the Irish tales he is always a person of known condition in a specified place" (for example, "There was a blacksmith in Dункenealy, beyond Killybegs," etc., page 244).

As to the antiquity and the primitive character of Mr. Curtin's stories an experienced observer can entertain no doubt. His book is certainly the most considerable achievement in the field of Gaelic mythology since the publication, thirty years ago, of Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*; and it does for the folk-lore of Ireland what Asbjørnsen and Moe's collection (the English translation of which is commonly, and with some injustice, known by the name of the translator as *Dasent's Norse Tales*) did for the folk-lore of Norway. This is, of course, very high praise, but we do not believe it will be called extravagant by any competent scholar who reads Mr. Curtin's book. The stories have evidently been reduced to writing with most scrupulous and loving fidelity. In turning the Gaelic into English, some of the characteristic Hibernian phrases and constructions of our language have been employed, and this has been done with such perfect good taste that the effect upon the ear is like that of a refined and delicate brogue.

The mythical material in the stories is largely that with which the student of Aryan folk-lore is familiar. We have variants of Cinderella, the swan-maidens, the giant who had no heart in his body, the cloak of darkness, the sword of light, the magic steed which overtakes the wind before and outstrips the wind behind; the pot of plenty, from which one may eat forever, and the cup that is never drained; the hero who performs impossible tasks, and woos maidens whose beauty hardly relieves their

treacherous cruelty: "I must tell you now that three hundred king's sons, lacking one, have come to ask for my daughter, and in the garden behind my castle are three hundred iron spikes, and every spike of them but one is covered with the head of a king's son who could n't do what my daughter wanted of him, and I'm greatly in dread that your own head will be put on the one spike that is left uncovered." The princess in this story — "Shaking-Head" — is such a wretch, not a whit better than Queen Labe in the *Arabian Nights*, that one marvels at the hero for marrying her at last, instead of slicing off her head with his two-handed sword of darkness, and placing it on the three-hundredth spike. But moral as well as physical probabilities are often overstrained in this deliciously riotous realm of folk-lore.

Along with much material that is common to the Aryan world, there is some that is peculiar to Ireland, while the Irish atmosphere is over everything. The stories of *Fin MacCumhail* (pronounced *MacCool*) and the Fenians of Erin are full of grotesque incident and inimitable drollery. *Fin* and his redoubtable dog *Bran*, the one-eyed *Gruagach*, the hero *Diarmuid*, the old hag with the life-giving ointment, the weird hand of *Mal MacMulcan*, and the cow-herd that was son of the king of *Alban* make a charming series of pictures. Among *Fin's* followers there is a certain *Conán Maol*, "who never had a good word in his mouth for any man," and for whom no man had a good word. This counterpart of *Thersites*, as Mr. Curtin tells us, figures as conspicuously in North American as in Aryan myths. *Conán* was always at *Fin's* side, and advising him to mischief. Once it had like to have gone hard with *Conán*. The Fenians had been inveigled into an enchanted castle, and could not rise from their chairs till two of *Fin's* sons had gone and beheaded three kings in the

north of Erin, and put their blood into three goblets, and come back and rubbed the blood on the chairs. Conán had no chair, but was sitting on the floor, with his back to the wall, and just before they came to him the last drop of blood gave out. The Fenians were hurrying past without minding the mischief-maker, when, upon his earnest appeal, Diarmuid "took him by one hand, and Goll MacMornee by the other, and, pulling with all their might, tore him from the wall and the floor. But if they did, he left all the skin of his back, from his head to his heels, on the floor and the wall behind him. But when they were going home through the hills of Tralee, they found a sheep on the way, killed it, and clapped the skin on Conán. The sheepskin grew to his body; and he was so well and strong that they sheared him every year, and got wool enough from his back to make flannel and frieze for the Fenians of Erin ever after." This is a favorite incident, and recurs in the story of the laughing Gruagach. In most of the Fenian stories the fighting is brisk and incessant. It is quite a Donnybrook fair. Everybody kills everybody else, and then some toothless old woman comes along, and rubs a magic salve on them, when, all in a minute, up they pop, and go at it again.

One of the quaintest conceits, and a pretty one withal, is that of Tir na n-Og, the Land of Youth, the life-giving region just beneath the ground, whence mysteriously spring the sturdy trees, the soft green grass, and the bright flowers. The journey thither is not long; sometimes the hero just pulls up a root and dives down through the hole into the blessed Tir na n-Og, — as primitive a bit of folk-lore as one could wish to find! A lovely country, of course, was that land of sprouting life, and some queer customs did they have there. The mode of "running for office" was especially worthy of mention. Once in seven years all the champions and best

men "met at the front of the palace, and ran to the top of a hill two miles distant. On the top of that hill was a chair, and the man that sat first in the chair was king of Tir na n-Og for the next seven years." This method enabled them to dispense with nominating conventions and campaign lies, but not with intrigue and sorcery, as we find in the droll story of Oisín (or Ossian), which concludes the Fenian series.

The story of the Fisherman's Son and the Gruagach of Tricks is substantially the same with the famous story of Farmer Weathersky, in the Norse collection translated by Sir George Dasent. Gruagach (accented on the first syllable) means "the hairy one," and, as Mr. Curtin cautiously observes, "we are more likely to be justified in finding a solar agent concealed in the person of the laughing Gruagach or the Gruagach of tricks than in many of the sun-myths put forth by some modern writers." He reminds one of Hermes and of Proteus, and in the wonderful changes at the end of the story we have, as in Farmer Weathersky, a variant of the catastrophe in the story of the Second Royal Mendicant in the Arabian Nights, but the Irishman gives us a touch of humor that is quite his own. The Gruagach and his eleven artful sons are chasing the fisherman's son through water and air, and various forms of fish and bird are assumed, until at length the fisherman's son, in the shape of a swallow, hovers over the summer-house where the daughter of the king of Erin is sitting. Weary with the chase, the swallow becomes a ring, and falls into the girl's lap; it takes her fancy, and she puts it on her finger. Then the twelve pursuers change from hawks into handsome men, and entertain the king in his castle with music and games, until he asks them what in the world he can give them. All they want, says the old Gruagach, is the ring which he once lost, and

which is now on the princess's finger. Of course, says the king, if his daughter has got the ring, she must give it to its owner. But the ring, overhearing all this, speaks to the princess, and tells her what to do. She gets a gallon of wheat-grains and three gallons of the strongest *potheen* that was ever brewed in Ireland, and she mixes them together in an open barrel before the fire. Then her father calls her and asks for the ring, and when she finds that her protests are of no avail, and she must give it up, she throws it into the fire. "That moment, the eleven brothers made eleven pairs of tongs of themselves; their father, the old Gruagach, was the twelfth pair. The twelve jumped into the fire to know in what spark of it would they find the old fisherman's son; and they were a long time working and searching through the fire, when out flew a spark, and into the barrel. The twelve made themselves men, turned over the barrel, and spilled the wheat on the floor. Then in a twinkling they were twelve cocks strutting around. They fell to, and picked away at the wheat, to know which one would find the fisherman's son. Soon one dropped on one side, and a second on the opposite side,

until all twelve were lying drunk from the wheat."

One seems to see the gleam in the corner of the eye and the pucker in the Celtic visage of the old narrator. To be sure, it was the wheat. It could n't have been the mountain dew; it never is. Well, when things had come to this pass, the spark that was the fisherman's son just turned into a fox, and with one smart bite he took the head off the old Gruagach, and the eleven other boozy cocks he finished with eleven other bites. Then he made himself the handsomest man in Erin, and married the princess and succeeded to the crown.

There is a breezy freshness about these tales, which will make the book a welcome addition to young people's libraries. It is safe to predict for it an enviable success. In the next edition there ought to be an index, and we wish the author need not feel it necessary to be so sparing with his own notes and comments. His brief Introduction is so charming, from its weight of sense and beauty of expression, that one would gladly hear more from the author himself. It is to be hoped that the book lately published is the forerunner of many.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

John Boyle
O'Reilly to
a Friend.

WE were speaking at the Club of O'Reilly, just after the shock of his sudden death had come upon us, and J., who had received a letter from the poet which must have been written on the very eve of his death, impulsively showed its closing passage, because it seemed like a message straight from the man, summing his worldly experience. "My experience of life," he wrote, "makes me sure of one truth, which I do not try to ex-

plain: that the sweetest happiness we ever know, the very wine of human life, comes not from love, but from sacrifice, — from the effort to make others happy. This is as true to me as that my flesh will burn if I touch red-hot metal."

The hastiest survey of O'Reilly's life shows that this was no emotional expression of the moment, but a doctrine testified to by numberless acts of devotion. We begged J. to let us see more of his letters; for the friendliness

of the man could not fail to make the notes which he flung off in the midst of a busy life carry the impression of his eager personality, his vivid realization of passionate dreams, his chivalric devotion to ideals. Out of a number of notes J. read these passages, hesitating for a moment over the more direct attacks which the writer made, but bravely risking our uplifted eyebrows:—

“Sympathy is a balm, even for acute pain. The mourner takes part of the pain. ‘So are we bound by gold chains,’ not only ‘to the feet of God,’ but to each other.”

“And yet your letter makes me smile. Puritan you, with your condemnation of the great old art-loving, human, music-breathing, color-raising, spiritual, mystical, symbolical Catholic Church! . . . [A] great, loving, generous heart will never find peace and comfort and field of labor except within her unstatistical, sun-like, benevolent motherhood. J., I am a Catholic just as I am a dweller on the planet, and a lover of yellow sunlight, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds. Man never made anything so like God’s work as the magnificent, sacrificial, devotional faith of the hoary but young Catholic Church. There is no other church; they are all just way-stations.

“Your M.s and S.s and C.s and B.s are playing at belief, and polishing the outer brass-work of faith. Child, child, there are scales on your eyes and a crust on your sympathetic springs, — the scales and crusts of inheritance. Puritan you! — poor rich Puritan! I wish I could go and preach to you in your home, with its pagan and diseased Burne-Joneses and Rossettis. You to love Burne-Jones, — you, natural as the wind from the pine woods of your own Wisconsin! You don’t love that sort of thing, J.: you love Indian men and women and children, and woodsmen handsome and brown and strong; and big scarlets of autumn hills; the sea, and shoreless

lakes as awful as seas; and closer still, strong, brave, great-hearted men and women, lovers of justice and doers of good to the poor and the criminal. . . . Life henceforth shall be a rich harvest, if you simplify it and make it earnest. But for God’s sake, J., and your own, search till you find a field of unconventional work; nothing else has peace in it; all else is for effect, and not for itself, — art, not natural. You *must* idealize. The world is not taught or trained by ideals, but by precept and precedence, — more’s the pity. We are all crusted over with conventions, customs, false tastes and false fears. The soul, the sentiment, is within, like the milk in a cocoanut: the shell of habit must be riven, the husk cut and torn, before it can be reached. But it is there. Humanity is never fiendish: it loves and sympathizes only with the good and true. . . .

“About growth I am not sure: I grow rapidly toward complete dislike of the thing called ‘Society,’ but this must be moral rather than mental development. Society is a barren humbug, fruitful only of thistles and wormwood. Home life is the sweetest and noblest in enjoyment and production. . . . How much peace can *you* get out of small things? There is a peace from the duty of *doing* which fine natures know, but it is thin food for the soul. I wish you had something to do that would take all the earnestness in you to do well. You could be splendidly happy then.

. . . “To return to A. I think you are wrong in thinking some *one* unhappiness has changed him. He was born changed, as you will allow me to say. He is unhappy and hopeless for the best of reasons, — because he is unhealthful, over-developed; he has gone by a generation beyond the great heart-beat of mankind. His culture theory is not a hope, but a resort, an excuse.

“True culture is the culture of

strength, not of weakness. Who cares to bridle and teach the incomplete, the effete, the thin blooded and boned? Do not be deceived. Put your ear down to the rich earth, and listen to the vast, gurgling blood of Humanity, and learn whither it strives to flow, and what and where are its barriers. This is the culture worth getting, the culture that wins the love and shout of millions instead of the gush and drivel of tens. Love and hope and strength and good are all in the crowd, J., and not in the diluted blood of æsthetic critics. A.'s poetry will die before he dies. He could not, I believe, comprehend such noble poems as Emerson's *Problem or Each and All*. He is an interesting, good, and, so far as intellect goes, an able man. But he is not a great man, and he is, I believe, a most unhealthy influence, because he directs the mind to artificial resources. The strength of a man is in his *sympathies*: it is outside himself, as heat is outside fire, the aroma outside the flower. A man without sympathies for all that is rude, undeveloped, upheaving, struggling, suffering, man-making, as well as for what has been shaken to the top and is out of the pressure, is not a full, and must be an unhappy man. He is an Australian flower, either over or under developed, scentless, — selfish as a living fire without heat for the cold hands of children.

“ Nearly all good women grow by time into a kind of nobility or instinctive greatness of soul. But few women grow great in youth. Greatness is individuality, — the opposite of the conventional.”

Appropos of Insects. — When one reflects upon the manner in which man sweeps out of existence those insects which are noxious or unpleasant to him, and when one perceives that he thinks himself perfectly justified in his careless slaughter, because these animals are of low and he is of high estate in the order of

creation, one is forced to give thought to the fact that the insects are themselves wholly unconscious of the nature and extent of their offenses against their superior. It is true that it seems as if mosquitoes and flies know the evil they do, and take pleasure therein, but still I maintain that this seeming does not image the verity as to their consciousness.

Doubtless a fly plays upon the bald surface of an elderly gentleman's head in all innocence, as a child runs about the barren sides of a volcanic mountain. Nor is it likely that, after thus merrily disporting himself, the fly any more comprehends why he should be summarily crushed to death beneath a folded newspaper than the aforesaid infant sees any appropriateness in the sudden descent of a lava stream, which puts an end forever to his mirthful movements. As for the creatures that swarm upon the territories men themselves wish to occupy, such as army worms and potato bugs, how is it possible they should refer the doom by which they are often overtaken to the agency of human beings, or know that that doom is drawn upon them by mischief which they do in their instinctive search for the necessities of their petty baneful life? This wide separation between the effect and its cause, rendering it impossible for the baser intelligence to perceive any connection between the two or the reasons which justify either, brings to me at times a question which, I confess, I do not willingly entertain. When we mundane folk are blown away by cyclones, swallowed up in earthquakes, stifled with hot ashes by volcanoes, or smitten by strange diseases that seem to be borne abroad on the winds of an unpitiful heaven, may it be that we unconsciously have been playing the part of pestilent insects in the universe, and have put ourselves disagreeably in the way of greater beings, who have unceremoniously brushed us aside? And are these beings so much

greater than we, that they have not needed to excuse themselves for dealing out our destruction any more than we needed balm for a prick to our consciences when we burned the nests of the caterpillars that devastated our beloved apple orchards? It is a ghastly conception — to us; but it may be that a view of the relation of man and the caterpillar would be ghastly — to the caterpillar, if once he apprehended it.

Froude, in *The Nemesis of Faith*, that tabooed work of his youth, suggests a still sadder explanation of life, — sadder because there is in it less notion of service done to the higher existence by the suffering and ruin of the lower. "Ay," he says, after celebrating the virtues of men who dare to follow the divine prompting, "but for these, these few martyred heroes, it might be, after all, that the earth was but a huge loss-and-profit ledger book, or a *toy machine some great angel had invented for the amusement of his nursery*; and the storm and the sunshine but the tears and the smiles of laughter in which he and his baby cherubs dressed their faces."

A gentler fancy came, many years ago, from the lips of a friend of mine. We were sailing in a little boat over the lovely waters of Plymouth Bay, which take upon themselves the colors of the rainbow and the opal when the tide retires to the ocean, and permits the sands and seaweeds of the bottom to glisten through the shallow, half-transparent element above. We neared the green shores of an historic island. A little child stood by the landing and danced in the sunshine, shouting and clapping her tiny hands in a wild glee that had its source in some pure recess in her own heart. My friend watched her, and a yearning wistfulness crept into his gaze. "Do we look 'cunning' like that to God?" he said. "Is all our goodness and all our wickedness, in God's eyes,

like the goodness and the naughtiness of little children, — something rather pretty, something to be tender over, and something to amuse him?"

I was young myself then, and I pondered over his meaning, puzzled and surprised by this un-Puritanic view of the relations of the Creator to the created. It hinted of an affectionateness of attitude which, whimsical as it appears now that much time has passed, and some matters of thought have taken on new phases in my mind, does not wholly distinguish itself from the loftier vision of God which enabled Whittier to say, as he contemplated the mysteries of life and death: —

"And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore."

Substitutes — I can forgive the audacity
Wanted. in that remark of the Contributor's friend, but I lift up my voice to inquire if, for ordinary use, some one will not supply substitutes for those greatly overworked words "cunning" and "nice." It seems a pity to add to the agitation of the times, with all the weighty and perplexing questions before the public, — higher education, the ballot for woman, temperance legislation, labor reforms, and the Indian problem, — but somebody must attend to this subject, and give us some other words wherewith we may appropriately describe a year-old baby that is n't handsome, but is more than interesting, a puppy, or a donkey. There must be something to take the place of "cunning." I'd rather have it than the ballot. I think the difficulty must have occurred to that popular bachelor divine who was wont, when confronted with his neighbor's baby, to exclaim, "Well, that *is* a baby!" but he evaded the difficulty. Even his profuse vocabulary could not stand the draft after the fifth year of his pastorate.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. The Portfolio (Macmillan) for June has a noble portrait of Cardinal Manning, etched by G. W. Rhead from Mr. Watts's painting. Mr. Hamerton concludes a brief note on the picture with the words, "Although he lives in a Protestant country, his position is at the same time influential and agreeable, which is good evidence of the extremely tolerant spirit now prevalent in England, — a spirit that certainly never prevailed in Rome so long as it remained under Papal domination." The hand as well as the face indicates the casuist. There is an illustrated article on the Wight and the Solent Sea; another on Charing Cross to St. Paul's, illustrated by Mr. Pennell; a paper on Alfred Stevens, with an interesting portrait; and the customary notes. — *L'Art* for May 15 and June 1 (Macmillan) is devoted mainly to the Salon of 1890. Among the larger illustrations are a striking copy of a study by E. Detaille for his picture *En Batterie*, Millet's *Le Greffeur*, and a Pastoral by the American Hennessy, who has too long exiled himself. There are smaller wood-engravings, one of which, *Sous les Noyers*, by Adolphe Guillon, is especially charming, and portraits of Tadema and Du Maurier. The numbers for June 15 and July 1 have for etchings *Le Moulin*, by Gaucherel, after Jules Dupré; *Retour au Bercaill*, by Karl Bodmer; *La Vache Échappée*, by H. Martin after Julien Dupré; *Rain and Wind*, by J. C. Robinson; other full-page engravings on wood or by process are given, and the concluding paper, by A. Hustin, on Jules Dupré, contains a number of charming sketches and studies by the painter. A first paper on Ulysse Butin, by Abel Patoux, is accompanied by a serious and pathetic picture of street singers, and by a number of lively, grotesque sketches. One attraction of this serial, in addition to its abundant illustration of current art, lies in the concentration of interest in each number upon some one important subject, instead of a dissipation among a variety of fragmentary sketches.

Education and Text-Books. The third volume of The Century Dictionary (Century Co.), is excellent reading. One may travel from G to Lyverey, which is plainly the very latest word that can be made with any combination of letters beginning with L, except in the Polish language, where a z can come in anywhere. We know few pleasures greater than running one's proboscis into a dictionary at any point; and when, as here, a single volume has 1134 triple-column pages, it is clear that the liveli-

est bee requires no other flower garden from which to draw his honey. Here is the word *go*, with all its meanings and all its combinations, occupying seven columns. The curious reader finds the two exactly contrary significations of *go* for lying side by side, so impartial are the word-gatherers; only the secondary meaning of "to proceed to attack" is stigmatized as slang, U. S. Was it never slang to say "I go for Jackson"? Some of the natural history cuts are remarkably good, as that of the common European crane and those of humming-birds. The architectural drawings are also sharp and descriptive. In treating the word *injure* we do not think it is made quite clear that in some parts of the United States — in Virginia, for example — it was the feast given after all the ceremonies of the wedding, when the party proceeded to the home of the newly married couple. It is pleasant to see really spirited Americanisms recognized and given a seat above the salt in such phrases as "to make things hum." The derivation of *heaven* is made right. The sky was not hove up. The references to contemporaneous literature are liberal, and should make writers cautious. We have ourselves, in Books of the Month, begun to mend our manners with the hope of being cited as authority. If we have taken words out of dictionaries, may we not be called on to pay the debt by putting some in?

Fiction. The Stories of the Three Burglars, by Frank R. Stockton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The conceit by which the burglar-trap is set is clever, but it seems to us that Mr. Stockton's humor in the book is so dry as to rattle. Perhaps we are unnecessarily fastidious, and have forgotten the moral of the wife's deceased sister. There really is only one picture in the book, that of the three men on the bench after they are tied and before they awake; it is only hinted at, but Stockton's hints are often better than his direct discourse. — 1791, a Tale of San Domingo, by E. W. Gilliam, M. D. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) A dignified historical tale, in which the author has used a familiarity with the history of San Domingo to make a background for a group of figures who act out their own little drama. The book is well written, though not with any unusual grace. — Edward Burton, by Henry Wood. (Lee & Shepard.) A novel in which the author, through his characters, delivers himself of his views of life and faith. The reader interests himself in the reflections, and occasionally comes across the story again.

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THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

I.

MY GRANDMOTHER AND I.

MY grandmother sat in her own particular easy-chair by the open window of her back parlor. This was a pleasant place in which to sit in the afternoon, for the sun was then on the other side of the house, and she could look not only over the smooth grass of the side yard and the flower beds, which were under her especial care, but across the corner of the front lawn into the village street. Here, between two handsome maple-trees which stood upon the sidewalk, she could see something of what was going on in the outer world without presenting the appearance of one who is fond of watching her neighbors. It was not much that she saw, for the street was a quiet one; but a very little of that sort of thing satisfied her.

She was a woman who was easily satisfied. As a proof of this, I may say that she looked upon me as a man who always did what was right. Indeed, I am quite sure there were cases when she saved herself a good deal of perplexing cogitation by assuming that a thing was right because I did it. I was her only grandchild: my father and mother had died when I was very young, and I had always lived with her, — that is, her house had always been my home; and as I am sure there had never been any reason why I should not be a dutiful and affectionate grandson, it was not

surprising that she looked upon me with a certain tender partiality, and that she considered me worthy of all the good that she or fortune could bestow upon me.

My grandmother was nearly seventy, but her physical powers had been excellently well preserved; and as to her mental vigor, I could see no change in it. Even when a little boy I had admired her powers of sympathetic consideration, by which she divined the needs and desires of her fellow-creatures; and now that I had become a grown man I found those powers as active and ready as they had ever been.

The village in which we lived contained not a few families of good standing and comfortable fortune. It was a village of well-kept and well-shaded streets, of close-cut grass, with no litter on the sidewalks. Our house was one of the best in the place, and since I had come of age I had greatly improved it. I had a fair inheritance from my mother, and this my grandmother desired me to expend without reference to what I was receiving and would receive from her. To her son's son would come ultimately everything that she possessed.

Being thus able to carry out my ideas concerning the comfort and convenience of a bachelor, I had built a wing to my grandmother's house, which was occupied only by myself. It communicated by several doors with the main building, and these doors were nearly always open; but it was satisfactory to me to think

that if I chose I might shut and lock them, and thus give my apartment the advantages of a separate house. The ground floor of my establishment consisted of a large and handsome library and study, with a good-sized anteroom opening from it, and above were my sleeping and dressing rooms. With the exception of the time devoted to reading, reflection, and repose, I lived with my grandmother.

Neither of us, however, confined ourselves to this village life. The winters my grandmother generally spent with a married sister in a neighboring city, and I was accustomed to visit and journey whenever it pleased me. Recently I had spent a year in Europe, and on my return I joined my grandmother for a while, before going to our village home.

II.

RELATING TO MY YEAR IN EUROPE.

I do not suppose that any one ever enjoyed travel and residence in England and on the Continent more than I did; but I do not now intend to give any account of my experiences, nor of the effect they had upon me, save in one regard. I had traveled and lived for the most part alone, and one of the greatest pleasures connected with my life in Europe was the anticipation of telling my friends who had never crossed the ocean what I had seen, heard, and done.

But when I returned to America I met with a great disappointment: my glowing anticipations were not realized. I could find scarcely any one who cared to know what I had seen, heard, or done.

At this I was as much surprised as disappointed. I believed that I possessed fair powers of description and narration, and many of my traveling experiences were out of the common. In fact, I had endeavored to see things

the ordinary traveler does not see, and to do things which he seldom does. I found, however, that my unusual experiences were of no advantage to me in making people desirous to hear accounts of my travels. I might as well have joined a party of personally conducted tourists.

My friends and acquaintances in town were all glad to see me, not that they might hear what had happened to me, but that they might tell me what had happened to them. This disposition sometimes threw me into a state of absolute amazement. I could not comprehend, for instance, why Mrs. Gormer, who had known me for years, and who I thought would take such an active interest in everything that concerned me, should dismiss my European tour with a few remarks in regard to my health in the countries I had passed through, and then begin an animated account of the troubles she had had since I had been away: how the house she had been living in had had two feet of water in the cellar for weeks at a time, and how nobody could find out whether it was caused by a spring in the ground or the bursting of an unknown water-pipe, — but no matter what it was, they could n't stay there; and what a dreadful time they had in finding another house; and how the day appointed for Jennie's wedding coming directly in the middle of the moving, it had to be postponed, for she declared she would never be married anywhere but at home; and how several of Mr. Barclay's relations came down from New Hampshire on purpose to be at the wedding, and had to stay either at hotels or with friends, for it was more than a week before her house could be made ready for the wedding. She then remarked that of course I had heard of the shameful way in which John had been treated in regard to that position in the Treasury department at Washington; and as I had not heard she went on and told me about it, until it was time for me to go.

At my club, some of the men did not know that I had been away, but there were others who were very glad to hear that I had been in Europe, because it gave them an opportunity to tell me about that very exciting election of Brubaker, a man of whom I had never heard, who had been proposed by Shuster, with whom I was not acquainted, and seconded by Cushman, whom I did not know. I found no one desirous of hearing me talk about my travels, and those who were willing to do so were satisfied with a very few general points. Sometimes I could not but admire the facility and skill with which some of the people who stay at home were able to defend themselves against the attempted loquacity of the returned traveler.

Occasionally, in social gatherings, I met with some one, generally a lady, who did take an interest in hearing that I had been in such or such a place; but this was always some place in which she had been, and, after comparing experiences, she would go on to tell of things which she had seen and done, and often ended by making me feel very sorry for having neglected my opportunities.

"Yes," said one, "it must have been cold on the top of that lonely mountain, with nothing to warm you but those plump little wolves, and the constant fear that their mother might come back; but you ought to have been here during the blizzard." And then she went on with a full history of the great blizzard.

Everywhere I was met by that blizzard. Those people who had not moved, or who had not had a puzzling disease in the family; or who had not been instrumental in founding a free kindergarten, could always fall back on the blizzard. I heard how their fathers could not get home on the train, of the awful prices the people charged for clearing away the snow, of the way in which Jane and Adelaide had to get on without music lessons for nearly ten days, and of the scarcity of milk. No

one who had seen and felt that irrepressible storm suffered from it as I did. It chilled the aspirations of my soul, it froze the unspoken words of my mouth, it overwhelmed and buried every rising hope of speech, and smothered and sometimes nearly obliterated my most interesting recollection. Many a time I have mentally sent that blizzard to regions where its icy blasts would have melted as in a hot simoom.

I truly believed that in our village I should find sensible people who would be glad to hear about interesting things which they never had seen. Many of them had not traveled, and a returned tourist was a comparative rarity in the place. I went down there on purpose to talk about Europe. It was too early for my grandmother's return to the country. I proposed to spend a week with my village friends, and, before their bright firesides, charm and delight them with accounts of those things which had so charmed and delighted me. The lives of city people are so filled with every sort of material that it is useless to try to crowd anything more into them. Here, however, were people with excellent intellects, whose craving for mental pabulum, especially in the winter, could be but partially satisfied.

But bless me! I never heard of such an overstock of mental pabulum as I found there. It was poured upon me by every one with whom I tried to converse. I was frequently permitted to begin statements which I believed must win their way, if they were allowed a fair start; but very soon something I said was sure to suggest something which had occurred in the village, and before I could brace myself the torrent would burst upon me. Never did I hear, in the same space of time, so much about things which had happened as I then heard from my village neighbors. It was not that so much had occurred, but that so much was said about what had occurred. It was plain there was

no hope for me here, and after three days I went back to town.

Now it was early summer, and my grandmother and I were again in our dear home in the village. As I have said, she was sitting by the open window, where she could look out upon the flowers, the grass, and a little of the life of her neighbors. I sat near her, and had been telling her of my three days in the Forest of Arden, and of the veritable Jaques whom I met there, when she remarked:—

“That must have been extremely interesting; and, speaking of the woods, I wish you would say to Thomas that so soon as he can find time I want him to bring up some of that rich wood-soil and put it around those geraniums.”

This was the first time my grandmother had interjected any remark into my recitals. She had often asked me to tell her about my travels, and on every other occasion she had listened until she softly fell asleep. I now remembered having heard her say that it interfered with her night's rest to sleep in the daytime. Perhaps her present interruption was intended as a gentle rebuke, and no other kind of rebuke had ever come to me from my grandmother.

I went out to find Thomas, oppressed by a mild despair. If I were to tell my tales to a stone, I thought, it would turn on me with a sermon.

III.

THE MODERN USE OF THE HUMAN EAR.

During my lonely walks and rides through the country about our village, I began to cogitate and philosophize upon the present social value of the human ear. Why do people in society and in domestic circles have ears? I asked myself. They do not use them to listen to one another. And then I thought

and pondered further, and suddenly the truth came to me: the ears of the present generation are not purveyors to the mind; they are merely agents of the tongue, who watch for breaks or weak places in the speech of others, in order that their principal may rush in and hold the field. They are jackals, who scent out a timid pause or an unsuspecting silence which the lion tongue straightway destroys. Very forcibly the conviction came to me that nowadays we listen only for an opportunity to speak.

I was grieved that true listening had become a lost art; for without it worthy speech is impossible. To good listening is due a great part of the noble thought, the golden instruction, and the brilliant wit which has elevated, enlightened, and brightened the soul of man. There are fine minds whose workings are never expressed in writing; and even among those who, in print, spread their ideas before the world there is a certain cream of thought which is given only to listeners, if, happily, there be such.

Modern conversation has degenerated into the Italian game of *moccoletto*, in which every one endeavors to blow out the candles of the others, and keep his own alight. In such rude play there is no illumination. “There should be a reform,” I declared. “There should be schools of listening. Here men and women should be taught how, with sympathetic and delicate art, to draw from others the useful and sometimes precious speech which, without their skillful coöperation, might never know existence. To be willing to receive in order that good may be given should be one of the highest aims of life.

“Not only should we learn to listen in order to give opportunity for the profitable speech of others, but we should do so out of charity and good will to our fellow-men. How many weary sick-beds, how many cheerless lives, how

many lonely, depressed, and silent men and women, might be gladdened, and for the time transformed, by one who would come, not to speak words of cheer and comfort, but to listen to tales of suffering and trial! Here would be one of the truest forms of charity; an almost unknown joy would be given to the world.

"There should be brotherhoods and sisterhoods of listeners; like good angels, they should go out among those unfortunates who have none to hear that which it would give them so much delight to say."

But alas! I knew of no such good angels. Must that which I had to tell remain forever untold for the want of one? This could not be; there must exist somewhere a man or a woman who would be willing to hear my accounts of travels and experiences which, in an exceptionable degree, were interesting and valuable.

I determined to advertise for a listener.

IV.

I OBTAIN A LISTENER.

The writing of my advertisement cost me a great deal of trouble. At first I thought of stating that I desired a respectable and intelligent person, who would devote a few hours each day to the services of a literary man; but on reflection I saw that this would bring me a vast number of answers from persons who were willing to act as secretaries, proof-readers, or anything of the sort, and I should have no means of finding out from their letters whether they were good listeners or not.

Therefore I determined to be very straightforward and definite, and to state plainly what it was I wanted. The following is the advertisement which I caused to be inserted in several of the city papers:—

"WANTED. — A respectable and intelligent person, willing to devote several hours a day to listening to the recitals of a traveler. Address, stating compensation expected, Oral."

I mentioned my purpose to no one, not even to my grandmother, for I should merely make myself the object of the ridicule of my friends, and my dear relative's soul would be filled with grief that she had not been considered competent to do for me so slight a service. If I succeeded in obtaining a listener, he could come to me in my library, where no one would know he was not a stenographer to whom I was dictating literary matter, or a teacher of languages who came to instruct me in Arabic.

I received a dozen or more answers to my advertisement, some of which were very amusing, and others very unsatisfactory. Not one of the writers understood what sort of services I desired, but all expressed their belief that they were fully competent to give them, whatever they might be.

After a good deal of correspondence and some interviewing, I selected at last a person who I believed would prove himself a satisfactory listener. He was an elderly man, of genteel appearance, and apparently of a quiet and accommodating disposition. He assured me that he had once been a merchant, engaged in the importation of gunnybags, and, having failed in business, had since depended on the occasional assistance given him by a widowed daughter-in-law. This man I engaged, and arranged that he should lodge at the village inn, and come to me every evening.

I was truly delighted that so far I had succeeded in my plan. Now, instead of depending upon the whims, fancies, or occasional good-natured compliance of any one, I was master of the situation. My listener was paid to listen to me, and listen to me he must. If he did not do so intelligently, he should be

dismissed. It would be difficult to express fully the delight given me by my new possession, — the ownership of attention.

Every evening my listener came; and during a great part of every day I thought of what I should say to him when he should come. I talked to him with a feeling of freedom and absolute independence which thrilled me like champagne. What mattered it whether my speech interested him or not? He was paid to listen, without regard to interest; more than that, he was paid to show an interest, whether he felt it or not. Whether I bored him or delighted him, it made no difference; in fact, it would be a pleasure to me occasionally to feel that I did bore him. To have the full opportunity and the perfect right to bore a fellow-being is a privilege not lightly to be prized, and an added zest is given to the enjoyment of the borer by the knowledge that the bored one is bound to make it appear that he is not bored.

In an easy-chair opposite to me my listener sat and listened for two hours every evening. I interested myself by watching and attempting to analyze the expressions on his face, but what these appeared to indicate made no difference in my remarks. I do not think he liked repetitions, but if I chose to tell a thing several times, I did so. He had no right to tell me that he had heard that before. Immunity from this remark was to me a rare enjoyment.

I made it a point to talk as well as I could, for I like to hear myself talk well, but I paid no attention to the likings of my listener. Later I should probably do this, but at present it was a joy to trample upon the likings of others. My own likings in this respect had been so often trampled upon that I would not now deny myself the exercise of the right — bought and paid for — to take this sweet revenge.

On the evenings of nine week-days

and one Sunday, when I confined myself entirely to a description of a short visit to Palestine, I talked and my listener listened. About the middle of the evening of the tenth week-day, when I was engaged in the expression of some fancies evoked by the recollection of a stroll through the Egyptian department of the Louvre, I looked at my listener, and beheld him asleep.

As I stopped speaking he awoke with a start, and attempted to excuse himself by stating that he had omitted to take coffee with his evening meal. I made no answer, but, opening my pocket-book, paid and discharged him.

V.

CHESTER WALKIRK.

It is not my custom to be discouraged by a first failure. I looked over the letters which had been sent to me in answer to my advertisement, and wrote to another of the applicants, who very promptly came to see me.

The appearance of this man somewhat discouraged me. My first thought concerning him was that a man who seemed to be so thoroughly alive was not likely to prove a good listener. But after I had had a talk with him I determined to give him a trial. Of one thing I was satisfied: he would keep awake. He was a man of cheerful aspect; alert in motion, glance, and speech. His age was about forty; he was of medium size, a little inclined to be stout, and his face, upon which he wore no hair, was somewhat ruddy. In dress he was neat and proper, and he had an air of friendly deference, which seemed to me to suit the position I wished him to fill.

He spoke of himself and his qualifications with tact, if not with modesty, and rated very highly his ability to serve me as a listener; but he did so in a man-

ner intended to convince me that he was not boasting, but stating facts which it was necessary I should know. His experience had been varied: he had acted as a tutor, a traveling companion, a confidential clerk, a collector of information for technical writers, and in other capacities requiring facility of adaptation to exigencies. At present he was engaged in making a catalogue for a collector of prints, whose treasures, in the course of years, had increased to such an extent that it was impossible for him to remember what his long rows of portfolios contained. The collector was not willing that work among his engravings should be done by artificial light, and, as the evenings of my visitor were therefore disengaged, he said he should be glad to occupy them in a manner which would not only be profitable to him, but, he was quite sure, would be very interesting.

The man's name was Chester Walkirk, and I engaged him to come to me every evening, as my first listener had done.

I began my discourses with Walkirk with much less confidence and pleasurable anticipation than I had felt with regard to the quiet, unassuming elderly person who had been my first listener, and whom I had supposed to be a very model of receptivity. The new man I feared would demand more, — if not by word, at least by manner. He would be more like an audience; I should find myself striving to please him, and I could not feel careless whether he liked what I said or not.

But by the middle of the first evening all my fears and doubts in regard to Walkirk had disappeared. He proved to be an exceptionally good listener. As I spoke, he heard me with attention and evident interest; and this he showed by occasional remarks, which he took care should never be interruptions. These interpolations were managed with much tact; sometimes they were in the form of

questions, which reminded me of something I had intended to say, but had omitted, which led me to speak further upon the subject, perhaps on some other phase of it. Now and then, by the expression on his countenance, or by a word or two, he showed interest, gratification, astonishment, or some other appropriate sentiment.

When I stopped speaking, he would sit quietly and muse upon what I had been saying; or, if he thought me not too deeply absorbed in reflection, would ask a question, or say something relative to the subject in hand, which would give me the opportunity of making some remarks which it gratified me to know that he wanted to hear.

I could not help feeling that I talked better to Walkirk than I had ever done to any one else; and I did not hesitate to admit to myself that this gratifying result was due in great part to his ability as a listener. I do not say that he drew me out, but he gave me opportunities to show myself in the broadest and best lights. This truly might be said to be good listening; it produced good speech.

Day after day I became better and better satisfied with Chester Walkirk, and it is seldom that I have enjoyed myself more than in talking to him. I am sure that it gave me more actual pleasure to tell him what I had seen and what I had done than I had felt in seeing and doing those things. This may appear odd, but it is a fact. I readily revived in myself the emotions that accompanied my experiences, and to these recalled emotions was added the sympathetic interest of another.

In other ways Walkirk won my favor. He was good-natured and intelligent, and showed that he was anxious to please me not only as a listener, but as a companion, or, I might better say, as an associate inmate of my study. What he did not know in this respect he set himself diligently to learn.

VI.

MY UNDER-STUDY.

In talking about my travels to Chester Walkirk, I continued for a time to treat the subject in the same desultory manner in which I had related my experiences to my first listener; but the superior intelligence, and I may say the superior attention, of Walkirk acted upon me as a restraint as well as an incentive. I made my descriptions as graphic and my statements as accurate as I could, and, stimulated by his occasional questions and remarks, I began to discourse systematically and with a well-considered plan. I went from country to country in the order in which I had traveled through them, and placed my reflections on social, political, or artistic points where they naturally belonged.

It was plain to see that Walkirk's interest and pleasure increased when my rambling narrations resolved themselves into a series of evening lectures upon Great Britain, the Continent, and the north coast of Africa, and his pleasure was a decided gratification to me. If his engagements and mine had permitted, I should have been glad to talk to him at other times, as well as in the evening.

After a month or more of this agreeable occupation, the fact began to impress itself upon me that I was devoting too much time to the pleasure of being listened to. My grandmother gently complained that the time I gave to her after dinner appeared to be growing less and less, and there was a good deal of correspondence and other business I was in the habit of attending to in the evening which now was neglected, or done in the daytime, when I should have been doing other things.

I was not a man of leisure. My grandmother owned a farm about a mile from our village, and over the management of this I exercised a supervision. I

was erecting some houses on land of my own on the outskirts of the village, and for this reason, as well as others, it frequently was necessary for me to go to the city on business errands. Besides all this, social duties had a claim on me, summer and winter.

I had gradually formed the habit of talking with Walkirk on other subjects than my travels, and one evening I mentioned to him some of the embarrassments and annoyances to which I had been subjected during the day, on account of the varied character of my affairs. Walkirk sat for a minute or two, his chin in his hand, gazing steadfastly upon the carpet; then he spoke:

"Mr. Vanderley, what you say suggests something which I have been thinking of saying to you. I have now finished the catalogue of prints, on which I was engaged when I entered your service as a listener; and my days, therefore, being at my disposal, it would give me great pleasure to put them at yours."

"In what capacity?" I asked.

"In that of an under-study," said he.

I assured him that I did not know what he meant.

"I don't wonder at that," said he, with a smile, "but I will explain. In theatrical circles each principal performer is furnished with what is termed in the profession an under-study. This is an actor, male or female, as the case may be, who studies the part of the performer, and is capable of going through with it, with more or less ability, in case the regular actor, from sickness or any other cause, is prevented from appearing in his part. In this way the manager provides against emergencies which might at any time stop his play and ruin his business. Now, I should like very much to be your under-study, and I think in this capacity I could be of great service to you."

I made no answer, but I am sure my countenance expressed surprise.

"I do not mean," he continued, "to

propose that I shall act as your agent in the various forms of business which press upon you, but I suggest that you allow me to do for you exactly what the under-study does for the actor; that is, that you let me take your place when it is inconvenient or impossible for you to take it yourself."

"It strikes me," said I, "that, in the management of my affairs, it would be very seldom that you or any one else could take my place."

"Of course," said Walkirk, "under present circumstances that would be impossible; but suppose, for instance, you take me with you to those houses you are building, that you show me what has been done and what you intend to do, and that you let me make myself familiar with the whole plan and manner of the work. This would be easy for me, for I have superintended house-building; and although I am neither a plumber, a mason, a carpenter, a paper-hanger, or a painter, I know how such people should do their work. Therefore, if you should be unable to attend to the matter yourself,—and in such case only,—I could go and see how the work was progressing; and this I could do with regard to your farm, or any other of your business with the details of which you should care to have me make myself familiar,—always remembering that I should not act as your regular agent in any one of these affairs, but as one who, when it is desirable, temporarily takes your place. I think, Mr. Vanderley, that it would be of advantage to you to consider my proposition."

I did consider it, and the next evening I engaged Chester Walkirk as an under-study.

VII.

MY BOOK.

In order to be at hand when I might need him, Walkirk took up his residence

at the village tavern, or, as some of us were pleased to call it, the inn. To make him available when occasion should require, I took him with me to the scene of my building operations and to my grandmother's farm, and he there showed the same intelligent interest that he gave to my evening recitals. I had no difficulty in finding occupation for my under-study, and, so far as I could judge, he attended to the business I placed in his hands as well as I could have done it myself; indeed, in some instances, he did it better, for he gave it more time and careful consideration.

In this business of supplying my place in emergencies, Walkirk showed so much ability in promoting my interests that I became greatly pleased with the arrangement I had made with him. It was somewhat surprising to me, and I think to Walkirk, that so many cases arose in which I found it desirable that he should take my place. I was going to look at a horse: some visitors arrived; I sent Walkirk. There was a meeting of a scientific society which I wished very much to attend, but I could not do that and go to a dinner party to which I had been invited on the same evening; Walkirk went to the meeting, took notes, and the next day gave me a full report in regard to some particular points in which I was interested, and which were not mentioned in the short newspaper notice of the meeting.

In other cases, of which at first I could not have imagined the possibility, my under-study was of use to me. I was invited to address my fellow townsmen and townswomen on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the settlement of our village, and as I had discovered that Walkirk was a good reader I took him with me, in order that he might deliver my written address in case my courage should give out. My courage did not give out, but I am very sure that I was greatly supported and emboldened by the knowledge that if, at

the last moment, my embarrassment should not allow me to begin my address, or if in the course of its delivery I should feel unable, for any reason, to go on with it, there was some one present who would read it for me.

It had long been my habit to attend with my grandmother, bimonthly, an early evening whist party at the house of an elderly neighbor. I had a bad headache on one of these appointed evenings, and Walkirk, who was a perfectly respectable and presentable man, went with my grandmother in my stead. I afterward heard that he played an excellent hand at whist, a remark which had never been made of me.

But I will not refer at present to any further instances of the usefulness of my under-study, except to say that, as I found his feet were of the same size and shape as my own, I sent him to be measured for a pair of heavy walking-shoes which I needed; and I once arranged for him to serve in my place on a corner's jury, in the case of a drowned infant.

The evening listenings still went on, and as the scope of my remarks grew wider, and their purpose became better defined, it began to dawn upon me that it was selfish to devote these accounts of remarkable traveling experiences to the pleasure of only two men, myself and my listener; the public would be interested in these things. I ought to write a book.

This idea pleased me very much. As Walkirk was now able to take my place in so many ways, I could give a good deal of time each day to composition; and, moreover, there was no reason why such work should interfere with my pleasure in being listened to. I could write by day, and talk at night. It would be all the better for my book that I should first orally deliver the matter to Walkirk, and afterward write it. I broached this idea to Walkirk; but, while he did not say so in words, it was

plain to me he did not regard it with favor. He reflected a little before speaking.

"The writing of a book," he said, "is a very serious thing; and although it is not my province to advise you, I will say that if I were in your place I should hesitate a good while before commencing a labor like that. I have no doubt, judging from what I have already heard of your travels, that you would make a most useful and enjoyable book, but the question in my mind is, whether the pleasure you would give your readers would repay you for the time and labor you would put upon this work."

This was the first time that Walkirk had offered me advice. I had no idea of taking it, but I did not resent it.

"I do not look at the matter in that way," I said. "An absorbing labor will be good for me. My undertaking may result in overworking you, for you will be obliged to act as my under-study even more frequently than you do now."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of work," said he; "I can stand any amount of it. But how about the evening discourses, — will they come to an end?"

"Not at all," said I; "I shall go on giving you an account of my travels, just as before. This will help me to judge better what to put in and what to leave out."

"I am very glad to hear that," he said, with animation; "I do not hesitate to own to you that I should very greatly regret to lose those most interesting accounts of your experiences."

This was very complimentary, but, as he was paid to listen, the remark did not possess the force it would have had had he paid to hear me.

Enthusiastically I went to work upon my book, and I found that talking about my travels to Walkirk helped me to write about them for the public. But a week had not passed when I came to the conclusion that writing was in no way so pleasant as talking. I dis-

liked labor with the pen; I disliked long sitting at my desk. The composition of the matter was enough for me; some one else should put it on paper. I must have a secretary. I went immediately to Walkirk, who was at the inn, working upon some of my accounts.

"Walkirk," said I, "I can get somebody else to do that sort of thing. I want you to act as my amanuensis."

To my surprise his face clouded. He seemed troubled, even pained.

"I am very, very sorry," he said, "to decline any work which you may desire me to do, but I really must decline this. I cannot write from dictation. I cannot be your amanuensis. Although it may seem like boasting, this is one of the few things I cannot do: my nervous temperament, my disposition, in fact my very nature, stand in the way, and make the thing impossible."

I could not understand Walkirk's objections to this sort of work, for he was a ready writer, a good stenographer, and had shown himself perfectly willing and able to perform duties much more difficult and distasteful than I imagined this possibly could be. But there are many things I do not understand, and which I consider it a waste of time to try to understand; and this was one of them.

"Then I must get some one else," said I.

"If you decide to do that," said Walkirk, "I will attend to the matter for you, and you need trouble yourself no further about it. I will go to the city, or wherever it is necessary to go, and get you an amanuensis."

"Do so," said I, "but come and report to me before you make any engagement."

The next day Walkirk made his report. He had not been as successful as he had hoped to be. If I had been doing my work in the city, he could have found me stenographers, amanuenses, or type-writers by the hundred.

By living and working in the country, I made his task much more difficult. He had found but few persons who were willing to come to me every day, no matter what the weather, and only one or two who would consent to come to our village to live.

But he had made a list of several applicants who might suit me, and who were willing to accept one or the other of the necessary conditions.

"They are all women!" I exclaimed, when I looked at it.

"Yes," said he; "it would be very difficult, perhaps impossible, to find a competent man who would answer your purpose. The good ones could not afford to give you part of their time, which is all you require, and you would not want any other. With women the case is different; and besides, I am sure, from my own experience, that a lady amanuensis would suit your purpose much better than a man: she would be more patient, more willing to accommodate herself to your moods, in every way more available."

I had not engaged Walkirk to be my under-study in matters of judgment, and I did not intend that he should act in that capacity; but there was force in his remarks, and I determined to give them due consideration. Although I had apartments of my own, I really lived in my grandmother's house; and of course it was incumbent upon me to consult her upon this subject. She looked at the matter in her usual kindly way, and soon came to be of the opinion that, if I could give a worthy and industrious young woman an opportunity to earn her livelihood, I ought to do it; taking care, of course, to engage no one who could not furnish the very best references.

I now put the matter again into Walkirk's hands, and told him to produce the persons he had selected. He managed the matter with great skill, and in the course of one morning four ladies

called upon me, in such a way that they did not interfere with each other. Of these applicants none pleased me. One of them was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather spare person, whose youthful energies had been so improved by years that I was sure her briskness of action, her promptness of speech, and her evident anxiety to get to work and to keep at it would eventually drive me crazy.

Another was a skilled stenographer, who could write I forget how many hundred words a minute; and when I told her there were no minutes in which I could dictate as many words as that, even if I wanted to, and that there would be many minutes in which I should not dictate any words at all, she said she was afraid that if she fell into a dilly-dally, poky way of working it would impair her skill, and it might be difficult, when she left my employment, to regain her previous expertness. She was quite willing, however, to engage with me, and thought that if I would try to dictate as fast as possible I might, in time, be able to keep her nearly up to her normal standard.

A third one was willing to write longhand, and to work as slowly and as irregularly as I pleased. I gave her a short trial, but her writing was so illegible that I could not discover whether or not she made mistakes in spelling. I had, however, my suspicions on this point.

The fourth applicant I engaged to come for a week on trial. She exhibited no prominent disabilities, and I thought she might be made to answer my purpose; but as she possessed no prominent capabilities, and as she asked me to repeat almost every sentence which I dictated to her, I found it very tiresome to work with her, and I punished Walkirk by making him act as my under-study on the third and fourth days of her engagement. I requested him to dictate to her some detailed incidents of travel which I had told him,

and which I was sure he remembered very well. He undertook the task with alacrity, but after two mornings' work he advised me to discharge her. Dictating to her, he said, was like talking into a tin spout with nobody at the other end. Somebody might come if you shouted long enough, but this was tiresome.

VIII.

THE MALARIAL ADJUNCT.

The fifth applicant on Walkirk's list had a morning to herself. So soon as she entered my study I hoped that she would suit, and I had not talked with her ten minutes before I decided that she would suit. Her personality was exceedingly agreeable; she was neither too young nor too old. She expressed herself with a good-humored frankness which I liked, and appeared to be of a very practical turn of mind. She was a practiced stenographer, was accustomed to write from dictation and to read aloud, could correct proof, and had some admirable references. Her abilities appeared so excellent, and her demeanor was so agreeable to me, that I engaged her.

"I am very happy indeed, Mr. Vandereley," she said, with the pretty dimpled smile which had so frequently shown itself in the course of our conversation, "that you have given me this position. I am sure that I shall like it, and I shall try very hard to make my work satisfactory. I shall come up every morning in the nine o'clock train, as you desire; and I shall be obliged to bring my husband with me, but this will not in any way interfere with my work. He is suffering from a malarial disease, and is subject to periods of faintness, so that it would be impossible for me to leave him for the whole morning; but he can sit outside anywhere, under a tree, or perhaps somewhere in the house

if it happens to rain. He is perfectly contented if he has a comfortable place to sit in. He is not able to attend to any business, and as I now have to be the bread-winner I am most deeply grateful for this work which you have given me. I am sure that the little trip in and out of town will do him good, and as I shall buy commutation tickets it will not be expensive. He came with me this morning, and if you will excuse me I will bring him in and introduce him." And without waiting for any remark from me she left the room, and shortly returned with the malarial subject. He was an extremely mild-mannered man, of light weight and sedate aspect. The few words in which he indicated his gratification with his wife's engagement suggested to me the need of sulphate of quinia.

This revelation of a malarial adjunct to the labors of myself and this very agreeable lady greatly surprised me, and, I must admit, threw me back from that condition of satisfaction in which I had found myself upon engaging her; and yet I could think of no reasonable objection to make. The lady had promised that he should not be in the way, and the most I could say, even to myself, was that the arrangement did not appear attractive to me. Of course, with no reason but a chaotic distaste, I would not recede from my agreement, and deprive this worthy lady of the opportunity of supporting herself and her husband; and the two departed, to return on the following day prepared to labor and to wait.

I inquired of Walkirk, I fear with some petulance, if he had known of the encumbrance attached to this candidate; and he replied that she had informed him that she was married, but he had no idea she intended to bring her husband with her. He was very sorry that this was necessary, but in his judgment the man would not live very long.

My grandmother was greatly pleased

when I told her of the arrangement I had made to assist a devoted wife to support an invalid husband. She considered it a most worthy and commendable action, and she was rejoiced that such an opportunity had been afforded me. She would do what she could to make the poor man comfortable while his wife was at work; and if he had any sense at all, and knew what was to his advantage, he would be very careful not to interfere with her duties.

The next morning the couple appeared, and the lady was ensconced in the ante-room to my study, which I had fitted up for the use of my secretary, where, through the open window in front of her, she could see her husband, seated in a rocking-chair, under a wide-spreading apple-tree. By his side was a table, on which lay the morning paper and some books which my grandmother had sent out to him. For a time she gave him also her society, but, as she subsequently informed me, she did not find him responsive, and soon concluded that he would be happier if left to his reflections and the literature with which she had provided him.

As an amanuensis I found my new assistant everything that could be desired. She wrote rapidly and correctly, never asked me to repeat, showed no nervousness at the delays in my dictation, and was ready to write the instant I was ready to speak. She was quick and intelligent in looking up synonyms, and appeared perfectly at home in the dictionary. But in spite of these admirable qualifications, I did not find myself, that morning, in a condition favorable to my best literary work. Whenever my secretary was not actually writing she was looking out of the window; sometimes she would smile and nod, and on three occasions, while I was considering, not what I should say next, but whether or not I could stand this sort of thing, she went gently to the window, and asked the invalid, in a clear whisper, intended

to be entirely undisturbing, how he was getting on and if he wanted anything.

Two days after this the air was damp and rain threatened, and the malarial gentleman was supplied with comfortable quarters in the back parlor. I do not know whether or not he liked this better than sitting under a tree, but I am sure that the change did not please his wife. She could not look at him, and she could not ask him how he was getting on and if he wanted anything. I could see that she was worried and fidgety, although endeavoring to work as faithfully and steadily as usual. Twice during a break in the dictation she asked me to excuse her for just one minute, while she ran down to take a look at him.

The next day it rained, and there seemed every probability that we should have continued wet weather, and that it would be days before the malarial one could sit under the apple-tree. Therefore I looked the situation fairly in the face. It was impossible for me to dictate to a nervous, anxious woman, whose obvious mental condition acted most annoyingly upon my nerves, and I suggested that she bring her husband into her room, and let him sit there while she worked. With this proposition my secretary was delighted.

"Oh, that will be charming!" she cried. "He will sit just as still as a mouse, and will not disturb either of us, and I shall be able to see how he feels without saying a word."

In two minutes she had him upstairs, and in a chair by the window. For four days the malarial gentleman sat by the window, as quiet as a mouse, while his wife wrote at the table, and I walked up and down my study, or threw myself into one chair or another, endeavoring to forget that that man was sitting by the window; that he was trying his best not to do anything which might disturb me; that he did not read, or write, or occupy his mind in any way; that he heard every word I dictated to

his wife without indicating that he was not deaf, or that he was capable of judging whether my words were good, bad, or unworthy of consideration. Not only did I endeavor not to think of him, but I tried not to see either him or his wife. The silent, motionless figure of the one, and the silent but animated and vivacious figure of the other, filled with an eager desire to do her work properly, with a bubbling and hearty love for her husband, and an evident joyousness in the fact that she could love, work, and watch, all at the same time, drove from my-mind every thought of travel or foreign experiences. Without the malarial husband I should have asked for no better secretary; but he spoiled everything. He was like a raw oyster in a cup of tea.

I could not drive from my mind the vision of that man even when I knew he was asleep in his bed. There was no way of throwing him off. His wife had expressed to my grandmother the delight she felt in having him in the room with her while she worked, and my grandmother had spoken to me of her own sympathetic pleasure in this arrangement. I saw it would be impossible to exile him again to the apple-tree, even if the ground should ever be dry enough. There was no hope that he would be left at his home; there was no hope that he would get better, and go off to attend to his own business; there was no hope that he would die.

From dictating but little I fell to dictating almost nothing at all. To keep my secretary at work, I gave her some notes of travel of which to make a fair copy, while I occupied myself in wondering what I was going to do about that malarial husband.

At last I ceased to wonder, and I did something. I went to the city, and, after a day's hard work, I secured a position for my secretary in a large publishing establishment, where her husband could sit by a window in a secluded corner,

and keep as quiet as a mouse. The good lady overwhelmed me with thanks for my kindness. She had begun to fear that, as the season grew colder, the daily trip would not suit her husband, and she gave me credit for having thought the same thing.

My grandmother and Walkirk were greatly concerned, as well as surprised, at what I had done. The former said that, if I attempted to write my book with my own hand, she feared the

sedentary work would tell upon my health; and my under-study, while regretting very much that his efforts to provide me with an amanuensis had proved unsuccessful, showed very plainly, although he did not say so, that he hoped I had found that authorship was an annoying and unprofitable business, and that I would now devote myself to pursuits which were more congenial, and in which he could act for me when occasion required.

Frank R. Stockton.

ALONG THE FRONTIER OF PROTEUS'S REALM.

How shall I meet thee and subdue thy wiles!
Thou art so savage, and anon so suave;
The reflux tide art thou, the high-reared
wave;

Now all wrath-furrowed, now all dimpling
smiles.

Thou hast thy lulls, thy placid breathing-
whiles,

But soon thou singest of the open grave,
Wide-gaping for the seaman stanch and brave,
That goeth down before the storm's dread
files.

How shall I meet thee and o'ercome thy wiles,
And purport gather from thy crafty speech,
When one same form thou never wilt retain,
But now the broad sea art, and now its isles,
And now a wreckèd mast upon the beach —
A wave-filled shell — a tangled seaweed skein!

Those wandering Greeks who attempted to consult the "infallible old man of the sea" regarding the fortunes of themselves and their friends had trouble enough before they succeeded in hunting down the masquerading oracle, and obtaining from him the desired information. What, then, can I hope to elicit from the immortal Truth-Teller? Surely no intimate secrets of his kingdom are to be communicated to one who has but walked along the frontier, neither giving bold battle across the border, nor even devising any manner of snare to capture his unwary citizens. It must

content me to record a few, and those the slightest, of the forms which he assumes to mortals who have not tasted the enlightening herb of Glaucus.

Before any ventures along his borders, I had had some experience with waters illimitable to the eye; for I claimed at least passing acquaintance with one of the Great Lakes and its characteristic moods. I had hastily concluded that the difference noted by the senses as between inland and exterior waters, alike boundless to the vision, might well be more fanciful than real. This prejudgment did not stand; for the perspective, the sound, the breath, of the sea, when they became matters of experimental knowledge, were altogether distinctive from any previous revelation. There was the undeniable difference in color, and even in the same color, as displayed by the fresh and the salt water. Instead of the ethereal, airy, ultramarine tint so often observed in the middle distance of Erie, here was a blue of duskier shade, more opaque, more approaching black, — as though to the studious and reflecting larger waters had opened up the remoter depths of that interstellar darkness which gives to the heavens the color blue. Moreover, though the sea has its own exquisite

chromatic changes, it did not seem to me it could show a more lovely variation than the lake's successive bandings of live green, amethyst, and final azure blending with the tint of the horizon. But there is much to impress one as between the short "chopped" wave of the lake, falling assiduously upon the shore with a brisk staccato enunciation, and the longer, more deliberate swell and *adagio* movement of the far-traveled sea, moving between continents, and having the whole Atlantic coast in its patrol. As to the dominant mood induced in the lonely stroller along the sands, it seems to be one and the same for lake and sea shore, — *rapport* with ages gone, and sympathy with all the frustrate past typified by the inrolling and receding waves in endless succession.

"And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew,"

is the closing strain in Thoreau's rhythmic, sea-thrilled testimony. Other elements in the mood of the observer are a vague wistfulness and speculation, — as of one

"who sits ashore, and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-corals in the seas," —

and withal a vague expectancy, a looking and listening for a revelation more entire than has hitherto been vouchsafed. Perhaps out of a desire to break the insistent monotone of the sea's chant has arisen the impression of a greater third or ninth wave. The listener on shore finds himself attempting through the multitudinous uncompleted sounds to gather in and define the total voice of the sea, — element all vowel, needing for its full articulation the estopping consonant of the shore. Writes Alexander Smith (who rises finely to any Neptunian suggestion), "Unlanguaged as the earnest sea." Surely it makes as if it would speak to us! Incessant in signals to the eye and incoherent greetings to the ear, with "eternal whisperings," undersongs, moanings, hallooings, stands before us this unintelligible pri-

mal giant, even like Nimrod in Dantean vision blowing his horn and loudly addressing all who approach in a language long since forgotten by earth. I dream of a race of early men to whom the earnest sea may not have been unlanguaged. As one grows accustomed to this gray giant's voice, the sound, which at first was hoarse and rudely invasive, becomes by paradox a sort of silence, wherein better than otherwise may be heard any still small voice addressed to the innermost thought. Also, to one lying upon the vibrating shore, at times the jar of the falling waters translates itself as the measured pulse-beats of the live planet, corresponsive to those of the listener's atomy human existence.

It is said no man bathes twice in the same river. There is no similar saying about the sea. Is it that this omniradiant energy is never past, never decadent? Even in the outflow of the tide there is a prophetic rumor of return, and the spent wave of the sea falls back seemingly but to gather force for a renewed assault upon the shore. Over the constant fluctuation of this wide water is an emphasis laid upon its permanency, and upon an antiquity to which the solid land is mere *parvenu*. Yet it is often the sea's province to uncover such records as the land holds in its little span of memory; for in many a crumbling bluff gone peoples have left an accidental cipher to speak of their occupancy. Along the Cape Cod shore, the Indian's arrowhead, itself like a petrified leaf, is often dislodged from a well-defined stratum which holds also the white chips from immemorial oyster and clam bakes, together with pieces of charcoal from the red man's fire. The entire stratum is overlaid with a darker line of soil, indicating that a forest has been and has ceased to be, since the date of those rude convivialities of savage life.

To one acquainted only with inland fresh waters the breath and taste of salt

in the seaside atmosphere are bracing novelties; while a first adventure into the surf provokes the impression that Æsculapius with his potions has usurped the dominion of the sea. Let the bather have a care. "He drank a salt cup for his sin," chants old Chapman. Surprised with a mouthful of sea water, one seems about to suffer the penalty of Ajax. My own introduction to the sea was of this serio-comic order.

Upon the spacious mornlit strand
A shell I saw, with sparkling water spanned,
The gift of the retiring wave.

With hasty hand,

In sudden thirst, I snatched the sea god's
chalice brave;

The brackish draught

All fain and all unwise I quaffed.

The sea god in his rippling mantle shook and
laughed!

I further experimented in this direction, tasting of that frothy white substance which often collects upon the shore, and which I had thought should be the residuum of the sea's bitter sorrow mixed with the wrath of the sea. To find it only insipidly brackish was something of a disappointment.

SEA FOAM.

Light as the air

It lies on the sands the tide has left bare;

Ay, lighter than air

Flutter its loose flakes here and there.

Now it seemeth to me

Lamb's wool shorn from the flocks of the sea,

And now there's a hint

That it bears Aphrodite's imprint,

Yet never a gleam

Is clearly discerned of that beauty supreme;

Only this, and no more, —

A wreath of salt foam on the wind-swept shore!

A striking distinction between fresh and salt waters is the more teeming and various life of the latter, and this whether of vegetable or animal organisms, from the dingy swath of the wave-winnowed seaweed to the barnacle-studded rocks and driftwood of the shore, with the innumerable dark shell-bearing creatures which the outgoing tide leaves on the sand in lazy liquid

contemplation after their kind. A sense of oppression comes to the mind in considering these myrmidons; at least, as I walked along the beach and noticed the disintegration of empty shells on the one hand, and on the other the cumbrous and infinitely slow movements of the snails in the ooze, it seemed to me that the very sands underfoot, which now were receiving those remnants of out-worn shell, might once have been instinct with life, and perhaps were on their way again to become vital habitations, through the unresting processes of protean nature.

In fine weather, by the sea, time wastes exquisitely, and purpose dies by a lovely euthanasia. Conscience bleaches white and clear of any imprint as to duty. You are hourly hoodwinked into the belief that there is now no task more pertinent to your interests than that of mentally recording the impressions gained of sea and sky, changing tints of the water, changing forms of the drifting cloud-craft. It is represented to the mind as a kind of industry to follow visually the sailing fortunes, tacking, and management of the willing ships as they go lightly over the bland deep (to me more often as though they were drawn mysteriously by a submerged magnet or invisible clue than otherwise propelled). When one's mood is of the utmost indolence, a special pleasure is derived from contemplating those smooth areas, glassy pools of the sea, which the fishermen call "wind-slijks" (due to some inequality of the wind in that quarter) or "fish-slicks" (attributed to an oily fluid emitted by the bluefish). These smooth intervals, it seemed to me, were to the eye as to the ear might be a passage of clear, dulcet melody introduced in some subtle and perplexing music.

Inland, it had been a cherished hope that the lake would vouchsafe a glimpse from Flimsy Land, — home of the atmospheric pictures science knows under the term *mirage*. Such fulfillment was

reserved for a still, hazily shining day on the Connecticut coast of Long Island Sound, when I was startled by the vision of a faint, far, palisaded shore lying along the southern horizon, while an ominous ship sailed the air (such as once, in a childish dream, had presented itself as *Argo navis*). However, it is not necessary for mirage to intervene, to produce fanciful effects in sea and sky. A little imagination is a valid substitute for the proper atmospheric conditions; and to half-shut, dream-touched eyes a drooping sail, mellowly lighted, going over the burnished sea may appear as the mantled figure of a gracious one walking the water. A bevy of sails on the horizon may present the roving St. Brandan and his white pinnacles, elusive to the desirous mariner. Certain distant, long, low strips of grassy land, extending into the Sound, for me habitually floated in ether, and might at any time have become dissociated from the solid land without provoking much novel wonder. A bank of yellow sand, uncovered by the receding tide and shimmering in the afternoon sun, is your poet's true Pactolian sands, — an easy prize, and such as will not awaken cupidity in the average saunterer of the shore. A rainbow spanning the waters, and resting its diaphanous base upon some wooded island, may indicate the position of more than its own proverbial pot of treasure; for, if local tradition can be trusted, there are few points of the Connecticut and Massachusetts coast where that immortal pirate of glittering Plutonian memory, Captain Kidd, has not concealed his rich plunder. Moreover, it was my fortune, on the coast near New London, to be shown a remnant of barnacle-and-weed-draped timbers romancingly known as "the Spanish wreck;" its destruction long antedating the memory of the living. Whether the good ship banked aught of value in the vaults of the sea is not recorded; but I do know that it was

thereabouts, on a memorable night of summer full moon, that such treasure fell from the sky as put out of comparison with it the wealth of sunken galleons. There are those who could be called to witness whether, from a long rock reaching pier-like into the dancing waters, we did not behold a continuous shower of golden coinage, the pieces of all sizes, disk and inscription in dark eclipse, and only the shining rim visible, — all quickly and smoothly slipping under the secretive wave. That the moon and the restless sea were parties in this act of jettison was evident, but more I do not know. Between these two there is so plainly an old alliance, in which the dumb, inert land has no share, that we scarcely need appeal to science for corroboration. Towards and within the resplendent path of the moon on the water there seems always an apparent centring or increase of agitation, an innumerable activity in the liquid element. Calm the night may be, yet the little waves from all the dark purlieus of the sea are running in thither, as though to gain the favor of the caressing light. This path and its mobile throng should stand as the visible poetic symbol of lunar attraction, — "moon-charmed waters all unrest" in very truth. Night after night the Endymion search still goes on, and watching eyes still follow the course of the pale wanderer through the heavens.

"She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness
Is wan on Neptune's blue; yet there's a stress
Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
The curly foam with amorous influence."

How shall I describe a certain effect which I once saw produced by the gentle art of the moon at her rising? I saw her distinctly, with silver shuttle plying, weave together the receding wave with that incoming, as though the woof and warp of the sea were in

her control, and combining their threads at her bidding.

But moonless, clear nights by the sea have an ingratiating and endearing influence all their own. Any large water retains the daylight to the last, so that darkness comes up but slowly in its neighborhood. The vault of heaven is deeper; the summer arch of the Milky Way makes a more triumphal span to the gazer on the beach, who has on one side the sculptured masses of the darkening land, and on the other the purplish, aerial vagueness of the water. Thereupon the evening star makes a faint pathway of light, and sends its love to the shore in broken gleams of the long, gently lapsing wave. All sounds, whether of land or sea, have been passed through a more ethereal medium. The hour is in league with divine, baffling half memories, regrets that come and go deprecatingly and will give no name, desires that project themselves in lines too indefinite for clear recognition; yet the contemplative peace of the soul is not marred through all.

Sometimes a wave from days and griefs outworn,

Estranged, upon the long-calmed heart is borne,

Flinging light surf that slowly ebbs away;

Not otherwise than when, in yonder bay,
(So still, so dim, star-fathomed here and there,)

A ripple comes as though it would prepare

The ever-patient, ever-listening shore

For some sea issue never felt before.

Yet dies the ripple on the sand's vague rim,

And once more, mystical, star-fathomed, dim,

Lies the great deep. Whence was that frustrate motion?

Lately a steamer to the outer ocean, —

No care of ours, — a ward of unknown fate,

Passed by in alien and in sombre state:

Scarcely we heard the throbbing of her wheel, —

Saw not the vitreous tumult round her keel;

Yet of her flight was this slow ripple born

That, with a laggard errantry forlorn,

And subtle rockings of the mirrored star,

Stirred to brief strife the waters of the bar.

Unbroken fair weather here, as else-

where, at last brings desire of change. So when signs of storm at sea increase, they produce a certain thrill of expectation in the shore-safe looker-on, such as the ignorant child might feel, hearing rumors of impending conflict between two hostile camps pitched in the neighborhood. Suggestive to me was the sea's appearance of being occupied in nursing its wrath, in brooding on ancient causes and wrongs unwreaked; now sullenly glooming, now lighted up with fitful, vindictive gleams, till at last the war-chariots went forth, driven by invisible genii of storm, and battle was universal, — entire against the stark shore, and interneine, wave against wave. Something I saw of the extraordinary autumnal tides of 1889, a singular feature of which was that, at the outset, while the shore waters were in stormy agitation, the distant sea remained in tranquil oblivion. From hour to hour and through several days this agitation increasing, gradually the whole perspective of ocean became tumultuous, until all the powers of Homer's great battle-piece seemed present.

"They all stood in the mids,

And brake contention to the hosts."

From far and continuously along the shore came the immense waves, each like the wing of an army closing in to present an impregnable front; or, in the grim twilight of the evening, each wave appeared a moving, sepulchral ridge roofing an interminable black passageway. While exulting with a kind of elemental joy in the mightiness of such erected, innomarching waters, the soul has yet a fantastic sense of losing to their cavernous hollows a hoard of precious things, hopes, aspirations, affections, — ingulfed and carried down by the wave, which is, finally, its own grave beneath a gray pallor of tumbling froth.

From our seaside experience should not be omitted the interregnum of Fog, — compromise between foul and fair weather (often with a suavity of touch

not surpassed by any fair weather). The sea, rarefied, etherealized, seems rising to enfold the land for its own. This dream has both its ivory and its horn gate: dense fog as though under the shadow of a cloud, and sunlighted fog with its luminous moving atoms. Actual vision shut off, fancy is liberated, and sets about furnishing the surrounding void with a huge and grotesque imagery, while sound, its source no longer visible, comes as a mythic herald of the unknown.

The blind sea shoreward rolls,
The blind stream seaward flows;
To the west the fog-bell tolls,
To the east the fog-horn blows.

Long moans the wave-swung bell,
"We cannot wake the morn."
"All, all will yet be well,"
From shore responds the horn.

Still with the mist they cope
In wandering peal and bout;
To the east faint voice of hope,
To the west faint voice of doubt.

These may the sailor thrill, —
They come not home to me;
But oh, the little bird's trill
In that near yet dim-seen tree!

In my hearing the sea always spoke freely of the wrecks it had made, sometimes arguing in extenuation its own helplessness, — being so at the mercy of its powerful adversary, wind. It did not conceal, as discreetly it might have concealed, the bleaching skeletons of many a ship. These, rapidly converted to the hue and favor of the sea, as is all that comes within its domain, looked like the blanched and desiccated ribs of leviathan. But I had a closer acquaintance with wrecks than a survey from land could offer, for I boarded a schooner that had run aground and been abandoned to the waves the year before. It was a calm sea, as in a small boat my friend and I approached that scene of old disaster, — a calm sea and a still day; yet something (was it the soul of the ship?) kept up a moan and shud-

der throughout her timbers. A futilely struggling consciousness seemed to speak from her. "Why come ye not and put me out of this misery?" was the import of the mysterious complainings heard in every slow breath of the sea lifting that poor shattered body. Add to this the clanking of a rusted chain depending from her side into the water, and a certain piteousness in the spectacle of a small boat at the stern, — alive itself, but bound vassal-like to the dead fortunes of its pathfinder. From our own small craft I disembarked into the wreck, my friend rowing away to a little distance. From the deck I went into the cabin. Many of the flooring planks having been torn away, there was disclosed the dark water treacherously undulating below. Sounds as of sobbings, and gurgling throat sounds as of life in the last throes, saluted my ear. Tales of kelpie and Klabotermann and other grisly visitants of the sea swarmed into my mind. I had no desire to be supercargo, with the chance of such a crew. Panic fear gained the ascendancy, and, hurrying on deck, I was very glad to drop into the little living dory that had come alongside at my cry for relief.

This fenceless way is one of white neutrality. Of the land, it is still not the land's, each grain of sand being in constant though slight defection. And though

"twice a day with its embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover,"

it is not the sea's; for, though the sea may withdraw therefrom, yet is the sea adding thereto by the deposit of each incoming wave. The beach and the sea wall are true debatable land, and along some parts of the New England coast the contention for its supremacy is almost thrilling. Here the sea makes inroads, deepening the bend of a bay, and there the land keeps a balance by planting offshore shallow banks, — *terre incognitæ* at present, yet by and by to attain the dignity of islets and a

geographical christening. Where the reduction of the land goes on the most rapidly the beach sands present a tawny color than in other quarters, where, the sea and the land being at comparative truce, the sands have lain in bleach through a longer period. This tawny color is also characteristic of the lake beach, but nowhere by the seashore have I seen aught resembling the pretty pebbly strand of Erie.

This strip of debatable land has been touched by the rod of necromancy, so that every object, great or small, lying upon the smooth shore is of an haunting, inexplicable interest to the unfamiliar visitor. Here are strewn leaf, stem, and flower of uncouth sea plants: some of them like ironical tokens remotely allusive in form to vegetable growths of the land; some of a slender and beautiful arborescence, reddish or purple in color, and suggesting the vein system of living animal organisms; others like monstrous frills of leather, or portions of the cast coat of some marine pachyderm, and decidedly objectionable to the eye; all with like taste and smell, the one-flavored, one-scented vegetation of the sea's garden. At first we make collection of these things, either for their beauty or their grotesqueness; but I found that what had befallen the spoils of many a wood ramble was aggravatedly illustrated in the case of treasures wrested from the sea wave. They do not wait till removed from their native haunts to lose their attractiveness: no sooner has the hand of one of Tellus's children touched them than they begin to suffer unlovely diminution. The seashell may keep inland its old murmur, but it never looks the same as when just withdrawn from its fellowship with the water and the sands.

The sea beach has its characteristic markings. Here are the footprints of those birds whose abundant table is set along the edge of the surf. Far fewer traces of four-footed kind are noted than

on the Great Lake beaches, — for what creature quenches thirst in this bitter cup? Certain vermicular lines sometimes appear, where the dry and curling blades of eel-grass, blown by the wind, have executed a whimsical etching. Whether shaping the drift of sand or of snow, the action of the wind is much the same, for both substances often acquire the appearance of being ribbed, and the whiteness of sea sands may simulate the tint of old snowbanks.

As to the murmur of the seashell, I am reminded that a shell in my possession whispers equally of the ocean and of the overlooking pine grove whence it was withdrawn; for if the sea has its souvenirs of the land, the latter does not lack reciprocal tokens from the sea. The pine grove I have in my mind has its frequent scallop and oyster shell and crumbling armor of the crab, — all presumably brought thither and dropped by certain sea-fed birds.

They lightly judge who can discern but feud
Between the ancient Earth and elder Sea,
As waves resisted down the shingle flee,
Or chafing tides the wooded coasts denude.
Here where the high, breeze-winnowed floor is
strewn
With silent sheddings from the wave-loved
tree, —
The rugged pine, — lo, here breathes fealty,
And sacred world-old vows are still renewed.
Dear is the Sea's voice to this leaning wood;
And often will the Sea be hushed to hear
The chanting of the dark-stoled brother-
hood
Thanks-giving for the eaglet's timely food,
The fruitful mist that greens the upland sear
And bathes the wild rose with its furtive
tear.

Born and bred inland, one advances but slowly in the lore of continent-lapping waters, assaulted rock, and the companioning rugged groves that stand far out on the hurricane deck of the land (such, for instance, as the windy exposure of Cape Cod). To claim a familiar acquaintance were presumptuous; indeed, I found that any undue confidence of this sort was summarily checked by the *genii loci*.

The brief sojourner of a day
By sea, and high-browed shore, and wood,
Besought them: "If ye may,
Possess me with your native mood."

As, tarrying there, I dreamed or slept,
With will dissolved, of thought set free,
A voice from sea to forest swept, —
A voice that seemed unbound for me.

This voice, unclear but passing sweet,
Ere I awoke, had died away.
"O sovran sea, O woods, repeat
What ye but now did dimly say!"

"I nothing said," replied the Sea.
"I nothing said," soft sighed the Pine.
"I nothing said, — or naught to thee;
Thou art no confidant of mine!"

Edith M. Thomas.

THE LEGEND OF WILLIAM TELL.

SOME years ago the announcement went abroad that the familiar story of William Tell was not historically true; that such a person never existed, or, if he did, could never have played the rôle ascribed to him as founder of the Swiss Confederation. It was discovered that when the methods of research which Niebuhr had used with so much skill to elucidate the origin of Rome were applied also to the early days of the Confederation, the episode of William Tell became a fireside tale, a bit of folk-lore; valuable from a literary standpoint, but without historical significance. Unfortunately, he had long been regarded as a universal household friend, a prime favorite with the children, and one who appealed also to their elders as a singularly picturesque representative of Liberty striving successfully against Tyranny. He had, moreover, called forth the best powers of at least one great poet, Schiller, and one famous musician, Rossini, so that his claim seemed to the world established beyond question by the sanction of genius. It was natural, therefore, that this adverse report should be received with incredulity and indignation. At first people preferred to cling to their belief in William Tell, rather than to sacrifice another illusion of their childhood to the all-devouring, investigating spirit of the age; the more so because they knew little or nothing about

the history of Switzerland beyond this episode. But when the best authorities, one by one, declared themselves against the truth of the tradition, the conviction gradually gained ground that the old hero must be classified as a legendary personage.

There is no period in all history so generally misunderstood as that which marks the origin of the Swiss Confederation; partly on account of the scarcity of authentic contemporary documents, but principally on account of the false versions which unscrupulous chroniclers have handed down to us. In fact, so great is this want of records and so confusing are the traditions that the dawn of Swiss history is probably doomed to remain shrouded in a certain amount of obscurity. It is not my purpose in this article to follow the new school of native historians in their task of reconstructing this perplexing age, but rather to examine the version which they have been obliged to reject as un-historical.

The truth is, there always have been a certain number of objectors to the accuracy of the tradition which based Swiss liberty upon the shot of a skillful archer, but their words have made no lasting impression upon the public mind. As early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, Joachim von Watt, the reformer of St. Gall, better known

under his Latinized name Vadianus, had spoken of the subject in his Chronicle of the Abbots of the Monastery of St. Gall: "Of these three lands" (meaning the present cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden) "they tell strange things in regard to their age and origin. . . . I suspect that much is fabled, and some, again, may not be likened to the truth." In 1607, the writer François Guilliman, of Fribourg, who added some new details to the story of William Tell in his history *De Rebus Helvetiorum*, makes this surprising confession in a letter to a friend: "After having maturely pondered the matter, I consider the whole thing a mere fable, especially as I have not yet been able to discover a writer or chronicler, more than a century old, who mentions it. All this seems to have been invented to nourish hatred against Austria. The people of Uri are not agreed amongst themselves in regard to the place where William Tell lived; they can give no information in regard to his family or his descendants." Again, in 1754, Voltaire said in his *Annales de l'Empire*, "L'histoire de la pomme est bien suspecte;" and in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, "Il semble qu'on ait cru devoir orner d'une fable le berceau de la liberté helvétique." A momentary sensation was created in 1760 by a pamphlet entitled *Der Wilhelm Tell, Ein Dänisches Märchen*, which was ordered publicly to be burned by the hangman of canton Uri, so bitter had the controversy become. The author was a certain Uriel Freudenberger, pastor at Ligerz, on the Lake of Bienne, and his attack elicited a sharp retort from Felix Balthazar, of Lucerne, a *Défense de Guillaume Tell*. Calm, however, was restored for a time by the authoritative declarations of two noted historians, Emmanuel von Haller and Johannes von Müller, in favor of the traditional hero, although Müller, like Guilliman, privately acknowledged to a friend that he had serious doubts of the truth of what he wrote. Even Schil-

ler, whose play appeared in 1804, was constrained to admit that in the tradition William Tell had really no part in founding the Confederation, and he was consequently obliged to resort to such expedients as his art suggested in order to make his hero the central figure of the struggle against Austria.

The subject finally came up again when Joseph Eutyeh Kopp submitted it to a thorough investigation by searching the records of the three cantons, and publishing his results in his *Urkunden zur Geschichte der Eidgenössischen Bünde (1835-1857)*, his *Reichsgeschichte (1845-1858)*, and his *Geschichtsblätter aus der Schweiz 1853*.

To understand the commotion produced in Switzerland by Kopp's *exposé*, we must try to imagine what would be the result in the United States if George Washington were suddenly declared to be a legendary character. Every one sided for or against the truth of the tradition; no one could remain neutral; but from that day to this the impression has gradually forced itself upon the minds of all who have looked into the question that Kopp was in the main right, and that, whatever modifications new discoveries may make necessary in the sweeping judgment which that historian pronounced, William Tell can never again be looked upon as the founder of the Swiss Confederation.

Our confidence in the accuracy of the tradition is first shaken by the fact that the great archer is not mentioned by a single writer of the period in which he is supposed to have lived, or even the faintest allusion made to him in the records of that day. To begin with, therefore, we are warranted in doubting his historical importance, if he could be so completely ignored by his contemporaries. The battle of Morgarten, in 1315, was the baptismal day of the young Confederation, but none of the chroniclers who describe this event and the incidents attending it have a word

to say of a William Tell, or of any one who could be mistaken for him. On the other hand, the whole tenor of these writings and of the documents of the period is opposed to the tradition. The impression we derive from them is that the Swiss gained their independence after a long-continued struggle, not by a sudden rising, and through the efforts of the whole people, not at the instigation of one man. In 1420, a Konrad Justinger, of Berne, in writing the annals of his native city, touched upon the origin of the Confederation, but even he says nothing about William Tell; nor does Felix Hemmerlein, of Zürich, writing upon the same subject in 1450.

In fact, it is not till about 1477, more than a century and a half after William Tell was supposed to have lived, that we can find any reference made to him. At that date an unknown poet brought out a ballad entitled *Song of the Origin of the Confederation*, in twenty-nine stanzas, nine of which seem from internal evidence to antedate 1474. The following translation of the four stanzas which bear upon the subject, the first to my knowledge which has appeared in English, has been made without any attempt at metrical correctness, the original being extremely rough and in dialect:—

“ Now listen well, dear sirs,
How the league at first arose,
Nor let yourselves be wearied;
How one from his own son
An apple from the head
Had with his hands to shoot.

“ The bailiff spake to William Tell:
‘ Now look thee that thy skill fail not,
And hear my speech with care:
Hit thou it not at the first shot,
Forsooth it bodes thee little good,
And costeth thee thy life.’

“ Then prayed he God both day and night
He might at first the apple hit;
It would provoke them much!
He had the luck, by the power of God,
That he with all his art
So skillfully could shoot.

“ Hardly had he done the first shot,
An arrow did he put in his quiver:
‘ Had I shot down my child,
I had it in my mind—
I tell thee for the honest truth—
I would have shot thee also.’”

Subsequent verses describe how an uproar ensues, in which Tell enumerates the evil deeds of the bailiffs. These are then expelled, and young and old unite in a loyal league. It will be noticed, however, that there is no mention of the name Gessler, of a hat set upon a pole, of the leap at the Tellsplatte, or of the murder of the bailiff at Küssnacht: these details appear in another version, dating from almost the same time.

Between 1467 and 1474, a notary at Sarnen, in the canton of Unterwalden, transcribed a number of traditions in the form of a chronicle into a collection of documents, known as *The White Book* on account of the color of its parchment binding. Here the story of William Tell is told as follows, in a style of archaic simplicity which is not without a certain charm of its own: “ Now it happened one day that the bailiff, Gesler, went to Ure [canton of Uri], and took it into his head and put up a pole under the lime-tree in Ure, and set up a hat upon the pole, and had a servant near it, and made a command whoever passed by there he should bow before the hat, as though the lord were there; and he who did it not, him he would punish and cause to repent heavily, and the servant was to watch and tell of such an one. Now there was there an honest man called Thall; he had also sworn with Stoupacher and his fellows [a reference to a conspiracy previously described in *The White Book*]. Now he went rather often to and fro before it. The servant who watched by the hat accused him to the lord. The lord went and had Tall sent, and asked him why he was not obedient to his bidding, and do as he was bidden. Tall spake: ‘ It happened without malice, for I did not know that it would vex your

Grace so highly; for were I witty, then were I called something else, and not the Tall' [the Fool, a pun upon his name¹]. Now Tall was a good archer; he had also pretty children. These the lord sent for, and forced Tall with his servants that Tall must shoot an apple from the head of one of his children; for the lord set the apple upon the child's head. Now Tall saw well that he was mastered, and took an arrow and put it into his quiver; the other arrow he took in his hand, and stretched his crossbow, and prayed God that he might save his child, and shot the apple from the child's head. The lord liked this well, and asked him what he meant by it [that he had put an arrow in his quiver]. He answered him, and would gladly have said no more [an obscure passage; the original is *hett es gern jm besten ver Rett*]. The lord would not leave off; he wanted to know what he meant by it. Tall feared the lord, and was afraid he would kill him. The lord understood his fear and spake: 'Tell me the truth; I will make thy life safe, and not kill thee.' Then spake Tall: 'Since you have promised me, I will tell you the truth, and it is true: had the shot failed me, so that I had shot my child, I had shot the arrow into you or one of your men.' Then spake the lord: 'Since now this is so, it is true I have promised thee not to kill thee;' and had him bound, and said he would put him into a place where he would never more see sun or moon." The account goes on to describe how Tall, in being taken down the lake in a boat, makes his escape at the Tellsplatte, and later shoots Gessler in the Hohle Gasse at Küssnacht; but he is not mentioned as taking part in the league afterwards made; much less does he figure as the founder of the Confederation.

Now the question arises, How can we account for the sudden appearance of William Tell, both in the Song of the

¹ Root *dalen*, to act childishly.

Origin of the Confederation and in The White Book of Sarnen, after the writers of a century and a half had passed him over in complete silence?

As regards the simple story of the shot, apart altogether from its historical application, there can be no doubt now, after the investigations which have been made in all directions, that we have to do here with a widespread household myth, belonging equally to many branches of the Germanic family, but preserved with special tenacity in the retired and conservative valley of Uri. The same legend occurs in various parts of northern and central Europe, in Iceland, Norway, Denmark, Holstein, on the Middle Rhine, and with another motive in the English ballad of William of Clouesly. There is always a skillful archer who is punished by being made to shoot an object from his child's head, and who in almost every case reserves an arrow with which to slay the tyrant in case of failure. The names of the men and places and the local coloring of course vary in the different versions, but the structure of the story remains the same in all. The one which bears probably the greatest resemblance to that of William Tell is to be found in a Danish history, *Gesta Danorum*, written by Saxo, surnamed Grammaticus, in the twelfth century. Here the anecdote is told of one Toko, or Toki, and King Harald Bluetooth (936-986). Making due allowance for the great difference between the style of this work, which is in pompous Latin, and the rude and fresh dialect of The White Book of Sarnen, the resemblance is certainly very striking.

Says Saxo Grammaticus: "Nor ought what follows to be enveloped in silence. Toko, who had for some time been in the king's service, had by his deeds, surpassing those of his comrades, made enemies of his virtues. One day, when he had drunk too much, he boasted to those who sat at table with him that his skill in archery was such that with the first

shot of an arrow he could hit the smallest apple set on the top of a stick at a considerable distance. His detractors, hearing this, lost no time in conveying what he had said to the king. But the wickedness of this monarch soon transformed the confidence of the father to the jeopardy of the son; for he ordered the dearest pledge of his life to stand in place of the stick, from whom if the utterer of the boast did not at his first shot strike down the apple, he should with his head pay the penalty of having made an idle boast. The command of the king urged the soldier to do this, which was so much more than he had undertaken, the detracting artifices of the others having taken advantage of words spoken when he was hardly sober. As soon as the boy was led forward, Toko carefully admonished him to receive the whirl of the arrow as calmly as possible, with attentive ears, and without moving his head, lest by a slight motion of the body he should frustrate the experience of his well-tryed skill. He also made him stand with his back towards him, lest he should be frightened at the sight of the arrow. Then he drew three arrows from his quiver, and the very first he shot struck the proposed mark. Toko being asked by the king why he had so many more arrows out of his quiver, when he was to make but one trial with his bow, 'That I might avenge on thee,' he replied, 'the error of the first by the points of the others, lest my innocence might happen to be afflicted and thy injustice go unpunished.'"¹ Afterwards, during a rebellion of the Danes against Harald, Toko slays him with an arrow in a forest.

Observe, also, the truly remarkable likeness of the old English ballad of William of Cloudesly to the Song of the Origin of the Confederation, both as regards sense and style. I quote a few of the more striking verses only, in

¹ Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*.

order not to weary the reader with continual repetitions:—

" ' I haue a sonne is seuen yere olde ;
He is to me full deare ;
I wyll hym tye to a stake,
All shall se that be here ;

" ' And lay an apple vpon hys head,
And go syxe score paces hym fro,
And I my selfe, with a brode arow,
Shall cleue the apple in two.'

" ' And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stande styll therat,
And turned the childes face fro him,
Because he shuld not sterte.

" ' Thus Clowdesle clefte the apple in two,
That many a man it se ;
' Ouer goddes forbode,' sayd the kyng,
' That thou sholdest shote at me ! ' " ²

Two explanations are possible in view of this similarity: either the author of the ballad of Tell and the notary of Sarnen copied the account of Saxo Grammaticus, written three centuries before, at the same time making them conform to Swiss surroundings, or the Danish and Swiss writers simply put down a legend current amongst their own people, derived from some common, older source, from which proceeded also the Icelandic, Norwegian, and other versions. This latter solution seems to me preferable. Northern Switzerland was invaded by the German tribe of the Alamanni at the fall of the Roman Empire, and the present cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden were colonized by them somewhat later. William Tell is probably the Alamannian counterpart of Toko the Dane. Moreover, both the ballad and *The White Book* reveal the ring of genuine folk-lore; they do not betray the touch of the copyist; so that we need not necessarily question the good faith of the authors who wrote them down. But whatever explanation be accepted, it is now established that William Tell is no more exclusively Swiss than he is Icelandic.

² Child's *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Part V. p. 29.

If, now, we examine the different parts of the legend itself, to see if we cannot establish its historical value from internal evidence, we find our task still more discouraging. All the arguments put forward by the partisans of Tell have been found to fail upon closer scrutiny.

Certainly it is not unreasonable to suppose that if the great archer had once lived in the forest cantons his name would be found in some of the ancient records, but the most minute search in the archives of the three cantons has failed to show that such a man as Thall, Tall, or William Tell ever existed. In the midst of the controversy upon this question which broke out at the end of the last century, a Johann Imhof, vicar of Schaddorf, a village adjoining Bürglen, the traditional birthplace of Tell, searched diligently for proofs of his existence. He announced that he had discovered the name in two places: in the burial register (*Jahrzeitbuch*) of his own parish, and again in the parsonage book (*Pfarrbuch*) of the neighboring village of Attinghausen. Investigation has revealed that, of these two entries, one had been wrongly read, the other had been tampered with. In the first case *de Tello* was really *de Trullo*, and in the second *Tüll*, originally *Nüll*. Imhof also cited documents, as well as Balthazar in his *Défense de Guillaume Tell*; but upon examination these supposed proofs failed utterly, and only harmed the cause they were intended to sustain. They consist of quotations from well-known chronicles, which date from a time when the tradition was already fully developed, or of documents bearing the strongest internal evidence of forgery.

Nor can the pilgrimages which are held in his memory, the Tell's Chapels or other local features which are shown to travelers at Altdorf and Bürglen, be regarded as testifying to his existence, since, like the chronicles, they either

date from a time when the tradition was fully developed, or have been found to be connected with altogether different circumstances. The famous chapel on the Lake of Lucerne seems to have been originally designed for the use of fishermen; the one at the Hohle Gasse, near Küsnacht, is first mentioned in 1570, and the one at Bürglen in 1582, long after the chroniclers had fixed the legend upon the hearts and minds of the people.

The supposed site of the William Tell episode at Altdorf is in the centre of the village, not far from the market-place. Here you will come upon an heroic statue of the archer — alas, in plaster! It was made for the Federal *Schützenfest*, held in Zürich in 1857, and presented afterwards to Altdorf. Tell stands in the act of hurling defiance at the bailiff, and the appropriate verse from Schiller's play is engraved upon the pedestal. On the whole, the pose is not bad, but unfortunately the good fellow looks squat; his breadth is evidently too great for his height, although I ceased to wonder at this disproportion when I was told that he had to be painted over annually in order to keep the plaster from crumbling; with every coat of paint he grows stouter, and old citizens, who remember him in his slim youth, dismayed at seeing him thus swell before their eyes, have determined to dismiss him altogether, and have a grand marble statue once for all.

From this spot Tell is reported to have shot the arrow, while his little son stood just beyond, under an ancient lime-tree. This tree, having withered and died, was cut down in 1569 by a certain Besler, magistrate of the village (*Dorfvogt*), and a fountain erected in its stead, which now stands there surmounted by a rude statue of Besler himself. As a matter of fact, the lime-tree is historical, for we know that assizes were held under it, and sentences signed as having been pronounced "under the lime-

tree at Altdorf ;" but of course all this does not bear upon the truth or falsity of the Tell tradition, since chroniclers, if they chose to adorn their tale, would naturally select genuine local features.

Near by rises a tower, at one time pronounced to be over the place where the boy stood, but now known to be much older than the period in which William Tell is said to have lived ; that is, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was probably the seat of a mayor who collected tithes for the abbey of nuns (*Fraumünster*) in Zürich, to which institution the greater part of the present canton of Uri at one time belonged. As for the tower itself, although it has been ridiculously modernized by the addition of a strange combination of roof and green blinds, it is a simple, square structure, like the towers which still stand in the neighboring villages of Bürglen and Silenen, and like the famous Zwing Uri, the ruins of which may be seen near Amsteg, at the entrance of the Maderaner Thal. The sides are adorned with two frescoes : one almost effaced, but betraying signs of good workmanship ; the other well preserved, and representing various scenes in the legend. Nothing more atrocious in the way of design or grotesque in conception than the latter can very well be imagined ; for the style, if indeed it can be said to have any, is a sort of exaggerated late Renaissance, — very exaggerated and very late, — the work, doubtless, of some strolling Italian house-painter. Even that highly picturesque incident, the setting of a hat upon a pole, a feature peculiar to the Swiss version of the legend, so far as is known, is susceptible of a perfectly natural historical explanation. The historian Meyer von Knonau, noticing that a hat figures in his own family coat of arms, and in those of many other families whose name is Meyer, has come to the conclusion that the setting up of the mayor's hat was a regular custom at the Altdorf assizes,

and that what is represented in the legend as the whim of a tyrant was in reality a well-established official procedure. Like the statue of Tell in Altdorf, all the so-called facts in support of the legend crumble at the touch of strict inquiry, and are in need of continual re-painting if they are to hold together at all.

Not to protract this argument to tedious length, I will merely cite one more proof of the flimsiness of the structure upon which the whole story rests. We now know that the rôle ascribed to the bailiff Gessler is an historical impossibility. The history of the Gessler family has been written by an untiring investigator, Rochholz, who has brought together from every conceivable source the documents which bear upon the subject. From his investigations it results that no member of that family is mentioned as holding any office whatsoever in the three cantons, or as being murdered by a man Thall, Tall, or William Tell. It is contrary to all contemporary documents to suppose that an Austrian bailiff ruled over Uri after 1231, or that such a one would have owned the castle of Küssnacht, the history of which property has been carefully traced, and which was in the hands of its true owners, the knights of Küssinach, at the time when Gessler is reported to have made it his residence.

The fact is that in Gessler we are confronted by a curious case of confusion in identity. At least three totally different men seem to have been blended into one in the course of an attempt to reconcile the different versions of the three cantons. Felix Hemmerlein, of Zürich, in 1450 tells of a Habsburg governor living on the little island of Schwanau, in the Lake of Lowenz, who seduced a maid of Schwyz and was killed by her brothers. Then there was another person, strictly historical, Knight Eppo of Küssinach (Küssnacht), who, while acting as bailiff for the dukes of Austria,

put down two revolts of the inhabitants in his district, one in 1284 and another in 1302. Finally there was the tyrant bailiff mentioned in the ballad of Tell, whom, by the way, a chronicler writing in 1510 calls, not Gessler, but a Count of Seedorf. These three persons were combined, and the result was named Gessler.

To trace the legend to a mythical source and to reveal its inconsistencies is simple enough, but to explain the historical application which has been made of it is quite another matter. If William Tell is the hero of a widespread Germanic myth, how came he to be connected with the history of Switzerland at all? Why has not tradition handed down as founder of the Confederation one of those active patriots who are known to have lived and labored for Swiss freedom, — men like Stoupacher (Stauffacher) of Schwyz, or Attinghausen of Uri? Here lies the main difficulty; but an explanation even of this is at hand, which on the whole satisfies the peculiar conditions of the problem. Generally speaking, pure historical analysis is not entertaining reading, though it is apt to be instructive; but this question of William Tell not only throws a great deal of light upon the extraordinary methods of mediæval writers, but also contains elements that may, without exaggeration, be termed diverting, inasmuch as it resolves itself into a sort of political hoax played by the venerable patriots of Uri upon their unsuspecting contemporaries, centuries ago, and then transmitted to us to be unraveled and exposed.

When the Song and The White Book appeared at the end of the fifteenth century, the Swiss Confederates stood at the very apex of their military glory, having just completed a series of great victories by defeating in three pitched battles the richest prince in Europe, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, who, according to the old rhyme, lost

“Bei Grandson das Gut,
Bei Murten den Mnt,
Bei Nancy das Blut.”

Filled with a spirit of patriotic exaltation, they turned to magnify their national origin, as is the wont of all nations when they rise to importance. But each of the three districts which had united to form the nucleus of the Confederation, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, tried to secure for itself as much credit as possible in the founding of it, thus giving rise to a variety of versions. Schwyz supplied the story of a certain genuinely historical personage, Stoupacher; Unterwalden, that of a youth designated as living in the Melchi, near Sarnen, and arbitrarily named Melchthal by later writers; and Uri attempted to turn to political account a legendary William Tell, an old favorite amongst the people of that district. The notary of Sarnen collected these stories, and did his best to give each of the three lands an equal share in the founding of the Confederation. In time the mythical hero distanced his rivals in popular favor, perhaps for the very reason that he was mythical and his family unknown in those parts, a sort of “dark horse” upon whom the jealous claimants could unite.

As subsequent historians based their accounts almost exclusively upon The White Book of Sarnen, it is not necessary to examine their work in detail. Suffice it to say that they did not hesitate to supply the persons with names and the events with dates wherever these were needed, although this was done so carelessly that the greatest discrepancies arose, and discredit was cast even upon that which was really historical. The traditions found their best exponent in Giles (Ægidius) Tschudi, of Glarus, from whom Schiller in turn derived most of the material for his play. But the Swiss chroniclers need not have resorted to legends of doubtful origin in order to invest the rise of their Confederation with the interest it ought always to have

commanded. In attempting this they rather obscured than displayed the qualities which make their ancestors worthy of our admiration, and pressed into the background those features of Swiss history which best deserve to be studied. The impression we derive from the perusal of the documents is nobler, more natural, and more instructive than that which the cycle of legends can give us. The chroniclers would have us believe that the sacred flame of liberty was kindled by the whim of a petty tyrant, the liberation of the people effected by murder; they would make the origin of the oldest federal republic in existence, the most stable of modern states, dependent upon a trick, upon the chances of an arrow in its flight, when in reality it is based upon the eternal laws of the brotherhood of man; they would represent as fortuitous, abnormal, and sudden what was eminently deliberate, lawful,

and long drawn through centuries of strife and struggle. Although it is not within the scope of this article to treat of the real rise of the Swiss Confederation, as reconstructed by modern historians, still it may be said here that nothing could have been more heroic than the ceaseless struggle waged by the early patriots of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden against the encroachments of the house of Habsburg-Austria, or more admirable than the patient wisdom with which they finally won their independence. History has recorded no words in which childlike faith in the justice of a cause and prophetic insight into its inevitable triumph have been better expressed than in the closing sentence of the league concluded in 1291 by these three Forest States: "The above written statutes, decreed for the common weal and health, are to endure forever, God willing."

W. D. McCrackan.

THE BIRD OF AUTUMN.

TO —.

LATE bird who singest now alone,
 When woods are silent, and the sea
 Breathes heavily and makes a moan,
 Faint prescience of woe to be, —
 A sweetness hovers in thy voice
 Spring knows not; autumn is thy choice.

Dear bird, what tender song is thine!
 Born out of loss and nursed in storm;
 A messenger of grace divine
 Enfolded in thy feathery form.
 So com'st thou, darling, with the close
 Of summer, lovelier than her rose.

Annie Fields.

ROBERT MORRIS.

“WHEN future ages celebrate the names of Washington and Franklin, they will add that of Morris.” These are the words of David Ramsay, the worthy biographer of Washington and historian of the Revolution; and writing in 1790, he stated a comparative estimate of these men widely prevalent at that time. But his prediction is as yet far from fulfillment. In these days of centennial celebrations the names of Washington and Franklin are on nearly every tongue; and within a few years they have been the subjects of several noteworthy biographies, and of numerous sketches, criticisms, and reviews. Yet seldom is the name of Robert Morris associated prominently with theirs. Concerning him during the whole century not a dozen papers have been published, and not a single biography of the first class. Was Morris, then, overestimated by his contemporaries? Or is the obscurity that surrounds his name to be ascribed to the prejudice and shortsightedness of historians? Whatever the reason, a character so pure and magnanimous, and a career so varied and active yet so pathetic, should not remain unknown and unappreciated by the American people.

In the early life of Robert Morris two facts stand out in relief, his foreign birth and his honest, sturdy self-help. To their influence, doubtless, was due much of that independence, boldness, and robustness which marked his maturity. He was born in Liverpool in 1734, and came to America at the age of thirteen. Left an orphan soon after, with but little property, he resolved to give up his studies, and to obtain remunerative employment; and naturally his course was largely determined by what had been the occupation and associations of his father. The latter had been

a merchant for many years in Liverpool, England, and for a short time prior to his death at Oxford, Maryland. The same calling was now chosen by the son, and under very favorable auspices. He changed his residence to Philadelphia, the thriving metropolis of the colonies, and obtained a position in the counting-house of Charles Willing, the proprietor of a large and well-established mercantile business. Evidently this opportunity was fully improved; for in 1754, at the death of Charles Willing, his son, Thomas Willing, took Morris into partnership, though the latter was but twenty years of age.

The firm of Willing and Morris enjoyed great prosperity, constantly gaining in the confidence of the public and in the extension of its trade. At the approach of the Revolution it had become the largest importing house on the continent. From a commercial standpoint, therefore, it viewed with deep concern the gradual alienation of the colonies from Great Britain, involving as it did a corresponding diminution in the import trade. Yet both Willing and Morris preferred patriotism to self-interest. They promptly signed the non-importation agreement in 1765, and readily joined other temperate measures against unwarranted aggression. But to all violent or revolutionary movements they were uniformly and firmly opposed. Throughout the exciting events and fierce contests that preceded and finally precipitated the Revolution they were found on the side of the moderate or conservative party, which, led by John Dickinson, advocated constitutional resistance, in opposition to violent separation, as a means of maintaining the rights of America.

This course ran directly counter to the Declaration of Independence. When

that measure was moved in the Continental Congress, Morris was present as a representative of Pennsylvania, having a few months before entered public life for the first time at the urgent solicitation of his friends and fellow-citizens. From first to last he strenuously opposed the motion, believing with Dickinson and many other able and patriotic members that it was both premature and impolitic. In reference to his attitude he wrote thus to Joseph Reed: "I have uniformly voted against and opposed the Declaration of Independence, because in my poor opinion it was an improper time, and will neither promote the interest nor redound to the honor of America; for it has caused division when we wanted union, and will be ascribed to very different principles than those which ought to give rise to such an important measure."

Morris's position must be conceded to have been taken with much reason and with thorough consistency. Throughout the early stages of the controversy with Great Britain unanimity had marked the general plans and action of the colonies. It was not until the scheme of absolute separation was broached that discord arose; and the more the idea was promoted the greater became the breach. Moreover, to aim at independence was inconsistent with the professions, all along reiterated and emphasized, of attachment and loyalty to the mother country. The aim would belie these professions. From the conservative standpoint, it would cast dishonor on both cause and people. Complaint would merge in treason, and patriots would turn rebels.

Yet the conservative position has not been fairly treated by historians. For their caution and consistency, Dickinson, Morris, and their party have been called cowards and time-servers; and for their devotion to principle they have suffered obscurity. But radicalism having finally triumphed in the Declaration

of Independence, its adherents have ever received unmeasured praise.

Nor were the conservatives more fortunate at the hands of their contemporaries. Their cause was not popular. Nearly all those members of Congress who had espoused it suffered defeat at the ensuing election. Dickinson, Allen, Willing, and Humphreys were all relegated to private life. Indeed, Robert Morris was the only delegate from Pennsylvania opposed to the Declaration of Independence who was returned to the next Congress; and apparently to no one was this a greater surprise than to himself. "I did expect," he wrote to Joseph Reed, "my conduct on this great question would have procured my dismissal from the great Council; . . . and although my interest and inclination prompt me to decline the service, yet . . . it is the duty of every individual to act his part in whatever station his country may call him to, in hours of difficulty, danger, and distress. . . . The individual who declines the service of his country because its councils are not conformable to his ideas makes but a bad subject; a good one will follow, if he cannot lead."

It was doubtless largely due to this reasonable, disinterested spirit that Morris was thus excepted from the popular displeasure. He possessed throughout the contest the good will even of his opponents. "I will tell you what I think of him," replied John Adams to an inquiry made by General Gates at this time concerning Morris. "I think he has a masterly understanding, an open temper, and an honest heart."

In Congress these qualities gained him great favor and confidence. His vigorous intellect and uncommon business experience were speedily recognized and widely employed. He had barely entered Congress when he was made chairman of the Secret Committee, a position at that time demanding the highest integrity and abilities; for to this commit-

tee was entrusted the power of expending the public money at its discretion in arming the Continental forces. He was also placed on the early committees charged with providing a navy. But his talent and experience were suited rather to finance and commerce, and it was in these departments that he became particularly useful. In April, 1776, he was specially commissioned to negotiate bills of exchange, and otherwise to obtain money for the emergency; and in March, 1777, he was placed upon the Committee on Commerce, the successor to the Secret Committee already mentioned.

So varied, valuable, and patriotic were Morris's services in finance that Washington himself soon began to look to him when all other help failed. In December, 1776, when, at the approach of Cornwallis, Morris was left as chairman of a committee in charge of Philadelphia, — Congress having fled to Baltimore, — he received a letter from Washington, then at Trenton, entreating him immediately to send money, that the army might be kept together. The response is graphically described by Bancroft: "On New Year's morning Robert Morris went from house to house in Philadelphia, rousing people from their beds to borrow money of them; and early in the day he sent Washington fifty thousand dollars, with the message, 'Whatever I can do shall be done for the good of the service; if further occasional supplies of money are necessary, you may depend upon my exertions, either in a public or private capacity.'" Washington did repeatedly depend on Morris's exertions, and seldom, if ever, in vain; and the gratitude and respect which they inspired begat a life-long friendship.

Congress was quick to recognize and appreciate the spirit and abilities thus displayed. It desired also to honor them. When, in the fall of 1777, John Hancock was obliged, from illness, to

resign the presidency of Congress, Robert Morris was urged to accept the position. It was the highest civil office in the United States, but it did not entice him from the course he was pursuing. He was still a member of the great commercial house of Willing and Morris, now the agents of the government in furnishing military and naval supplies; and what time he could take from his engrossing business was already fully and usefully occupied in the service of his country.

He could well be spared as a presiding officer; for he was becoming indispensable in another capacity. Both in and out of Congress his abilities and energies were taxed to the utmost in providing for the destitute army; at one time he was conferring with Washington in camp, at another devising plans in the Committee on Finance, and at another founding in Philadelphia the Bank of Pennsylvania, and himself subscribing fifty thousand dollars for its objects. To estimate the number or value of his services at this time would be a difficult though worthy task. They were fully appreciated by his associates; and when, in the spring of 1781, Congress, with a view of reforming the Continental finances, instituted a superintendency of finance, it unanimously selected Robert Morris for the position.

The appointment was regarded with much favor by the leading patriots. Franklin, from Paris, expressed his "great pleasure" at the selection. "From your intelligence, integrity, and abilities, there is reason to hope every advantage that the public can possibly receive from such an office." "It is by introducing order into our finances," Hamilton wrote to Morris, "by restoring public credit, not by gaining battles, that we are finally to gain our object. . . . You are the man best capable of performing this great work." Equally cordial were Washington's congratulations: "I felt a most sensible pleasure

when I heard of your acceptance of the late appointment of Congress to regulate the finances of this country."

The choice also met general approval. In fact, it marked the culmination of Morris's popularity. The admiration and respect felt for his long and honorable career as a merchant had been enhanced by his disinterested, incessant, and efficient exertions as a patriot. They were further strengthened by his attractiveness as a man. He possessed a tall and massive person, an open countenance, and engaging yet dignified manners. Genial, frank, and generous, he attached friends and conciliated opponents. Few public characters of the time revealed so much to charm and so little to repel.

It was in the home and in society that these qualities appeared to the best advantage; and here, fortunately, they were supplemented by the virtues and accomplishments of his wife. In 1769, at the age of thirty-five, he had married Mary White, sister of William White, who became the second bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. She was then in her twentieth year, a belle in Philadelphia society; and her beauty was celebrated, after the manner of the day, by Colonel Shippen, in his Lines written in an Assembly Room. Her excellent training and her social career well prepared her to preside over the luxurious home of Robert Morris. Possessing wealth corresponding to his success in business, he maintained a style of living surpassed by none; and in such surroundings his wife's grace and dignity found a fit setting. Elegant, easy, and refined, she deserved to be what she now became,—the first lady in Philadelphia.

Shortly after his marriage, Morris purchased a tract of about eighty acres in one of the most beautiful situations in the vicinity of the city. Bordering on the Schuylkill where its banks were high and wooded, it commanded varied

and delightful scenery, while in its seclusion it had the aspect of a quiet retreat. This estate he improved and adorned at great pains and expense. He laid it out in walks, drives, and groves; and on an eminence he erected a commodious house with broad piazzas overlooking the river. This was his favorite summer residence, and was called *The Hills*. It formed a delightful refuge from the toil and turmoil of the neighboring city. Here he could have, as Mrs. Morris wrote to a friend, "the enjoyment of all that's beautiful to the eye and grateful to the taste."

More imposing and elegant than *The Hills*, though less inviting and restful, was his city mansion, the scene of the greater part of his generous hospitality. Notwithstanding his intense activity in business, he found time to perform those many social duties involved in his prominence as a public man. He kept his house open, both to his fellow-citizens and to strangers, with a cordiality and a liberality as constant as they were unaffected. Thus, after the alliance with France, he entertained several Frenchmen of distinction, notably the Chevalier Chastellux and the Prince de Broglie, each of whom has left a racy account of his reception. For many years this house was the centre of social life in Philadelphia.

The extent to which Morris did the honors of the city may be inferred from the part that he took in entertaining Washington and Rochambeau when, in 1781, they passed through Philadelphia with the allied armies on the way to Yorktown. Morris himself describes the incident in his Diary, under date of August 30: "Went out to meet his Excellency General Washington, who arrived in this city about one o'clock, amidst the universal acclamations of the citizens, who displayed every mark of joy on the occasion. His Excellency alighted at the City Tavern, received the compliments of many gentlemen who went out

to escort him, and of others who came there to pay him their respects, and then adjourned to my house with his suite. Count de Rochambeau, the Chevalier Chastellux, General Knox, General Moultrie, and others, to dinner." Such public services, the more valuable because few were either able or disposed to undertake them, were frequently and heartily performed by Morris, and that with great honor to his city and his country. They made him the more acceptable as superintendent of finance, since it became evident that he would fully maintain the dignity of the position.

It was not so great a task to uphold the dignity as it was to meet the difficulties of this office. For its institution there had been no precedent in American finance; so there was none for its management. It had come into existence by force of circumstance, and was subject to the same influence in the formation of its policy and conduct.

The great gain effected by the establishment of a superintendency of finance lay in the fact that it fixed responsibility. Before, during the Revolution, the finances of the general government had been managed by a committee appointed and supervised by Congress, with the result of great disorder and confusion. Such a result had early been foreseen by Morris. Writing to the Committee of Secret Correspondence in 1776, he had said, "If the Congress mean to succeed in the contest, they must pay good executive men to do their business as it ought to be, and not lavish millions away by their own mismanagement." Now, after four years of costly experience, Congress followed his advice. The unwieldy committee was superseded by a single responsible superintendent. But the evil consequences of the old system and practice were not so easily eliminated. They persisted, to the constant annoyance of the new régime.

The worst of these consequences were

those which resulted from the repeated infatuated efforts of Congress to pay the cost of government and war by bare promises. Such expenses should have been met by a resolute draft upon the resources of the country through taxation; but to this method there were serious obstacles. Taxation in any form was obnoxious. To be sure, in the several colonies, it had been tolerated as indispensable to the support of civil government, but it had been kept jealously and exclusively in the control of the people, who, for general purposes, had usually delegated the power of laying taxes to their immediate representatives, the popular branches of their several legislatures; and they were not willing now to extend and entrust that power to Congress, — a body in which they had only indirect representation, and over which they possessed but limited control. Though the advantage and even necessity of an interstate union were generally acknowledged, a large portion of the people regarded with some suspicion the government by Congress which embodied that union. It seemed inimical to the state governments, for it took to itself many powers formerly exercised by them. It was a creature of circumstance, an outcome of revolution, self-constituted, not popularly chosen, with powers suggested by necessity rather than defined by law. Yet distrusted and crippled as it was, Congress was expected to support the Continental armies, and it could not decline the task for lack of power or repute. Those armies were in the field. Foreign invaders were at hand. Money must be had, at whatever cost, by whatever means; and it was provided in a manner that was certainly expeditious and not without precedent. It was made out of paper.

In the colonies, as early as 1690, bills of credit had been issued to meet a sudden and urgent demand for money. Soon their circulation was attended by

depreciation, fluctuation, speculation, and other concomitants of an unstable currency; but they relieved the immediate stress, and were ultimately redeemed. The people therefore overlooked or forgot the intervening losses and disturbances; and when, subsequently, like emergencies arose, they resorted to the same expedients, though invariably with similar consequences.

It would seem that by 1775 these repeated uniform experiences must have disclosed the folly of issuing paper money without securing its credit. Yet in that year, either ignoring the teaching of the past or yielding to the imperative need of money, Congress adopted the old baneful policy. It issued two millions of dollars in Continental bills of credit, and pledged for their redemption, not the gold or other commodities, but merely the good faith, of the colonies.

At first the precariousness of this security caused but little anxiety, so great were the confidence and enthusiasm of the people. The bills were freely accepted for their face value, and were quickly expended in maintaining the war. No evil results yet appearing, and the same emergencies recurring, fresh issues were repeatedly made. The war would soon close, it was believed, and the unlimited resources of the country would quickly redeem its promises. *Facilis est descensus Averni.* By 1781 the issues of this Continental paper exceeded the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

In America, never had the craze for paper money gone so far, and never were its consequences so calamitous. Two years more of war were followed by no prospect of peace; the enthusiasm of the people began to cool, and immediately the mountain of public credit was trembling. The Continental money steadily depreciated in value, and national bankruptcy was imminent. In alarm, Congress took measures to revive confidence and fortify credit. It endeavored to

raise money first by popular loans, then, strange to say, by a lottery, and finally by taxation, but without much success. Having lost faith, the people hoarded what money they had, in preference to loaning it to such a government or hazarding it in a lottery; and to taxation they were never less inclined to submit. Nothing availed to stay the falling credit. By the spring of 1781 the Continental bills had depreciated to one five hundredth of their nominal value; in May of that year they ceased to circulate.

Unfortunately, it was not public credit alone that suffered loss; there was depreciation of public virtue and private character. Speculation prevailed to an unprecedented extent, carrying with it many forms of luxury, extravagance, and vice; while suffering reduced the Continental armies and misery filled the hearts of the poor.

Such was the climax of gloom and disaster to which the colonies had come when, in the spring of 1781, Robert Morris was chosen superintendent of finance. To him all eyes anxiously turned for relief. Surely throughout the Revolutionary War no service more puzzling or more harassing was asked of any patriot, Washington himself not excepted. No one so well as Morris appreciated its perplexities and difficulties; and, considering the variety and importance of his relations in business and society, no one could less afford to undertake it. Yet his response was characteristic: "In accepting the office bestowed on me, I sacrifice much of my interest, my ease, my domestic enjoyments, and internal tranquillity. If I know my own heart, I make these sacrifices with a disinterested view to the service of my country. I am ready to go further, and the United States may command everything I have except my integrity."

If the spirit thus exhibited deserved the confidence with which he was regarded, so also did the intelligence and

force with which he comprehended and performed his new duties. As he wrote to General Schuyler, he imputed the impending ruin to "a want of system and economy in spending and vigor in raising the public moneys." To supply this want, therefore; he now bent all his energies. Through his intimate acquaintance with the details of business, he readily detected many abuses that had crept into the management of the finances during the recent reign of disorder and irresponsibility. He was also prompt and resolute in correcting them. Before becoming superintendent he had exacted from Congress the exclusive power to appoint and dismiss all officers employed in his service, and he now used his authority with unsparing hand for the introduction of vigor and economy. In a single day he discharged one hundred and forty-six supernumerary officers.

On the other hand, he called to his aid men of acknowledged talent and fidelity, placing at their head his intimate friend, the brilliant Gouverneur Morris. Through them he extended scrutiny and order to every branch of public expenditure. In particular, he introduced the system of supplying the army by contract, and discarded, so far as possible, the wasteful, haphazard means formerly in vogue. In short, as Continental financier he showed that zeal and frugality by which he had succeeded as a private merchant.

This watchfulness over the public outlay was the more necessary from the meagreness of the public income. The Continental bills of credit, by which, mainly, the war had been prosecuted, had lost nearly all their purchasing power. At the suggestion of Morris, they were now stripped of the character of a legal tender with which they had been clothed, and as fast as they were received in payment of taxes were withdrawn from circulation. Meanwhile, what was there to take their place in supporting war and government? Spe-

cie payments had, indeed, been resumed, but with very little specie. What hard money there was in the country was not forthcoming through the inefficient machinery of taxation. Nor could it be obtained by loans; for, as Hamilton wrote to Greene, "public credit is so totally lost that private people will not give their aid, though they see themselves involved in one common ruin."

Fortunately, there remained to Morris one source of supply not yet exhausted. Mainly through the tact and persistence of Benjamin Franklin, the secret encouragement long accorded to the Americans by the French court had at last given place to open grants of money and dispatch of troops. Upon this aid, several times renewed, Congress had come more and more to rely in maintaining the war; and soon after Morris became superintendent of finance he found it to be almost his only immediate source of supply. To Franklin, therefore, he appealed with an earnestness and insistence proportional to the need, and at first not without success. The French government was induced somewhat to extend its loans to America, but at the same time it discouraged further appeals, and advised the Americans more fully to use their own resources.

This advice had been anticipated by Robert Morris. Appreciating the uncertainty of foreign support, he had early planned more effectively to enlist the wealth of the country. For this purpose his most important expedient was the Bank of North America, the first incorporated bank on this side of the Atlantic. As early as 1763 he had considered with his fellow-merchants the scheme of establishing a bank in Philadelphia, to accommodate the increasing business of the town, but had given it up on the approach of the Revolution. Now he broached the plan again, but with a more definite, more earnest purpose. "I mean," he wrote to Franklin, "to render this a principal pillar of

American credit, so as to obtain the money of individuals for the benefit of the Union, and thereby bind those individuals more strongly to the general cause by the ties of private interest."

To a considerable degree the scheme was successful. In December, 1781, the bank was incorporated by Congress, and a month later was opened under the presidency of Thomas Willing, the partner of Morris. Its notes, secured by deposits of coin, and convertible at the pleasure of the holder, afforded the first example in America of the proper use of paper as currency. They soon circulated at par, and, being also receivable for taxes, greatly facilitated the transaction of business. The capital of the bank was at first four hundred thousand dollars, of which Morris subscribed one half on account of the United States. On the other hand, he immediately employed its aid in anticipating the public revenues, within a short time obtaining advances to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars.

Nevertheless, this assistance did not suffice even for current expenses; and to support the American armies Morris, having exhausted all other sources, repeatedly staked his private credit. In this manner he facilitated the capture of Lord Cornwallis; for, in September, 1781, by borrowing on his own credit a large sum of money from Count Rochambeau, he was able to discharge a portion of the back pay due the Continental troops; thus checking the revolt that they had threatened, and enabling Washington to execute his designs against Yorktown. Indeed, at one time the amount of Morris's private notes, issued for the public benefit and received freely in trade, was nearly six hundred thousand dollars; and on several occasions only by strenuous exertions was he able to honor them. His personal credit had been built up slowly by toil and integrity. To him it was a priceless possession, yet he risked it all for the sake of his country.

In striking contrast with his patriotism were the distrust and disparagement with which many treated his efforts. Fortunately, he had foreseen this consequence. Upon becoming superintendent of finance he had written in his Diary, "A vigorous execution of the duties must inevitably expose me to the resentment of disappointed and designing men, and to the calumny and detraction of the envious and malicious." He therefore did not alter his policy or conduct. From the men qualified to judge he received hearty appreciation and praise. Hamilton wrote to the Viscount de Noailles, in 1782, "Our financier has hitherto conducted himself with great ability, has acquired an entire personal confidence, revived in some measure the public credit, and is conciliating fast the support of the moneyed men." In like manner, the confidence of Congress never wavered. Its committee, appointed to investigate his administration, made their report in June, 1783, expressing their entire approval of his policy, and reciting the success with which it had been executed. "When men came to look closely at his acts," says George W. Greene in his *Historical View of the American Revolution*, "it was seen and acknowledged that he had saved the United States annually thirteen millions in hard money."

Indeed, had the exertions of Morris been matched by those of the people, American credit might soon have been established. As it was, their meagre, tardy responses to his appeals for revenue constantly neutralized his efforts, and finally drove him to despair. They also provoked his righteous indignation, involving as they did a shameful neglect of the public creditors. Notwithstanding his repeated expostulations both to the States and to Congress, no permanent revenue was provided for paying even the interest on the Continental debt. His position, therefore, became irksome, and when, as the war drew to a close,

the people grew less and less mindful of their obligations, he would endure it no longer. In January, 1783, he tendered his resignation of the superintendency of finance; and it was only at the urgent request of Congress that he retained the office till the Continental army was disbanded. Upon his retirement in 1784, the superintendency of finance was discontinued. No one man was found to whom Congress was willing to entrust the power it had freely given to Robert Morris.

Recent historians have imputed this failure to raise a revenue rather to the inability of Congress to enforce taxation than to an unwillingness in the people to support the general government. Morris rightly ascribed it to both causes. His experience soon revealed to him the selfishness of the people, and hence the necessity of a strong government. As early as September, 1783, in a letter to John Adams, he adverted to "the necessity of strengthening our confederation, providing for our debts, and forming some federal constitution." Accordingly, four years later, the movement toward that end received his earnest support.

Nevertheless, in the Convention of 1787 he did not have that influence over the framing of the Constitution to which his experience and talents entitled him. It would seem that, like Hamilton, Morris was suspected of leaning toward centralization and aristocracy, and the suspicion was not unfounded; for he proposed that the Senators should be chosen for life, and should be "men of great and established property, — an aristocracy." He believed that the democratic Representatives would constitute a sufficient check to excess. "If," he declared, "we continue changing our measures by the breath of democracy, who will confide in our engagements? Who will trust us?" Morris's experience as financier had impressed him first of all with the need of a strong and

stable government. But it had also lessened his sympathy with the people, and so far unfitted him to shape republican government. In fact, this work belonged, and so it fell, to men more democratic in principles, like Wilson, and more cautious in temperament, like Madison.

In organizing and conducting the new government, however, the men of executive power naturally came to the front. Such a man, preëminently, was Washington, the first President, and such were the men summoned to his side. When, in 1789, the President elect visited Philadelphia, on his way to the seat of the new government, he stayed, as was his wont, with Robert Morris. He consulted him regarding the formation of the cabinet, and invited him to become Secretary of the Treasury. As Washington faced the difficult task of organizing and administering a new government, he leaned instinctively, as it were, on his closest friend, the man whose timely and generous aid had secured the glorious victories of Princeton and Yorktown, and whose house had ever afforded the welcome of a home. At the same time he deemed him the one best fitted for the position. "After your invaluable services as financier of the Revolution," said the President, "no one can pretend to contest the office of Secretary of the Treasury with you."

The invitation was declined. Morris was at this time, as he had been from the first, absorbed in his private affairs, and he had uniformly accepted only such offices as no one else could fill. For this position he believed that there was another equally if not better qualified, namely, Alexander Hamilton, and so he intimated to the President. The suggestion, though a surprise, was at once followed, such was the confidence with which Morris was regarded. What momentous consequences it has brought to the development of the United States!

Though he declined to enter the cabi-

net, Morris nevertheless maintained his intimate relations with Washington. As one of the first Senators of the United States from Pennsylvania he became a prominent supporter of the administration, and in official society he continued to receive marked attention from the President. He was held in equal honor among the people. Indeed, at this time no one save Washington was believed to have done more for the success of the Revolution than Robert Morris.

At the close of his term in the Senate, in 1795, he retired finally from politics. Had he withdrawn at the same time from business, the distinction that he then enjoyed might have come down in history unquestioned and undiminished to the present day. But his superabundant energies knew no rest. Nay, rather, they seem in these later years to have shaken off that check and rein by which they had been held, for he was now led to make strange ventures, and to explore unknown fields in business enterprise. He seems in his old age to have been carried away, as it were, by the lust and pride of riches; and the misfortune and disgrace to which they brought him almost eclipsed the memory of his patriotism.

The beginning of his misfortune was popularly ascribed to extravagance. In 1793, he began to erect for himself in Philadelphia a residence that for elaborateness of design and richness of execution had no precedent in America. Of two stories and a mansard roof, it was built of red brick freely ornamented with pale blue marble. It had a large central doorway with marble pillars, and at each corner a portico doorway supported by two marble columns; while distributed to advantage were marble bas-reliefs, pillars, and pilasters. In 1795, this splendid mansion was reported to have "cost upward of fifty thousand guineas;" and it was still unfinished. It subsequently transpired,

however, that "Morris's Folly," as the structure was named, actually cost much less, and could not itself have caused financial embarrassment. This arose chiefly from reckless speculations in land. Morris had early become convinced that the United States was soon to experience a vast increase in population through immigration, and a rapid rise in the value of its unoccupied land; and to anticipate the movement he purchased, partly on his private account, partly in company with others, large tracts of land, mainly in the Middle and Southern States. Some profitable transactions at the beginning led subsequently to the speedy enlargement of the enterprise, till he had become interested with others in over fifteen millions of acres, and by himself in over six millions more.

Unfortunately, the national development upon which he had counted delayed its coming, and he suffered the consequences of his rashness. Financial stress and failure soon ensued; and Morris, threatened and harassed by desperate creditors, fled for refuge to The Hills. In this beautiful place, where he had ever found peace and happiness, he now became a voluntary prisoner; and for several months he endured intense anguish, overwhelmed in the utter wreck of his large fortune, and haunted by the dreadful vision of a debtor's cell. The vision was soon realized. In February, 1798, his retreat was invaded: he was arrested for debt, and cast into the Prune Street jail. The man who had saved the credit of the nation found no resources in the gratitude due to him for the discharge of his own debts to his fellow-men.

Yet Morris did not repine. Rather, at no time were his virtues more manifest. Cheerful and kind, yet dignified, toward his fellow-prisoners, he endured with fortitude the fate to which, as he acknowledged, his temerity had brought him. Even the fever pestilence, that

stalked through the bars and seized its victims by his side, had no terror for him. It was only when his wife and daughter, in their faithful ministrations, were exposed to the disease that he was filled with alarm; and he was bowed in sorrow when he recalled the destitution and disgrace that had come to his family, and the dishonor that had fallen upon his good name. Yet at all times he was "supported," to use his own words, "by the consciousness that he neither intended evil to himself, or to any creditor or other person whatever." For over three years he "suffered the severest penalties that opinion and law could inflict;" and when at last he was liberated by the operation of a new bankruptcy law, he lived but a few years to enjoy his freedom.

He had failed for about three millions of dollars, an enormous sum at the beginning of this century; and of course, among his contemporaries, the damage to his reputation was correspondingly great. At the present day, however, the misfortunes of his old age should not detract from the successes of his prime. The latter were signal and unique. As a patriot and a public benefactor he should stand in the front rank of American statesmen.

Few men have served the United States at so great a sacrifice. Indeed, few have been called to face so great a crisis. In the spring of 1781, after an exhausting struggle with Great Britain extending over five years, the American leaders were almost in despair of achieving independence. With money exhausted, credit lost, and spirits depressed, how could they longer sustain the war? Their only hope lay, they at last perceived, in centring responsibility and guidance in some one man, fertile in resources, prompt and vigorous in execution, and stout of heart; and such a man, happily, they recognized in Robert Morris. To him, therefore, they appealed with one accord, and not in vain.

Had it been merely a public honor to which he was invited, undoubtedly he would have declined it, as already he had refused the presidency of Congress. But this was a summons to rescue his country in her direst distress, and he could not resist. For her sake he was willing, as in the event he was obliged, to neglect an engrossing business, to part with peace of mind, and even to risk a great fortune.

He must have known — it was evident to his associates — that to reform the Continental finances was a service which he alone could do. It demanded a business man; and neither John Hancock nor Thomas Willing, the other men of that class then prominent in Congress, had received such severe and varied discipline as had Robert Morris. They had but increased or confirmed the wealth and social influence which they had inherited. But he, by his wits and his integrity, had gradually raised himself from a clerkship to a partnership, from comparative poverty to great wealth, and from the position of an obscure orphan boy to that of a leading financier. Nor were his talents less original than acquired; for with this experience in the details and intricacies of business and finance he combined rare readiness, buoyancy, and force of mind. Above all, his convictions were grounded in justice and common sense. "The whole business of finance," he declared, ". . . is to raise the public revenues by such modes as may be most easy and most equal to the people, and to expend them in the most frugal, fair, and honest manner." "I have no system of finance except that which results from the plain, self-evident dictates of moral honesty." Indeed, Morris resembled Washington in the rectitude of his conduct and the elevation of his character; and the resemblance may well have been the basis of their intimacy.

As superintendent of finance he did not disappoint the expectations of his

associates. He accomplished substantial, far-reaching reforms. Husbanding his scanty resources, he spread economy and efficiency throughout the public expenditures; while he rapidly destroyed the pernicious bills of the Continental Congress, introducing in their place convertible notes of the Bank of North America. But to the founding of this institution — the forerunner of our national banks — his constructive work was mainly limited. He was prevented from accomplishing his more important objects — the invigorating of national taxation and the funding of the public debt — by the impotency of the Confederation and the decline of patriotism.

Unfortunately for him, he encountered that period of which he wrote to Franklin: "There is a period in the progress of things, a crisis between the ardor of enthusiasm and the authority of laws, when much skill and management are necessary to those who are charged with administering the affairs of a nation." His skill in administration was manifest, if not unprecedented; and his financial policy was comprehensive, wise, and practicable. But for its success it lacked the enthusiastic support of the people.

In justice, Morris should be credited fully as much with what he planned and attempted as with what he accomplished. His courageous and persistent efforts at reconstruction greatly accelerated, at least, the movement toward

consolidation. Upon this point even Bancroft, who is not uniformly fair and considerate toward Morris, is appreciative; for he says that "the first vehement impulse towards 'the consolidation of the federal union' was given by Robert Morris." In this respect Morris was the precursor of Hamilton. The latter, discovered and brought forward by the former, carried out under more favorable circumstances the work so well begun.

In establishing American credit, therefore, these men deserve a common recognition. Perhaps Morris, the pioneer, encountered greater obstacles, while Hamilton, his successor, assumed greater responsibilities. In their several functions both displayed preëminent skill and zeal. They are the greatest financiers that the United States has yet produced. If Hamilton be called a great genius, Morris should be named a magnanimous patriot. Nowhere is the noblest spirit of the Revolution better manifested than in the words of Robert Morris in accepting the superintendency of finance: "The contest we are engaged in appeared to me, in the first instance, just and necessary; therefore I took an active part in it. As it became dangerous, I thought it the more glorious, and was stimulated to the greatest exertions in my power when the affairs of America were at their worst."

Frank Gaylord Cook.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

POOR Love loved two whom anger did inflame.
 Each sought Love's aid. But when at last, all loath,
 Importuned Love a piteous champion came,
 Those two now friends, Love took the stripes of both.

FELICIA.

X.

THE jets in the great chandelier were slowly lowered; the large semicircle of the auditorium, over which the flutter of fans and ripple of smiles suggested the fugitive effect of breezes and butterflies about a bed of flowers, sank gradually into deep shadow; the footlights became suddenly brilliant; the prompter's bell tinkled; the curtain glided upward; the second act had begun, and Prince Roderic advanced down the right centre to a soft pizzicato movement of violins, through which floated the melody, sustained by cornets and flutes.

A round of applause greeted him. The curtain had fallen upon him as the central figure of an effective scene, and the situation was one which appealed to the sense of pity and the sense of justice, thus moving the popular heart. And now was introduced in hiding in certain woods this potentate, vaguely described as prince, deposed from his indefinite high station through his own confiding nature and the machinations of a false and trusted friend, whose office seemed to embrace all the functions of a Grand Vizier. Abundant opportunity was afforded for soft and deft stepping about and for graceful attitudinizing, as the prince assured himself that no hidden foe lurked in ambush among the trees and rocks. Satisfied that he was alone, save for a thousand or so people in the audience, who do not count, except in the sordid computations of the ticket office, he gave himself up to despairing reflections on his situation, supplemented by vows, in sufficiently heroic strain, of vengeance. His voice, rich and robust, embodied a certain nobility, and the covertly martial orchestration heightened the effect. The contrast to sudden tenderness — expressing the idea

of an amazed incredulity and grief for the perfidy of his friend — in the succeeding movement was so well done, assisted as it was by a very soft and taking melody, that it brought down the house and extorted an encore.

It is seldom that any prince, on or off the stage, is watched with such a complication of feelings as those which animated a pair of violet eyes in one of the proscenium boxes. Felicia had been married six months, and this was her first acquaintance with the prince — as a prince. To the mere man she had given much intelligent appreciation and her tender heart; now, what of the prince? She was proud of him; she could not help that, — he did it so well. Her musical training had been sufficient to enable her enthusiastically to admire his voice and gauge the extent of its culture. She was ashamed of him, — that he should display himself and his capacities so that all these people, who had paid their money, might be entertained, might approve or disapprove at their good pleasure. She pitied him. To her it all seemed so small, so false, so utterly unworthy of him; and yet he was so thoroughly satisfied with it, and — he did it so well. And she had discovered that it was no light task, — to do this well. She had had glimpses of the incessant labor; the unceasing exercise of judgment, of patience, of memory; the tense strain on the nerves; the exhausting attention to detail, that go to make that airy structure, a success on the lyric stage, which presents the very perfection of spontaneous inspiration.

She had arrived late, and had missed the first act. When he came walking down the stage in this new guise, so strange to her, she felt her heart beating fast and heavily, and the color slowly left her face. It returned with a rush when

the sound of clapping hands broke the silence, and she leaned slightly forward, watching him with a grave face and intent eyes.

Thus she was looking at him when he caught sight of her.

There was little change in her since the enchanted days of last summer; none but a keen observer might detect a subtler expression on her expressive features. Something was suggested of the emotions of a woman who loves entirely and is entirely loved. There was beside something more complex than this, — not pain, not restlessness, yet partaking to a degree of each, and contending with that deeper, stiller look which happiness had given to her face.

This was a good deal to see in one half minute, but Hugh Kennett saw with his intellect and his heart as well as with his eyes, while, with long golden curls hanging beneath his plumed hat, and arrayed in a costume of violet velvet, combining two tones, very faint and very dark, which gave back the lustre of the footlights, yet held rich shadows, he stepped deftly about in his search for Prince Roderic's implacable foes among the tangled intricacies of the canvas rocks and bushes.

As the tenor finished his encore, the baritone came on in a green hunting suit, apparently winding a silver horn, which office was judiciously delegated to a member of the orchestra. Felicia gathered that the baritone and the prince were rivals in love, and that the baritone had left the court in dudgeon because of the prince's presumptive success with the lady previous to his exile, brought about by the perfidious Grand Chamberlain. There was a melodic defiance, pitched on a high key, and later, when matters were explained, much graceful and musical magnanimity on both sides. With the offer on the part of the baritone to join the usurper's forces, and to introduce the prince in disguise into his own dominions, in an

effort to regain his status, the scene closed; the silver horn was again wound; the prince, by agreement, passed up the left centre; and a party of huntsmen came into view at the back of the stage, to the prelude of a dashing chorus chronicling the joys of the chase.

The face with which Hugh Kennett dropped into a chair in his dressing-room, after changing his costume, was not Prince Roderic's face, nor was it the serene face he usually wore. The paint did not obscure its expression: it was anxious; it held some impatience, some depression, some uncertainty. "How did she happen to come?" he said to himself. And then, "I suppose she considers me a sort of Harlequin," he reflected, bitterly.

Abbott entered a moment later. He too had changed his dress, substituting for the green hunting suit a blue and white costume very resplendent with silver lace, supposed to be the acceptable court attire. He flung himself into another chair, lighted a cigar, and for a moment the two men were silent.

The room was small and in disarray. Much-bedizened costumes were tossed about the chairs; several pairs of stage slippers were on the floor; the gas-jets on each side of a mirror were alight, and from the elbow of one of the brackets depended a blond wig. The hair was very long and curled, and the effect was that of a decapitated head as the locks waved in the breeze, for the window was open. It was a warm night for the season, — the first week in April; there had been rain, and the air was heavy. Abbott picked up a palm-leaf fan, and as he swayed back and forth he fanned himself. His mobile, irregular face was in this brilliant light ghastly and unnatural, with its staring contrasts of red and white; those heavy lines about his mouth and brow were plastered over, but there were black semicircles under his eyes. His nervous temperament was manifest by the restlessness of

his movements: he changed his attitude abruptly; he glanced about him with eagerness; he plied the fan with energy; the very act of rocking was done with a rapid, uncertain motion.

"Your wife is here," he said, suddenly.

Kennett glanced at him.

"I don't mean in here," said Abbott, with a laugh. "Outside, — in the audience, — in one of the boxes."

"I know it," returned Kennett.

There was a short pause.

"She does n't honor you often," remarked Abbott.

Kennett made no reply. These men had known each other long and well; each was perfectly aware of the other's thought, — nay, Abbott even divined his friend's impulse to declare that her absence was through his own desire, and the instantaneous rejection of the half-formed intention as useless for the purpose of deception. And Kennett knew that Abbott was triumphant because she had not come before this, and was contradictorily and characteristically resentful of her neglect.

"Sometimes I think," Abbott went on, reflectively, "that it is best for a man not to marry out of meeting, as the Quakers say." He himself had married, while yet a chorus singer, a young girl with a rustic style of beauty, also a chorus singer, who had left the stage before progressing beyond that point.

Kennett again said nothing.

"The identity of interest, — that's the thing; the sympathy, you know. I suppose it is impossible for an outsider to feel it exactly."

"If you lay down a general rule, no doubt you are right," returned Kennett, coolly.

Abbott looked at him hard, with a feeling which is somewhat difficult of analysis. His was a nature in which the sweet and bitter were mixed in exact proportions. There was something feminine in his disposition, illustrated just

now in an impulse to say that which would cut and rankle; yet his affection for his friend was strong and sincere. His unreasoning and unreasonable perversity went hand in hand with magnanimity. He could throw himself with ardor into another man's effort, sincerely sympathize with his defeat and rejoice in his achievement; and he could no more refrain, when in the mood, from gibe and fleer than a freakish woman, in irritation or disappointment, can leave unuttered the word that stabs the heart she loves best. He had, at the time, deplored Kennett's marriage as a calamity. Judge Hamilton and his son might possibly have enlarged their estimate as to the scope of human impudence, if they could have divined Mr. Abbott's point of view. Since that event he had not altered his opinion.

After a pause he spoke again.

"Marriage is a mistake, and don't you forget it," he said, thoughtfully; "that is, for a man with ambitions. It does well enough for mediocrity."

Kennett looked at him fixedly, with set teeth and compressed lips, which brought into play the latent fierceness his square lower jaw could express; there was a steely gleam in his gray eyes.

The crisis required only a look. Abbott retreated in good order. He glanced innocently at his friend and vaguely about the room, fanning himself and smoking.

"Good house," he remarked, with a nod in the direction of the audience.

"The duet went well," said Kennett.

"You bet," rejoined Abbott.

His quick sense caught the step of the advancing call-boy before the door was opened. He sprang from his chair to the mirror, took a swift, comprehensive look at himself, readjusted with a dextrous hand the collar of stage jewels about his throat, and vanished without another word.

Kennett, left alone, rose and walked to the window. His step was heavier

than its wont. A warm, dank breeze was blowing; the clouds were low. The sounds from the street, the rattle of wheels as a carriage drew up near the mouth of the alley, the pawing of a horse, the accents of a voice raised in objurgation, the distant tinkle of car-bells, came muffled on the thick air; an almost imperceptible drizzle of rain made itself felt on his face. It was an imprudent thing for him — the most prudent of men — to stand in his airy attire at the open window, and it was almost equally imprudent to give himself up to his purely personal interests, in this interval which belonged, as distinctly as active duties, to his professional work. Instead of devoting the wait to mere mental and physical rest, or to the anticipation of what remained to be done in the next hour, his mind was busy with a brief review of the last six months and the effect of a foreign influence on his life. Abbott's ill-natured dictum came back to him with malignant iteration. Was his marriage a mistake? For his own heart, his happiness, he indignantly denied this. But for his ambitions, his future, his artistic development?

So far the foreign influence had been negative. Felicia had held apart from his professional life; she had ignored as much as was practicable the fact that he had any life except the one she shared. In the early weeks of their marriage, the perception had come to him that her persistent pretexts for declining to accompany him to the performances and rehearsals were part of a premeditated plan. When he realized this he ceased to urge her, and without explanation there came to be a tacit agreement that his stage life was a thing apart from his domestic life. It was very quietly but very firmly accomplished. He winced under it, but his pride was roused, and he accepted the situation without protest. Now he was asking himself how it was that a mere negative influence could chill. He did not believe that a

difference was as yet perceptible in his work, for thorough training and the habit of a lifetime go far as substitutes for ardor, but he sometimes knew — and it was growing upon him — a deep-felt want; he recognized it, — it was a lost impulse, a lost inspiration. While still in his possession it had dignified his calling, it had made toil light, it had invested the tedious details with recurrent interest. Now that he missed it he appreciated its worth both as a sentimental possession and as a tangible factor in achievement. He wondered how this would end; he wondered if a change was impending; he wondered how she happened to come here to-night. He wondered again if she rated him as a bedizened Harlequin, — it must be all buffoonery to her.

The call-boy stuck his head in at the door.

“Stage waits.”

The reflections that had absorbed the last ten minutes narrowly missed being a singularly unfortunate preparation. For the first time in many years Kennett experienced, as he left the wings, the poignant anguish of stage fright. He pulled himself together by a great effort; he called up all his faculties. At this moment he met her eyes again; she smiled, and her face wore an expression he often saw in that closer life which had come to be so much dearer to him than his public life. Under the impetus of the thought that perhaps after all she might reconcile those diverse existences, he regained his self-command, but he was vaguely aware of a sub-current of surprised dismay that her approval or her objection should exercise so strong a control. His capacities had responded to that smile of hers like a horse to a touch on the curb.

The representation continued to a felicitous conclusion. The usurper, unconscious of his impending doom, robed in power and red velvet, made welcome the stranger — all unsuspecting the prince

in disguise — in a fine bass solo, embodying some elements of self-gratulation and braggadocio which afforded the opportunity for an arrogant and mocking ha! ha! peculiarly rich and full. Laughing and dying were conceded to be this gentleman's province; and he presently demonstrated his claim to superiority in the latter accomplishment when the counterplot culminated, and, overwhelmed and despairing, he stabbed himself, circumventing the representatives of justice, who would fain have dragged him to a dungeon, by dying melodiously in E minor. The rightful prince was restored to his possessions, including the heart of the soprano; the baritone made the timely discovery that he had mistaken his feelings, had been unawares interested in another young lady, and was satisfied with her hand; the faithful adherents vociferously proclaimed their joy; the orchestra sympathetically and vivaciously accented their sentiments; the tableau formed itself swiftly and incomprehensibly into a glittering semicircle of brilliant colors and flower-like faces; the lights in the auditorium brightened; the curtain slowly descended; there was a final crash and bang of instruments, and the performance was over.

As she stood watching the audience making its way out of the building, a note was brought to Felicia. It was signed with Kennett's initials, and merely asked her to wait for him a few moments. In a short time he entered the box.

An old lady, whom he had not before observed, was with his wife, — a sedate old lady, dressed with punctilious regard to the fashion in some respects, and in other respects disdainfully ignoring it. She regarded him intently when he was presented, and the three made their way across the street to the hotel. At supper, of which she was induced to partake, she gazed at him with a covert curiosity, which had in it some-

thing at once ludicrous and embarrassing. She accorded the gravest attention to whatever he said, and seemed to weigh carefully her somewhat commonplace and obvious replies. Before the conclusion of the meal she demurely bade them good-night, adding that she was unaccustomed to such late hours, and betook herself to her own room.

"Who is she?" asked Kennett, as the rustle of her black silk dress died on the air.

"She is the wife of one of my father's old friends. Her husband and she happened to be passing through the city. I met her in the hotel parlor, and asked her to go to the opera."

"She seemed to think me a queer fish."

Felicia laughed. "You must forgive her," she said. "This is a remarkable experience; she never before took supper with a singer and a singer's wife."

He did not quite comprehend her tone, and he was vividly conscious that for the first time she had mentioned him as a singer and herself as a singer's wife. Nothing more was said on the subject until they returned to their own room. She threw herself into a low chair, and he lighted a cigar and stood near her, with his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"This is a new departure, is n't it?" he asked, after a pause.

She raised her eyes slowly. "It is an experiment," she replied.

"Why did you come?"

"I thought the other experiment had been tried sufficiently."

"Has it failed?"

"I think it has."

He walked up and down the room for some moments, with his hands behind him; then resumed his former place and attitude.

"What was your experiment, Felicia?"

"I wished to prove to myself that in marrying a singer I had not necessarily married his profession."

"And you did not prove it?" She did not reply directly.

"A woman who marries a lawyer takes no thought of his clients; a woman who marries a doctor, — what does she care for his patients or their diseases? I suppose Sophie hardly knows whether her husband deals in cotton, or wheat, or dry goods. Your vocation is business, like any other pursuit: women have nothing to do with business."

"You dislike it so much," he said, not interrogatively.

"Oh, so much!" cried Felicia, impulsively. Then she checked herself. "I take that back. I should not say that. You chose your line in life long before you ever met me; it has the prior right. I don't complain."

"If you dislike it so much," he said, disregarding her retraction, "you need see very little of it. Why not continue as we have begun?"

All at once he was made aware that while he was enacting mimic woes a drama of real feeling had been going on very near to him. Again she lifted her eyes, and now their expression cut him deeply; her lips were quivering.

"I am so lonely," she said, simply.

It is a bitter thing for a sensitive man to see that look on the face of the woman he loves, and to realize that he is to blame that she should be called upon to endure the feeling which elicits it. For the first time he took into consideration the fact of his own absorptions; of his eager and unfailing response to the demands of his profession. He saw in a swift mental review what her life must be as a whole. He realized the gaps of time that she must sit alone in the hotel bedroom, with its dismal simulacrum of comfort, and occasionally of luxury; in the huge caravansaries which marked their progress eastward or westward. What could she do with the hours that she thus waited for him to come from rehearsals and the evening performances? Write

letters? To whom? All her valued friends she had alienated by her marriage. To be sure, there were books, painting, fancy-work. These, he realized with sudden insight, are the resources of people who are not living their own dramas. Of what did she think in those long hours? Did memory take possession of her? So young a woman should have nothing to do with memory. Ah, had regret too made acquaintance with her heart, while he was away? He appreciated that she must have experienced much of the sensation of isolation. Her connection with the little world of theatrical people amounted to a formal bow to certain members of the troupe, in the hotel dining-rooms or on the trains, and for many reasons he hardly cared to have this otherwise. He recalled now — it had made scant impression at the time — the gleeful interest with which she recounted, one day, in Buffalo, an interview she had had with a little girl, who had stopped her in a corridor tearfully to relate her woes, exhibit a broken doll, and be consoled. Once when she had attended a morning service in Washington, — alone, for he was no church-goer, — the white-haired old lady to whose pew she was shown had spoken to her, and hoped she would come again. She had recurred to the circumstance more than once; saying wistfully that she wished they could stay longer in Washington, and that they knew some one who could introduce them to that old lady, — it would be "so pleasant." And once in New York Madame Sevier had called; he had fancied, that evening, there were evidences of tears on his wife's face, but she said nothing, and the incident slipped into the past.

This had been her social life for the last six months, — she whose instinct for human companionship was so strong and had been so assiduously cultivated. Even of his leisure he had been unconsciously chary, giving much of it to the

details of his work ; only this very day she had waited long by the piano until he satisfied himself that certain passages were susceptible of no further improvement.

In this sudden enlightenment other facts acquired new meaning. There was now something pathetic in the touches of ornamentation about them. He had been amused by her efforts to give a homelike look to the stereotyped rooms of the hotels at which they had temporarily lived, in their ceaseless progress "on the road." She had provided herself with vases, portières, books handsomely bound and illustrated ; the tables were draped with embroidered covers ; the two armchairs were decorated with scarfs. He had called these things her properties, and had laughingly threatened to send them on ahead with the stage effects of the troupe. Now he was touched by the feminine longing for a home and its associations which this tendency implied. For himself, his personal tastes were of the simplest ; perhaps the attention to matters of effect and fabric incident to his professional life had satisfied whatever predilection in that line he possessed.

When a man has been successful, flattered, admired, and always in the right, and when he suddenly discovers that he is in the wrong and his feeling is deeply involved, expressions do not readily present themselves. Kennett's thought was — and at the time it was perfectly sincere — that his insensibility had been brutal. To her he said nothing for some moments.

"Try to like us!" he exclaimed at last, with emotion. "There are some good men and women among us. There are even some agreeable people among us. Idealize us a little. Half the world lives and is happy by means of illusions ; why not you?"

But even while he spoke there came upon him a stunning realization that many conditions were utterly metamor-

phosed by the changed point of view. His toleration in judgment, which she had once noticed, was exercised instinctively, good-humoredly, but always impersonally. These men and women, for example, whom he mentioned, many of them sterling, hard-working, talented, — he could approve of them as members of society, as his own casual associates, his comrades, his friends. But it had not before occurred to him that he had judged them leniently because he had held himself a little — just a very little — above them ; that for many complicated and subtle reasons he condescended ; he felt himself a little above the profession. It was a fine thing in its way, and eminently calculated, taking into view his peculiar order of talent, to advance *him*. He felt that this was an absurd position for him to have assumed. He was with the operatic stage, he was of it ; his interests were identical with the interests of those he had unconsciously patronized ; they were his circle ; they must necessarily be his wife's circle, unless she preferred isolation.

The next day she went with him to rehearsal.

There was much to interest her in her new experience, and she did not observe that she herself was the object of curiosity and covert attention on the part of members of the troupe, as she sat in the dim twilight of one of the proscenium boxes. The huge empty semicircle of the auditorium was unlighted save by a long slanting bar of sunshine that shot adown the descent of the dress circle. The stage also was dim, although several gas-jets were burning. A number of men and women in street attire were grouped about, presenting a very different appearance from the glittering throng of last night. Many of the faces were at once curiously young and old. Some were careworn ; some were anxious ; some were bold ; some were hard ; many told no story and held no meaning. A man evidently in authority

was talking loudly and vivaciously; now and then he walked about fitfully, and occasionally he gesticulated in illustration of his words. Most of his hearers had so bored and inattentive a look that it might have seemed worn of set purpose. The members of the orchestra lounged in their places, their instruments ready.

The weather had changed in the course of the night; a cold wind was blowing. The building was not well heated, and from some opening at the back of the stage came a strong draught, bringing a damp, vault-like taste and odor. Felicia, who had removed her wrap, an expensive fur garment, more in keeping with her previous circumstances than her present, shivered slightly. Kennett rose and readjusted it about her.

"Don't signalize the occasion by taking cold," he said.

A voice behind him broke upon the air, — a mocking, musical, penetrating voice, subtly suggestive of possibilities and of meanings not to be lightly understood.

"'Benedict, the married man'!" exclaimed the voice.

Kennett turned his head. "Is that you, Abbott?" he said. "Come in."

Abbott entered, and seated himself near them.

"Don't let your husband lavish his care," he continued. "It will not do for him to be thoughtful and attentive, like any commonplace, good husband."

"I think it is very proper for him to get my cloak," returned Felicia, a trifle aggressively.

"That is only a little thing, but it shows which way the wind blows."

"It seems to blow every way to-day," interpolated Kennett, lightly.

"He has, or has had up to this time, a sort of divine right to immunity from small cares; it has been his prerogative to make himself comfortable."

"Abbott thinks I am selfish," said Kennett.

"You are if you know what's good for you, and don't you forget it," retorted Abbott, quickly.

Felicia, irritated by the imputation and offended by the slang, was silent for a moment, but her interest in the subject prevailed.

"Why should he be selfish?" she asked, stiffly.

"Because, when a man has a great future, he can't give himself a thought too many."

"Has he a great future?"

Abbott looked at her steadfastly, then at his friend. Kennett's fine gray eyes rested tranquilly on Abbott's unquiet, expressive face, cut by deep lines of hope, of disappointment, anxiety, excesses; his eyes, too, were gray, but eager, fiery, restless, penetrating. The two men exchanged a long look.

"Well?" said Kennett, smiling.

"I don't know," answered Abbott, shortly. He turned his face toward the stage.

Changes were in progress there. The talking man was loquaciously retiring, looking over his shoulder. A lady in a gray dress and cloak, and with a black feather in her hat, had detached herself from the others, and advanced toward the footlights. She glanced about her hardily, and shrugged her shoulders with a show of contemptuous impatience as the stage manager's prelection seemed suddenly to take a new lease, and he continued speaking. All at once he came to a standstill. "Now there's your cue, Miss Johnson," he said, — "'Me hopes, me honor, and me broken heart!' Go'n!" very peremptorily.

She began to declaim in the loud, hard stage voice which has so unnatural a sound in an empty theatre.

A man with a worn face and a *blasé* air had placed himself near her, and at his cue took part in one of those dialogues so useful as connecting links of the story. Little of action was required, but even that little was not satisfactory;

the talking man found it desirable several times to dart forward and eagerly correct, explain, and suggest. At last there came a rap of the conductor's baton, — the members of the orchestra were tense and alert in their places; another rap, — the dialogue developed into a duet, and the duet was succeeded by a chorus.

It had seemed to Felicia that disproportionate care and pains were requisite for individual excellence; she now saw that even more were necessary to produce a good *ensemble* effect. Again and again the sharp raps of the baton resounded with a peremptory negative intention, which brought a sudden silence, invaded in a moment by the melancholy voice of the Gallic leader, with unexpected pauses and despairing inflections.

"That was 'orrible, 'orrible, 'orrible!" he said, definitely; or, "A mos' slovenly *attac'*!" or, "Tenors, you sing a minor third instead of a major third;" or, "*Mon Dieu!* Sopranos! Sopranos, you are *fl-l-l-at!*"

When at last the chorus was progressing smoothly Kennett rose.

"*Au revoir,*" said he to Felicia; and she fancied that there was something propitiatory, even appealing, in his expression. Did he recommend Abbott to her leniency, and vicariously deprecate her criticism?

"Now watch them tumble to his racket," Abbott said.

He misunderstood the haughty displeasure on her face. All the nicer issues of social training were as a sealed book to him. He did not dream that the rudeness of his phrase was in her estimation almost criminal; that she deemed slang — unless, indeed, it were the trick of expression of "the best people," and not fairly to be called slang at all — as an affront to her and a degradation to him. He placed his own interpretation on her evident intolerance.

"Confound the little minx, she is ashamed of him!" he thought, angrily.

"She must have married him in a freak. She considers herself too good for him, and he with the best voice of its class in America."

He looked at her resentfully.

Her attention had become riveted on what was in progress before her. She had noticed, the previous evening, the marked effect of Kennett's presence on the stage. Life was infused into the inert business; among the other singers there was sudden alertness of glance and intention; the action began to revolve about him as if animated by his controlling thought; smoothness and ease replaced mere mechanical effort, under the strong influence of an intelligent enthusiasm and a magnetic personality.

The manager, at the back of the stage, leaned against the frame of the canvas, took off his hat, mopped his face with his handkerchief, and uttered an audible "Whew-w!" in which were infused both fatigue and relief. Abbott called Felicia's attention to him.

"The governor feels easier now that Kennett is on. He's worked pretty hard to-day. Looks all tore up, don't he?"

Felicia disclaimed to say that the governor did or did not look "tore up."

"You see that woman with dark hair, in a black dress? She is under-studying Miss Brady. She can sing if she only has a chance. You bet your sweet life she goes into some church after every rehearsal, and prays God Almighty and the saints that the other woman may get run over by the street-car or the fire-engine, or something." He looked with a laugh into Felicia's horror-stricken eyes. "For a fact she does. Told me so herself. You see she's waiting for her promotion. She used to be with the Vilette Company, until they went to pieces last fall; then she" —

Felicia lifted her hand imperiously, imposing silence. "He is going to sing."

There had floated upon the air a prelude familiar to her. She leaned slightly forward, her eyes on him while

he sang, all unconscious that Abbott's eyes were on her. No man, especially with the soul of an artist in him, could misinterpret that expression: her face was for the moment transfigured by the emotion upon it; so proud, so tender, so absolutely enthralling, was it, — as intense and as delicate as white fire.

Abbott looked at her meditatively. "The man," he said to himself, "has got a big possibility in the future; and the woman thinks small beer of his future, and don't care a continental for his best possibility; and, God help 'em, they love each other. Now, what are they going to do about it?"

It was his opinion, frequently expressed, that a man was a fool to fall in love. He cogitated on this theory with reference to the present case. After a time he rose, left the box unobserved, and went to wait for his cue at one of the wings.

Under the ethereal fire of those violet eyes, the man with a possibility in his future sang well that day. The members of the orchestra laid down their instruments and applauded. The stage manager bawled that it would be an easier world if there were more like him. The other singers looked at him with eyes animated by every degree of intelligent admiration and appreciative envy. It seemed to Felicia that it was distinctly an ovation he was receiving; she wondered that adulation had not spoiled him. She did not realize that with a fully equipped capacity ambition dwarfs possession.

As he went off, he encountered Abbott in the narrow passway between two "sets." Each placed his hands on his friend's shoulders and looked long into his eyes.

"Well?" said Kennett, in the tone with which he had uttered the word an hour before.

"If this world does not offer you everything heart can desire in the next five years, it will be your own fault — or

your wife's fault!" cried Abbott, with the thrill of sincere feeling in his voice.

"I shall have everything that heart can desire!" exclaimed Kennett, airily. "There's your cue, old fellow." And he went back, with a satisfied smile, to Felicia.

He noticed, as the rehearsal proceeded, that Preston often looked with some wistfulness at their box, as he lounged at the back of the stage and about the wings. During one of the waits he stood near them, and Kennett called him in an undertone.

"I must go on again in a few moments," he said to Felicia, "but Preston will come and talk to you."

Preston was evidently pleased and flattered, but to Felicia's surprise he was inclined to taciturnity. He was bold enough among men, — in fact, he was sometimes accused of impudence, — and not too gentle and meek with the women with whom he was usually thrown. In the little world of the troupe he was considered by the feminine members a singing Adonis, and was greatly approved; with them he was gay, boisterous, flip-pant. But with Felicia he was shy. He was quick of perception: when she bent her violet eyes upon him and allowed her gracious smile to rest on her lips, he apprehended that the gentle demonstration was merely a surface effect; it was not the flattering and flattered smile he was accustomed to receive. He appreciated the dignity underlying the soft exterior of her manner, and realized that she probably had a distinct ideal of the proper thing to be and to feel, to which he might not altogether conform. This sort of influence makes many a man restive and defiant, and it is to Oliver Preston's credit that he was a trifle timid and propitiatory.

Their conversation, constrained at first, grew gradually more easy. She drew him on to talk of himself. She saw presently that he was not by any means so young as his boyish manner

and regular, delicate features made him seem. With her alert interest in the vivid drama of life and character, she speculated on this existence of his, and the strange fact that excitement and variety do not make the inroads on mind and body which are compassed by inaction and tranquillity. He had happened to mention that he was thirty-two years old. "At that age men in little country towns are advancing into middle life," she said to herself, "while he has the buoyancy, and to all intents the youthfulness, of twenty."

After a time she was struck by something unfeeling in his tone, — the more objectionable in that he was unconscious of it. When the contralto was sharply reprimanded for a mistake in a short interjectionary phrase, which threw the other singers out and necessitated repetition, he laughed with genuine gusto that she should become confused, blunder again, then dash at her phrase with ludicrous precipitancy. "What a fool!" he said, contemptuously. "And flat besides."

He listened with great attention while Abbott sang a solo, saying, at its close :

"Abbott will never get much further than he has already gone. He is limited," he added, with a certain complacence.

"I think he has a very beautiful voice," remarked Felicia.

He reflected a moment.

"Yes, it is sympathetic and true, and it has a vibrating quality, but it is uneven; both the upper and lower registers are better than the middle. Then he works spasmodically; he is kept down by his habits. Sometimes he does pretty well for a while; then, the first week off he gets, he puts in every minute painting the town red."

Felicia looked at him with wide eyes. "Did you say painting?" she asked. "Do you mean pictures?"

His laughter rang out so suddenly that the people on the stage glanced at

them in surprise; even the conductor twisted adroitly in his place, and turned upon them his gleaming spectacles, his eyebrows raised to an acute angle.

Preston smothered his merriment, and explained: —

"No, no. I mean he drinks, — gets on a long spree, — tipsy, you know."

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Felicia, enlightened.

"Abbott says," continued Preston, "when he sees how Kennett is running for the cup, he feels like a man who has been buried alive. He says he wants Kennett to win. That is what he would do if he could get out from under the ground."

This figure of a despairing and buried ambition, and this wistful and generous acceptance of an humble share in another man's triumph, denied to him, touched Felicia. She looked with meditative pity at Abbott's ugly, expressive face, with its spent fires and spoiled purposes. His melodious voice was at its best in the soft melancholy of love songs; he was singing a serenade now, and the building was filled with the insistent iteration of tender strains.

"'Buried alive,'" she repeated. "I think it is very sad that he should feel that."

"I think it is very funny," said Preston, with a rich ha! ha! He really thought so. Tragedy of feeling was, in his opinion, good stuff to act; as to sympathizing with a man's heart-break, how could he understand the language as foreign to him as if spoken by the inhabitants of Jupiter or Mars? He lived in another world.

"Why does he drink, then?" he asked, after a pause, as if realizing that something deeper was expected of him, and vaguely defending himself. "No fellow pays him anything for drinking."

He was regaining his usual mental attitude, which was a trifle dictatorial and tyrannical, as that of a spoiled young fellow is apt to be. When he presently

went on, he said in a grumbled aside to Abbott that Kennett had all the luck, got *all* the plums, — a big salary, and managers always patting him on the back, and now marrying “a tip-top woman like that.”

As the rehearsal drew toward its close, a marked change was perceptible in the spirit of the performers. An air of great fatigue had come upon them, and the lassitude which accompanies continuous and exhausting effort of brain and body. With the physical break-down the moral supports gave way; they were evidently as cross as they dared to be. The stage manager was more eager, excited, and far more impatient than when the morning’s work began. The conductor sometimes laid down the baton, rubbed with both sinewy hands the wisps of scanty hair on each side of his brow, took off his spectacles, replaced them, and resumed the baton with a loud, long sigh. Of the singers, Kennett only was unharassed. “I suppose that is part of his system of ‘running for the cup,’” thought Felicia.

It seemed to her that the performers took pleasure in annoying each other, and presently this theory received confirmation. One of the chorus — a small girl, with a dainty figure, a pert face, black hair, and a somewhat conspicuous dress of red and black plaid — had been more than once called sharply to order for inattention. After the last of these episodes, as the music, which was in valse time, recommenced, she defiantly placed her arms akimbo, tossed her head saucily, and began to balance herself with the perfunctory dance steps which, with appropriate costumes, serve for the ball-room illusion in the modern light opera. She looked mischievously at the tenors near her, and a few of the younger men laughed, but the others discreetly kept their eyes before them, and forbore to smile. The manager, in a rage, stopped the orchestra, and advanced

upon her with an oath that was like a roar.

“Quit that damned monkeying!” He caught her arms and thrust her back to her place; then, as he turned, a sudden thought struck him. He wheeled abruptly, and, with a grotesque imitation of her attitude, ludicrously caricatured her dancing. She shrank back, blushing and discomfited, as a peal of appreciative laughter rewarded the managerial pleasantry.

When he had advanced upon the girl with that loud oath, Felicia had cowered as if herself threatened by a blow. She glanced at the other men, in expectation of their interference. Abbott’s mouth was distorted by an abnormal grin. Kennett was looking with a contemptuous smile from the absurdly dancing manager to the equally absurd victim. Preston’s handsome head was thrown back; his white teeth gleamed under his black mustache, while the building echoed with his delighted laughter.

The chorus was the last work of the day, and as Kennett rejoined his wife he found her standing at the entrance of the box with brilliant cheeks and flashing eyes.

“Why did n’t you strike him, Hugh? Why did n’t you knock him down?” she cried, impulsively.

“Who?” he demanded, in amaze.

“That man, — that stage manager.”

“For what?” he asked, completely at sea.

“For swearing at that girl, and pushing her, and mocking her.”

He looked at her in silence.

“Felicia,” said Hugh Kennett at last, with a long-drawn breath, “I would not imperil my prospects by striking a stage manager for the sake of any chorus girl on the face of the earth.”

She thought at the moment that this was cruel and selfish to the last degree.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

A SUCCESSFUL HIGHWAYMAN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THAT which is commonplace to one age becomes picturesque to the next. The time was in England when the exploits of Robin Hood had as little romance in them as have the triumphs of a train robber to-day in the West. In France, two centuries later, there flourished another great brigand, who made his deeds a proverb among the people, though he had for rivals in his profession some of the most energetic men in the kingdom. The skill of a distinguished French historian and the industry of a respectable Spanish scholar have been devoted to the life of this forgotten hero, the most successful highway robber and the most celebrated bandit of his day. Guided by the labors of these two gentlemen and helped by the many chroniclers of the fifteenth century, we can trace the likeness of the great brigand, — very disagreeably commonplace to his contemporaries, no doubt, but to us decidedly picturesque.

Rodrigo de Villandrando was born in Castile about the year 1378. The chroniclers of the fifteenth century were quite as ready to ascribe to their heroes a lineage illustrious, and even royal, as are the chroniclers of to-day to dwell upon the early poverty and the hardships of the self-made men whose final success they celebrate. According to his biographers, Rodrigo was descended from the sovereign Counts of Biscaya; in truth, his grandfather, a respectable burgher of Valladolid, esteemed himself fortunate when he married the sister of a French adventurer, who had entered Spain with Du Guesclin, and had received for his services the Spanish county of Ribadeo.

Of Rodrigo's early life very little is known, but that little considerably discredits the legend of his noble birth. "In his youth he despised the lazy life of a village, and, as he knew well the

idle spirit of the Castilian grandees, whom he regarded as worthless men, he joined himself to a merchant who had been robbed by pirates, for the sake of voyaging to strange countries, and in order to assist the merchant in recovering his fortune." Rodrigo's character already showed itself. Throughout his life we shall find combined in him the most reckless love of adventure and the keenest eye for gain, the ferocious brigand and the shrewd trader rolled into one. As he served the merchant, he fell in with certain ships richly laden, which he attacked and captured out of hand. His biographer informs us that they were "pirate barks," but so complete a reversal of the ordinary course of nature excites a suspicion which Rodrigo's later exploits hardly tend to allay.

At about this time Rodrigo's great-uncle, the old Count of Ribadeo, grew tired of his life in Spain. Fortunately for him, his Spanish estates were not entailed upon the family, and so he was able to exchange them for the so-called kingdom of Yvetot, in Normandy, famous in legend, where probably

"He let all thoughts of glory go
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a night-cap crowned
Slept very sound,"

as Béranger says. Before his departure, however, he seems to have fired Rodrigo's imagination with tales of the glorious life he had led when he served under Du Guesclin. Froissart tells us that Aimerigot Marcel, once a companion of the old count, thus bewailed the pleasures he had been persuaded to exchange for a peaceful life. "He was very sad and thoughtful," says the chronicler, "when he considered his diminished condition; for he wished not to

lessen his store of money, and whereas he had been wont daily to commit fresh acts of pillage and robbery, now he saw that this source of gain was closed to him. Therefore he made up his mind that he had repented of his good deeds too soon, inasmuch as the habit of pillage and robbery which he had formerly practiced was, all things considered, an excellent way of life. Whereat he said to his companions: 'There is no delight or glory in this world like the life of men at arms as we used to live it. How rejoiced were we, when we rode forth into the country and by chance fell in with a rich abbot, or with a caravan of mules belonging to Montpelier or Toulouse, laden with cloth from Brussels or furs from the fair at Lendit, with spices from Bruges or silks from Damascus or Alexandria! Upon everything we levied such toll as we would, and every day we gained fresh sums of money. The peasants of Auvergne and Limousin provided for our needs, and brought into our castle corn and flour and bread all baked, fodder and straw for our horses, good wine, cattle, fat sheep, poultry, and game. We were appareled like kings, and when we rode forth the whole country trembled before us. All was ours, both coming and going. How we took Carlac, I and the bastard of Compagne, and Caluset, I and Perrot of Béarn! How we scaled the strong castle of Mercœur, you and I, without other help! I kept it but five days, yet on the table before me five thousand francs were counted down, though I remitted a thousand for love of the count's children. By my faith, that was a good and fair life, and I repent me from the bottom of my heart that I have given it up.'

When Rodrigo heard of a life like this, he naturally wearied of the sea; accordingly, he sold out his share of the venture, and crossed the Pyrenees in search of a fortune. His natural sagacity made him choose France for his

field of operations, as that kingdom was torn in pieces by the feud which then raged between the partisans of the dukes of Burgundy and Orleans. In the midst of the turmoil Henry V. of England invaded the country, and as Burgundians and Orleanists were agreed in nothing but in accusing their opponents of betraying France to the English, and in their own perfect willingness to treat with the invaders, it is not surprising that the English arms gained ground rapidly.

In the first years of the fifteenth century, regular military service was almost impossible except among free companions and the like. Two or three centuries before, one feudal noble was as good a soldier as another, the practice of arms being almost universal. But in Rodrigo's time the soldier by profession was separated from his neighbors, while the peaceful portion of the community was not yet strong enough to keep him within bounds. This condition of affairs was a most fruitful cause of brigandage.

On entering France, Rodrigo joined himself to the Lord of L'Isle Adam, a little town on the Oise, to the north of Paris. This lord was an Orleanist captain, but, when the Duke of Burgundy approached the place, he readily sold himself, his fortress, and his company to the duke, having changed sides, indeed, more than once within a few years. As a reward for his treachery he was appointed by the Duke of Burgundy captain of the important town of Pontoise, and from this place he marched secretly upon Paris. Being admitted into the city by the partisans of Burgundy, he drove out the Orleanists, or Armagnacs, as they were called, and seized the person of the crazy king. The mob of Paris has always been ferocious, and the story of its exploits in the fifteenth century reads like a prophecy of the days of September. It was thoroughly Burgundian in its sympathies,

and wreaked its fury upon every one suspected of being an Armagnac. It massacred men, women, and children, dragged their dead bodies about the streets with savage glee, and cut the Burgundian cross of St. Andrew into the skin and flesh of the corpses. L'Isle Adam was an old soldier and hardened to all ordinary bloodshed, but he was aghast at the cruelty of the Parisians, and tried to check them. In a moment his own life was in danger. "Cursed be he who has more pity on a false traitor Armagnac than he would have on a dog! They have made sacks wherein to drown us with our wives and our children. Say no more to us, for, by the devil, we will do as we please, for all you can say, by God's blood." "My friends, do what you will," answered the terrified captain. "And they would not," says a chronicler, "have received to ransom a single man for all the treasure in the world, of such nature are the common people when they are aroused. Truly, they love the death of a man better than anything that can be given them." In this school Rodrigo learnt the pleasing art of war.

For several years he served with credit in the company of L'Isle Adam. He proved his prowess in many a single combat, and gained rapid promotion. Naturally, his companions grew jealous of his success, and by taking advantage of some misfortune, perhaps, they persuaded their commander to drive Rodrigo from the band. Probably he was not very sorry for his expulsion; indeed, one of his biographers ascribes it to an interposition of divine Providence in his favor. He was now of mature age, had served his apprenticeship in brigandage, and knew himself fit to command. Wandering about the country, he met first one ruffian, then another, and with them set up as a highway robber, at first in a small way.

The beginnings of a life of brigandage were by no means free from danger.

Two of Rodrigo's followers one night stabled their horses in a shed, and lay down beside them to sleep. The owner of the adjoining cottage, "thinking on the frightful ills and countless wrongs they had done," crept secretly out of his house after dark, and visited the cottages of two of his neighbors. With them he sought the church of the village, which was fortified, like many churches in the open country, so as to afford refuge to the peasants against these same brigands. Most of the country folk were gathered there. With two of them the three new-comers took counsel, and then, armed with stout sticks and a sickle, the best weapons they could find, they stole softly into the shed where the robbers were sleeping, seized them before they were awake, and bound them securely. So fearful of vengeance were the captors that they dared not make known their exploit even to their neighbors assembled in the church, but started into a neighboring wood with the prisoners and their horses. Coming to a lonely spot in the heart of the forest at about midnight, they stripped the bandits half naked, and then ordered them to confess their sins to each other. The elder made a last desperate effort to escape, whereupon one of the peasants who held him cut his throat with his own sword. The younger brigand was then dispatched with his own knife, and the murderers stole away to sell the horses and divide the booty. Rodrigo was brave, shifty, and very shrewd, and thus he managed to avoid mishaps like these.

At first he lived absolutely as a free lance, professing no regard for either English or French, Burgundians or Armagnacs. If he showed any partiality, it was toward his late employers, but before long he discovered his mistake. Very considerable license was allowed to the Burgundian and English captains, who now usually acted together, and their methods of warfare would

not altogether commend themselves to a modern general. Compared, however, with the Armagnac chieftains, they were orderly and humane. In the so-called army of Charles VII., who had now succeeded his father, hardly any attempt was made to restrain freebooting. Rodrigo, therefore, declared himself a partisan of Charles, and, in his fashion, remained faithful to the king during his whole career in France. Occasionally, he served against the English; oftener, he seized one of his fellow-soldiers, and compelled the king to pay him a good ransom; oftener still, he engaged in perfectly indiscriminate destruction and pillage. "When he saw that others of our captains kept the fields in diverse parts of our kingdom, and there wrought all kinds of harm and damage, he also took to the fields like the rest, and allowed his men to commit pillage, robbery, murder, rape, and sacrilege, to ransom men and cattle, and to live off the country as men at arms are wont to do." So spoke the king, thus mildly deprecating the excessive zeal of his followers. In short, Rodrigo conducted himself with so much energy and discretion that he soon earned an excellent reputation, and was able to surround himself with devoted followers.

Then as now, Lyons was one of the largest cities in France. It was entirely faithful to Charles, and so was especially open to Rodrigo's approach. Making common cause with two other captains, Rodrigo encamped near the city, pillaged the country round about, and demanded a ransom of four hundred crowns. The council of the city assembled. There was much difference of opinion among its members, and some of them argued that to buy off one bandit was the surest way of encouraging others, but the majority voted to pay the four hundred crowns. But Rodrigo's price had risen; he now demanded eight hundred crowns in addition to the booty he had already collected, accompanying

the demand with some very significant threats. This was more than even a town council could brook. The eight hundred crowns were promptly voted, and with them the bailiff was requested at once to hire five or six score men at arms who should drive Rodrigo from the country. On Tuesday, the very next day, however, the party of economy got the upper hand, and the council voted to give the bailiff a hundred crowns if he would drive out the brigands with the militia of the neighborhood. This commission the bailiff very naturally declined. On Friday a very full meeting of the council was held; all the laymen and one clergyman were for fighting, while the rest of the clergy talked much about the shedding of blood and favored a compromise. For the moment the warlike party had its way, but on Sunday, "after dinner, the larger and wiser part of the assembly concluded that the bailiff should get rid of the men at arms now in the country on the best terms he could make."

Naturally, the men of Lyons were not eager to part with their crowns, but it is clear that they did not consider Rodrigo's conduct specially reprehensible in the abstract. When a captain of free companions was established in business on a large scale, no one considered him a thief, any more than people nowadays confound a financial wrecker of railroads with a pickpocket. Rodrigo used to keep some of his money on deposit in the city, and the citizens sent him presents of candles and sweetmeats from time to time. In fact, his energy and skill recommended him so highly to this same bailiff of Lyons, and to the other officers of the king in the neighborhood, that his services were soon sought in a matter of the highest importance. The Prince of Orange, a partisan of the Duke of Burgundy, thought the opportunity a good one for invading Dauphiny. With his usual imbecility, Charles VII. refused aid to Raoul de

Gaucourt, governor of the province. Fortunately, Gaucourt was a man of resolution. He borrowed a large sum of money on the credit of the province, took the bailiff with him, and started for Rodrigo's camp, which was not far off. Rodrigo never procrastinated. He crossed the Rhone by night, surprised one of the prince's castles, and took the outworks by storm. Within two days the donjon surrendered.

A fortnight afterwards, the prince approached at the head of his army. Rodrigo begged to command the advance guard of the royal troops, and this honor was granted him, although the bailiff stood upon his dignity and demanded the post for himself. The brigand chief placed his men in ambush, fell suddenly upon the prince's flank, drove in his pickets, routed his main body, and hurled the disordered mass of fugitives into the Rhone. His skill was not confined to the battlefield. "A man full of malicious devices," says a chronicler, "he bore himself right bravely in battle, without forgetting the profit to be made therefrom." Very many prisoners were left in the hands of the victors, and, while the other captains were reposing after their labors, Rodrigo promised liberty to one of his own captives if he would reveal the quality of all those who had been taken with him. Acting upon this information, the wily brigand was enabled to buy his prisoners in a cheap market, while he afterwards ransomed them in a dear one. It was a very dear market indeed. From one of these unfortunates, who had lost his nose in the battle, Rodrigo extorted in the shape of ransom everything that the poor man possessed, beside eight thousand florins paid down by his mother. So great became the poverty of the wretched gentleman that when an escort was sent to conduct his daughter to the residence of her grandmother, the party was compelled to return with its errand unaccomplished, "because the

young girl was found destitute of clothing and almost naked."

Rodrigo's success in the war with the Prince of Orange established on a firm basis his reputation as a skillful captain, a man whose support kings might seek, while great nobles were glad to ally themselves with him. One of these, George de la Trémoille, was then the absolute master of the wretched king. A short time before, Rodrigo had been employed to pillage his estates, and the brigand's thoroughness in executing his commission, though distressing at the moment, commended him to La Trémoille as a man decidedly worth buying. The favorite himself was a miserable traitor, who sought only his own advancement. To secure this, he was entirely willing to treat secretly with the English, or to spend the resources of the kingdom in private war with other nobles who were anxious to supplant him in the king's favor. Rodrigo was a man altogether after La Trémoille's own heart, ready to fight the English, the Burgundians, the Constable of France, the king's brother-in-law, or the king himself, if handsomely paid for the job. Accordingly, the favorite secured Rodrigo's services, and, in addition to a castle in Dauphiny, conferred on him the title of squire of the royal stables.

We must not suppose that this accession of wealth and dignity in any way changed the tenor of Rodrigo's life. He still looked after the pence which could be extorted from the poor peasant, with the full assurance concerning the pounds guaranteed by the proverb, and he differed in opinion from certain modern thieves who hold the smaller kinds of theft unworthy of men who can steal upon a large scale. Indeed, as the poor could be robbed most safely, he seems to have preferred that part of his business; though, to do him justice, he lacked neither the courage nor the enterprise needed for more

considerable undertakings. Of course he respected nothing, sacred or profane. A wild legend concerning him lasted for centuries in Velay. It told how the freebooter rode his horse into the church of Aurec, and fastened him to a statue of St. Peter which stood on the altar. The horse reared and plunged so furiously that Rodrigo was forced to remount. He could not control the frightened animal, which dashed out of the church, and plunged into the Loire, drowning its rider, whose body was recovered further down the river. The horse escaped, and the boss which ornamented his bit was preserved in the church as a reminder of the miracle. Unfortunately for the men of Velay, there is no truth in the legend so far as the drowning is concerned; the sacrilege is probable enough, as we shall see.

In occasional service against the English, in frequent attacks upon noblemen obnoxious to La Trémoille, and in incessant pillage of the common people, Rodrigo passed the next years of his life. He was loaded with riches and honors, presented with fine castles, appointed royal chamberlain and a member of the king's council. His reputation extended to all parts of western Europe, and his name became a proverb in his profession for energy, rapacity, and cruelty. His services were sought both by Aragon and Castile, and, in the latter country, the old estates of his great-uncle, bartered for the Norman kingdom of Yvetot, were conferred again upon the nephew. He maintained the most exact discipline in his troop, divided the booty with strict justice, provided carefully for the needs of his men, and caused his safe-conducts to be respected. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that he never respected those granted by any one else.

Even the life of a bandit had its gentler side. Rodrigo went to court in great state, and, combining business with pleasure, then and there collected the debts

owed him by other courtiers, and reinvested the proceeds to advantage. It is true that only a few months had passed since he was carrying on war against the king's lieutenant in Languedoc, while, shortly afterwards, Charles paid a round sum to a certain captain for defending his castle against the freebooter. These were mere trifles; as the court chronicler said, in a moment of frankness, "He who could plunder and rob poor men the most was the most dreaded, and could obtain what he wanted from the king of France sooner than any other man."

Private entertainments, also, were given to the brigands. Occasionally the noblemen of the country, hoping to soften the hearts of the robbers, invited them to their country-seats. Once on a time several most distinguished bandits thus visited the Lord of Chastellux. Their host pointed out to them the beauties of the scenery, and, in particular, took them to a neighboring hill-top, whence there was a fine view of the country round about. Afterwards "they played games in the meadow by the castle with the said Lady of Chastellux and with the young girls staying there, and then returned whither they pleased." To influences like these Rodrigo yielded now and then. He was a man in middle life, and he desired to perpetuate his distinguished name. Having had many dealings with the house of Bourbon, he sought and won the hand of Margaret, natural daughter of John, Duke of Bourbon, one of the great princes of the blood. The irregularity of the lady's birth was of little disadvantage to her. Illegitimate children of royal and princely families were proud of their lineage, and, like the great Dunois, repudiated with scorn the legitimate descent from humbler parents which was sometimes assigned to them. Margaret of Bourbon was richly dowered, and the Count of Clermont, the head of the family in the absence of his father, welcomed

Rodrigo as a brother-in-law. The latter enrolled in his troop two "Bastards of Bourbon," one of whom relinquished a canonry to enter a profession more congenial, and probably more lucrative as well.

Within a few weeks of Rodrigo's marriage, his patron and employer was driven from power, and this event changed entirely the course of the freebooter's later career. La Trémoille, as he slept in a chamber of the royal castle of Chinon, was dragged from his bed by a party of his enemies. The king was powerless to protect him, and it was by rare good fortune that the captors allowed him to depart with his life. The feeble Charles now fell into the hands of the Constable, Arthur de Richemont, a man by no means immaculate, but blessed with a genuine and enduring hatred of brigands. The work of exterminating them was a long one, however, and for many years to come Rodrigo was to work his sweet will in central and southern France.

In the practice of his profession he had never been hampered by religious scruples. This thorough devotion to the interest of his patrons seems to have commended him to the "holy and sacred general Council, lawfully gathered in the Holy Ghost at Basle, and representing the Catholic Church." "To Rodrigo de Villandrando, the beloved son of the Church," the reverend fathers at this time sent "greeting and the blessing of Almighty God." "You have written to us," say they, "of the full and sincere affection which you bear to the Church, and have offered yourself and yours to this sacred Council, wherewith we rejoice, commending your true devotion to the Lord, and being ever ready to do that which is pleasing to you. Now, as we have heard with sorrow that the venerable Peter, Cardinal of Foix, to the prejudice of the Council, has assailed the city of Avignon, and as we fear lest this attack shall scandalize the Church,

we therefore exhort and beg you, in whose army is our greatest hope, to succor the said city as quickly as possible. Again and again we beg you to do this, inasmuch as by so doing you will put under a lasting obligation both God and the Catholic Church which we represent, and you will find us ever mindful of your interests."

Whether Rodrigo was chiefly moved by the obligation thus to be conferred on Almighty God, or by certain advantages more immediate and tangible, we can only guess. It is certain, at any rate, that he set himself in his most approved manner to ravage the country in the neighborhood of Avignon. The "venerable Peter," however, would not turn aside from the siege of the city, and Avignon surrendered at last. Rodrigo withdrew with what plunder he had collected, and it is not impossible that the Church was somewhat scandalized in the end.

Very naturally, other work was soon found for a son of the Church so beloved as Rodrigo de Villandrando. Two priests were fighting for the archbishopric of Albi. On this occasion Rodrigo took arms against the candidate of the Council, having been offered very favorable terms. His success was complete, and so, we may hope, all scandal to the Church was avoided. Having laid waste the country about Albi until the wearied citizens opened their gates, he entered the place, rode to the door of the cathedral, dismounted, walked the length of the church, spurred, helmeted, and fully armed as he was, and sat himself down on the archbishop's throne, thus taking possession of the see in the name of his candidate. The story of his sacrilege at Aurec was not so far from the truth, after all.

Having exhausted, for the moment, the resources of southern France, Rodrigo marched northward again to try his luck in Berry and Touraine. At first all went well, but the times had changed.

An attack upon some of the king's servants, just the sort of exploit which had gained him honors and castles when La Trémoille was in power, now enraged the king, or rather the Constable, who was the king's master. An army was gathered; the protection of Rodrigo's brother-in-law, now Duke of Bourbon, availed him nothing, and he was forced to flee for his life. Across the country he raced, seeking to get out of France. By the speed of his horses and by his knowledge of the roads he succeeded in evading the royal troops, and he passed the Saône by a ford he had often used before. Though he was safe at last, his retreat had cost him dear. The countryside rose upon him; in every gloomy pass, on every dark night, the peasants hung upon his tracks, ready for vengeance. Some of his men were seized, and hanged after a trial at law, while others met with a worse fate. Two wandering freebooters were captured by wretches from whom they once had taken everything. Spared for the moment, the robbers were delivered up to the seneschal of the nearest castle; "and finally the said seneschal put them in a deep hole, where they remained fourteen or fifteen days, as is reported, in the custody of the said seneschal, without the said seneschal's giving them either to eat or to drink: wherefore, as is reported, they died of hunger in the said prison." "And I certify," says a chronicler, "that the Saône and the Doubs were so full of these robbers that oft-times the fishermen, instead of fish, would draw out their bodies, two by two or three by three, tied fast together with ropes."

The miserable peasants had good cause for any vengeance, however cruel. When the country grew more peaceful, inquest was made into their condition, and the tale of their sufferings is horrible to read. The brigands first stripped the country of everything worth carrying away, and then, in sheer wan-

tonness, burnt what was left. The rest of the story is darker still. One poor widow "makes very light" of her other losses, "for the loss of her husband is her greatest loss. He was led as far as Cheminet, and there his throat was cut, wherefore she cries for vengeance to Almighty God." Another peasant "said and swore that the brigands carried away his boy, being about ten years old, whom he never saw afterwards, nor could get any news of him, and he would be right glad to see him again for forty florins." When we know that little children were starved in cages until a heavy ransom was paid, or until they died of hunger, we can realize the meaning of this peasant's words. Sometimes the stories were so terrible that the scribe refused to write them down.

In France, however, a brigand's occupation was almost gone, and none understood this better than did Rodrigo. For a year or two longer, with varying success, he plied his trade in Languedoc and Guienne, but he knew that he must leave the country before his reputation should suffer too seriously. In 1439 came his opportunity. Alvaro de Luna, Constable of Castile, who ruled the feeble John II., called the great freebooter to his help. In executing the commissions entrusted to him, Rodrigo was promptness itself. He crossed the Pyrenees with a strong force, and defeated a detachment sent against him by the nobles allied to overthrow De Luna. In spite of this success both king and Constable lost heart. Rodrigo, indeed, was treated with great respect and was loaded with favors, but De Luna was driven from court, and even Rodrigo was required to send his men back into France.

His conduct in this emergency shows very plainly the foresight and sound judgment which always distinguished him among men of his profession. Like Froissart's hero, Rodrigo too must have

pined for the glorious life he had led during more than a quarter of a century, but he sternly put all vain regrets behind him. His neck was far too precious to risk in a losing game; and, besides, he was now sixty years old, and had lost a part of his old appetite for hair-breadth escapes. Full of wealth and honors, he remained in Spain, while Salazar, his ablest lieutenant, led the brigand army back into Languedoc. For the use of Rodrigo's name, for the good will of the business, so to speak, Salazar agreed to pay his old captain a large share of the profits.

At first these profits were considerable, though uncertain; then they ceased altogether. The Constable Richemont, having gained sufficient power, notified all the brigands in France that they must quit the country at once, or else enter the royal service on an ample but fixed salary, with no perquisites whatever. Salazar chose the latter course. Though his habits of plunder still clung to him, and several times brought him into disgrace, he finally achieved distinction as a regular soldier, and died much respected. His son was the last French prelate to appear fully armed on the field of battle. A different fate befell Rodrigo's brother-in-law, the Bastard of Bourbon. He went into Champagne, long a happy hunting-ground for men of his profession. At last, however,

"The king forthwith dispatched
The Constable among them,
Who very soon the knaves dispatched;
To wit, he drowned and hung them,"

as a contemporary writer of doggerel happily observes. The Bastard gave himself up, trusting in Charles's weakness. This was, indeed, so great that at one time the king was induced to publish an ordinance forbidding himself to pardon anybody, and ordering every one to disregard the pardon if granted. But the Bastard had now to deal with the Constable, a very different man from the king. He was tried, found guilty,

sewn up in a sack, and drowned in the Aube. The only concession which the ex-canon could obtain was the permission to have his dead body fished out of the river and buried in consecrated ground.

The peace in Spain soon came to an end. Alvaro de Luna and the great Spanish nobles again fell out; the latter took to arms, and tried to seize the person of the king. He was approaching Toledo with a few gentlemen, one of whom was Rodrigo himself. Suddenly the rebels appeared in force. Resistance to them seemed impossible, but the great brigand had been in peril too often to lose his presence of mind. The royal party was near the church and infirmary of St. Lazarus. Familiar with fortified churches as he was, he drew the king and his retinue into the building, closed and barricaded the doors, skillfully posted the small force at his disposal, and held out until reinforcements came up. For this deed John II. conferred upon him a privilege of the sort dearest to the Spanish heart. Every year, upon the feast of the Epiphany, the Day of the Kings, as the feast is called in Spain, Rodrigo and his descendants were allowed to dine in person with the king, and to take away, after the ceremony, the clothes which the king should wear. At the beginning of this century the enjoyment of the privilege was interrupted by the troubles in Spain, but in 1841, on the four hundredth anniversary of Rodrigo's exploit, the privilege was recognized by Queen Isabella as vested in the family of Sarmiento, Dukes of Híjar, descended from Rodrigo de Villandrando in the female line.

Very rich, and loaded with honors, Rodrigo now lived the life of a Spanish grandee. He was no rude soldier of fortune, but a clerklly man, specimens of whose handwriting have come down to us, and very good handwriting it is. He was fully versed, also, in courtly

ways, and, if occasion called, he could still ruffle it with the bravest young gallant in Spain. Soon after his action in the king's defense he was taken captive by the charms of Doña Teresa de Zuñiga, the daughter of the Count of Monterey. Rodrigo was now past sixty, and his wife was living, though he had left her in France. Nevertheless, he appeared at a court ball wearing a cap such as bridegrooms then wore, with this device: —

“The knot tied by a fate unkind
May kindlier fate for me unbind,
And tighter draw the band now loosely twined.”

As the obstacles to a second marriage appeared insurmountable, “the Count of Ribadeo carried a brazier full of dead coals” at the next ball, with this despairing motto: —

“Let him the flames of love that burn
On this hope set his thought:
As hottest fires to ashes turn,
May his hope come to naught.”

Fate, however, was always kind to Rodrigo. Margaret of Bourbon died soon afterwards, and “the band now loosely twined” was drawn to a satisfactory tightness.

Rodrigo spent the last years of his life with his young wife and with the children she bore him, respected and honored throughout Castile. Once or twice he again undertook military service, but the service was always safe and entirely legitimate. There is some slight indication that the Count of Ribadeo was occasionally henpecked by his second wife, but he does not seem to have resented this. In his will, indeed, he made elaborate provisions for her burial beside himself in the church of Our Lady of Mercy in Valladolid, and so he must have trusted that she would not avail herself of his impending death to marry again. Probably he considered constancy purely a feminine virtue; at any rate, his confidence appears to have been justified.

When he reached threescore and ten,

his stout constitution gave way, tried by half a century of peril and adventure. As the time of his death drew near, he betook himself to the consolations of religion as naturally and as sincerely as a man puts on a diving suit when going to the bottom of the sea. He was more than a month in dying; and in his will he provided masses for his own soul, for that of his widow, when she too should die, and even for that of the obliging Margaret of Bourbon. Following a habit of his age, he left five thousand maravedis, a trifling sum, to ransom Christian captives from the Moors. When we consider that the most of his enormous fortune had been obtained by extorting ransom from Christian captives, the legacy has in it a delicious touch of irony. Two hundred thousand maravedis were to be paid for his tomb and for a chapel to contain it.

Naturally, Rodrigo's wealth and his final success had washed his memory clean of every stain left by the questionable means he had sometimes employed. Eulogy after eulogy was pronounced upon him by his contemporaries, with scarce a suggestion that his life offered anything but a shining example. One carping Frenchman, indeed, wrote that “the Spaniards make a great fuss over the exploits, or rather the lucky deprivations, of their Rodrigo de Ribadeo, that partisan whom the last generation saw carrying fire and sword throughout almost all Aquitaine; but is it not clear that such examples bring dishonor rather than glory upon those who set them?” Against this petty exhibition of national envy we may set the words of the veracious Hernando del Pulgar, who thus describes the last moments of his hero: —

“And at the last, God, who neither permits men to escape without punishment nor denies them his mercy, gave him time wherein to amend his ways and repent, seeing that he was now old, and infirm through suffering from which

he could not escape. Verily it was a thing right marvelous and an example for mortal men to follow, both his great contrition, and his penitence for the sins he had committed, and the great flood of tears which he poured out continually for many days before he died; praying

to God with all his heart, and beseeching Him that He would pardon his sins and have mercy upon his soul. In such penitent fashion did he complete his days, being seventy years old; and, for the pious end which he made, I have reckoned him in the number of illustrious men."

Francis C. Lowell.

AN AMERICAN HIGHWAYMAN.

ON account of her extreme youth, America, as has often been remarked by discriminating tourists from across the sea, lacks much of that picturesque background which goes far toward lending interest to the older countries of the other hemisphere. Along the Hudson and the Connecticut there are none of the tumble-down castles which perch upon the rocky headlands of the Rhine; across the plains are found no Roman roads or walls such as were built by Cæsar and his successors in France and Spain; there are none of the ivy-grown monastic arches which tell Englishmen of the time when the learning and the wealth of their country reposed in the Holy Church. The romances which cluster about a throne are wholly wanting; the vista of powdered periwigs, of patches and brocade, of knee-breeches and silver shoe-buckles, ends abruptly against the dark green of the primeval forest; and there has been no native Turpin or Duval to stop the traveler on the lonely heath, and politely relieve him of his watch and purse. The Western "road agent," to be sure, has done something in this line in his adventures with the Deadwood stage, but his efforts, though sometimes daring, have invariably lacked that refinement which was a distinguishing characteristic of those popular heroes who ended their lives at Tyburn. This is not wholly the poor fellow's fault, since he has done his

best; but he needed breeding, and how was he to obtain it in the midst of the prairies?

But there was a time, nearly a century ago, when but for the interposition of Nature and two other women America might have had a highwayman for whose deeds his countrymen would have had no cause to blush. In his too brief career he displayed all the rudiments of future greatness, excepting the cynical hardness of heart which marked his illustrious predecessors, and doubtless that would have come in time. His public life ended abruptly, whence he came and whither he went remaining alike undiscovered. All that is certainly known of him is contained in a little old pamphlet dedicated to his exploits, for he too had his chapman; and if more was ever ascertained it has long since passed from the memory of men. The story may be gathered from among the old-time phrases and the quaint reflections of the biographer who, some years after the events narrated had taken place, was moved to set them down for the benefit of posterity.

One snowy afternoon, something over a week before Christmas of the year 1808, a stranger rode up to the door of landlord Whitmore's old stone tavern, which stood in Green Street, in the town of Albany. Dismounting and shaking the snow from his rich furred mantle, he desired the hostler to lead his animal to

the warmest stall obtainable, and to feed him well. He then entered the tavern, and it could be seen at a glance that he was a person of consequence. He was tall and strongly built, with a handsome dark-skinned face and keen black eyes which betrayed his Southern origin. His manner was courteous and pleasant, and, in short, he seemed to his host and to those who frequented the tavern to be a thorough gentleman, "agreeable and diffuse in conversation, as he was extremely well informed in the lore of literature, as well as any and all parts of the globe, the governments of the different nations, the bearing of universal politics, and the balance of power between the different nations of Christendom."

Tavern discussions must have taken a wide range in those days. But in spite of the diffuseness of his talk, the stranger was careful not to mention the place whence he had come nor the nature of his business in the old Dutch town, matters of which mine host and the rest would no doubt have learned willingly. It was remarked, indeed, that when left to himself he became silent and abstracted, and that his face often wore a melancholy expression as he sat gazing into the open fire.

He remained several days at the old tavern, employing his time mainly in making short excursions, by means of which he gained a knowledge of the neighborhood. He visited many of the public houses in the vicinity, and especially that kept by "Pye the Englishman," on the road to Troy and Canada. Here on one or two occasions he passed the night, saying that his name was Johnson, and that his object was the selection and purchase of a house. John Pye and his good wife could not do too much for the pretended buyer of real estate, and he had every opportunity to acquaint himself with the disposition of the rooms and the location of the doors and windows, and to learn about what

sum was usually taken at the bar during the day. If he made a mental note of these things, he did so without taking Pye into his confidence, and departed as affably as he had come.

On the afternoon of the fourth day before Christmas he was observed cleaning a heavy and richly ornamented pair of pistols. When he had set them in order, he paid his reckoning, mounted his beautiful mare, and set off toward the north, which, he said, was the region of his destination. The tavern friends who watched him as he rode around the corner and disappeared little thought they were to hear more of him before morning.

About two miles south of the city stands a toll-gate, the keeper of which at that time was one Baker. An hour or two after the stranger had ridden away, professedly to the north, on the other side of the city, Mrs. Baker, who had been left by her husband in charge of the gate, saw a horseman come galloping down the road. She made ready to raise the gate, in order that the hasty wayfarer might pass without loss of time; but, to her surprise, when he came up he reined in his horse, which stood perfectly still without tying, leaped from his saddle, and advanced toward her, fiercely demanding the toll-money. Now, as it happened, the good woman had that very afternoon tied up the toll-money in a small bag kept for the purpose, and, as the robber pushed by her into the gate-house, she contrived to cast this bag under the front stoop, unperceived by him. At the same time she protested "with great earnestness and womanish simplicity" that her husband had but now carried the money to the city, to pay it over to the agent of the company. The man examined the drawer where the tolls were usually kept, and finding only a few shillings believed her story. Mounting his mare with a curse, he made off at full speed toward the city, northward this time in earnest, along

the road by which he had come, his fur mantle floating out behind him.

Thus in his first attempt the highwayman was balked by a woman. Turpin, had he been present, would not have let her go out of his sight for an instant, and, had he failed to obtain the booty, would have ridden away more slowly, lifting his three-cornered hat and paying the dame a smiling compliment as he went. That our hero failed in this shows that he was but an amateur, after all. Had he secured the gate-money he might have gone on his way satisfied, and so have escaped what afterward befell him; but he had been too ready to place confidence in the words of the woman, and, though a novice, he did not lack courage.

From the toll-gate he rode to an inn at Gibbonsville, some four or five miles north of the city. It is plain that he had it in mind to empty the till of landlord Goewey, but the dogs, of which a number were kept about the place, raised such an uproar with their barking that he was forced to abandon the attempt. Fortune was against him, but his case was desperate, and he turned his horse's head once more toward the city. Before Pye's tavern he paused, but, seeing lights within and hearing the voices of late guests, he rode slowly on again. A few rods beyond the tavern, in a field, stood a stack of hay. Turning in to this, the rider dismounted and waited, leaving his mare to nibble. It was hard upon midnight, and soon he had the satisfaction of perceiving that the lights were put out in the tavern and the voices had become quiet.

The young man crept up to a window opening into a back room, raised and secured it by thrusting a splinter between the sash and the casing, and softly stepped inside. His first move was to light the dark lantern which he had brought with him. Then with a pail of water he extinguished the coals which still glowed in the great fireplaces of

the kitchen and the front room. After this had been accomplished, no doubt with a beating heart, for he was but a beginner, he crept up the stairs leading to Pye's sleeping-room. The hostess, who had been up late attending to the wants of her guests, had but just fallen asleep, when she was roused by a voice calling upon her husband. Springing from her bed, she confronted the intruder, and demanded what he wanted at that late hour, in a place where he had no business.

"It is to your husband, madam, and not to his wife, that my business is addressed," muttered the stranger, shaking the sleeping Pye by the arm.

By his voice and figure she knew him to be the man who had called himself Johnson, and who had been in search of a house, but, being a prudent woman, she said nothing of this. Her husband had now waked, and in a peevish voice asked who was there, and what he wanted at such a time.

"Your money or your life I must have, and that immediately," answered the robber, in a stern voice.

Pye, thinking that he was the victim of some waggish young man from the city, who was merely trying to frighten him, replied boldly, "It's damned little money you'll get out of me, my lad; the thing is but indifferently plenty with me."

"Sir," answered the robber, "there's no jesting in this matter. I am in earnest, and not to be trifled with. Your money, or here is that which can make its own terms," and he pressed his pistol against the landlord's breast.

The poor man was silent and not a little alarmed. He knew that in a box under the foot of the bed lay five hundred dollars in gold coin, and that there was as much more in notes in the bureau close at hand. But when the robber commanded him to lead the way downstairs to the bar, he complied gladly, thinking to be quit of the affair for the

trifle that might happen to be there. In his agitation he forgot that his wife kept the key of the bar-room, as she kept all the other keys, and having arrived at the door, and finding it locked, the two were obliged to return to the upper story. Mrs. Pye, who had her wits about her, knew that this would be the case, and no sooner were their backs turned than she hastened across the hall to a room where two travelers were lying. Finding them sound asleep, she seized the one nearest her by the arm, and, being a woman of superior strength, brought him with one pull from his couch to the floor. Hurriedly whispering that the house was beset by a highwayman, and desiring him and his companion to help as best they could, she darted back into her own room, and waited as if she had never left it. As her husband and the robber came up, the two travelers whom she had warned opened their door and made as if they would interfere; but the muzzle of a pistol caused them to beat a hasty retreat, and for a time nothing more was heard of them.

"Wife, give me the key to the bar," said Pye; "we are set upon by a robber, and we must give up our money, or we may lose our lives."

"I will give the keys to thee nor to no man else," quoth she bravely.

"Nay, wife," he urged, "give them up, or worse may come."

"I will not," she replied again. "I will give the keys to thee nor no man living, I tell thee!" and with that she ran to the corner of the room, where there was a loaded gun.

It was an unlucky move. She had no sooner laid hold of the gun than the robber raised his pistol and shot her husband in the side. One of the bullets glanced on his ribs and fell to the floor, while the other passed through his left arm and buried itself in the wall close by where she stood. Nothing daunted, however, she cocked the piece and thrust

it into her husband's hands, crying, "Fire, Pye, fire, or he will kill thee! He is fumbling for his other pistol!"

"I cannot hold the gun," he groaned; "I am sore wounded in the arm."

At this she seized his hand and placed the barrel of the gun within it, supporting it and directing it toward the robber while he pulled the trigger. There was a deafening report, and the intruder fell, extinguishing his lantern as he went down.

Mrs. Pye's first thought was to procure a light, by which the exact position of affairs might be ascertained. As she groped her way to the door, she stumbled over the prostrate body of the robber, and concluded that he was dead. Obtaining a light from the coals below, for there had been a fire in her own parlor, which the robber had failed to put out, she returned with her candle to the scene of action, to find her husband lying in a faint on the bed where he had fallen, and the robber nowhere in sight.

The two travelers, whom the chronicler speaks of derisively as "bedroom knights," now ventured forth. By the marks of blood upon the walls and floor they traced the robber to a side door by which he had escaped, and they determined to set out at once for Albany for men to assist in his capture. This they did; but they had not gone far before they came upon the highwayman by the haystack, rolling in the snow, as if trying to stanch the flow of blood from his wound. The ball had taken effect in the back of his head, fracturing his skull. He could hardly have been in his right mind with such a wound, and that his brain was injured his subsequent actions plainly showed.

The two "bedroom knights" thought best not to disturb him, but left him rolling, and hastened on to the city. When they arrived they gave the alarm, shouting, "*A robber! A robber!*" at the top of their lungs. The night-clubs of the watch were soon heard on the pavement,

as they passed the alarm on from one to another, and in a few moments a considerable number of people had collected to listen to the story of the travelers. This was hurriedly told, and meantime the populace came running out of the adjacent streets, each man crying, "*A robber! A robber!*" as loud as he could. William Winne was the captain of the watch, a brave man, who had served in the Revolution, and who had performed several famous feats both in running from and running after the Indians. The speech which he is said to have delivered on this occasion was short and to the point. "Gentlemen of the watch and citizens of Albany," said he, "who among you all is willing to take part in the pursuit and apprehension of the robber? If there be any such, let them follow me!" And so saying he at once set out. But hardly had the crowd started when it was brought once more to a halt by the command of the wary captain, who had caught the sound of rapid hoof-beats approaching from the north. In a moment the horseman had burst upon them, hatless, with a bloody handkerchief bound about his head and his face spattered with blood. Again the cry of "*A robber! A robber!*" arose, but no man was found bold enough to stand before the furious horse and rider. The throng gave way to the right and left, and the highwayman dashed down the lane thus opened before him. One of the citizens did indeed strike at him with a heavy cane, as he passed, but he bent forward and escaped the blow. He had lost one of his pistols at Pye's, but drawing the other from its holster, he turned in his saddle and fired as he fled. The bullet went wide, and the weapon fell from his hand.

The street before him, which was parallel with the Hudson, was now open, and he might perhaps have escaped had he followed it. But instead of doing this he turned aside into another street, which cut across the first at a right angle,

and led to a wharf on the river front. Neither horse nor rider hesitated when they found the river before them. The leap which the mare made was talked of for years after. She struck full twenty feet from the edge of the wharf, upon the ice eight feet below. The citizens who had followed expected to see the ice give way beneath her feet; but it held, and soon both horse and rider had gained a little island in the midst of the stream, from which they made their way to the other shore, and climbed the steep slope. Here the highwayman might have turned to the right and followed the road to New York; but he was probably bewildered by his wound and the excitement of the chase, so that he took small note of his course. At any rate, he ignored the road, and dashed on across field and fence until he reached the wooded crest of the slope; and here, in the edge of the timber, he stopped to listen and to breathe his mare.

He soon found that if he would escape he had no time to lose, for the hue and cry of the pursuit came rolling toward him across the ice, and by the sounds he perceived that some of his followers were mounted. He turned, and plunged in among the tree-trunks; but his speed was slackened by the undergrowth and the deep snow, so that the pursuers gained on him every moment. One of them, who had outstripped the rest, came riding along a wood-road, hoping to capture the fugitive single-handed, and so win undying fame in the city. Suddenly the object of his search burst out through the bushes which fringed the way, and confronted him with a naked dagger which glittered in the gray of the morning. One glance at the pale and desperate face dissolved his courage. With a cry of terror, he wheeled his horse, dug his heels into its sides, and clattered off down the hill to the main band as if he had seen a ghost. In place of the honor he had sought he got only jeers and laughter.

The highwayman was as startled at the unexpected meeting as the other, and instead of following the open road he dashed recklessly into the woods again, making for a point where the dense foliage of some fir-trees seemed to promise concealment. Alas! as he had been before beguiled and thwarted by two women, he was now deceived by Nature herself. Just as he was on the point of reaching the friendly shelter of the pines he came upon a bog, in which his mare struggled and floundered for a moment, and finally sank to her body, throwing him over her head into the mire.

His pursuers had now reached the point where he had abandoned the road, and the bold Winne leaped from the saddle and continued the chase on foot; uttering as he went cries of astonishment at the wonderful strides of the mare in her last desperate burst for freedom. It was more than twenty feet between the hoof-marks in the snow. Being a fleet runner, the captain of the watch soon left the others behind, and presently came upon the highwayman, stretched at full length among the brown grasses of the bog. When the poor wretch heard the sound of footsteps, he raised himself to a sitting posture, clenched his dagger more firmly, and prepared to sell his life as dearly as he might. But Winne drew nearer, and with a fortunate blow of his staff of office sent his opponent's only remaining weapon spinning away into the snow. The latter now grasped the cudgel of his assailant, and with a desperate effort wrenched it away. As the plucky veteran sprang upon him, he was met with a half blow from the staff that dashed his front teeth into his mouth, "which he afterward took out at his leisure," remarks the historian. But in spite of the blow he succeeded in catching the knotted kerchief, which had slipped down about the highwayman's neck, and, twisting his fingers in this, he soon choked him into submis-

sion. It was the end of a gallant fight for liberty.

The others had now come up, and together they pinioned the captive's arms, drew the mare out of the mud, and led them both away down the hill and across the river to the town. As the triumphal procession passed through the narrow streets, many an exclamation of pity was uttered by the good housewives and their tender-hearted daughters, who viewed the scene from behind the curtains of their chamber windows underneath the peaked roofs. In truth, the young man presented a sorry spectacle, as he walked with bent head among his captors. His long black hair was stiff with gore, and his garments were splashed with blood and mire from head to heel. He was taken at once to the prison, and irons, attached to staples some distance from each other, were placed upon his ankles. "Iron me as you will," said he, "they can hold me but a short time." He meant that death would soon set him free, but his captors thought he intended to escape, and so placed additional manacles on his wrists, and fitted an iron band about his waist, by which he was chained to the wall. They would also have put a collar of iron about his neck, but this his wound prevented.

So he lay in prison, and hundreds came to view him, among them Mrs. Pye, who insisted on being admitted to his cell, with the intention of reproaching him for his barbarity. She found him lying face down on the bare stone floor, but he raised himself when he knew that his visitor was a woman.

"Johnson, don't you know me?" she asked, calling him by the name he had given.

"Indeed, madam, I do not," he replied.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Pye; "don't you know the woman whose apartment you entered a few nights since, and demanded money, and whose husband you have shot, so that I fear he will die of the wound?"

"My God, is he not déad, then?" cried the prisoner joyfully. "I thought I had killed him on the spot, though indeed I had not intended to do so. And are you the woman whom I have so deeply injured, and whose courage and address on that fatal night were so far beyond what is common to your sex? I bitterly deplore that adventure, and it has cost me my life, for the wound received from the shot of your gun is dreadful."

When she entered the prison Mrs. Pye had felt only hardness of heart toward the robber, but this speech, in which sincere repentance was mingled with admiration of her courage, and the feeling that she had been instrumental in reducing him to the present pass subdued her anger. She felt the natural sympathy of her sex overcome her. With streaming eyes, she condoled with the prisoner, and tried to draw from him his story. He refused to disclose his true name and whence he had come, though he admitted that his family was respectable, and that he regretted the disgrace he had brought upon them. At last, much moved, Mrs. Pye left him, begging to be allowed to bring him some few comforts and dainties, and promising to return soon, as he was very desirous to know whether her husband was

likely to recover. But before she had business in the city again the smith had filed away the prisoner's irons, and he had stretched himself on the bed where presently he died.

His body was given over to the doctors who had attended him, and one of them preserved his skeleton and hung it up in his cabinet; so that even after his death his fate bore some resemblance to that of certain of his famous predecessors whose bodies were hanged in chains.

Such is the history of the only American highwayman who has ever shown himself in any degree worthy of the name.

To this day his identity remains shrouded in mystery, but no doubt there hung in a secret closet in the mansion of some Virginia planter another skeleton, whose dry bones rattled whenever the name of a certain son was mentioned. As a stranger he came, and a stranger still he passed beyond the reach of human questioning; but had not the presence of mind of one woman, the courage of another, and the treachery of a swamp intervened, the Hudson valley might have had a highwayman whose exploits would have been sung in ballads and pictured in story-books to this day.

Robert H. Fuller.

THE FOURTH CANTO OF THE INFERNO.

THE power of Dante lies in his use of words. There are many great works of fiction where the interest lies in the situation and development of the characters or in the wrought-up climax of the action, and where it is necessary to read the whole work before one can feel the force of the catastrophe. But Dante's poem is a series of disconnected scenes, held together only by the

slender thread of the itinerary. The scenes vary in length from a line or two to a page or two; and the power of them comes, one may say, not at all from their connection with each other, but entirely from the language in which they are given.

A work of this kind presents great difficulties to the translator, because the verbal felicities, to use a mild term, of

any poem are essentially untranslatable. This may in some measure account for the dullness of translations of Dante. What English words, for instance, can render the mystery of that unknown voice that calls out of the deep, —

“Onorate l’altissimo poeta,
Torna sua ombra che era dipartita”?

The cry breaks upon the night, full of awful greeting, proclamation, prophecy, and leaves the reader standing next to Virgil, afraid now to lift up his eyes to the poet. Awe breathes in the cadence of the words themselves. And so with many of the most splendid lines in Dante, the meaning inheres in the very Italian words. They alone shine with the idea. They alone satisfy the spiritual vision. But for all this, Dante will always have plenty of translators. One cannot read him without thinking that if only these miraculous words could be exactly translated the effect would be great. His vivid fiery force of expression will probably to the end of time tempt persons of other nationalities to translate him; yet in all likelihood there will be no adequate translation of his poem until a poet very nearly as great as Dante shall set himself to the task.

Of all the greatest poets, Dante is most foreign to the genius of the English race. From the point of view of English-speaking people, he is lacking in humor. It might seem at first blush as if the argument of his poem were a sufficient warrant for seriousness; but his seriousness is of a nature strange to northern nations. There is in it a gaunt and sallow earnestness which appears to us inhuman.

In the treatment of the supernatural the Teutonic nations have generally preserved a touch of humor. This is so intrinsically true to the Teutonic way of feeling that the humor seems to go with and to heighten the terror of the supernatural. When Hamlet, in the scene on the midnight terrace, addresses the

ghost as “old mole,” “old truepenny,” etc., we may be sure that he is in a frenzy of excitement and apprehension. Perhaps the explanation of this mixture of humor and terror, of which many other instances might be given, is that when the mind feels itself shaken to its foundations by the immediate presence of the supernatural, palsied, as it were, with fear, there comes to its rescue, and as an antidote to the fear itself, a reserve of humor, almost of levity. Staggered by the unknown, the mind opposes it with the homely and the familiar. The northern nations were too much afraid of ghosts to take them seriously. The sight of one made a man afraid he should lose his wits if he gave way to his fright. Thus it has come about that in the sincerest terror of the north there is a touch of grotesque humor; and this touch we miss in Dante. The hundred cantos of his poem are unrelieved by a single scene of comedy. The strain of exalted tragedy is maintained throughout. His jests and wit are not of the laughing kind. Sometimes they are grim and terrible, sometimes playful, but always serious and full of meaning. This lack of humor becomes very palpable in a translation, where it is not disguised by the transcendent beauty of Dante’s style.

There is another difficulty peculiar to translating Dante into English. English is essentially a diffuse and prodigal language. The great English writers have written with a free hand, prolific, excursive, diffuse. Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Browning, all the typical writers of English, have been many-worded. They have been men who said everything that came into their heads, and trusted to their genius to make their writings readable. The eighteenth century in England, with all its striving after classical precision, has left behind it no great laconic English classic who stands in the first rank. Our own Emerson is con-

cise enough, but he is disconnected and prophetic. Dante is not only concise, but logical, deductive, prone to ratiocination. He set down nothing that he had not thought of a thousand times, and conned over, arranged, and digested. We have in English no prototype for such condensation. There is no native work in the language written in anything which approaches the style of Dante.

In translating a poem, the object is to make something that shall produce the effect, or some semblance of the effect, of the original. For those who have read the original no one can hope to do more than call up a reminiscence. Now, the form and metre of the original are the strongest means at the translator's command for getting a resemblance of some kind, at least an external resemblance; and he had need be a strong man who discards these in his translation. To translate a poem and reproduce it in a different metre is much as if one should transpose a piece of music from one instrument to another, and in so doing should change the time. It follows that a translation of Dante must be in *terza rima*, for the ear's sake: otherwise it will not give an echo of Dante. But the *terza rima* has never been domesticated into English. It is rare that we find the metre in English poetry, and the rhymes fall in a way which at first puzzles the mind. The progressive sets of rhymes, each overlapping the other, weave a texture of verse close-knit and flexible, which has been aptly compared to a coat of mail. The requirements of this poetical form are strict, and the reduction of any thought to rhymed lines of a given length is a task requiring patience and ingenuity, as any one who has ever tried to write a sonnet — and who has not? — can witness. The terseness of the original Italian words cannot in general be imitated by the employment of the corresponding cognate or derivative

words in English. Words of Latin origin, though the English tongue swarms with them, cannot be made to express the caustic sense of Dante. They are not close enough to the life of the language. And with the use of Saxon words comes an immense difficulty with the metre. Nothing can be farther from the linked sweetness of the Italian *terza rima* than the rough-hewn Saxon words. They end short, generally finishing in a consonant or two consonants, and they end very heterogeneously, so that rhymes are hard to find. In Italian almost all the rhymes are two-syllabled, for most Italian words are accented on the penultimate, and this feature of the language lends its aid in producing the native melody of the verse. In writing the following translation I have been especially conscious of its metrical shortcomings, some of which might perhaps have been avoided by a freer use of double rhymes.

My heavy sleep a sullen thunder broke,
So that I shook myself, springing upright,
Like one awakened by a sudden stroke,
And gazed with fixed eyes and new-rested sight
Slowly about me, — awful privilege, —
To know the place that held me, if I might.
In truth I found myself upon the edge
That girds the valley of the dreadful pit,
Circling the infinite wailing with its ledge.
Dark, deep, and cloudy, to the depths of it
Eye could not probe, and, though I bent mine
low,
It helped my vain conjecture not a whit.
“Let us go down to the blind world below,”
Began the poet, with a face like death.
“I shall go first, thou second.” “Say not so,”
Cried I when I again could find my breath,
For I had seen the whiteness of his face,
“How shall I come if thee it frighteneth?”
And he replied: “The anguish of the place
And those that dwell there thus hath painted
me
With pity, not with fear. But come apace;
The spur of the journey pricks us.” Thus did
he
Enter himself, and take me in with him,
Into the first great circle's mystery
That binds the deep abyss about the brim.

Here there came borne upon the winds to us,
Not cries, but sighs that filled the concave dim,

And kept the eternal breezes tremulous.
The cause is grief, but grief unlinked to pain,
That makes the unnumbered peoples suffer
thus.

I saw great crowds of children, women, men,
Wheeling below. "Thou dost not seek to
know

What spirits are these thou seest?" Thus
again

My master spoke. "But ere we further go,
Thou must be sure that these feel not the
weight

Of sin. They well deserved, — and yet not
so. —

They had not baptism, which is the gate
Of Faith, — thou holdest. If they lived before
The days of Christ, though sinless, in that state
God they might never worthily adore.

And I myself am such an one as these.
For this shortcoming — on no other score —
We are lost, and most of all our torment is
That lost to hope we live in strong desire."
Grief seized my heart to hear these words of
his,

Because most splendid souls and hearts of fire
I recognized, hung in that Limbo there.

"Tell me, my master dear, tell me, my sire,"
Cried I at last, with eager hope to share
That all-convincing faith, — "but went there
not

One, — once, — from hence, — made happy
though it were

Through his own merit or another's lot?"
"I was new come into this place," said he,
Who seemed to guess the purport of my
thought,

"When Him whose brows were bound with
Victory

I saw come conquering through this prison
dark.

He set the shade of our first parent free,
With Abel, and the builder of the ark,
And him that gave the laws immutable,
And Abraham, obedient patriarch,
David the king, and ancient Israel,
His father and his children at his side,
And the wife Rachel that he loved so well,
And gave them Paradise, — and before these
men

None tasted of salvation that have died."

We did not pause while he was talking then,
But held our constant course along the track,
Where spirits thickly thronged the wooded
glen.

And we had reached a point whence to turn back
Had not been far, when I, still touched with
fear,

Perceived a fire, that, struggling with the
black,

Made conquest of a luminous hemisphere.
The place was distant still, but I could see
Clustered about the fire, as we drew near,
Figures of an austere nobility.

"Thou who dost honor science and love art,
Pray who are these, whose potent dignity
Doth eminently set them thus apart?"
The poet answered me, "The honored fame
That made their lives illustrious touched the
heart

Of God to advance them." Then a voice there
came,

"Honor the mighty poet;" and again,
"His shade returns, — do honor to his name."
And when the voice had finished its refrain,
I saw four giant shadows coming on.

They seemed nor sad nor joyous in their mien.
And my good master said: "See him, my son,
That bears the sword and walks before the
rest,

And seems the father of the three, — that one
Is Homer, sovran poet. The satirist
Horace comes next; third, Ovid; and the last
Is Lucan. The lone voice that name expressed
That each doth share with me; therefore they
haste

To greet and do me honor; — nor do they
wrong."

Thus did I see the assembled school who
graced

The master of the most exalted song,
That like an eagle soars above the rest.
When they had talked together, though not
long,

They turned to me, nodding as to a guest.
At which my master smiled, but yet more high
They lifted me in honor. At their behest
I went with them as of their company,
And made the sixth among those mighty wits.

Thus towards the light we walked in colloquy
Of things my silence wisely here omits,
As there 't was sweet to speak them, till we
came

To where a seven times circled castle sits,
Whose walls are watered by a lovely stream.
This we crossed over as it had been dry,
Passing the seven gates that guard the same,
And reached a meadow, green as Arcady.

People were there with deep, slow-moving eyes
Whose looks were weighted with authority.
Scant was their speech, but rich in melodies.
The walls receding left a pasture fair,
A place all full of light and of great size,
So we could see each spirit that was there.
And straight before my eyes upon the green
Were shown to me the souls of those that
were,

Great spirits it exalts me to have seen.

Electra with her comrades I descried,
 I saw Æneas, and knew Hector keen,
 And in full armor Cæsar, gryphon-eyed,
 Camilla and the Amazonian queen,
 King Latin with Lavinia at his side,
 Brutus that did avenge the Tarquin's sin,
 Lucrece, Cornelia, Martia Julia,
 And by himself the lonely Saladin.

The Master of all thinkers next I saw
 Amid the philosophic family.
 All eyes were turned on him with reverent awe;
 Plato and Socrates were next his knee,
 Then Heraclitus and Empedocles,
 Thales and Anaxagoras, and he
 That based the world on chance; and next to
 these,
 Zeno, Diogenes, and that good leech

The herb-collector, Dioscorides.
 Orpheus I saw, Livy and Tully, each
 Flanked by old Seneca's deep moral lore,
 Euclid and Ptolemy, and within their reach
 Hippocrates and Avicenna's store,
 The sage that wrote the master commentary,
 Averois, with Galen and a score
 Of great physicians. But my pen were weary
 Depicting all of that majestic plain
 Splendid with many an antique dignity.

My theme doth drive me on, and words are vain
 To give the thought the thing itself conveys.
 The six of us were now cut down to twain.
 My guardian led me forth by other ways,
 Far from the quiet of that trembling wind,
 And from the gentle shining of those rays,
 To places where all light was left behind.

John Jay Chapman.

MARYLAND WOMEN AND FRENCH OFFICERS.

AMONG the old historic families of Maryland, none were more prominent in its social and political life at the period of the Revolution than the Ogles and Dulanys. Governor Samuel Ogle and the second Daniel Dulany married sisters, daughters of the Hon. Benjamin Tasker, who was for thirty years president of the Council, and at one time acting governor of the colony. Mrs. Samuel Ogle had been a widow many years, and her son, Benjamin Ogle, also a governor of Maryland at a later date, was at this time a young married man, living in Annapolis, with a gay and pretty wife, and thinking just then, possibly, more of society than of politics. He was quite in sympathy with the Revolution, however, and ready at need to give it his support. Not so his talented uncle, the famous Maryland jurist, Daniel Dulany, secretary of Maryland. In 1765 he had written a patriotic pamphlet against the Stamp Act, proving his liberal sentiments. But later, becoming engaged in a bitter political controversy with Charles Carroll of Carrollton, in 1773, the personal alienation from the

leaders of the Revolution in Maryland which grew out of this affair led him to be ranged, in 1776, with his country's enemies. The three children of Daniel Dulany and Rebecca Tasker were Daniel, Benjamin Tasker, and Ann. The first of these adopted the profession of his father, and, like him, was a loyalist. He died in England, leaving no heirs. His brother, Colonel Benjamin Tasker Dulany, threw himself into the Revolutionary cause with all the ardor of generous youth, and General Washington appointed him one of his aids. He removed to Shuter's Hill, Fairfax County, Virginia, becoming one of Washington's neighbors, and marrying, in Fairfax County, Elizabeth French, of Claremont. Washington, in one of his letters, speaks of this lady as "our celebrated fortune, whom half the world was in pursuit of."¹

William Eddis, an Englishman, who held office in Annapolis under Governor Eden, in his published letters, which

¹ Commodore French Forrest, late C. S. N., was a grandson of Colonel Benjamin Tasker Dulany.

give a vivid picture of Maryland's social life from 1769 up to the Revolution, tells how he found refuge, when Annapolis became too revolutionary for his comfort, at Daniel Dulany's beautiful country-seat, Hunting Ridge, about six miles from Baltimore. "I write to you," he says to his wife, November, 1776, "from one of the most delightful situations on the continent of America, where I have obtained an occasional retreat from the noise, the tumult, and the miseries of the public world. From the back piazza of our habitation we command a truly picturesque view into several fertile counties, a distant prospect of the Eastern Shore, the magnificent waters of the Chesapeake, and the river Patapsco from the entrance at the Bodkin Point to its apparent termination at the town of Baltimore. After this inadequate description I need not observe that we reside on a lofty eminence, where

'the air .
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.'

Here Ann Dulany, who shared the sentiments of her father and elder brother, spent part of her time during the Revolution, and bemoaned the changed aspect of society since her friends, the British, were no longer in the ascendant. She wrote to her cousin, Miss Lowndes, who lived near Bladensburg, on the 26th of October, 1780: "I am just returned from the race. Mamma and I went by way of amusement, and a poor affair it was; very different from the races in good times (as we Tories call them). What a strange mixture of Dutch, French, and every nation but the right [one]; quite a ribble-rabble. However, this is my secret opinion, my friend. I would not have it known for the world. I should be deemed a person void of taste."

Two other letters written from Hunting Ridge, in the following year, to the same correspondent, have been pre-

served, in which the Tory Ann betrays a good deal of political excitement:—

HUNTING RIDGE, February 3, 1781.

By what you tell me, my dear friend, at least three of my letters have been stopped by the inspectors. They were sent by our servants to the post office at Baltimore Town, and I am certain they went from there unmolested. It must have been between or *at* Annapolis, that Den of —. I hope Mr. Hambleton may make us a visit, though he will find this a very different place from the Wood Lands (his elegant seat), which that villain, J. Read, wanted to call his own. Poor fellow, he has been sadly persecuted. But even bad as this place is, in all probability we shall not have it in our power to remain here much longer, as I believe there is little doubt of the Confiscation Bill passing. These In . . . als should consider well, before they put this most infamous work into execution, the policy of such an act (humanity is out of the question); for, as somebody says, "though they have now the rein, it may not always be the case." However, S. C. [Samuel Chase?] can make his geese do anything. . . .

What a beautiful mixture bright red and a full orange must be! I am sure it must be French, for no other people under the sun could invent anything half so tawdry. Also hoops are the rage. Mamma has been giving me a description of one. They were fashionable many years ago. Aunt Lowndes will tell you what they are,—a very good match for the above colors. The cushion you were so obliging as to send me is *quite* the thing, and exactly as I would have wished. I wish I had it in my power not to be outdone in generosity.

I am determined for the future to direct to your papa in the most unlady-like manner, that it may pass without inspection. What a noble thing deception is! I wish I could learn the art.

I am wild to go to F^m Tn. I think it must be a little New York. . . .

Happiness attend you.

ANN DULANY.

“Mr. Hambleton” of the Woodlands was either Andrew or William Hamilton, of Pennsylvania. These brothers owned a handsome country-seat west of the Schnylkill, called the Woodlands, which at that time was considered the finest estate in the province. Andrew Hamilton married Abigail Franks, of Philadelphia, a Tory belle of that city. Her sister, Rebecca Franks, distinguished for her wit and social graces, afterwards the wife of a British officer, is often mentioned in the annals of the day.

March 6, 1781.

I have, my ever dear cousin, to return you thanks for two letters, both of which I should have answered sooner, but had not the good opportunity I now send this by. Give my love to your sister, and tell her I have no receipt for dieing [sic]; it is a mixture that I have had some time that I use on that occasion. And I also beg you will tell her that if she will trust me with a gown, or anything else (that is white), I shall have very particular pleasure in giving it the *fashionable hue*, or as many shades paler as she pleases. I am about dieing a calash for myself of the fashionable color. If she will direct the parcel by a careful hand to me, to the care of Mr. Clarke, merchant at Baltimore Town, it will be as safe as in her own drawer.

I am much obliged to you for poor dear André's epitaph, and do most ardently join in the wishes of the writer in regard to a certain very, very great personage. I like the comparison between him and Richard, — even Richard gains by it. The other has not feeling enough to have a *troubled mind*!

Mamma desires her love to my aunt and thanks her for the strawberries, and also to Mr. Stoddert for the trouble he

has been at. Apropos of Mr. S., tell *your little* sister, if I have not an invitation when a certain event takes place, woe be to her.

Papa is calling for this scrawl, or I should have scribbled on all sides. Farewell, my dear friend.

Believe me entirely yours,

ANN DULANY.

The “certain very, very great personage” was probably General Washington. Miss Seward, the Swan of Lichfield, in her Monody on Major André compares Washington to Nero.

Mrs. Benjamin Ogle wrote from Annapolis, in this same month of March, 1781, in quite a different strain from Tory Ann. The letter is to her husband's cousin, Ann Dulany's correspondent. “The town is so dull,” says this lively lady, “it would be intolerable were it not for the officers. I sometimes see them, but am not acquainted with many. I scarcely ever see or hear the name of a gentleman of our former acquaintance. 'T is all marquises, counts, etc. One very clever French colonel I have seen. I like the French better every hour. The divine Marquis de la Fayette is in town, and is quite the thing. We abound in French officers, and some of them very clever, particularly the colonel before mentioned. But the marquis, — so diffident, so polite, in short everything that is clever! I have seen one *tolerable* American among them, a Major Macpherson, one of the marquis's family; perhaps that has polished him. The British ships are still here, and a great number of boats, with the troops on board, are gone out to-day, and I expect every moment to hear the cannon. Everybody seems quite anxious to know the fate of this day.” Both ladies, Whig and Tory alike, were inclined to look down upon the soldier of home manufacture. Major Macpherson, the “tolerable American,” was from Philadelphia. He had received a military

training in the British army, joining the Continental troops in 1779. He was at this time serving as aid-de-camp to Lafayette. In March, 1781, Annapolis was blockaded by two British sloops of war, which for a time obstructed the progress of the forces under Lafayette, then on their way to Virginia. But, by a skillful manœuvre of the young commander, the English ships were led to believe the allies too strong for them, and they retreated.

In the fall of 1781 the Dulanys removed from Hunting Ridge to Baltimore, from which place Ann Dulany dates the rest of her letters. Meanwhile, America was rejoicing over the victory at Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis. Tory Ann makes no felicitations upon this event, but has slighting words for both Americans and French. She shows her goodness of heart, however, by her sympathy for Mrs. Washington in the loss of her son. She must have met young Jack Custis while a school-boy in Annapolis, and a lover of Nelly Calvert, Governor Eden's niece, whom he married in 1774. Now, after a few short years of wedded happiness and of honorable political service in the Virginia Assembly, John Custis was dead, a victim of camp fever at Yorktown. Ann Dulany writes:—

“I am very sorry for the death of Mr. Custis, but much more so for the sufferings of poor Mrs. Washington. Does not this prove, had we wanted a proof, that there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this world of uncertainty? I dare say, a few days before this accident happened, Mrs. Washington thought herself completely happy. I have heard he got the disorder of which he died by going into the British hospitals at York.

“There is just going past five hundred men from Virginia, on their way to the northwest. It is impossible they can be of any service, — nothing but *parade*. Lord Cornwallis must laugh at such

poor creatures. It was the French that did everything. But, do what they will, even the Whigs dislike them. There are several in this place, but very little notice taken of them.”

Ann was to change her opinion of the French a little later. But at first there were none to compare with the “dear Britains,” as she called them. She declared she would not give one for all the French nobles she had seen in “Baltimore Town;” and Sir William Draper was “superior in everything to all.” He and Sir Robert Eden were her models of fine gentlemen. The former had visited America in 1769, and spent some time in New Berne, North Carolina, where he wrote a Latin inscription for the famous executive mansion in that town. He was an accomplished man, and had crossed swords in controversy with the formidable Junius in defense of the Marquis of Granby. While in America he had married a New York lady. He was made subsequently lieutenant-governor of Minorca. Ann Dulany had probably met him frequently at her father's house in Annapolis. Here also she had known and admired Governor Eden. Mrs. Eden had brought over, in 1768, a letter to Ann Dulany's aunt, Mrs. Lowndes, from Barbara Bladen, a first cousin of the Tasker sisters on her father's side, as on her mother's she was related in the same degree to Lord Baltimore's daughter, Jane Calvert, the wife of Robert Eden. “Without prejudice I do say,” wrote Ann Dulany to Miss Lowndes, “I would not give one dear Britain for the whole tribe [of Frenchmen]. The formidable Count Dillon that there has been such a work about you have seen; should he be named in the same century with our old acquaintance Sir Robert Eden?” One of Ann's cousins was the object of her unmerciful raillery. This was Robert Bladen Carter, son of Councilor Carter, of Nomini, in Virginia. The latter was a wealthy Virginia planter, and

a worthy representative of the Old Dominion both in character and attainments, as well as a man of fine personal appearance, as his portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds gives evidence. But his son and namesake did not resemble him, it would seem. Ann Dulany compares her "cousin Bob" to the Viscount de Rochambeau, a son of General Rochambeau, and lieutenant-colonel of one of the French regiments, who, it appears, did not meet with the Tory lady's approbation. "I did not imagine," she writes, "till I saw Viscount de Rochambeau, there had been anything on earth like our cousin Bob. I think there is a great resemblance between them."

One of the unique features of social life in America during the Revolution was the presence of the French officers. As early as 1777 quite a number came over to the colonies, some as mere soldiers of fortune, others with the enthusiasm for liberty which inspired the chivalric Lafayette. In Judge Iredell's biography there is an entertaining notice of a party of Frenchmen who were in Edenton, North Carolina, in 1777, and offered their services to the government of that State. Chief among them were Pucheu, Noirmont de la Neuville, and La Tours. The two brothers, the Chevalier de la Neuville and Noirmont, did gallant service later in the Continental army. While in Edenton they gave a ball to the ladies, but the provincial belles were rather shy of the foreign beaux. Noirmont de la Neuville became quite intimate with James Iredell, who was a good French scholar, and could converse with him in his own language. On his departure he sent a letter to Iredell with the present of a book, and in his quaint English he adds:—

"j take upon myself to offer your lovely niece another, entitled the Art of Loving, though written in French; j rely upon you about the translation of this witty poem. Besides, you shall think as j, that it is convenient of pre-

senting the art of loving to which possesses the art of pleasing. j am, with the sentiments of the most lively gratitude," etc.

Charles Armand Tufin, Marquis de la Rouerie, was another French officer who came over in this year, and was appointed a colonel in the Continental service. Armand's legion suffered severely at Camden in 1780, and three years later Colonel Armand received the rank of brigadier-general. He passed with his command through Maryland in 1783, and afterwards wrote his thanks to the governor for the courteous treatment they had met with, taking occasion at the same time to compliment the Maryland line. In 1780 Count de Rochambeau, with his troops, landed at Newport, Rhode Island, and remained in America for two years and a half. Many of the first nobles of France were among the officers of this army, and to enumerate them is to call up a vision of the *ancien régime*, of the courtiers and fine gentlemen who graced the salons of France in the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. and his fascinating, beautiful queen. There were the Counts Christian and William de Deux Points, the Count de Custine, the Viscount de Chartres, the Viscount de Noailles, brother-in-law of Lafayette, the Baron and the Count de Viomenil, the Count de Dumas, the Count de Segur, the Chevalier de Lameth, and Count Arthur Dillon. Chief among Rochambeau's officers, in the romantic interest attaching to his name through its connection later with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was the handsome and amiable Swede, Count Axel de Fersen. Afterwards, in memoirs and travels, the Duke de Lauzun, Chastellux, and others of these gay and accomplished men recalled their American life in more or less complimentary colors.

Going to and from Virginia in 1781, the memorable year of Yorktown, the French troops passed through Baltimore

and Annapolis, and at other times some of the officers must have visited these two places and enjoyed the gayeties they afforded. The Abbé Robin, a chaplain in Rochambeau's army, was struck with the appearance of wealth and luxury in Maryland's little capital. He thought the ladies very extravagant, and he writes: "Female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France. A French hairdresser is a man of importance amongst them; and it is said a certain dame here hires one of that craft at one thousand crowns a year." One of these luxury-loving dames of Annapolis, doubtless, was the wife of Benjamin Ogle, the pretty Quakeress, Henrietta Hill. She had doffed gray gowns and sober fashions on her marriage, in 1770, with a young gentleman who loved society, it would seem, as much as she did, and she became one of the leaders of the *ton* in the important small city, which was to be for a brief period a federal as well as a state capital.

The marriage certificate of Governor Benjamin Ogle and Miss Hill is still preserved by one of their descendants, and runs in this wise:—

September 13, 1770.

I hereby certify, That by permission of Licence, granted by his Excellency Robert Eden Esq: Governor and Commander-in-chief in and over the Province of Maryland; Benjamin Ogle and Henry [sic] Margaret Hill were this day lawfully married together, according to the Form and Manner prescribed in the Liturgy of the Church of England.

DAV. LOVE,

Rector of Allhallows,
Anne Arundel County.

But to return to Ann Dulany, who, though still enamored of her English friends, was beginning to look with a more gracious eye upon the sons of France.

BALTIMORE TOWN, *December 29, 1781.*

Your agreeable (but short letter without a date), my dear cousin, I received yesterday by the post. Why in the name of goodness did you not (as you once intended) write to me by the British officer? A letter even from an indifferent correspondent by such an opportunity would have been welcome; judge, then, what a treat yours must have been.

A few days ago I had the pleasure of three French gentlemen (real gentlemen) to drink tea with me. One of them was a Count Somebody with a hard name; a very elegant man of fashion, one might see it at once. He holds his commission under the French king, and not under King Con. Also a youth of sixteen, who is the best performer on the violin without exception I ever heard. He was on board the ship that captured Lord Rawdon. He told us in broken English that Madam Doyl is a sweet lady, and that he could not tell how much he loved the British prisoners, and that he cried like an infant when they parted.

What a pity it is that every nation on earth show more liberality than our poor infatuated countrymen! Lord Cornwallis, I am told, has sent many acceptable presents to the French commander in Virginia, with a polite letter thanking him and the French officers in general for their many civilities, but not a *word to others*.

There have been petitions on petitions for and against the playhouse. I have nothing to do with petitions, but I have done all in my power to contribute my part. L'Argeau is to have my harpsichord, and they talk of having part of Lord Cornwallis's band. If so, there still will be wanting another thing to make it perfect—and you are that *very thing*. . . . I have scarcely left room to tell my dearest cousin how affectionately I am hers.

Adieu.

ANN DULANY.

P. S. If ever you have an opportunity of writing by a British officer, I beg you to write. I have inclosed for your perusal an epitaph on Angel André. Let Mrs. Stewart see it, and return it in your next.

BALTIMORE TOWN, *March 22, 1782.*

I am so charmed with the last evening's entertainment, and so much fatigued with sitting up till two o'clock in the morning (a very late hour for me), and my head is crammed with what I saw and heard. You must know this ball was given in honor of Saint Patrick; and as the managers knew that we were allied to this old saint, we were favored with an invitation several days before it happened. In the first place, the British band played a hundred new and elegant tunes. You know my passion for music (I need say nothing of the British). The whole affair was conducted with the utmost decorum, every delicacy on the table that can be imagined, infinitely superior (with sorrow I say it) to anything I have seen these six years. You would be surprised, my friend, to see the behavior and dress of the girls of this assembly. The *polite* end of the town have cause for envy (for you must know this ball was at Fell's Point). There is a Miss Steele, who I wish you could see, as I know you are fond of looking at pretty things. She has, without exception, the finest face I ever saw; in the Plater style, but without art or affectation.

The playhouse continues to be crowded every night. There had like to have been much mischief occasioned by a party of young fellows who were very drunk at the last play, but, by the mediation of friends, it is managed to the satisfaction of all. I saw a Frenchman next day, and said to him, "There was a fight last night." He laughed very much, and said, "They made lady *fright*, but no blood, madame. Upon my word, they did very great things,"

said the little Frenchman, and away he tripped.

Mamma joins me in affectionate love.

Ever yours, ANN DULANY.

BALTIMORE TOWN, *April 14, 1782.*

MY DEAR COUSIN, — I am extremely obliged to you for your kind inquiries after the health of my dear brother. Mr. Cheston, who left London in October, informs us that he left him well and as happy as any person could be in his situation. But as he knows everything is inspected before it reaches us [he] declined writing.

Our old acquaintance, Dick Tilghman, is returned to England possessed of amazing wealth. And what is much to his credit, he boasts that it was all obtained with *clean hands*. He has wrote to his father to draw for a thousand a year, which he assures him can be paid without the least inconvenience. I never admired Dick so much in my life, though I always had a regard for him. It is not for his riches, but for his liberality and gratitude to a worthy father. If it were possible (and I was a man) to take his profession, I never would rest till I went to India and followed his noble example.

I am glad to hear my aunt Ogle is well. I do not wonder at her wishing to spend the Holy Days with her friends, or at her wishing to return, for surely any place on earth must be preferable to America.

Several Frenchmen visit me, and I find them agreeable. They are all easy and polite, and ready to oblige. They say the Tories are the people of fashion, at least, and they love and pity them for all their great sufferings. This is French flattery, some may think. But I beg leave to differ with all such. Because, when we reflect on their great loyalty and attachment to their king (and love for all kings in general), and their very great contempt for the rulers of *this land*, I believe them sincere. . . .

Remember me to all. With sincere affection,
Yours,

ANN DULANY.

I wish you would write nonsense, as I do, and then your letters would not be so short.

French flattery was winning over the fair Ann, and she ends at last by marrying a Frenchman. In 1783-84 the war was over, and the foreign troops were leaving America, while the Tories were coming back, and society was shaping itself anew under the changed conditions of peace times. More than one of America's patriot daughters, no doubt, felt that a pleasant element was passing out of their midst with the departure of the amiable, fraternizing Frenchmen; and Tory Ann acknowledges, at last, their power to charm. She writes, May 4, 1783:—

“I have felt myself in a very awkward situation for several days past. The cause is parting with the French officers that were intimately acquainted with us, and many of them most valuable acquaintances. I often wish myself as senseless as the paper I am writing on, but to no purpose.”

Congress met at Annapolis in 1783, and here Washington resigned his command. The Maryland Assembly was also in session, and the little town was very gay. There were still a few Frenchmen lingering on the scenes. Major-General du Portail and Brigadier-General Armand were in Annapolis memorializing Congress on the subject of their pay and that of the officers under them. The Chevalier d'Annemours, consul-general of France in the States of Maryland, Virginia, etc., was holding conferences with a committee of the Maryland Assembly. The Chevalier de la Luzerne, the successor as French envoy to Gérard de Rayneval, was attending the session of Congress, and writing home to his government reports which should prove interesting material for the future histo-

rian. General Mifflin, the president of Congress, though a Philadelphian, was much at home in Maryland, where his stepmother, the wife of John Beale Bordley, was living at the latter's beautiful and cultivated estate on Wye Island.

Among the returned loyalists at Annapolis at this time were Robert Eden, the late governor, and Henry Harford, the last lord proprietary of Maryland. The following undated letter of Henrietta Ogle's to her cousin, Miss Lowndes, was evidently written in this winter of 1783-84:—

This cruel weather has prevented me for some time hearing from my dear Miss Lowndes, but I hope it is now growing more moderate, and that people will soon travel about a little. But when the roads will be fit for you to come to Annapolis I know not.

I assure you the town is very agreeable. The minister has been about two weeks here, and two agreeable men with him, and a gay French officer, General Armand, with whom I danced last night at a ball where there were sixty ladies. Our friend was there in scarlet and gold, and looked like himself. You know I always thought him superior to most. We supped with him two nights ago, a snug party. Generally dine once a week with the president. The last time was day before yesterday, with forty. I must lay down my pen for some time, as I am told the prettiest fellow in the world is below, to whom I hope soon to introduce you.

The above was written yesterday, when I thought to have finished my letter, but was engaged in the evening to Mrs. Thomson, who has a tea-party every Saturday. Sometimes there will be thirty; however, it was a small one last night. I came home early, and had Mr. Harford and Mr. Smith to supper. Sir Robert at Strawberry Hill. . . .

Mr. Ogle says this is such stuff, don't

read it. He is as fat — and quite the beau ; never happy but in a party. . . .

Our tender love attend you all.

Very sincerely yours,

H. OGLE.

This moment a card to drink tea at Mr. Harford's.

“ Our friend in scarlet and gold ” was evidently Sir Robert Eden, who seems to have been staying at Strawberry Hill, the residence of Richard Sprigg, in Anne Arundel County, near Annapolis. Sir Robert was in Maryland for the purpose of recovering some of his property. He died while in this country, and was buried under the pulpit of an old church two or three miles from Annapolis, probably the same Allhallows where Mrs. Ogle was married. Henrietta Ogle survived her husband, who died in 1809, and lived to a ripe old age. One among her many descendants, Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, an accomplished gentleman and lover of art, will be remembered in connection with the interesting collection presented to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, which bears his name. A lovely portrait of his mother, Ann Ogle, daughter of Governor Benjamin and Henrietta Ogle, painted by Gilbert Stuart, is conspicuous among the family pictures in the Tayloe room. A

volume of Benjamin Ogle Tayloe's letters and essays, published by his widow for private circulation, contains a good deal that is characteristic and curious in relation to a generation that is passing away.

Ann Dulany married M. Delaserre, of whom her relatives in America at the present day seem to know nothing beyond the fact of his nationality. They went to England to live, probably on account of the troubles of the French Revolution. The only child of Mrs. Delaserre became the wife of Sir John Hunter, physician to the queen. She died childless, and bequeathed a large fortune to one of the Dulanys of Virginia, a descendant of Daniel Dulany's patriot son, Colonel Benjamin Tasker Dulany. From Lady Hunter also came across the sea, to the young relative who bore her mother's maiden name, the bequest of many valuable jewels. But when the jewel cases arrived, they were found to be filled with sets of pinchbeck and glass, the precious stones having all been stolen. Only two rings, a magnificent diamond and a carved ruby, reached their destination. The little heiress, then but nine years old, married later her cousin of the same name, and a son of this marriage now enjoys the fortune of Ann Dulany's daughter.

Kate Mason Rowland.

THE HIDDEN GRAVE.

THEY put you into a coffin, my sweet,
And buried it in the clay ;
They trampled the earth above with their feet,
And left it and went away.

But oh, in my living heart you lie, —
My loving heart, with its roses ;
Our souls there meet, they kiss and they sigh,
And no one this grave discloses.

A. R. Grote.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

XII.

THERE was a great tinkling of teaspoons the other evening, when I took my seat at the table, where all The Teacups were gathered before my entrance. The whole company arose, and the Mistress, speaking for them, expressed the usual sentiment appropriate to such occasions. "Many happy returns" is the customary formula. No matter if the object of this kind wish is a centenarian, it is quite safe to assume that he is ready and very willing to accept as many more years as the disposing powers may see fit to allow him.

The meaning of it all was that this was my birthday. My friends, near and distant, had seen fit to remember it, and to let me know in various pleasant ways that they had not forgotten it. The tables were adorned with flowers. Gifts of pretty and pleasing objects were displayed on a side table. A great green wreath, which must have cost the parent oak a large fraction of its foliage, was an object of special admiration. Baskets of flowers which had half unpeopled greenhouses, large bouquets of roses, fragrant bunches of pinks, and many beautiful blossoms I am not botanist enough to name had been coming in upon me all day long. Many of these offerings were brought by the givers in person: many came with notes as fragrant with good wishes as the flowers they accompanied with their natural perfumes.

How old was I, The Dictator, once known by another equally audacious title, — I, the recipient of all these favors and honors? I had cleared the eight-barred gate, which few come in sight of, and fewer, far fewer, go over, a year before. I was a trespasser on the domain belonging to another generation.

The children of my coevals were fast getting gray and bald, and *their* children beginning to look upon the world as belonging to them, and not to their sires and grandsires. After that leap over the tall barrier, it looks like a kind of impropriety to keep on as if one were still of a reasonable age. Sometimes it seems to me almost of the nature of a misdemeanor to be wandering about in the preserve which the fleshless gamekeeper guards so jealously. But, on the other hand, I remember that men of science have maintained that the natural life of man is nearer fivescore than threescore years and ten. I always think of a familiar experience which I bring from the French *cafés*, well known to me in my early manhood. One of the illustrated papers of my Parisian days tells it pleasantly enough.

A guest of the establishment is sitting at his little table. He has just had his coffee, and the waiter is serving him with his *petit verre*. Most of my readers know very well what a *petit verre* is, but there may be here and there a virtuous abstainer from alcoholic fluids, living among the bayberries and the sweet ferns, who is not aware that the words, as commonly used, signify a small glass — a very small glass — of spirit, commonly brandy, taken as a *chasse-café*, or coffee-chaser. [This drinking of brandy, "neat." I may remark by the way, is not quite so bad as it looks. Whiskey or rum taken unmixed from a *tumbler* is a knock-down blow to temperance, but the little thimbleful of brandy, or Chartreuse, or Maraschino, is only, as it were, tweaking the nose of teetotalism.] Well, — to go back behind our brackets, — the guest is calling to the waiter, "*Garçon! et le bain de pieds!*" Waiter! and the foot-bath! — The little glass stands in a small tin saucer or

shallow dish, and the custom is to more than fill the glass, so that some extra brandy runs over into this tin saucer or cup-plate, to the manifest gain of the consumer.

Life is a *petit verre* of a very peculiar kind of spirit. At seventy years it used to be said that the little glass was full. We should be more apt to put it at eighty in our day, while Gladstone and Tennyson and our own Whittier are breathing, moving, thinking, writing, speaking, in the green preserve belonging to their children and grandchildren, and Bancroft is keeping watch of the gamekeeper in the distance. But, returning resolutely to the *petit verre*, I am willing to concede that all after fourscore is the *bain de pieds*, — the slopping over, so to speak, of the full measure of life. I remember that one who was very near and dear to me, and who lived to a great age, so that the ten-barred gate of the century did not look very far off, would sometimes apologize in a very sweet, natural way for lingering so long to be a care and perhaps a burden to her children, themselves getting well into years. It is not hard to understand the feeling, never less called for than it was in the case of that beloved nonagenarian. I have known few persons, young or old, more sincerely and justly regretted than the gentle lady whose memory comes up before me as I write.

Oh, if we could all go out of flower as gracefully, as pleasingly, as we come into blossom! I always think of the morning-glory as the loveliest example of a graceful yielding to the inevitable. It is beautiful before its twisted corolla opens; it is comely as it folds its petals inward, when its brief hours of perfection are over. Women find it easier than men to grow old in a becoming way. A very old lady who has kept something, it may be a great deal, of her youthful feelings, who is daintily cared for, who is grateful for the at-

tentions bestowed upon her, and enters into the spirit of the young lives that surround her, is as precious to those who love her as a gem in an antique setting, the fashion of which has long gone by, but which leaves the jewel the color and brightness which are its inalienable qualities. With old men it is too often different. They do not belong so much indoors as women do. They have no pretty little manual occupations. The old lady knits or stitches so long as her eyes and fingers will let her. The old man smokes his pipe, but does not know what to do with his fingers, unless he plays upon some instrument, or has a mechanical turn which finds business for them.

But the old writer, I said to The Teacups, as I say to you, my readers, labors under one special difficulty, which I am thinking of and exemplifying at this moment. He is constantly tending to reflect upon and discourse about his own particular stage of life. He feels that he must apologize for his intrusion upon the time and thoughts of a generation which he naturally supposes must be tired of him, if they ever had any considerable regard for him. Now, if the world of readers hates anything it sees in print, it is apology. If what one has to say is worth saying, he need not beg pardon for saying it. If it is not worth saying — I will not finish the sentence. But it is so hard to resist the temptation! That terrible line beginning "Superfluous lags the veteran" is always repeating itself in his dull ear.

What kind of audience or reading parish is a man who secured his constituency in middle life, or before that period, to expect when he has reached the age of threescore and twenty? His coevals have dropped away by scores and tens, and he sees only a few units scattered about here and there, like the few heads above the water after a ship has gone to pieces. Does he write and publish for those of his own time c?

life? He need not print a large edition. Does he hope to secure a hearing from those who have come into the reading world since his coevals? They have found fresher fields and greener pastures. Their interests are in the outdoor, active world. Some of them are circumnavigating the planet while he is hitching his rocking-chair about his hearth-rug. Some are gazing upon the pyramids while he is staring at his andirons. Some are settling the tariff and fixing the laws of suffrage and taxation while he is dozing over the weather bulletin, and going to sleep over the obituaries in his morning or evening paper.

Nature is wiser than we give her credit for being; never wiser than in her dealings with the old. She has no idea of mortifying them by sudden and wholly unexpected failure of the chief servants of consciousness. The sight, for instance, begins to lose something of its perfection long before its deficiency calls the owner's special attention to it. *Very probably, the first hint we have of the change is that a friend makes the pleasing remark that we are "playing the trombone," as he calls it; that is, moving a book we are holding backward and forward, to get the right focal distance. Or it may be we find fault with the lamp or the gas-burner for not giving so much light as it used to. At last, somewhere between forty and fifty, we begin to dangle a jaunty pair of eye-glasses, half plaything and half necessity. In due time a pair of sober, business-like spectacles bestrides the nose. Old age leaps upon it as his saddle, and rides triumphant, unchallenged, until the darkness comes which no glasses can penetrate. Nature is pitiless in carrying out the universal sentence, but very pitiful in her mode of dealing with the condemned on his way to the final scene. The man who is to be hanged always has a good breakfast provided for him.

Do not think that the old look upon

themselves as the helpless, hopeless, forlorn creatures which they seem to young people. Do these young folks suppose that all vanity dies out of the natures of old men and old women? A dentist of olden time told me that a good-looking young man once said to him, "Keep that incisor presentable, if you can, till I am fifty, and then I sha'n't care how I look." I venture to say that that gentleman was as particular about his personal appearance and as proud of his good looks at fifty, and many years after fifty, as he was in the twenties, when he made that speech to the dentist.

My dear friends around the teacups, and at that wider board where I am now entertaining, or trying to entertain, my company, is it not as plain to you as it is to me that I had better leave such tasks as that which I am just finishing to those who live in a more interesting period of life than one which, in the order of nature, is next door to decrepitude? Ought I not to regret having undertaken to report the doings and sayings of the members of the circle which you have known as *The Teacups*?

Dear, faithful reader, whose patient eyes have followed my reports through these long months, you and I are about parting company. Perhaps you are one of those who have known me under another name, in those far-off days separated from these by the red sea of the great national conflict. When you first heard the tinkle of the teaspoons, as the table was being made ready for its guests, you trembled for me, in the kindness of your hearts. I do not wonder that you did, — I trembled for myself. But I remembered the story of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who was seen all of a tremor just as he was going into action. "How is this?" said a brother officer to him. "Surely you are not afraid?" "No," he answered, "but my flesh trembles at the thought of the dangers into which my intrepid spirit will carry me."

I knew the risk of undertaking to carry through a series of connected papers. And yet I thought it was better to run that risk, more manly, more sensible, than to give way to the fears which made my flesh tremble as did Sir Cloudesley Shovel's. For myself the labor has been a distraction, and one which came at a time when it was needed. Sometimes, as in one of those poems recently published, — the reader will easily guess which, — the youthful spirit has come over me in such a rush of young blood that it has surprised me as much as the slaughtered Duncan's manifestation surprised Lady Macbeth. To repeat one of my comparisons, it was as if an early fruit had ripened on a graft upon an old, steady-going tree, to the astonishment of all its later-maturing products. I should hardly dare to say so much as this if I had not heard a similar opinion expressed by others.

Once committed to my undertaking, there was no turning back. It is true that I had said I might stop at any moment, but after one or two numbers it seemed as if there were an informal pledge to carry the series on, as in former cases, until I had completed my dozen instalments.

Writers and speakers have their idiosyncrasies, their habits, their tricks, if you had rather call them so, as to their ways of writing and speaking. There is a very old and familiar story, accompanied by a feeble jest, which most of my readers may probably enough have met with in Joe Miller or elsewhere. It is that of a lawyer who could never make an argument without having a piece of thread to work upon with his fingers while he was pleading. Some one stole it from him one day, and he could not get on at all with his speech, — he had lost the thread of his discourse, as the story had it. Now this is what I myself once saw. It was at a meeting where certain grave matters

were debated in an assembly of professional men. A speaker, whom I never heard before or since, got up and made a long and forcible argument. I do not think he was a lawyer, but he spoke as if he had been trained to talk to juries. He held a long string in one hand, which he drew through the other hand incessantly, as he spoke, just as a shoemaker performs the motion of waxing his thread. He appeared to be dependent on this motion. The physiological significance of the fact I suppose to be that the flow of what we call the nervous current from the thinking centre to the organs of speech was rendered freer and easier by the establishment of a simultaneous collateral nervous current to the set of muscles concerned in the action I have described.

I do not use a string to help me write or speak, but I must have its equivalent. I must have my paper and pen or pencil before me to set my thoughts flowing in such form that they can be written continuously. There have been lawyers who could think out their whole argument in connected order without a single note. There are authors — and I think there are many — who can compose and finish off a poem or a story without writing a word of it until, when the proper time comes, they copy what they carry in their heads. I have been told that Sir Edwin Arnold thought out his beautiful "Light of Asia" in this way.

I find the great charm of writing consists in its surprises. When one is in the receptive attitude of mind, the thoughts which are sprung upon him, the images which flash through his consciousness, are a delight and an excitement. I am impatient of every hindrance in setting down my thoughts, — of a pen that will not write, of ink that will not flow, of paper that will not receive the ink. And here let me pay the tribute which I owe to one of the humblest but most serviceable of my assis-

tants, especially in poetical composition. Nothing seems more prosaic than the stylographic pen. It deprives the handwriting of its beauty, and to some extent of its individual character. The brutal communism of the letters it forms covers the page it fills with the most uniformly uninteresting characters. But, abuse it as much as you choose, there is nothing like it for the poet, for the imaginative writer. Many a fine flow of thought has been checked, perhaps arrested, by the ill behavior of a goose-quill. Many an idea has escaped while the author was dipping his pen in the inkstand. But with the stylographic pen, in the hands of one who knows how to care for it and how to use it, unbroken rhythms and harmonious cadences are the natural products of the unimpeded flow of the fluid which is the vehicle of the author's thoughts and fancies. So much for my debt of gratitude to the humble stylographic pen. It does not furnish the proper medium for the correspondence of intimates, who wish to see as much of their friends' personality as their handwriting can hold,—still less for the impassioned interchange of sentiments between lovers; but in writing for the press its use is open to no objection. Its movement over the paper is like the flight of a swallow, while the quill pen and the steel pen and the gold pen are all taking short, laborious journeys, and stopping to drink every few minutes.

A chief pleasure which the author of novels and stories experiences is that of becoming acquainted with the characters he draws. It is perfectly true that his characters must, in the nature of things, have more or less of himself in their composition. If I should seek an exemplification of this in the person of any of my Teacups, I should find it most readily in the one whom I have called Number Seven,—the one with the squinting brain. I think that not only I, the writer, but many of my read-

ers, recognize in our own mental constitution an occasional obliquity of perception, not always detected at the time, but plain enough when looked back upon. What extravagant fancies you and I have seriously entertained at one time or another! What superstitious notions have got into our heads and taken possession of its empty chambers,—or, in the language of science, seized on the groups of nerve-cells in some of the idle cerebral convolutions!

The writer, I say, becomes acquainted with his characters as he goes on. They are at first mere embryos, outlines of distinct personalities. By and by, if they have any organic cohesion, they begin to assert themselves. They can say and do such and such things; such and such other things they cannot and must not say or do. The story-writer's and play-writer's danger is that they will get their characters mixed, and make A say what B ought to have said. The stronger his imaginative faculty, the less liable will the writer be to this fault; but not even Shakespeare's power of throwing himself into his characters prevents many of his different personages from talking philosophy in the same strain and in a style common to them all.

You will often observe that authors fall in love with the imaginary persons they describe, and that they bestow affectionate epithets upon them which it may happen the reader does not consider in any way called for. This is a pleasure to which they have a right. Every author of a story is surrounded by a little family of ideal children, as dear to him, it may be, as are flesh-and-blood children to their parents. You may forget all about the circle of Teacups to which I have introduced you,—on the supposition that you have followed me with some degree of interest; but do you suppose that Number Five does not continue as a presence with me, and that my pretty Delilah has left me forever because she is going to be married?

No, my dear friend, our circle will break apart, and its different members will soon be to you as if they had never been. But do you think that I can forget them? Do you suppose that I shall cease to follow the love (or the loves; which do you think is the true word, the singular or the plural?) of Number Five and the young Tutor who is so constantly found in her company? Do you suppose that I do not continue my relations with the "cracked Teacup," — the poor old fellow with whom I have so much in common, whose counterpart, perhaps, you may find in your own complex personality?

I take from the top shelf of the hospital department of my library — the section devoted to literary cripples, imbeciles, failures, foolish rhymesters, and silly eccentrics — one of the least conspicuous and most hopelessly feeble of the weak-minded population of that intellectual almshouse. I open it and look through its pages. It is a story. I have looked into it once before, — on its first reception as a gift from the author. I try to recall some of the names I see there: they mean nothing to me, but I venture to say the author cherishes them all, and cries over them as he did when he was writing their history. I put the book back among its dusty companions, and, sitting down in my reflective rocking-chair, think how others must forget, and how I shall remember, the company that gathered about this table.

Shall I ever meet any one of them again, in these pages or in any other? Will the cracked Teacup hold together, or will he go to pieces, and find himself in that retreat where the owner of the terrible clock which drove him crazy is walking under the shelter of the high walls? Has the young Doctor's crown yet received the seal which is Nature's warrant of wisdom and proof of professional competency? And Number Five and her young friend the Tutor, — have

they kept on in their dangerous intimacy? Did they get through the *tutto tremante* passage, reading from the same old large edition of Dante which the Tutor recommended as the best, and in reading from which their heads were necessarily brought perilously near to each other?

It would be very pleasant if I could, consistently with the present state of affairs, bring these two young people together. I say *two* young people, for the one who counts most years seems to me to be really the younger of the pair. That Number Five foresaw from the first that any tenderer feeling than that of friendship would intrude itself between them I do not believe. As for the Tutor, he soon found where he was drifting. It was his first experience in matters concerning the heart, and absorbed his whole nature as a thing of course. Did he tell her he loved her? Perhaps he did, fifty times; perhaps he never had the courage to say so outright. But sometimes they looked each other straight in the eyes, and strange messages seemed to pass from one consciousness to the other. Will the Tutor ask Number Five to be his wife; and if he does, will she yield to the dictates of nature, and lower the flag of that fortress so long thought impregnable? Will he go on writing such poems to her as "The Rose and the Fern" or "I Like You and I Love You," and be content with the pursuit of that which he never can attain? That is all very well on the "Grecian Urn" of Keats, — beautiful, but not love such as mortals demand. Still, that may be all, for aught that we have yet seen.

"Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal, — yet do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

.

“ More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 Forever warm, and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting and forever young ! ”

And so, good-bye, young people, whom we part with here. Shadows you have been and are to my readers ; very real you have been and are to me, — as real as the memories of many friends whom I shall see no more.

As I am not in the habit of indulging in late suppers, the reader need not think that I shall spread another board and invite him to listen to the conversations which take place around it. If, from time to time, he finds a slight refection awaiting him on the sideboard, I hope he may welcome it as pleasantly as he has accepted what I have offered him from the board now just being cleared.

It is a good rule for the actor who manages the popular street drama of Punch not to let the audience or spectators see his legs. It is very hard for the writer of papers like these, which are now coming to their conclusion, to keep his personality from showing itself too conspicuously through the thin disguises of his various characters. As the show is now over, as the curtain has fallen, I appear before it in my proper person, to address a few words to the friends who have assisted, as the French say, by their presence, and as we use the word, by the kind way in which they have received my attempts at their entertainment.

This series of papers is the fourth of its kind which I have offered to my readers. I may be allowed to look back upon the succession of serial articles which was commenced more than thirty years ago, in 1857. “ The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table ” was the first of the series. It was begun without the least idea what was to be its course and its outcome. Its characters shaped themselves gradually as the manuscript

grew under my hand. I jotted down on the sheet of blotting paper before me the thoughts and fancies which came into my head. A very odd-looking object was this page of memoranda. Many of the hints were worked up into formal shape, many were rejected. Sometimes I recorded a story, a jest, or a pun for consideration, and made use of it or let it alone as my second thought decided. I remember a curious coincidence, which, if I have ever told in print, — I am not sure whether I have or not, — I will tell over again. I mention it, not for the pun, which I rejected as not very edifying and perhaps not new, though I did not recollect having seen it.

Mulier, Latin for woman ; why apply that name to one of the gentle but occasionally obstinate sex ? The answer was that a woman is (sometimes) more mulish than a mule. Please observe that I did not like the poor pun very well, and thought it rather rude and inelegant. So I left it on the blotter, where it was standing when one of the next numbers of “ Punch ” came out and contained that very same pun, which must have been lit upon by some English contributor at just about the same time I fell upon it on this side of the Atlantic. This fact may be added to the chapter of coincidences which belongs to the first number of this series of papers.

The “ Autocrat ” had the attraction of novelty, which of course was wanting in the succeeding papers of similar character. The criticisms upon the successive numbers as they came out were various, but generally encouraging. Some were more than encouraging ; very high-colored in their phrases of commendation. When the papers were brought together in a volume their success was beyond my expectations. Up to the present time the “ Autocrat ” has maintained its position. An immortality of a whole generation is more than most

writers are entitled to expect. I venture to think, from the letters I receive from the children and grandchildren of my first set of readers, that for some little time longer, at least, it will continue to be read, and even to be a favorite with some of its readers. *Non omnis moriar* is a pleasant thought to one who has loved his poor little planet, and will, I trust, retain kindly recollections of it through whatever wilderness of worlds he may be called to wander in his future pilgrimages. I say "poor little planet." Ever since I had a ten-cent look at the transit of Venus, a few years ago, through the telescope in the Mall, the earth has been wholly different to me from what it used to be. I knew from books what a speck it is in the universe, but nothing ever brought the fact home like the sight of the sister planet sailing across the sun's disk, about large enough for a buckshot, not large enough for a full-sized bullet. Yes, I love the little globule where I have spent more than fourscore years, and I like to think that some of my thoughts and some of my emotions may live themselves over again when I am sleeping. I cannot thank all the kind readers of the "Autocrat" who are constantly sending me their acknowledgments. If they see this printed page, let them be assured that a writer is always rendered happier by being told that he has made a fellow-being wiser or better, or even contributed to his harmless entertainment. This a correspondent may take for granted, even if his letter of grateful recognition receives no reply. It becomes more and more difficult for me to keep up with my correspondents, and I must soon give it up as impossible.

"The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" followed immediately on the heels of the "Autocrat." The Professor was the *alter ego* of the first personage. In the earlier series he had played a secondary part, and in this second series no great effort was made to create

a character wholly unlike the first. The Professor was more outspoken, however, on religious subjects, and brought down a good deal of hard language on himself and the author to whom he owed his existence. I suppose he may have used some irritating expressions, unconsciously, but not unconscientiously, I am sure. There is nothing harder to forgive than the sting of an epigram. Some of the old doctors, I fear, never pardoned me for saying that if a ship, loaded with an assorted cargo of the drugs which used to be considered the natural food of sick people, went to the bottom of the sea, it would be "all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes." If I had not put that snapper on the end of my whip-lash, I might have got off without the ill temper which my antithesis provoked. Thirty years set that all right, and the same thirty years have so changed the theological atmosphere that such abusive words as "heretic" and "infidel," applied to persons who differ from the old standards of faith, are chiefly interesting as a test of breeding, being seldom used by any people above the social half-caste line. I am speaking of Protestants; how it may be among Roman Catholics I do not know, but I suspect that with them also it is a good deal a matter of breeding. There were not wanting some who liked the Professor better than the Autocrat. I confess that I prefer my champagne in its first burst of gaseous enthusiasm; but if my guest likes it better after it has stood awhile, I am pleased to accommodate him. The first of my series came from my mind almost with an explosion, like the champagne cork; it startled me a little to see what I had written, and to hear what people said about it. After that first explosion the flow was more sober, and I looked upon the product of my winepress more coolly. *Continuations* almost always sag a little. I will not say that of my own second effort, but if

others said it, I should not be disposed to wonder at or to dispute them.

"The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" came some years later. This series of papers was not so much a continuation as a resurrection. It was a doubly hazardous attempt, made without any extravagant expectations, and was received as well as I had any right to anticipate. It differed from the other two series in containing a poem of considerable length, published in successive portions. This poem holds a good deal of self-communing, and gave me the opportunity of expressing some thoughts and feelings not to be found elsewhere in my writings. I had occasion to read the whole volume, not long since, in preparation for a new edition, and was rather more pleased with it than I had expected to be. An old author is constantly rediscovering himself in the more or less fossilized productions of his earlier years. It is a long time since I have read the "Autocrat," but I take it up now and then and read in it for a few minutes, not always without some degree of edification.

These three series of papers, "Autocrat," "Professor," "Poet," are all studies of life from somewhat different points of view. They are largely made up of sober reflections, and appeared to me to require some lively human interest to save them from wearisome didactic dulness. What could be more natural than that love should find its way among the young people who helped to make up the circle gathered around the table? Nothing is older than the story of young love. Nothing is newer than that same old story. A bit of gilding here and there has a wonderful effect in enlivening a landscape or an apartment. Napoleon consoled the Parisians in their year of defeat by gilding the dome of the Invalides. Boston has glorified her State House and herself at the expense of a few sheets of gold leaf laid on the dome, which shines like a sun in the eyes

of her citizens, and like a star in those of the approaching traveller. I think the gilding of a love-story helped all three of these earlier papers. The same need I felt in the series of papers just closed. The slight incident of Delilah's appearance and disappearance served my purpose to some extent. But what should I do with Number Five? The reader must follow out her career for himself. For myself, I think that she and the Tutor have both utterly forgotten the difference of their years in the fascination of intimate intercourse. I do not believe that a nature so large, so rich in affection, as Number Five's is going to fall defeated of its best inheritance of life, like a vine which finds no support for its tendrils to twine around, and so creeps along the ground from which nature meant that love should lift it. I feel as if I ought to follow these two personages of my sermonizing story until they come together or separate, to fade, to wither, — perhaps to die, at last, of something like what the doctors call *heart-failure*, but which might more truly be called *heart-starvation*. When I say *die*, I do not mean necessarily the death that goes into the obituary column. It may come to that. In one or both; but I think that, if they are never united, Number Five will outlive the Tutor, who will fall into melancholy ways, and pine and waste, while she lives along, feeling all the time that she has cheated herself of happiness. I hope that is not going to be their fortune, or misfortune. *Vieille fille fait jeune mariée*. What a youthful bride Number Five would be, if she could only make up her mind to matrimony! In the mean time she must be left with her lambs all around her. May Heaven temper the winds to them, for they have been shorn very close, every one of them, of their golden fleece of aspirations and anticipations.

I must avail myself of this opportunity to say a few words to my distant

friends who take interest enough in my writings, early or recent, to wish to enter into communication with me by letter, or to keep up a communication already begun. I have given notice in print that the letters, books, and manuscripts which I receive by mail are so numerous that if I undertook to read and answer them all I should have little time for anything else. I have for some years depended on the assistance of a secretary, but our joint efforts have proved unable, of late, to keep down the accumulations which come in with every mail. So many of the letters I receive are of a pleasant character that it is hard to let them go unacknowledged. The extreme friendliness which pervades many of them gives them a value which I rate very highly. When large numbers of strangers insist on claiming one as a friend, on the strength of what he has written, it tends to make him think of himself somewhat indulgently. It is the most natural thing in the world to want to give expression to the feeling the loving messages from far-off unknown friends must excite. Many a day has had its best working hours broken into, spoiled for all literary work, by the labor of answering correspondents whose good opinion it is gratifying to have called forth, but who were unconsciously laying a new burden on shoulders already aching. I know too well that what I say will not reach the eyes of many who might possibly take a hint from it. Still I must keep repeating it before breaking off suddenly and leaving whole piles of letters unanswered. I have been very heavily handicapped for many years. It is partly my own fault. From what my correspondents tell me, I must infer that I have established a dangerous reputation for willingness to answer all sorts of letters. They come with such insinuating humility, — they cannot bear to intrude upon my time, they know that I have a great many calls upon it, — and incontinently pro-

ceed to lay their additional weight on the load which is breaking my back.

The hypocrisy of kind-hearted people is one of the most painful exhibitions of human weakness. It has occurred to me that it might be profitable to reproduce some of my unwritten answers to correspondents. If those which were actually written and sent were to be printed in parallel columns with those mentally formed but not written out responses and comments, the reader would get some idea of the internal conflicts an honest and not unamiable person has to go through, when he finds himself driven to the wall by a correspondence which is draining his vocabulary to find expressions that sound as agreeably, and signify as little, as the phrases used by a diplomatist in closing an official communication.

No. 1. Want my autograph, do you? And don't know how to spell my name! An *a* for an *e* in my middle name. Leave out the *l* in my last name. Do you know how people hate to have their names misspelled? What do you suppose are the sentiments entertained by the Thompsons with a *p* towards those who address them in writing as Thomson?

No. 2. Think the lines you mention are by far the best I ever wrote, hey? Well, I did n't write those lines. What is more, I think they are as detestable a string of rhymes as I could wish my worst enemy had written. A very pleasant frame of mind I am in for writing a letter, after reading yours!

No. 3. I am glad to hear that my namesake, whom I never saw and never expect to see, has cut another tooth; but why write four pages on the strength of that domestic occurrence?

No. 4. You wish to correct an error in my Broomstick poem, do you? You give me to understand that Wilmington is not in Essex County, but in Middlesex. Very well; but are they separated by *running water*? Because if they are not, what could hinder a witch from

crossing the line that separates Wilmington from Andover, I should like to know? I never meant to imply that the witches made no excursions beyond the district which was more especially their seat of operations.

I might go on in this way with my correspondents to an indefinite extent. But I wish to take the opportunity to make certain emendations in that same Broomstick poem. It was written somewhat hastily, and sent off with some imperfections and omissions. After the first two lines the first paragraph should read thus:—

They hanged them high. — No use! No use!
 What cares a witch for a hangman's noose?
 They buried them deep, but they would n't lie
 still,
 For cats and witches are hard to kill;
 They swore they should n't and would n't
 die, —
 Books say they did, but they lie! they lie!

Then there were a few lines which were left out by mere accident, in copying the poem for the press. They should come in after the paragraph that describes the scenery through which we summer residents in Beverly and Manchester are in the habit of driving.

Who would not, will not, if he can,
 Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —
 Rest in the bowers that her bays enfold,
 Loved by the sachems and squaws of old?
 Home where the white magnolias bloom,
 Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume,
 Hugged by the woods and kissed by the sea,
 Where is an Eden like to thee?

As I come towards the end of this task which I had set myself, I wish, of course, that I could have performed it more to my own satisfaction and that of my readers. This is a feeling which almost every one must have at the conclusion of any work he has undertaken. A common and very simple reason for this disappointment is that most of us overrate our capacity. We expect more of ourselves than we have any right to, in virtue of our endowments. The figurative descriptions of the last Grand

Assize must no more be taken literally than the golden crowns, which we do not expect or want to wear on our heads, or the golden harps, which we do not want or expect to hold in our hands. Is it not too true that many religious sectaries think of the last tribunal complacently, as the scene in which they are to have the satisfaction of saying to the believers of a creed different from their own, "I told you so"? Are not others oppressed with the thought of the great returns which will be expected of them as the product of their great gifts, the very limited amount of which they do not suspect, and will be very glad to learn, even at the expense of their self-love, when they are called to their account? If the ways of the Supreme Being are ever really to be "justified to men," to use Milton's expression, every human being may expect an exhaustive explanation of himself. No man is capable of being his own counsel, and I cannot help hoping that the ablest of the archangels will be retained for the defence of the worst of sinners. He himself is unconscious of the agencies which made him what he is. Self-determining he may be, if you will, but who determines the self which is the proximate source of the determination? Why was the A self like his good uncle in bodily aspect and mental and moral qualities, and the B self like the bad uncle in look and character? Has not a man a right to ask this question in the here or in the hereafter, — in this world or in any world in which he may find himself? If the Allwise wishes to satisfy his reasonable and reasoning creatures, it will not be by a display of elemental convulsions, but by the still small voice, which treats with him as a dependent entitled to know the meaning of his existence, and if there was anything wrong in his adjustment to the moral and spiritual conditions of the world around him to have full allowance made for it. No melodramatic display of warring ele-

ments, such as the white-robed Second Adventist imagines, can meet the need of the human heart. The thunders and lightnings of Sinai terrified and impressed the more timid souls of the idolatrous and rebellious caravan which the great leader was conducting, but a far nobler manifestation of divinity was that when "the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."

I find the burden and restrictions of rhyme more and more troublesome as I grow older. There are times when it seems natural enough to employ that form of expression, but it is only occasionally; and the use of it as the vehicle of the commonplace is so prevalent that one is not much tempted to select it as the medium for his thoughts and emotions. The art of rhyming has almost become a part of a high-school education, and its practice is far from being an evidence of intellectual distinction. Mediocrity is as much forbidden to the poet in our days as it was in those of Horace, and the immense majority of the verses written are stamped with hopeless mediocrity.

When one of the ancient poets found he was trying to grind out verses which came unwillingly, he said he was writing

INVITA MINERVA.

Vex not the Muse with idle prayers, —
She will not hear thy call;
She steals upon thee unawares,
Or seeks thee not at all.

Soft as the moonbeams when they sought
Endymion's fragrant bower,
She parts the whispering leaves of thought
To show her full-blown flower.

For thee her wooing hour has passed,
The singing birds have flown,
And winter comes with icy blast
To chill thy buds unblown.

Yet though the woods no longer thrill
As once their arches rung,
Sweet echoes hover round thee still
Of songs thy summer sung.

Live in thy past; await no more
The rush of heaven-sent wings;
Earth still has music left in store
While Memory sighs and sings.

I hope my special Minerva may not always be unwilling, but she must not be called upon as she has been in times past. Now that the teacups have left the table, an occasional evening call is all that my readers must look for. Thanking them for their kind companionship, and hoping that I may yet meet them in the now and thens of the future, I bid them good-bye for the immediate present.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RELIEF OF SUITORS IN FEDERAL COURTS.

"READING with a hop, skip, and a jump" is a phrase invented by a great jurist to describe his method of scanning the pages of the multiplied law reports of the present time; but perhaps it is more descriptive of the method which laymen adopt in glancing at any article relating to a legal topic. I wish to arrest the attention of such readers by saying at the outset that this pa-

per is prepared for the laity, upon the express assumption and with the deep conviction that there are imperative reasons why all good citizens should concern themselves about the subject. "Although," as the late Justice Matthews said, "it excites little public interest, yet it involves great public interests."

The question may be asked: "If there

are abuses in the administration of justice. why do not the lawyers have them rectified? They have a great, frequently a controlling influence in legislation. Why do they not attend to the matter?" I answer briefly: The bar is composed of two classes, — working lawyers and those who are in politics. Archbishop Whately has pointed out with admirable precision the partial disqualification of the former for law reform in "the constant habit of fixing the thought on what the law is, and withdrawing it from the irrelevant question of what the law ought to be." The professional intellect becomes subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand. Lawyers of this class are proverbially conservative. They have no strong reason, as business men, to put themselves to trouble in the matter of securing expedition in the administration of the law. While it is true of most judicial controversies that both sides believe they are in the right, it is also true that one side or the other distinctly prefers the policy of delay, and recognizes an advantage in it. When, therefore, the lawyer hears the curses, loud and deep, of his impatient clients, the preferences of other clients, perhaps equal in number and value, who are fighting with Fabian tactics, make a complete stand-off; and he feels that the law's delay is both bad and good. As for the political lawyers, they have their hands full of politics, and have no time, if they had inclination, to bestir themselves in behalf of law reform.

The result of these facts has been injurious to the legal profession. Professor Bryce, whose general accuracy in his account of our institutions is so freely admitted, traces a decline in the standing and influence of the profession since the days when De Tocqueville wrote of the aristocracy of the bar. The chief reason of this decline is doubtless to be found in the fact that the American people — with a certain amount of jus-

tice — hold the legal profession responsible for the delay and failure in the administration of law; or if they do not distinctly apply the doctrine of responsibility, yet the bar has suffered in public estimation from the inevitable association of ideas connecting it with the inefficient administration of justice. Few things in America have escaped the glorification of Fourth of July sentiment; but if any forlorn, sporadic patriot has ever "pointed with pride" to the celerity and cheapness and certainty of our judicial procedure, I have never heard of him. It is not gratifying to national or professional complacency to find Lord Coleridge, on the occasion of his visit to this country, expressing his amazement at the universal concession that justice went faster in England than here.

The grievance of public opinion against the administration of the law is not the miscarriage, but the delay, of justice. It is a significant fact that in Magna Charta the pledge against the sale, the denial, and the delay of justice is given concurrently, as if the three abuses were of equal enormity. And are they not, in fact, equal? The sale of justice involves greater corruption than its delay, and the denial of justice implies greater outrage; but they result alike in the defeat of justice. To delay justice is but to deny it by keeping the promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope. To delay justice to one suitor is but to sell it to his adversary. It is perhaps a more significant fact than the conjunction of this guaranty against the three abuses that the delay of justice forms the climax of the demand of the barons at Runnymede: "Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus rectum vel justitiam." It is possible that they regarded the last as the chief of the three evils, because they saw that it was the most likely to occur, and the least likely to be redressed. If this be true, it was a curious confirmation of their prescience that the sale of justice by Bacon and the

denial of justice by Jeffreys brought indignant protest and timely rebuke, while the suitor-eide delays of Eldon were endured for a quarter of a century. So, in this country, corruption or maladministration in judicial procedure would be followed by swift-handed retribution; but delays which amount to positive injustice, and which are so serious as easily to be used by one litigant to force his adversary into a surrender of his rights, have been permitted by public indifference to exist for the last twenty years in the highest and greatest court of our country. The Supreme Court is not responsible for them and cannot help them. The judges have done faithfully and with utmost assiduity as hard work as their great capacity, high training, and unremitting diligence render possible within human limitations. Chief Justice Waite, in his last public utterance, protested against giving to the measures designed to remove the existing causes of delay the name of "Relief of the Supreme Court." "That," said he, "is a most deceptive misnomer. . . . What is needed is relief for the people against the ruinous consequences of the tedious and oppressive delays which, as the law now stands, are necessarily attendant on the final disposition of very many of the suits in the courts of the United States, because of the overcrowded and constantly increasing docket of the Supreme Court. It is the people that need relief, not the court."

"Justice," said Webster, "is the greatest interest of man on earth." The American people may base a demand upon their law-makers for a rational, efficient, and timely administration of justice upon grounds wholly disconnected with the interests and rights of individual suitors, and wholly independent of the possible selfish interest which every citizen necessarily has in such a demand on account of the fact that he may at some time have a personal stake

in some litigation. This ground has been admirably stated by Mr. Depew: "As the country increases in population, in wealth, in crowded communities, in vast combinations of labor and capital, in the elements which, in any disintegration of society from wrongs or corruptions, come together for the overthrow of existing institutions, the salvation of our lives and property, of our families and homes, of our rights and liberties, of our civilization itself, depends more and more upon a judicial system which commands the respect and confidence of the masses."

The platforms of all the organizations that represent existing disaffection and agitation contain protests against the "unjust delays and technicalities of the law." The lawyer usually regards such utterances with a fine scorn. "Technicalities," he declares, "are great principles in the disguise of concrete forms." But two recent publications, in which certain absurd technicalities of the common law procedure in criminal cases are pointed out as serious obstructions in the administration of law, are worthy of note. These strictures emanate, not from Jack Cade *redivivus*, but from Benjamin H. Brewster and Augustus H. Garland, in their official reports as Attorney-Generals of the United States. It is not well when the weapons with which disaffection can assail the administration of justice are forged by hands such as these. But Congress has never paid the slightest attention, so far as the calendar or the statute-book shows, to their weighty recommendations.

The chief evil of a purely public character in the existing condition of affairs is the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States, — the most august tribunal, not only of our country, but of the world, coördinate with the legislative and executive departments of the government, the cynosure of the nation's eye, the one American institution which is the admitted envy of English and

Continental publicists, — this grand tribunal is coming to represent in the popular mind, not the majesty of the law, but its inefficiency and paralysis. The people at large cannot discriminate so clearly as to avoid the natural association of the idea of delay in the court with the court itself. This not only brings a grievous injustice upon the judges themselves, but it is an unspeakable misfortune that the wholesome and conservative influence which should be exerted by this great court upon popular opinion is thus impaired, if not wholly lost.

In his address on Truth at the Bar, Chief Justice Bleckley delivered a solemn warning when he declared: "There is a clamor abroad for justice, — for justice of substance; and legislators, the courts, the bar, and the people may prepare to administer it on a system of procedure adequate to modern demand, or else to witness, in stolid imbecility, attempts, more and more numerous, more and more desperate, to clutch it by the rude hand of violence."

In the storm and stress of pending social agitations, the American people will have need to appeal to the sentiment of "reverence for law." Woe unto us if disaffected agitators can retort *with truth*, "Your law is not worthy of reverence"!

Assuming that demonstration has been made of the public nature of the interests involved, it is gratifying to be able to point out certain conditions which are favorable to the redress of the existing grievances. The celebration of the centennial of the organization of the Supreme Court, in February, attracted general attention to this ordinarily unobtrusive department of government. Its function as the living voice of the Constitution, its utility as the balance wheel of the government, its distinction as the unique and crowning glory of republican institutions, were all impressed upon the public mind in the masterly

presentation of eminent speakers; and along with all this was the ever-present recognition of the fact that the delays of causes upon the overcrowded docket of the court had become so grievous as to be oppressive. Mr. Justice Field, who represented the court in the principal address, insisted earnestly on the necessity of some relief for suitors. He said: —

"The calendar of the present term exceeds 1500. Something must be done to prevent delays. To delay justice is as pernicious as to deny it. One of the most precious articles of the Magna Charta was that in which the king declared that he would not deny or delay to any man justice or right. And, assuredly, what the barons of England wrung from their monarch the people of the United States will not refuse to any suitor for justice in their tribunals."

The other favorable condition to which reference was made is the existing state of political parties. Without doubt, the political reason has been the chief obstruction in the way of necessary legislation up to the present time. So long as the Senate and the President were Republican, the Senate was energetic in the matter. At every session bills were framed, and several times were passed. But they met indifference and death in the Democratic House. However, when the House and the President were in political accord, the Representatives became at once keenly alive to the urgency of the situation, and put the necessary legislation in shape; but the Senate had now forgotten all about its former convictions, and ignored the subject. This would be amusing if it were not scandalous; but there is one valuable compensation in this chapter of the history of parties, namely: both parties have placed themselves in such an attitude towards the subject that each stands committed to the legislation whenever political harmony of the Executive, Senate, and House makes it possible to

secure it; and the adversary party in such case has cut itself off from the opportunity of objection. With what show of fairness or consistency, for instance, could the Democratic lawyers who were so eager to organize and equip the new courts necessary to secure relief now oppose the measure? In legal parlance, they are *estopped*. Doubtless they relish the situation which relieves them from political pressure and partisan considerations; for all true lawyers are trained to be lovers of justice, and feel in their hearts that the right to have justice is higher than any question of party advantage.

It would therefore seem that circumstances have conspired to make the necessary legislation possible, and to some extent probable. But the competition for the attention of Congress is exceedingly fierce. Matters standing upon merit alone are likely to be crowded aside for those in which private interests and party policy bring to bear the pressure of urgent insistence. The suitors whose rights and interests are directly involved are too few to make themselves felt among sixty millions of people. They are scattered and unorganized, so that no unity of action among them is conceivable. Hence there is a vital importance in enlisting public opinion in behalf of the necessary legislation upon those broad grounds of public welfare which have been stated in this plea for the quickening of non-professional thought.

The judicial power of the United States is vested by the Constitution in one Supreme Court, and such inferior courts as Congress shall from time to time ordain and establish. The inferior courts established in pursuance of this power are District and Circuit Courts. The country is divided into sixty-five judicial districts and nine judicial circuits.

The federal judicial power extends to cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States, and treaties

made under their authority; cases affecting ambassadors and other public ministers and consuls; cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; controversies in which the United States shall be a party; controversies between two or more States, between a State and citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State claiming lands under the grants of different States, and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens and subjects. The Supreme Court has original jurisdiction (by which is meant that cases are brought in the first instance into that court) of all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party. Of all other cases the Supreme Court has only appellate jurisdiction from the inferior courts, with such exceptions and under such regulations as Congress may make.

An analysis of the class of cases to which the federal judicial power extends shows the existence of two distinct grounds upon which that jurisdiction was conferred: (1.) The nature of the question involved. (2.) The status of the parties. In the former class belong the cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States; in the latter, as one instance, cases between citizens of different States. The jurisdiction in the former class of cases rests upon the fact that the federal tribunal is the fit and proper tribunal for the determination of federal questions. In the latter, it rests upon the fact that, by reason of local influence or prejudice, the non-resident suitor might not obtain justice before a court or jury of the vicinage.

The jurisdiction growing out of the judicial power of the United States is distributed as follows: The District Courts have cognizance principally of cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction, and of certain offenses against

the laws of the United States. The Circuit Courts have original jurisdiction of all other cases to which the judicial power of the United States extends, and certain appellate jurisdiction from the District Courts. It will be seen that the Circuit Courts are the principal sources of original jurisdiction; and hence Circuit Courts have been established in nearly all of the judicial districts. Hence, also, inasmuch as there are only nine Circuit judges, it is necessary that the District judges should be empowered to hold the Circuit Courts. A term of the Circuit Court may be held by a District judge alone, or a Circuit judge alone, or by the Supreme Court justice assigned to the Circuit; or by any two or by all three of these judges. (Not much can be said for the coherency of a system which permits such variations.) In point of fact, the Supreme Court justices are engaged for so long a period each year in holding the term of the Supreme Court that they are able to do very little work in the Circuit Courts. The Circuit judges have such immense territories that they can at best bestow only a limited attendance upon the most important of their courts. The result is that, practically, the business of the Circuit Courts is done by the District judges sitting alone. Their decisions as such are not reviewable as a matter of right by the Circuit judge or Circuit justice; and in cases involving less than the jurisdictional amount (\$5000), and not involving a federal question, are not reviewable at all.

In order to ascertain the facts upon this and the kindred topics discussed in this paper, I prepared a circular letter, containing various inquiries, and addressed it to the clerks of the Circuit and District Courts. The responses to the letter were general, indicating a willingness on the part of the officers of the courts to furnish all the information within their power. They were fairly representative, having been received from all

parts of the United States, and from courts in which the business was large as well as those in which it was small.

One question in the circular was: "Estimating the number of weeks your court is in session, what proportion of that time, during the last five years, has the Circuit judge presided in the court with the District judge? During the same period, make the same answer as to the Circuit justices."

The average of all replies shows that the Circuit judges are present *one ninth* of the time. Many answers are like these: "The Circuit judge has not been here in four years." "The Circuit judge has been here eight days since 1870." "The Circuit judge is here three or four days per annum." The answers relative to the Circuit justices of course show still less frequent attendance at the Circuit Courts.

Another question in the circular was as follows: "In what proportion of cases, involving less than \$5000, tried by the District judges sitting alone as a Circuit Court, does the Circuit judge or the Circuit justice preside in motions for a new trial? In few or many? In one tenth? One fifth? One half?"

The average of replies received shows that the Circuit judge presides in about one tenth of such cases. Only one answer in the entire series states that the Circuit judge presides in as many as one half of the cases. A careful examination of the first twenty volumes of the Federal Reporter shows that more than one half of the cases in which citizenship gives jurisdiction involve less than the jurisdictional amount for an appeal. So that, putting the facts together, one judge administers the law in eight ninths of all the cases in the lower Federal Courts, and is the final arbiter of the rights of parties in nine tenths of more than one half of all such cases.

Now, the right of parties to a rehearing, on appeal or by writ of error, before

some other tribunal than that by which cases are heard in the first instance, is a part of the common law. It has become an American right by universal adoption in the judicial systems of the States. There is no State that does not provide an appellate court for the review of causes tried in the inferior courts (almost invariably by one judge) upon the record of the trial. All lawyers and all judges are agreed that such a reëxamination is one of the most indispensable steps in judicial procedure; and the hold which this part of the judicial system has upon the people may be inferred from the fact (already stated) of its universal incorporation into the legal procedure of the various States. *This right is denied in the federal judicial system as now administered; not by the judges, but denied necessarily for the want of judges and the absence of any provision for a review in such cases. Legislation is needed which shall recognize and provide for this important right in the inferior courts, and at the same time relieve the overcrowded docket of the Supreme Court. This latter topic is now to be considered.*

The progressive increase of the Supreme Court docket will appear from the following table: —

Term.	Cases on Docket.	Term.	Cases on Docket.
1803	55	1850	253
1810	98	1860	310
1820	127	1870	636
1830	143	1880	1202
1840	92	1888	1567

The average number of cases of which the court is able to dispose, since the pressure of the recent accumulation has stimulated its utmost exertion, is 415, which includes a considerable number of cases dismissed by the court and withdrawn by compromise. The thoroughness with which every cause is investigated — each judge examining the record, and the court reaching a decision after full consultation — partly accounts for the smallness of this number

as compared with the larger clearances of their dockets by state appellate courts. Many of the latter have adopted the pernicious practice of appointing one of their number to “take” certain cases and reach conclusions in which the other judges acquiesce. The Supreme Court will best retain the confidence and esteem of the people and the bar by refusing, under any stress of emergency, to adopt the “assignee method” of deciding cases.

From the foregoing figures, the results are: (1.) About three years and a half elapse from the perfecting of an appeal to the time when a case is reached on the docket of the Supreme Court. (2.) The excess of cases returned at each term over cases disposed of is annually increasing, so that at the present ratio of accumulation another year will be added to the above-stated period by 1892.

While this state of things continues, the Supreme Court cannot be an auxiliary to, but on the contrary is an obstruction in the way of, the administration of justice. The condition of the docket is used every day as an engine of oppression and wrong. Ruinous sacrifices are extorted from suitors under the name of compromise. What is this but confiscation under forms of law?

Mr. Justice Miller says: “The speed and rush with which business is now carried on, as compared with what it was even fifty years ago, can hardly be realized; and it leaves no time for the man immersed in the pursuits of life to sit down and await the event of a protracted litigation, though it may involve his all. He can better afford to compromise or abandon a claim, in which he has been sustained by a judgment in his favor, than to waste time or to do without the money until it can be decided again.”

One of the questions in the circular referred to above was as follows: “Do not parties in many cases which might

go to the Supreme Court make compromises based chiefly on the delay that will intervene before a decision can be reached in the court?"

Two thirds of the replies to this question were in the affirmative. The other third were to the effect that the writers did not know. There were none which answered positively in the negative.

The picture has been seen of a poor inventor bursting into tears upon being told, after winning a case, that his powerful adversary could prevent his reaping the advantage of his victory by an appeal that would last four years. A railroad employee, maimed for life, who has recovered a judgment for injuries, may starve to death, while the railway company, which has removed the cause into a Federal Court, prosecutes its appeal, with the comforting assurance that if he dies his right of action, being a personal one, perishes with him. The nation cannot longer afford to aid and abet such injustice.

The remedies which have been proposed all come within two groups: (1.) Those which divide the Supreme Court into sections or committees. (2.) Those which provide an intermediate appellate court between the Supreme Court and the inferior courts. For the former class there are two plans. One proposes the division of the court into three sections, to sit separately at Washington. The other provides that the whole court shall hear cases involving federal questions at Washington, and divide itself into three branches, to be called Courts of Appeal, and sit in three principal cities to hear other cases. Neither of these plans purports to give any relief to suitors in the inferior courts, who are now denied the right of a competent review. This fact alone is a serious deficiency in these schemes. But there are other grave objections: (1.) The constitutional provision for *one* Supreme Court. Commenting on this, Chief Justice Waite said, "Certainly such a provision, in

such pointed language, carries with it the strongest implication that when this court acts it must act as an entirety, and that its judgments shall be the judgments of a court sitting judicially as one court, and not as several courts." (2.) The weakening of the authority of the decisions of the court and the impairment of its public influence. (3.) The manifest insufficiency of the plan, when the facts and figures are accurately observed, to secure the relief of the Supreme Court docket.

The average number of cases disposed of during the last twenty years is 415 per annum. This includes a considerable number of cases dismissed for want of prosecution and withdrawn by compromise (showing how largely the present condition of the docket invites groundless appeals). The average number of cases adjudicated for the last ten terms is 290 per annum. From these figures the physical capacity of the court to adjudge the weighty issues coming before it, with due regard for their importance, appears to be limited to about 300 cases annually. But there were returned to the October term, 1887, 470 cases; to the October term, 1888, 550 cases; and (will be returned, estimating same ratio) to the October term, 1889, about 650 cases. A future annual increase is visibly assured by the conditions of our expanding civilization.

It is evident from the mathematics of the case that the plans now under consideration offer no solution of the problem of this annual surplus of business; nor of the equally grave problem involved in the 1567 cases already docketed, which will require four years, under the present system, for their disposition, even if no new cases arose within that period.

The plans for an intermediate appellate court are of two sorts: those which establish a new Court of Appeals, and those which transfer all the original jurisdiction to the District Court, and

make the Circuit Court an appellate court. The latter has the merit of simplicity, and of making available existing machinery and organization. By both plans two new Circuit judges are to be appointed, and the appellate court is to be held in each Circuit. Such a court will provide a review for cases not now reviewable, and cut off a large number of cases from the Supreme Court.

The vice in all the bills heretofore drafted to carry out this general plan is that they would bring into the appellate court from the inferior courts such a volume of business that it would be immediately overburdened. The result would simply be to transfer the existing congestion from the docket of the Supreme Court to that of the appellate court, which would not, in any sense, better the case.

The precise terms of the problem, then, are these: (1.) To reduce the extent of business in the Supreme Court to the physical capacity of that court to handle it, which requires a considerable segment of its present appellate jurisdiction to be cut off, and a large portion of the present accumulation on the docket to be transferred. (2.) To provide an adequate reviewing tribunal for the cases thus eliminated and the cases not heretofore reviewable, without submerging that tribunal in an overflow of business.

The key to the whole situation is in the distinction already made between federal and non-federal cases, and the application of that distinction to legislation. Since some cases must be withdrawn from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and since Congress has the power to subtract what it will, every consideration of fitness and propriety suggests that those cases which involve federal questions should be retained, while those in which jurisdiction is conferred solely by the citizenship of parties, and those which, although arising under federal laws, involve purely

questions of municipal law, should be diverted to some other appellate tribunal. For cases of the latter class, the Supreme Court is no more appropriate tribunal than any other federal appellate court. Congress will have done its full duty toward all such cases, and will have satisfied both the spirit and the letter of the Constitution, when it shall have provided for them an adequate reviewing tribunal deserving the confidence of suitors, and giving them the protection of the federal judicial power against local injustice. To such a court, if now organized with a virgin docket, might be at once transferred from the Supreme Court docket all cases of this description; and the immediate relief of the Supreme Court would thereby be secured.

A careful examination of all the cases in the Supreme Court reports, from volume 106 to 127 inclusive, shows that in more than one third of all the cases adjudicated the jurisdictional element was solely the citizenship of the parties; while probably one half of the remaining number involved no strictly federal questions. Hence, legislation based on the distinction here insisted upon will reduce the present annual return of about 650 cases from the inferior courts of original jurisdiction to probably 375, which represents about the average annual disposition of business. The cases thus designated by inherent fitness for final adjudication by the Supreme Court should go to that court direct from the inferior courts of original jurisdiction. This is right and proper, because if these cases went into the Appellate Court they could reach the Supreme Court only after the delay and expense of a second appeal; while philosophic justice and practical experience unite to show that one appeal secures the best advantages in legal procedure. But it is more than fitting; it is necessary, because if these cases involving federal questions must go, along with all other cases, into the

Appellate Court, it would at once be choked with business.

There are a few special cases in which provision should be made for a review by the Supreme Court of the non-federal cases decided in the Appellate Court. They are the cases where possible divergent decisions in the Circuit Appellate Courts might require a final decision of the Supreme Court to preserve the harmony of the system, in which cases a review should be a matter of right; and the cases where the Appellate Court (irrespective of the amount involved, — an unpopular and unjust basis of limitation) should certify that the importance of the question required a final determination by the Supreme Court.

The present condition of the federal judicial system is fast assuming the proportions of a national disgrace. For the removal of this reproach, two successive Presidents, representing different parties, have urged legislation; the Supreme Court, speaking through its members, has appealed for it; three Attorney-Generals have recommended it; the Bar Associations have petitioned for it; and suitors have sent up their de-

spairing cry against the intolerable delay of justice.

To heed these appeals is a high public duty and a constitutional obligation. The gravity of the issue ought to lift it above the plane of partisan politics, and elevate it to the lofty range of pure patriotism. The provision (which was also a prevision) in the Constitution, that Congress should "from time to time" ordain and establish such inferior courts as were necessary for the investiture and due exercise of the federal judicial power, means, as construed by Chief Justice Waite, that it is the constitutional duty of Congress to recognize and provide for the present emergency in the condition of the federal judicial system. It is no fanciful use of the word to say that, under a scheme of government in which the executive, legislative, and judicial departments are declared coordinate and equal, it is *unconstitutional* to cripple and starve and discredit the judicial department by denying to it the necessary judicial force to discharge its functions, and sacrificing the rights of that class of citizens which is entitled to relief within its jurisdiction.

Walter B. Hill.

THE FATE OF A JAPANESE REFORMER.

PREFACE.

FOR the last two decades the career of Japan has been startlingly acrobatic. Ever since 1868, when she made her great evolutionary somersault over the backs of six centuries, from a feudal state into the arena of modern life, she has been turning her whole social system topsy-turvy, in her haste to be fully abreast of the latter end of the nineteenth century; and the rest of the world has wondered at the feat.

Unfortunately for this really remark-

able performance, Dame Nature is not addicted to jumps herself, and objects to them in her offspring; such lapse of continuity forming no part of the maternal scheme of education. In her domestic curriculum progress of the kind is inadmissible.

Not simply is development necessarily continuous, but different lines of life can only be linked while still relatively close. Nature never joins what time hath set too far asunder. We are witness to this in every-day physical reproduction. Extremes will not mate.

Symptoms of failure appear when the civilized weds with the savage. The savagery, however, is not in itself the bar. That it seems to be so is because, in most other cases of racial intermarriage, the couple are both of Aryan blood, and therefore cousins of no very distant degree. The real barrier consists, not in dissimilarity of customs, but in dissimilarity of descent. In other words, not the want of development of the one only, but the difference in development of the two, determines the fruitlessness of their connection.

A well-known foreign physician in Tōkyō has found that among Eurasians, those, that is, half of European, half of Asiatic blood, the almost inevitable tendency is to the dying out of the family. In physique, the human gap between the opposite sides of our world is already too wide to be crossed. Yet anatomically the variance is trivial. A slight difference in the setting of the eye, one or two other variations, not more important, and you have the extent of the contrast. Psychically, the opposition is much more marked; for it causes that strange inversion so striking to the one people in the other. If then in body, where science can detect so trifling a divergence, Nature finds an impassable gulf, what must her difficulty be in mind! If intermarriage prove barren, will intercommunion of thought bear fruit?

No such doubts, however, have disturbed Japan's leading men. Quite oblivious to a possible impossibility, they have foisted foreign customs upon their country wholesale. The government has out-radicated the radicals of any other land, and even the opposition has had its breath so taken away by the speed of the change as to have had none left with which to remonstrate. The government, indeed, has been a most remarkable experiment in empirics. A handful of men, educated in European modes of thought, has revolutionized not simply the political, but the social, the

domestic, even the private customs of an entire community. The only point more surprising still has been the enthusiastic acceptance of the same by the thinking classes.

Among the most advanced of these statesmen was Mori Arinori. The fourth son of Mori Yujo, a *samurai*, or knight, of the retinue of the *daimyo* of Kagoshima, he was born in the castle in August, 1848. From early childhood he showed precocity, doing so well at school that he was selected, in 1865, as one of sixteen to be sent to England and America to study.

Laurence Oliphant had been in Japan, and was now initiating to the Brotherhood of the New Life at Chautauqua, New York. To him Mori was consigned. There the young Japanese was at once set to work at baking bread, as being the occupation for which he was most fitted, in accordance with the rules of the society. He became leavened with much other yeast besides.

If Fate meant to distinguish him, she could hardly have chosen her opportunity better; for, after two years abroad, he came home just in time for the revolution which ended in the restoration of the Mikado and the general introduction of foreign ideas. Entering thus upon his own life at the very moment his country entered upon that new phase of hers, a quasi-European existence, he espoused the new ways with all the ardor of a very young man. His career reads like a romance. From one political post to another, he was advanced through a whole gamut of governmental and diplomatic offices. He was successively Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, Assistant Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister to China, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister at the Court of St. James, and finally member of the cabinet and Minister of Education. Indeed, he was several other things as well, in the mean time.

What he was, however, is more im-

portant than the posts he filled. For his was anything but a figure head. It teemed with ideas acquired in America, which, with more love than logic, he developed to undreamt-of extremes. He was the first to suggest the disarming of the *samurai*, or two-sworded knights, whose swords were more precious to them than life. Naturally the move was bitterly opposed; but he triumphed, and so changed the customs of the whole gentry class. An army of irresponsible swashbucklers became, by a stroke of the pen, a peaceable body of citizens. Indeed, many of them accepted government employ as student-spectacled policemen.

Another of his ideas was the holding man and wife to be equal, — an idea as anti-Oriental as it would be possible to conceive. Count Ito once said of him that though a Japanese by birth, he was a European by heart. He might almost have said an American. In England he became intimate with Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, whom he greatly admired, and in America he corresponded with many distinguished men on educational and kindred topics. To him is due the postal union between Japan and the United States.

His religious views were equally advanced. He was so much impressed by the disassociation of church and state in America that he wrote a pamphlet advocating such divorce in Japan, whose Mikado is and always has been the Son of Heaven. The essay was written in English, printed in the United States, and may be read by the curious in an alcove of the Boston Athenæum. For himself, he was a conscientious agnostic. His agnosticism was harmless, his conscientiousness the contrary; for it impelled him to action peculiarly distasteful to the Shintoists. He not only cared not a straw for the religion of his forefathers, but as Minister of Education he excluded it from any part in national instruction. He believed that the time

had come when superstition was no longer essential to the life of the masses. He believed no less than New Japan generally; only he acted more.

But perhaps the most radical of all his projects was that of a universal language. This was not to be Japanese, of course, but English, which the Japanese were all to learn, and which English-speaking peoples, on their part, were to simplify in grammar and spelling on certain scientific principles. He suggested this comprehensive scheme first to certain Americans. It failed to meet with that ready acquiescence which its rationality seemed to him to merit. This rather interfered with his pushing the plan at home, and setting the nation in a body to learn a foreign tongue.

It was a set of men more or less of this mind who overthrew the Shogunate, and into whose hands the government arbitrarily passed. It was not, however, a part of their purpose to have it remain thus, nominally. Their ambition was bureaucratic rather than oligarchic. They proposed to rule, if you please, but they meant to do so after the most approved modern fashion. Their authority must not only flow from the divinity of the Emperor, but follow a conduit cut on the Americo-European plan. To accomplish this end they first formed themselves into a self-responsible cabinet. The cabinet was a copy of a European model; the self-responsibility was all their own.

They then set about to legalize this somewhat anomalous position. Not that they felt insecure in the least. Their idea was other. They simply wished to do as Western nations did. They wanted their body politic, like their own persons, clothed after the most approved European cut. It was futile to hint that such guise did not become them; they meant to become it. Every self-respecting nation had, they noticed, a constitution; therefore they must have one, too. The fact that all these other con-

stitutions had sprung directly or indirectly from popular demand failed to strike them as any reason why theirs should not be imposed by imperial rescript. That the people were without wish or will in the matter was irrelevant. So they promised to all whom it might concern a Japanese national constitution, to take effect in the year of grace 1890. That year looked prospectively remote when they made the pledge, but promised time nears at a gallop. Before very long it became necessary to fix a day for the official promulgation of the great event. They appointed the 11th of February, 1889.

ASPECT I.

The choice of the day was not significantly happy. It is true, the selection bore out what would seem to be the modern version of the old saw, — still be on with the old love till you be fairly off with the new; for the 11th of February had from time immemorial been observed as the anniversary of Jimmu Tenno, the mythic founder of the imperial house, and therefore of the only government the islands had ever known. But the connection was of doubtful honor. Indeed, to the thinking there seemed a certain satire about it; for Jimmu Tenno, if he was anything better than a myth, was a monarch of the good old-fashioned kind; one who, were he half the king he is reputed to have been, would have turned in his grave at the bare idea of a constitution, to say nothing of the disgust at finding his name associated with it. To the unthinking the choice offered still greater objection, for it merged two possible holidays in one. The pleasure-seekers found themselves no gainers. The anniversary of Jimmu Tenno they were certain of already. The permission, therefore, to celebrate another object at the same time, instead of seeming a gift, left them with the feeling that, somehow or other, they had been imposed upon. If

political capital was expected from the celebration, it should have been given a day of its own.

This economy in holidays was regrettable; for though it linked sentimentally the past to the future, it much dimmed the lustre of the last, which was not the object of the authorities. The authorities, however, had more fundamental drawbacks to contend with; for even if the occasion had been single in intent, it is doubtful whether there would have been much enthusiasm for it among the people at large. The masses were not up to the occasion. Properly to celebrate a political event, it is helpful to have at least an idea of what it is all about. An opinion, however questionably got, conduces to zeal. Now the Japanese public had never had its opinion asked before on national affairs, and, not unnaturally, had none ready for the emergency.

Such blankness of mind was no feature of the student or foreign-tinctured class, who, on the contrary, had very decided views on this and every other subject, with many of which the government was quite willing to dispense. As for the masses, their only rule of life was the highly philosophic one: whatever is, is right, — not the most combustible material for a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, rejoice they should, the government was resolved; if not spontaneously, by administrative action. Having created the supply, the ministers of state were bound there should be a suitable demand. They ordered the local officials to see that all made merry, and then they put their hands in the executive pocket for the necessary material, and induced wealthy sympathizers to follow suit. With this slight initial shove things went superbly; for the Japanese character is remarkably given to holiday-making, and carries off an occasion of the kind in the best possible manner. Preparations were begun on a

colossal scale. The rejoicings were to resound from one end of Japan to the other, but the crowning display was, of course, to be in the capital.

Days before the time, the streets of Tōkyō took on that general scaffolding look so suggestive of coming festivity. Rows of bamboo shot up, sentinel-like, in front of the houses. Some of them were still tufted with leaves, seeming suddenly to have grown where they were. Between the poles were stretched strings, and from the strings were hung paper lanterns. Similar lanterns festooned the house eaves. The streets stood decked in necklaces of mammoth pearls; for the lanterns, globular in form, being of paper, showed opaque by day and diaphanous by night. They were painted in part with Chinese characters in crying vermilion, commemorative of the day.

Their number must have been something enormous. The men in the business did nothing else for weeks beforehand, as unfortunates who happened to need lanterns for more private purposes found to their dismay; and Tōkyōites lighted themselves with the leavings of the illumination for weeks afterward. But this was a mere detail of the pageant's cost. At the moment neither pains nor purses were spared; for the glory of the national birthday was to outshine all previous shows, and cast into the shade all such as might follow.

But the gems of the statical half of the display were the triumphal arches. These were, indeed, works of art as well as of architecture. It was an excusable curiosity that held men at the street corners gaping up at them as they grew. They bridged, at fitting intervals, the main thoroughfare of the city. Standing at the hither end, one looked through a vanishing vista of arcade; each portal framing the one behind it, and none of them in the least alike. First rose the arch over the Shimbashi, in mammoth imitation of a Buddhist *torii*, with dozens of paper lanterns set in the ever-

green body of its crossbeams, spelling out a millennium of prosperity for the imperial house. Next beyond it showed an airy skeleton affair, as lithe as the other was heavy,—the slender suggestion of a portal to some Shinto shrine,—garlanded with flowers. Beyond this appeared one of still another type, blazoning good luck in golden characters on a dark green ground,—oranges imbedded in fir. While in the far distance there stood out last the arch over the Nihombashi, its evergreen piers as solid to the eye as the masonry they counterfeited; for it simulated a suspension bridge, a bridge upon a bridge, spanning in effigy the real Nihombashi beneath,—two curves bending to meet till they kissed in the middle.

All this and much more was being rapidly made ready. Signs of expectation of the approaching national birth were visible everywhere; for its fond parents meant the new body politic should not want for a suitable cradle, however long afterward they might intend to keep it in leading-strings. Not only along the line of the official procession, but in much less honored spots, the streets were beribboned beyond recognition.

So much for the statics of the affair. Its kinematics were even more remarkable. The popular part of the pageant was to be a *matsuri*, but a *matsuri* on a gigantic scale. Now a *matsuri* is a religious festival of a most jovial countenance; it is something of a cross between a Neapolitan carnival and a Seville Holy Week, with the human horse-play of the one to relieve the divine dullness of the other. In this case there was added a touch of humor very close to pathos; for the old system helped to do buffoon duty to the new.

But a *matsuri* needs no preface. Deeply religious in principle, these festivals are delightfully mundane in practice. Through their mothers the churches, they are, of course, own cousins of all

the carnivals; so that the resemblance is not accidental. Whether, indeed, the strain due to being gloomily good tends to make the temperament when relieved take to buffoonery, certainly like causes have begotten like effects.

A *matsuri* is one all-compelling grin. It starts from some temple or temples, whose courtyards fill with booths, while the neighboring streets deck themselves with lanterns. From these ganglia nerves in the shape of processions of *dashi* proceed to thrill the city. A *dashi* is a triumphal chariot of divine extraction; a cart drawn indifferently by men or bulls, and carrying structures to beggar belief. The grotesque in a body finds foothold there, while topping the mass of monstrosities sits the placid figure of the god, not so firm in seat but that the jolts make him nod approval upon the crowd, as he is trundled erratically along. In this comico-serious manner the *dashi* perambulates the town, to slow music of its own furnishing. Every now and then the whole thing halts. The pandemonium, however, does not stop, nor the pantomime which it accompanies; for in the front part of the cart, on the ground floor, stands a man, grotesquely masked, gesticulating to the crowd, and backed by strangely instrumented musicians. Not uncommonly he mimics the god-fox, always a highly popular impersonation. His action bears out his mask to the bewitchment of small boys, who trot along by its side when the *dashi* moves, regardless of all else, and then tumble back into the crowd in affront at some personally directed leer.

The masks are terrors which never lose their delight. Indeed, they are first tried on in the bosom of the reformer's family, where they are the occasion of many terrible nightmares to its juvenile members.

We are all children of a larger growth, especially the Japanese; for with the masses too the means of the coming celebration quite eclipsed its end. They

looked eagerly forward, like children to whom Christmas is toyfully material; an affair of the present, not the past. The whole city stood on the tiptoe of expectation, as the day drew near. At last all was ready. The national bonfire was successfully laid, which the morrow's light was to touch into a blaze.

February in Tōkyō is not the February the word calls up to us. Nature's dead season there is remarkably short-lived. Already the plum-trees were in full blossom. The white flowers stood out in vivid relief against the still leafless twigs and the bare branches, in merry mockery of winter. The starry petals seemed snowflakes caught in their fall by the trees, and held there captive; for it was cold enough and the sky like lead on the eve of the appointed day. As the night fell, real flakes fell with it. They silvered what part of the branches the flower flakes had left, and they ermined the ground like the plum petals when the blossoming is past. They were falling still when the gray morning of the 11th came glimmering in from the stormy Pacific.

The natural day promised as inauspiciously as the calendar one. It looked uncommonly as if the chief remembrance of it which its observers were likely to carry away would be a part of its cold temporarily embodied in their own persons. The inclemency of the weather, however, in no wise prevented the imperial rites from taking place with due matutinal dispatch. The hour, it is true, was, according to Far-Eastern idea, exceeding late; the appointed time being eight A. M. But this abnormal tardiness was not due to the state of the sky, but to the court's conversion to Western fashion. Native inclination would have had the hour four or five A. M., and the day's doings would all have been over before the morning was well aired. This had happened shortly before, on the occasion of a court journey into the

country, undertaken more in the olden style. The court left the palace at some impossibly small hour of the morning, traveled to Hachioji, and there encamped for the night at eleven o'clock of the forenoon. So hasting to begin the new day are those of earth's inhabitants who receive it first. One would suppose that they, of all folk, could afford to wait.

At eight, therefore, with Far-Oriental punctuality, — which is most unpunctual by being far ahead of time, — the proper officials assembled in the palace to witness the celebration, by the Emperor in person, of the anniversary of Jimmu Tenno, an ancestral rite of immemorial usage. At nine his Imperial Majesty with his suite proceeded to the sanctuary, where he read the imperial oath, a prayer to the gods his ancestors, prepared, of course, by the ministers of state. In it he invoked the divine blessing upon what he was about to do, informing those deities incidentally, with a wisdom not unworthy certain Christian sects, that his seemingly new departure was in fact included in their own original idea. This done, he repaired to the throne room, preceded by the band playing the new national anthem, and followed by the Empress and her ladies. The court, composed of the ministry, representatives of the peers, the diplomatic corps, and officers of the government down to a certain rank, was already in waiting. One man was not there. The place of Viscount Mori, Minister of State for Education, was vacant. But his absence was forgotten at the entrance of the Emperor, who forthwith delivered himself of the promulgation speech, an epitome of the past, present, and future; similar in intent to the oath, and devised by the same powers behind the throne, but addressed to his subjects instead of his ancestors. He finished with the preamble to the Constitution. The prime minister then advanced, and received the document itself from the imperial hands. This closed the cere-

mony. The Constitution, like some wedding-ring, had made the mystic circle, and come back again to its starting-point.

As the Son of Heaven left the throne room, and thus brought the indoor half of the day to an end, the clouds suddenly parted, broke into detached squadrons of scud that rolled off to leeward, and the sun shone forth in dazzling distinctness from the midst of a perfect blue sky. Such as were so minded regarded this as of most happy augury. The sunshine came rather too late to do much material good, since it simply converted some of the snow into worse mud; but its effect on the spirits of the people was all that could be wished.

The people, on their part, had not been idle. They also had risen betimes. Those who chanced to wake first speedily roused their more sluggard neighbors by the din they made outside the wooden shutters. Fortunately for the national enjoyment, the national costume is quickly donned, and no one need stay at home to look after the baby, since that household loadstone is habitually strapped to the back of some small sister, to share her wanderings.

Everybody, therefore, was soon in the streets; some to get the *dashi* started, more to see them do it. By the former and their friends the carts were slowly hauled out from their hiding-places of back yards, alley corners, and similar nooks, emerging like butterflies from their chrysalids. Each of course gathered a crowd of both sexes and all ages, who stood around innocently impeding matters. At last the bulls were safely yoked in, the performers all seated, and amidst a general hubbub, dominated by a drum bass and a flute treble, with the god-fox twinkling to the crowd, the *dashi* lumbered off to the meet.

Each at once became a moving centre of attraction, drawing a throng in its wake as a boat draws water. Its approach was heralded by a hurlyburly

as of something let loose. The professional noise from the musicians and the unprofessional accompaniment of small boys gave it, while still out of sight round a corner, an imposing preface. Before the thing itself trundled into view appeared the vanguard, a band of pantomimers on foot. Admirably gotten up, they took the street with Rabelaisian nonchalance, pranking it with pleasing buffoonery. For characters and costume they drew indiscriminately upon either hemisphere: clowns with pasteboard noses and stovepipe hats caricaturing from ineptitude their very originals; pseudo-samurai with mammoth carrots stuck in their belts for swords, and an admirable swashbuckler gait copied for the occasion. Both sides of the world did equally good service; for the populace had learnt enough of the one and still remembered sufficient of the other to appreciate a burlesque of either. Sex, too, played its part in satire. Men dressed as girls stalked nonchalantly along, their clothes and their carriage comically at odds. Girls, on the other hand, paraded as men. The whole *geisha* guild of the Shimbashi ward came out thus, simulating the knights of the olden time, and marched in battalion, their tresses done up in the historic cue.

The *dashi* themselves were of various device. One was built exclusively of butts of *sake* (the native wine); empty ones, indeed, but, as their hollowness was not superficially apparent, of appropriate bacchanal look. Possibly they started full. Certainly *sake* enough was drunk during the day. Thirty thousand tubs of it are said to have been guzzled by citizens; which, omitting the incapable and the personal prohibitionist, gives a pretty high average of content per man. A second cart presented a pagoda perambulant; three unsteady stories rising into the air, the lowest a convenient coop for the musicians. The god-fox flirted his fan and grimaced horribly in front. Others bore curiously evolved thrones,

bordered by branches of plum blossoms and banners of the rising sun, with the effigy of the god perched atop.

So the chariots passed by, one after the other, to rendezvous in the large open space just outside the Tiger Gate of the palace grounds, through which his Imperial Majesty was to come, on his way to a military inspection on the Champ de Mars. Soon this open space, a distressing desert in its every-day existence, was a surging mass of expectant humanity, with the tops of the *dashi* rising from out it like the church spires in the panorama of a town. Nature set the show in winter brilliants of her own. The snowfall had transformed the earth into what the Japanese call "a silver world." Then the opportune sun fused the silver till it dropped in strings of diamonds from a thousand house eaves, to shatter in sparkles on the ground. And over it all lay the golden sunshine, save where the houses threw a bluish mantle of shadow athwart the thoroughfare, for the holiday-makers to tread upon.

Eventually his Majesty appeared. First to ride out came a body of lancers, uniformed in European fashion. Following these ambled some mounted police, likewise foreign clad. Then more lancers. After a properly impressive gap came carriages, of European make, containing various officials and princes of the blood. These immediately preceded the state equipage, a fine affair just out from England. A couple of outriders heralded it, while the vehicle itself was drawn by six horses sat by postilions neatly dressed in their new foreign livery. Bowing within were the Emperor and Empress, in appropriate European clothes.

This real-imitation pageant held the loyalty of the populace beautifully. There was their Emperor, and with a kind of foreign halo about him too. He typified even in externals an excellence it was the secret striving of so many to

attain. It was European as well as imperial. Think of that, they all thought.

Nevertheless, the thing to see was not the observed, but the observers. Not that they were any the less decked in borrowed plumage, but that they were so sublimely unconscious of the caricatures they cut. They were so many walking examples of how not to dress. The lay figures in a second-rate haberdashery window could have given them a lesson in lifelikeness. For a good half of the crowd had been badly bitten with the foreign mania, and were at present in all stages of sartorial development, from the business grub to the official butterfly. A lot of tadpoles in the act of turning into frogs could not have been more oblivious to their strange transitional appearance.

Fortunately, the other half of the crowd was quite as well worth seeing, from a different standpoint, not of humor, but of beauty, — a quaint, picturesque beauty, strangely in keeping with even its natural surroundings: men in silk *kimono* of a plain dark blue or brown, except where, on the back and sleeves, the crest had been left to show in the dyeing, their feet cased in white cloven socks, raised a couple of inches out of the mud on well-cut clogs; women whose glory lay partly in the dressing of their hair, partly in their sash, huge bowed behind, — this last the object of untold thought: first in the choice at the shop amidst the rarest of flowered silks and satins, and then in the tying of it up at home. For there is an art in the matter difficult to acquire, — an art concealed, of many assisting strings invisible to the world. Truly a *panier* of flowers. And then the children! With them color ran riot; for, except in the *obi*, or sash, brilliant dyes are not the fashion in after years. But with the children any hue is proper, and every hue is worn. In blues and scarlets and dove color, they tripped about on their pretty little pattens, their topknots stuck

with all manner of toy pins. As for the young girls, they made pictures of themselves to carry away with one. From the creamy camellias in their jet-black hair to the purple velvet thongs between their toes, the eye lingered wherever it looked. The turn of the neck was enough to turn the head of another, and ways so charming one could follow anywhere.

Perhaps the prettiest trait of the crowd was its mannerliness. It was a crowd of all ages and both sexes; a veritable representative gathering, and not the rising to the surface of a people's scum. The rough element so inevitable elsewhere was conspicuously absent. There is this great gain among a relatively less differentiated people. If you miss with regret the higher brains, you miss with pleasure the lower brutes. *Bons enfants* the Japanese are to a man. They gather delight as men have learned to extract sugar, from almost anything. And delight hath this about it, that the more you radiate, the warmer you feel. Even the *sake* seemed gifted to produce the maximum of self-satisfaction with the minimum of annoyance to others. Nothing marred the merriment of the hour. Day fireworks rose, burst into balloons, and sailed away.

And it was all the work of the executive. A paternal government had said Play, and its children were playing to their hearts' content.

ASPECT II.

As the twilight settled over the city, a horrible rumor began to creep through the streets. During the day the thing would seem to have shrunk before the mirth of the masses, but under cover of the gloom it spread like night itself over the town. It passed from mouth to mouth with something of the shudder with which a ghost might come and go. Viscount Mori, Minister of State for Education, had been murdered that morning in his own house. The blow had

been struck by an unknown man just as the minister was setting out for the palace. Rumor said no more.

Mori murdered! and on that day, of all days! It was like the shock of one of their own earthquakes.

This, then, was the reason of his non-appearance at the palace. At the moment liberty was being granted to the people by the government, the Minister of State for Education had been killed by the hand of one of that very people.

This was something more than a common murder. The time chosen was too significant. The blow had been aimed not simply at Mori the man, but at Mori the minister. There was something political, something social, under it all; an impersonality of import that made it at once personal to everybody. Conjecture imagined what it would. Nothing more was known that night.

With the morning the story took on substance. It changed from phantom to fact, but it looked little less ghastly by daylight. Mori was still alive. He had not been killed on the spot, no thanks to the would-be assassin. But whether he survived remained to be seen; he was very badly wounded, and the surgeons could not tell. What had happened was this:—

While Viscount Mori was dressing, on the morning of the 11th, for the court ceremony of the promulgation of the new Constitution, a man, unknown to the servants, made summons on the big bell hung by custom at the house entrance, and asked to see the minister on important business. He was told the minister was dressing, and could see no one. The unknown replied that he must see him about a matter of life and death,—as indeed it was. The apparent gravity of the object induced the servant to admit him to an antechamber and report the matter. In consequence, the minister's private secretary came down to interview him. The man, who

seemed well behaved, informed the secretary that there was a plot to take the minister's life, and that he had come to warn the minister of it. Truly a subtle subterfuge; true to the letter, since the plot was all his own. More he refused to divulge except to the minister himself. While the secretary was trying to learn something more definite, Mori came downstairs, and entered the room. The unknown approached to speak to him; then, suddenly drawing a knife from his girdle, sprang at him, and crying, "This for desecrating the shrines of Ise!" stabbed him twice in the stomach. Mori, taken by surprise, grappled with him, when one of his body-guards, hearing the noise, rushed in, and with one blow of his sword almost completely severed the man's head from his body.

Meanwhile, Mori had fallen to the floor, bleeding fast. The secretary, with the help of the guard, raised him, carried him to his room, and dispatched a messenger for the court surgeon.

The clothes of the unknown were then searched for some clue to the mystery; for neither Mori nor any of his household had ever seen him before. The search proved more than successful. A paper was found on his person, setting forth in a most circumstantial manner the whole history of his crime, from its inception to its execution, or his own. However reticent he seemed before the deed, he evidently meant nothing should be hid after it, whether he succeeded or not. The paper explained the reason.

Because, it read, of the act of sacrilege committed by Mori Arinori, who, on a visit to the shrines of Ise, two years before, had desecrated the temple by pushing its curtain back with his cane, and had defiled its floor by treading upon it with his boots, he, Nishino Buntaro, had resolved to kill Mori, and avenge the insult offered to the gods and to the Emperor, whose ancestors they were. To wipe the stain from the na-

tional faith and honor, he was ready to lose his life, if necessary. He left this paper as a memorial of his intent.

The police were at once sent for, and the paper, together with the body, was made over to them.

In the mean time, the messenger dispatched to summon the court surgeon failed to find him at home. It was almost a foregone conclusion with such a man on such an occasion. Like other dignitaries, he had already left for the palace. The messenger, therefore, returned alone, and, as the distances in Tōkyō are enormous and the means of locomotion primitive, much precious time was lost. On his return he was sent off again for the surgeon next highest in rank; with the same result. It was scarcely an opportune time for standing on ceremony, for Mori was simply, but surely, bleeding to death. At last a surgeon was found. As events proved, it was already too late. All was done that could be done, but Mori had lost too much blood. He lingered, seemed to rally, and then, sinking gradually again, died in the night of the following day.

Nishino had accomplished his end.

If one may say so in all humanity of so inhuman a thing as a premeditated murder, its reason was even more important than its immediate result; for its causes may at any moment seek repetition. They looked to be personal, but in fact they were more broadly based. It was not a man only that Nishino tried to kill; it was a new mode of thought. In the first place, Mori and Nishino were personally unknown to each other. Mori had never heard of Nishino, and Nishino knew Mori only by report. The one stabbed the other as the embodied expression of certain ideas.

The embodiment of the most advanced of the new ideas Mori certainly was. His ideas were anything but conservative, and he carried them out to the

bitter end. He was no temporizer, no compromiser. What he thought he acted upon, regardless of collateral result. Naturally he was not popular. Among the Shintoists he was cordially disliked: first for his official regulations about them, and secondly for his personal attitude toward the faith. That he acted at Ise much as reported there is little doubt. His scheme of imposing a new vernacular by executive command was, to his sorrow, still-born. But he conceived other changes in the educational system quite as distasteful, which he rigidly carried out. His manner, too, was unfortunate.

A sad instance of this happened only a week before his death. He had made a new departure in the conduct of the university, which was not liked by the students. There was some collegiate disturbance in consequence, and the matter grew so grave that the minister promised to address them on the subject and explain matters. On the day fixed he began his attempt at conciliation by keeping them waiting, without the shadow of an excuse, for three quarters of an hour; not a very happy beginning, considering their frame of mind. He followed this, when at last he arrived, by abusing them most roundly instead of explaining anything, at which they hissed him; whereupon, without waiting to finish, he drove off in a huff, leaving the students thoroughly incensed. Some people predicted trouble. Indeed, so roused were the students known to be that when the news of the murder first got abroad Nishino was supposed to be one of them.

Rumors that the minister's life was in danger had been current for two or three days. This furnished Nishino with a plausible pretext to seek an interview. When he presented himself on the ill-fated morning, his story was not so intrinsically improbable as it otherwise might have seemed. The minister had thought little of the reports,

but presented in this personal way they appeared perhaps to merit investigation. For this reason the secretary parleyed with the man. Otherwise the action of the minister is almost inexplicable. A man who comes to warn a high official of a design against that official's life is himself suspect.

If Mori was thus a very definite sort of person, Nishino was quite as definite in his own way. He was neither a lunatic nor a fool. In general intellectual capacity he was rather above the average, and had received more education than many young Japanese. He is said, for example, to have surpassed most of his schoolmates, and to have had some small knowledge of English. He too was of the old *samurai* stock, and belonged to what is now called the *shizoku* class. But of the old *samurai* recklessness of life he had no personal experience. He was born too late; for at the time of their general disarming he was a very small boy. His *samurai* traits, therefore, were all of inheritance or hearsay. On leaving school he was taken in as a clerk at the prefectorial office. Here he made a name for himself as a capital letter-writer. Consequently, he was given, two years later, a post in the Home department, which he was filling at the time he committed his crime. He had never shown signs of insanity. That he was reserved, rather moody, and made few friends is certain, and that in this little world of his own thought he brooded over the insult to the gods is also beyond a doubt. He seems to have heard of it accidentally, but it made so much impression upon him that he journeyed to Ise to find out the truth of the tale. He was convinced, and forthwith laid his plans with the singleness of zeal of a fanatic.

Thanks to his epistolary turn of mind, his whole conduct now stands as clear as autobiography can make it; for he wrote not one, but several letters on the subject. If he had been disposing of

his own property instead of the person of another, he could hardly have been more explicit or more voluminous. Besides the letter found on his person, he left behind him two others, one to his father and another to his younger brother. He was the eldest son, as indeed his name Buntaro shows. Both letters were touching. Of his father he asked forgiveness for breaking his filial obligations. But the gods had been dishonored, and he must give his life to avenge the insult. He commended the care of his parents to his younger brother, and bade them both a heart-breaking farewell. To his brother he wrote exhorting him to be a better son than ever he had been; not to follow his wayward course, but to be the more dutiful and loving to his parents that he was no longer near to help.

Both letters were so full of feeling that it is out of all reason to suppose them written for effect. Nor does the rest of his behavior support the supposition. He confided to no one his designs beforehand, and one's life is rather a high price to pay for purely posthumous notoriety. It looks as if he were simply the creature of fanaticism.

Quite in keeping at bottom with the rest of his conduct, however much on the surface it may seem to belie the almost copy-book counsels in his letters, was the way he spent the last week of his life. He who up to that time had led a singularly gloomy existence proceeded to pass his last seven days in continuous dissipation. Since he had so short a time to live, he would live it fast. He plunged into unlimited *yoshiwara*. Yet even to this travesty of happiness he took with him no companion. He preferred to go alone. There he stayed. His closing days were spent, time, money, self, entirely with *ces dames*.

But the strangest and the most significant part of the affair was the attitude of the Japanese public toward it. The first excitement of the news had

not passed away before it became evident that their sympathy was not with the murdered man, but with his murderer. Viscount Mori had certainly not been popular. But it is one thing to lament little over a man's death, and another to commend, however covertly, his assassin. This becomes all the more significant when the feeling springs, not from personal, but impersonal grounds. Nishino was an unknown. No individual magnetism endeared him to the masses, for they had never even heard of his existence. Nor was he the representative of any political party. What he did, he did on his own prompting and responsibility alone.

Yet the sentiment was unmistakable. The details of the murder were scarcely common property before the press proceeded to eulogize the assassin. To praise the act was a little too barefaced, not to say legally dangerous, to be much indulged in, although one paper came as near doing so as it deemed consistent with safety. But to praise the man became a journalistic epidemic. He was at once raised to the pedestal of a hero and a martyr. The reasons given by the papers for this secular canonization were expressed with a vagueness that did more credit to their respect for the law than to their logic. Every detail of the deed, except only the deed itself, was lauded to the skies. Nishino, they said, had contrived and executed his plan with all the old-time *samurai* bravery. He had done it as a *samurai* should have done it, and he had died as a *samurai* should have died. They found a satisfaction in the manner of it almost impossible for a foreigner to conceive; even the choice of the tool came in for a share of praise. The substitution of a kitchen knife for a knightly *katana* was shown to have been made with the express intent of casting obloquy upon its victim.

Veiled as it was in the name of things, a murmur of suppressed approval per-

vaded the press. To a foreigner such posthumous ovation to an assassin sounded ghastly. It was not the cry of an uneducated mob carried away by brute instinct, but the sober writing of men presumably gifted with common sense. Nor was it the extravagance of a party suddenly intoxicated by gaining its end. The fate of no party hung on Nishino's act.

The same bias showed itself in the criticism of collateral detail. The summary action of the guard in cutting the murderer down was severely censured. As if the guard had not been appointed to this very end! If a body-guard is not to attack a man actively engaged in killing the person he is told off to protect, what is he to do? Is he to wait till the murderer has quite finished, and then courteously take him into custody? The editorial principles out-philosophized the philosophy of the popular doggerel:—

“Baby sat in a window-seat,
Mary pushed her into the street;
Baby's brains were dashed out in the airy,
Mother held up her forefinger at Mary.”

From the tone the articles took, one would have thought that Mori had murdered Nishino, instead of Nishino Mori. The papers demanded the guard's arrest and trial. They also complained of the indecent manner, as they said, in which Nishino had been buried. In fact, they argued all they could on the wrong side. They became bathetic on the subject.

Comment of the kind, was not confined to the press. Strange as it may appear, the newspapers said what everybody thought. For once in the annals of journalism paper and populace were at one.

There was no doubt about it. Beneath a surface of decorous disapproval ran an undercurrent of admiration and sympathy, in spots but ill hid. People talked in the same strain as the journalists wrote. Some did more than talk. The *geisha*, or professional singing-girls

of Tōkyō, made of Nishino and his heroism a veritable cult. They raised him into a sort of demigod. His grave in the suburbs they kept wreathed with flowers. To it they made periodic pilgrimages, and, bowing there to the gods, prayed that a little of the hero's spirit might descend on them.

The practice was not a specialty of professionals. Persons of all ages and both sexes visited the spot in shoals, for similar purposes. It became a Mecca for a month. The thing sounds incredible, but it was a fact. Such honor had been paid nobody for years.

On the Saturday of the week in which he was killed Mori's funeral took place. It was a fine pageant, although the day was a sorry-looking one of clouds and rain. Everybody turned out. His fellow-ministers were there; the university was there; society was there. A long line of the new European-made carriages, now affected by persons of position, followed the bier to the Aoyama burying-

ground. A still longer line of people followed on foot, carrying tall sheaves of real and artificial flowers. Around the mortuary chapel, where these were stacked, the earth seemed suddenly to have leapt into bloom. Not till after the coffin had been lowered into its bit of ground, and the sun had set, did the sky show signs of clearing. A long rift opened in the west, and let a belt of sad green light be seen beyond. Then the color faded out.

His Majesty the Emperor was pleased to confer posthumous honors, according to the custom of the Far East, upon him whom he so deemed to have deserved them in life, and Mori dead became a greater man than Mori living had ever been. The immortal gods, then, were so little offended with Mori for the mode of his entrance to their shrines on earth that, through their representative and descendant, they ennobled him when he came to make his entrance to them in heaven.

Percival Lowell.

THE CHRIST IN RECENT FICTION.

WE are wont to hear it said that the unlettered people of the dark ages learned their Bible through its translation into stone and upon canvas. The life of the Christ was told over and over again, in certain scenes, with a great variety of representation. The pictures, springing sometimes from a faith which made art a servant, sometimes from an art which availed itself of faith, but more commonly from the complex mind that did not trouble itself to analyze its motives, served in like manner as stimulants to devotion or appeals to a love of beauty, and made familiar the incidents of New Testament history. The conditions of modern life, and especially of modern Protestant life among English-

speaking people, present a different aspect. The Bible is known through the printed page, and the church which thus uses the Bible has little occasion to resort to other methods for making the facts of the Scripture narrative known. To compare small things with great, we may say that the only religious art which performs this function nowadays in Protestant communities is the cheap woodcut which accompanies the earliest instruction in Bible stories.

Meanwhile, the literary accumulation of textual annotation in the Protestant world has been enormous. Bibles illustrated by pictures play an insignificant part, but Bibles expanded by comment, historical, geographical, ethnical, as well

as moral and religious, form the customary reading of great numbers of people. There are books devoted not merely to Bible lands, but to Bible animals, Bible manners and customs, and, if we mistake not, to insects mentioned in the Bible. As a result, the imagination is plied with material drawn from this source, and from early childhood thousands of persons who constitute the great commonalty of readers have formed the habit of reconstructing Biblical scenes with far more assiduity than they have used upon any other historical material. From being pupils they become teachers, and continue the task of criticism and creation.

The last generation, to go no further back, has witnessed an extraordinary collection of books, centring about the person of the chief figure of the Scriptures, which owe their origin to this great intellectual activity. Any one who will compare such a book as Fleetwood's *Life of the Saviour* with Farrar's or Edersheim's *Life of Christ* will see at a glance the difference in the attitude of the writers. No doubt Strauss's, and later Renan's, publications had a great deal to do with the sudden rise of what may be called the evangelical school of biography of the Christ; but it is plain that the popularity of these books is due most distinctly to the same cause which had much to do with the production of the more rationalistic school of biography, namely, a concentration of interest in the subject as capable of expression in the terms of biography. The interest cannot be separated from other movements of the human mind, eager in its search for the foundations of human life; but the soil for this special form of literary art had been prepared by the very widespread interest and study in all the details of New Testament history; the labors of exegetes in pulpit and Sunday-school, and religious newspaper and book, bore fruit in a familiarity with the subject which

responded immediately to such an orderly and systematic presentation as biography presented, and the spirit which prompted lives of the Christ had minor manifestation in lives of the Apostles.

Now it was inevitable that when art, as dominated by Protestant thought and relieved of formal church patronage, should again approach Biblical subjects, and especially the central subject, it should express itself in more exact terms, whether the form used was pictorial or literary. Not merely the education of the artist, but the education of the spectator, has compelled Mr. Holman Hunt to make his *Christ in the Temple*, his *Flight into Egypt*, and his *Wounded in the House of his Friends* scrupulously exact archæologically. Mr. Ford Madox Brown, if he essays to portray the raising of the Shunamite's son, does not for a moment think of disclosing the interior of a Manchester house, with a Church of England clergyman to act the part of Elisha, as his Venetian, or Florentine, or Netherland predecessors in the same field might have done, *mutatis mutandis*. But nowadays it is not pictorial art, it is literary art, which is likely to busy itself with Scriptural subjects, partly because the whole drift of training for painters is in other directions, but more because the literary artist is surer of an audience than the painter is of spectators.

The first form of literary art to feel the influence of which we have been speaking was the poetic and dramatic. Longfellow's *Christus* in its first division, several of Browning's and Story's poems, occur at once as examples. But as there are a hundred successful novels to one successful poem, though there probably are nearly as many persons who in secret think they can write poems as there are who openly profess an ability to write stories, the form of fiction is that which may be counted on as most likely to engage the attention of those who lay hold of that great body of

material which lies in and about the Bible for the purposes of their art. The way has been made plain by the abundant biographical studies which have appeared. These have accustomed the reading public to a treatment of the subjects detached from a strict Biblical form. From a life of the Christ which builds a conjectural youth out of two or three texts of Scripture for a foundation, and a vast amount of Judaic lore for a superstructure, it is but a step to a story which imagines the same period without the necessity of a constantly guarded "From our knowledge of other Jewish youths we may suppose," etc.

There have been several stories of late which, with more or less boldness, occupy this field of New Testament life and character. We took occasion, upon its appearance, to speak briefly of the one which was most in the public eye, General Wallace's *Ben-Hur*. Probably the success of that novel had something to do with the multiplication of its class, but we have tried to show that some such manifestation was to be looked for in the premises. It may be worth while to give a cursory examination of other examples, with a view to discovering, if possible, what this literature can and cannot do, and how likely it is to prevail, and even to make demands upon those who take their literary art seriously.

It is noticeable, at the outset, that so far these books refrain from making the central figure of all humanity the central figure, conventionally, of a piece of fiction. For so much reserve let us be thankful. But what the novelist gains in decorum, by such a method, he loses in art. There can be no middle choice between a deliberate converging of all lines toward this centre, since centre it already is in the reader's mind by an irresistible force of association, and a mere allusive treatment. The author of *Ben-Hur*, with a correct instinct, clearly had this in mind, and strove to diminish the actual presence of the Christ as a char-

acter in his story, leaving him rather an influence. So, too, with a somewhat similar purpose, evidently, Mr. Brooks, in his story *A Son of Issachar*,¹ scarcely introduces the Christ at all, though many of the scenes take place about him, and now and then he appears as an actor. As this book is a fair sample of its class, and more ambitious than some, let us give a rapid outline of its construction.

Two characters, who are the foci of the ellipse described in this story, are presented in the first chapter. One is Juda Bar-Simon, of Kerioth, a zealot, a knifeman, whom the intelligent Sunday-school scholar at once recognizes by his more familiar title Judas Iscariot; the other is Cheliel Bar-Asha, of the Potters' Street in Nain, and the mention of his residence prepares the same reader to find him the young man who was raised from the dead. Bar-Asha is of the tribe of Issachar, and has therefore the proud consciousness of a prince. The conversation between these two is intended to bring out the characters of the men: Juda, fierce, fanatical, burning for the freedom of Israel from Gentile domination, ambitious of wealth and power, and attached to the cause of the Rabbi Jeshua, a Netser (Nazarene, O less learned reader), indeed, but a mighty worker of miracles; Bar-Asha, dissatisfied, vaguely restless, wavering, yet easily stirred to action. Juda Bar-Simon leaves this young man, who is driving camels, and the next scene presents Bar-Asha as pushing along the road with his beasts, dreaming of a future which shall make good the words of Bar-Simon, when he is awakened rudely by the presence in the road of a company of Roman soldiers, under Vettius, the centurion, escorting the procurator, Pontius Pilate. Bar-Asha, still half mooning, announces himself as a prince of Issachar, and, upon being contemptuously handled by

¹ *A Son of Issachar*. A Romance of the Days of Messias. By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

Macrinus, a Roman soldier, fells his assailant to the ground with a camel-goad. He is now thoroughly in possession of his senses, and sees that he is a prisoner of Rome. He is brought before Pilate, who thinks the jest a good one, and sends off this beggar prince to Herod for royal sport. Bar-Asha makes a desperate attempt to free himself, and the people of Nain, through which the cavalcade passes, are stirred up by the young man's widowed mother to attempt a rescue, but nothing comes of it; it merely serves to give the writer an opportunity to depict the relations of subject Jew to tyrannical Roman, and to make a picture of a village community.

Brought into the presence of Herod, Bar-Asha is amazed to hear orders given to treat him as a prince. He is properly arrayed, obsequiously attended, and finally given the place of honor by the king, and treated to a gorgeous spectacle. The young man, naturally a dreamer, has his head turned, and takes all the mocking speeches of Herod in dead earnest. The end comes when the tyrant, tired of the sport, dashes the contents of his cup into Bar-Asha's face, who, a second time awakened from his dreams, retorts, with the unspeculating courage that belongs to his nature, by hurling his empty goblet at Herod's head. Of course this fracas ends in the summary dispatch of the contumacious Jew. His dishonored body is sent back to his mother.

Thus it is that the son of the widow of Nain came to his death; and this, in the imagination of Mr. Brooks, is the explanation of the great throng of people that followed him to burial. The brief narrative of the scene of his restoration to his mother is elaborated by the art of the exegete and the reconstructor of ancient life; and as the young man opens his eyes upon the departing group, they rest upon one of the company, — Juda Bar-Simon. The remembrance of his conversation with this man fires Bar-

Asha, and, with an exaltation of spirit, he sets forth to find Messias.

On his journey he falls in with a company of travelers, and the reader is now introduced, along with the hero of the tale, to Amina, daughter of Dal-el' Aretus, King of Nabat and Lord of Petra. Amina, this young and very beautiful Arabian princess, was the lawful wife of Herod, but the tetrarch had discarded her for Herodias, and she was now returning, in fierce wrath and foiled ambition, to her father. She recognizes the camel-driver prince, whom she had seen at Herod's sport, and who she knew had been put to death. The story which he tells of his restoration to life, and his enthusiastic search for the Messias, quickly suggest to Amina the possibility of making common cause with this new king of Israel and his followers, and she begins by casting her wiles about the handsome young man. She persuades him to keep on his way to Jerusalem, to find out the plans of Messias, and then to join her in her father's camp.

In Jerusalem Bar-Asha again falls in with Judas, who discloses his impatience at the Master's strange course, but his belief, nevertheless, that the Netser is biding his time; he makes more clear, also, his own ambition: "From my youth wealth has been my desire, — wealth and power. And when I am become the lord treasurer of the kingdom of Messias, shall not the poor man of Kerioth find that the long dream, the one hope of his life, is royally fulfilled?"

Bar-Asha joins Amina at her father's fastness in the rocks of Petra; and here is introduced another character, Magalath, the aged Magian, who is, of course, our old friend Melchior: a mystic scroll is read by him, which gives direction how to find a certain hidden treasure. At this juncture the historian steps aside from the main course of his narrative to bring forward a new personage, by

name Adah, who is the daughter of Jairus, raised from the dead, and whose function in the story is to represent the steadfast, spiritual believer in the Messias, and to act as a foil to the seductive and dangerous Amina.

The action now quickens. A battle is fought between the Arabians and Herod's army, in which Bar-Asha has his first taste of war. Herod is defeated; the knifemen play their part; Bar-Asha is brought into the presence of Adah; and Vettius also, who proves to be the centurion "that loveth our nation," learns from her of the Messias, whom he desires to find in behalf of his servant Macrinus, now sick. He stumbles upon Bar-Asha, whom he knew only as the camel-driver put to death by Herod; and Bar-Asha, thinking he has a new disciple of Messias in the Roman centurion, discloses to him the plan of Judas to incite a rebellion against the Romans, for the purpose of setting up Messias as king of the Jews. Vettius takes his own view of the matter, and arrests Judas. Thereupon Bar-Asha, discovering that this is the result of his impetuous confidence, gains access to Vettius's quarters and stabs the centurion to death, but not before he has secured, in writing, a permit to visit Judas. He pays his visit at once, easily prevails upon Judas to exchange dress with him, and before news comes of the death of Vettius is on his way to Cæsarea Philippi, by command of the centurion previously given to Judas, while Judas goes free.

At Cæsarea the quasi Bar-Simon, — the real Bar-Asha, — for plotting treason against the Emperor, is exposed to the lions in the circus, overcomes them, as the valiant hero may be expected to do, and is thereupon given his freedom, just as a courier dashes up with the tidings that the gladiator is guilty of the base crime of slaying Vettius. But in the same nick of time a company of knifemen, headed by one Bar-Abbas, dashes into the circus and gives him real free-

dom, — leaving its captain, however, a prisoner.

We pass rapidly over the next succeeding passages, which are designed to pit Adah against Amina, with the temporary victory of the latter; to make Bar-Asha head the crowd that hopes to crown Messias; and to enliven the narrative with an account of the treasure hunt which Bar-Asha and Amina have, with the customary result of the extinction of their torches just as they come upon the treasure.

The more significant movements now are those made by Juda Bar-Simon, who discloses to Bar-Asha his purpose to betray Messias. "Only thus," he says, "may I arouse him to his duty; only thus shall he achieve the end for which he was sent. Then shall he save himself by one swift, mighty act." Accordingly the betrayal follows. Bar-Asha is the one, whom the synoptical gospels do not mention, who smites off the ear of Malluch; and witnessing how the Messias receives this aid, Bar-Asha turns with rage, and thereafter joins the crowd in demanding the crucifixion; he it is who heads the demand that Bar-Abbas, the captain of the knifemen, shall be released.

Remorse follows both Bar-Asha and Bar-Simon. They meet in seemingly deadly conflict, but Bar-Simon is saved for the death of suicide, and Bar-Asha for what? For the love of Adah, for repentance, for discipleship, and finally for martyrdom as the first Christian martyr; the Hebrew Cheliel, "son of a crown," being Stephen, the crown itself, as the Greek name intimates.

To do Mr. Brooks justice, he has tried hard to make his melodramatic ingenuity a study of character in the case of both his main personages. In his preface, which serves in the nature of an apology, he accounts for Bar-Asha in these words: "The man who is touched by a great purpose may never understand the depth of that purpose

until tried as by fire; and he who would stand the test of faith must be an unhesitating believer, or his courage ends in cowardice. Even he whom a Christ recalls to life may, through lack of understanding, prove recreant to the Divine Impulse that has reawakened him; even he whom Messiah raised from the dead may have been the loudest in all the rabble to cry, Crucify, crucify! Only through bitter experience is the light reached at last. The path to faith is often over the thorny ways of renunciation." In his analysis of the motives of Judas he has more than one eminent writer on his side.

Nevertheless, the reader never escapes the unpleasant sensation of assisting in a tale which brings the greatest figure in human history within the lines of a romance which is lighted up by the red and blue fire of sensational melodrama. A foolish story-teller has rushed in where a truly great artist would not dare to follow; for the great artist has a capacity for perception as well as for conception, and the more he stood face to face with the narrative of the gospel, the less would he be disposed to turn it into a melodrama; and if he sought to disclose the action of character, he would prefer to choose conditions and circumstances which permitted a true freedom of handling.

Great art is reverent, but reverence alone does not necessarily produce great art. Another writer has attempted something of the same problem which presented itself to Mr. Brooks, but has not called in the aid of the same sort of machinery. Emmanuel¹ is scarcely more than a paraphrase of the Scripture narrative; the hero in this case being the Apostle Thomas, whom the author, with that desire to escape the ordinary which seems to afflict all these writers, introduces as Thoma, the son of Salmon.

¹ *Emmanuel: the Story of the Messiah.* By WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1889.

His purpose is to delineate a character profoundly religious, early attracted to the Master, but intellectually perturbed, and unable to make his conception of the Messiah coincide with the facts. Robertson of Brighton struck the keynote of the character when he said, "The honest doubt of Thomas craves a sign as much as the cold doubt of the Sadducee." Mr. Cooley relies for his material very largely upon the Palestinian landscape. He uses, with patience, the natural world as a background to the scenes, which rarely go far beyond the accounts given by the evangelists. Nor does he ever put any words into the mouth of the Saviour which he does not find recorded; but he seeks to show the probable effect of words and acts upon the lives of the unnamed but not unmentioned characters that appear in the gospel narrative. Now and then his fine perception strikes out a forcible and suggestive interpretation, as when, for example, after describing the interview with the woman of Samaria, he quotes the words, "Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest," and interjects the explanatory clause, "pointing to the people of Sychar, beginning to stream out across the valley toward them."

Mr. Cooley, as we have intimated, is reverent to the verge of timidity in the handling of his subject. He also, in the preface, describes his point of view. "This book," he says, "is an attempt to depict the life of our Lord in narrative form. Its character is given in the sub-title; it is an attempt at a story, rather than a critical biography, of the Christ. . . . Neither is it a historical novel. The thread of fiction running through it is only a thread, — a cord to which to attach, and by which to join, narratives which, in lack of some such bond, must remain more or less disconnected." In fact, if there were such a

thing as historical evolution of a work of art in the form of fiction dealing with the person of the Christ, this book would represent the stage just beyond the formal biography, as the biography itself represents the development of the loose gospel narrative conceived as contributions toward a presentation of the life of the Christ, which it is not; being exactly what it calls itself, a gospel.

Mr. Cooley's failure to make an absorbing piece of fiction is due to his reverence for his subject, in the first place; and then, it must be confessed, to his too minute and detailed use of nature. He is not skillful enough to make his hills and valleys and tempests and sunshine form a real background to distinctly moving figures, and the result is a somewhat dull setting for a very quiet book; nor has he ventured, as he frankly admits, to construct anything that could be called a plot. In truth, he has done what others have not done, for he has made the Christ in reality the central figure, and doing this he has wholly subordinated the story element. Hence one is always aware that the work is merely a frame to a picture. It occupies a middle position between a biography and a story.

If the reader draws back a little at the use which Mr. Brooks makes of the person of the young man of Nain, and of his restoration to life by the Christ, a veritable and familiar Scripture incident, as a part of the development of character and plot, what will he say when he takes up the novel by Mrs. and Mr. Ward,¹ and reads it through,—if he can,—and finds the use which these authors have made of one of the profoundest, most sacred incidents in the New Testament history? The reader will recall the dignified and suggestive use which Browning makes of the raising of Lazarus in his Epistle of Kar-

shish. He will think of Tennyson's lines:—

“Behold a man raised up by Christ!

The rest remaineth unrevealed;

He told it not; or something sealed

The lips of that Evangelist.”

But nothing has sealed the lips of this pair of story-tellers. Not so much do they reveal the rest as they uncover the whole course of proceedings which led to the death of Lazarus, and set this great act of the raising from the dead as the culmination of a trumpery piece of fiction. Let one think for a moment of the place which this resurrection holds in the real narrative, where no vulgar art has been at work to make it effective. We shall not revolt the reader by a detail of the plot of *Come Forth*. Suffice it to say that Lazarus is made to be in love with the daughter of Annas in a clandestine fashion; that twice the Son of Man is made to save the heroine from death by a miracle; that the second time he saves both hero and heroine, when they are otherwise to be drowned like rats by the enraged father, who has discovered them in an underground passage; and that Lazarus dies from the effect of the exposure.

Is it to this that the process of humanizing the sacred narrative by means of the art of fiction has come? Is this Divine Person, chief on the pages of history, enshrined in the hearts of men, to be degraded as a mere wonder-worker, to save the lives of a man and woman who have been created by these two writers out of their own imagination,—for there is not a vestige of the Scriptural Lazarus in the story except his name,—and have been fashioned out of the cheap materials of paltry fiction?

This book emphasizes as a more cautious one would not the manifest perils of literature of its kind. It would seem, at first blush, as if the novelist in search of historical material on which to base a romance would be exceedingly well off in such a field, for he would not

¹ *Come Forth*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and HERBERT D. WARD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

have to educate his audience in the facts,—they would have it all in their minds, and would respond at once to his lightest intimation; whereas the ordinary historical romancer has to count upon the ignorance, for the most part, of his readers. But, unfortunately for him, if he wishes to move freely amongst his characters and scenes, he is constantly finding himself stepping upon ground from which, if he be reverent, he shrinks, and whither he knows his readers, if they be reverent, will not wish to follow him. Reverence is the soul of great art, and no one can miss it out of his own nature and expect others to find it in his work.

It is noticeable that while men of marked literary power have been tempted by the subject of early Christianity, as Kingsley in *Hypatia*, Ware in *Aurelian*, and Pater in *Marius the Epicurean*, no one has yet attempted to take the next step, and deal with the Christ. We have hinted at some of the reasons. The undying beauty of the New Testament narrative is an additional reason. A sister art like painting may interpret, but literary art knows its limitations. It will be boldest in the forms of poetry and the drama, but fiction turns away. There is one subject before which great fiction, with all its mirror-like power, drops its eyes, and that is *Truth Incarnate*.

VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND.

HALF a century ago, when Colonel Peter Force published his series of historical tracts relating to the early history of the American colonies, he included among them a much larger number of writings upon Virginian history than upon the early history of New England. In recent years, few of our historical writers have in any way concerned themselves with the history of the Virginian colony. Why is this? Apparently it is one of the many effects of the civil war. When the North and the South came together in acute and final conflict, it was New England principles, and not Virginian principles, that triumphed. It appeared that the destinies of the nation were henceforward to be governed in accordance with the former, and not in accordance with the latter. Consciously or unconsciously, this consideration began to affect our views of the past. The origins of New England seemed vastly better worth studying than the origins of Virginia, since they were felt to be much more closely connected with the

origin of the nation. Priority of date was conceded to the colony at Jamestown, but primacy in influence was claimed for those of Plymouth and the Bay.

This was only natural, especially as our historical writers have been mostly of New England origin. It was natural, but was it just? The defense of slavery and the defense of states' rights were not the only Virginian principles, and their overthrow does not destroy all impress of Virginian influence upon the United States. If we go back seventy or eighty years in our history, we come to a time when the question of slavery was not yet the dominant question in our politics, and the defense of states' rights was not yet the peculiar prerogative of the South; but "the Virginia influence" was constantly spoken of in our politics, and had been one of the chief factors in all the early development of the young republic. Now that the slavery contest is ended, we may profitably look back to those times

before it began. We shall see the commonwealth of Virginia, with one fifth of the population of the Union, in 1790, exercising almost such an influence in the government of the United States as that which the province of Holland exercised in the government of the United Netherlands. We shall conclude that whatever went to the making of that commonwealth is well worthy of careful investigation by the student of general American history. We shall remember, too, that but for the success of that earlier experiment, or at least the increasing hope that it would succeed, the colonies of 1620 and 1630 might never have been planted.

In attempting a comprehensive collection¹ of all the documentary sources for the first eleven years' history of the colony on James River, Mr. Alexander Brown has therefore, in our view, deserved well not only of Virginia, but of the republic in general, and is justified in calling his collection by even so extensive a title as *The Genesis of the United States*. For fourteen years, Mr. Brown tells us, he has been laboring to make this collection; his success is the more noteworthy from the fact that he has worked at a distance from large libraries and helps to investigation, and that, apparently, he has not had previous experience in historical publication. The period to which he has devoted his book is that extending from the return of Weymouth to England in July, 1605, to the return of Sir Thomas Dale in 1616. Purchases excluded, documentary publication respecting this period began virtually with William Stith, who printed the three charters and one or two other documents

in the appendix to the first volume of his *History of Virginia*, published at Williamsburg in 1747. Much to that good man's disgust, public support to subsequent volumes was not forthcoming, and documentary publication respecting this period seems to have gone no further for more than half a century. Jefferson, when he wrote his *Notes on Virginia*, appears to have known of no more documents bearing on these eleven years than what were contained in Stith. In 1809 William Waller Hening printed a few more, and since then the list has slowly increased, especially through the enthusiastic labors of Dr. E. D. Neill. Manuscript pieces have been discovered and published, rare tracts have been reprinted, and governmental calendars have made summaries of even unprinted materials somewhat accessible. Finally, Mr. Brown has set himself to gather together all the evidences hitherto collected, and, adding to them the results of his own industrious research, to put forth a collection of original sources, complete as far as may be, and arranged in chronological order. Several of the more extended early narratives, such as those of Smith, Hamor, and Strachey, he has wisely forborne to reprint, at least if they are easily to be had by scholars. These narratives doubtless still remain the most important single sources of information respecting transactions in Virginia itself during those eventful and trying years. But Mr. Brown's new pieces, even though some of them are of little individual importance, make up in sum an extremely valuable contribution to the history of this memorable colonizing movement, and especially of that part of it which went on in London.

¹ *The Genesis of the United States*. A Narrative of the Movement in England, 1605-1616, which resulted in the Plantation of North America by Englishmen, disclosing the Contest between England and Spain for the Possession of the Soil now occupied by the United States of America; set forth through a Series of His-

torical Manuscripts now first printed, together with a Reissue of Rare Contemporaneous Tracts, accompanied by Bibliographical Memoranda. With Notes, Plans, and Portraits, and Brief Biographies. By ALEXANDER BROWN. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. [Advance sheets.]

The pieces printed or summarized by the editor number three hundred and sixty-five. Of these, some two hundred and twelve appear never to have been printed before, an extraordinarily large addition to our repertory of information respecting a period of only eleven years. By all odds, the most important division of this new matter is that which comes from the Spanish archives at Simancas. The obtaining of this, indeed the thought of having search made there, is much to Mr. Brown's credit. His efforts were zealously aided by a Virginian representative in Madrid, the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, our late minister to Spain. Ninety-three documents in the collection were derived thence, and hardly one of them is without significance. Professor Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia, has furnished the editor with the English translation of them, which alone is here printed. They consist of the letters of three successive Spanish ambassadors in London — Don Pedro de Zuñiga, Don Alonso de Velasco, and Don Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, better known as Count Gondomar — to King Philip III. of Spain, together with several highly interesting inclosures, a number of resolutions of the Spanish Council, and some replies of the king. The whole of the Spanish policy respecting Virginia is here laid before us for the first time. All Virginia was regarded by the Spanish court as falling within the bounds of the territory conferred upon Spain by the decree of Alexander VI. The attempt to settle in it was beheld with indignation, jealousy, and even dismay, for it was felt that, whatever objects were put forward ostensibly, the real purpose of such a settlement was nothing else but piracy upon Spanish commerce, or attacks upon the Spanish settlements to the southward. Accordingly, the Spanish ambassadors in London are urgent in their recommendation that the new settlement be speedily destroyed; if Gondomar is less so, it is

because he thinks the colony is on the point of perishing, anyhow. The Spanish king eagerly writes for news from his representative at the British court. The Council frequently debates respecting the destruction of the settlement. Frequent rumors that it is to be at once destroyed reach Sir John Digby, King James's ambassador in Madrid. But Spain under the Duke of Lerma was not in a condition to take rapid and decisive action. "For their doing anything by the way of hostility," writes Digby to Sir Dudley Carleton, "I conceive they will be very slowe to give England (who is very apte to lay holde on any occasion) so juste a pretence to bee doing with them." The caution and the unprepared state of Spain saved the infant colony. All through those years, however, the promoters of the enterprise could not but feel the necessity for secrecy in their proceedings; and this has had much to do with the paucity of direct information from them respecting the progress of their adventure.

The letters of the three successive ambassadors contain much interesting information respecting the Virginian colony, which in various ways, as for instance by spies, they had managed to pick up. By far the most interesting of such inclosures are the letters written to Velasco and Gondomar by the Alcaide Don Diego de Molina, whose story enriches early Virginian history with a romance hitherto unsuspected. In April, 1611, Don Diego de Molina, the Ensign Marco Antonio Perez, and an English pilot long domesticated in Spain, named Francis Lymbry, left Lisbon for Havana, under orders to sail thence to the northward, — on pretense of searching for a wrecked galleon, in reality in order to spy out the Virginian settlement. Arriving in June off the fort at what is now Hampton, the three men mentioned, landing incautiously from their caravel, are seized by the English. The caravel is forced to sail away without them, but

has the good fortune to capture the English pilot Clark. The adventure is reported to the king of Spain, and negotiations for exchange ensue. Two years later, when Velasco supposes all three to have died, he receives a long and interesting letter from Molina. It was sent, sewed between the soles of a shoe, by means of a Venetian gentleman, whom the pious Spaniard, during his captivity, had hopefully reconverted to Catholicism. Molina and Lymbry are finally exchanged for Clark. Perez had long since died in captivity. Molina's character, as revealed in the letters, makes him a very pleasing as well as picturesque addition to early Virginian history. His letters, with those of Father Biard to Acquaviva, show us in August, 1613, a Spaniard of distinction, a renegade Englishman who pretended to be a Spaniard, fifteen Frenchmen, including two Jesuits, naval officers, and others, and the Indian Pocahontas, all in captivity among the Englishmen at Jamestown and Hampton, and with them the Venetian gentleman reconverted to Papistry under the very eyes of Sir Thomas Dale! It should be added that Molina represents himself as very kindly treated by the colonists; he gives a striking picture of their miseries during his three years' confinement among them.

Next in number and interest to these Spanish papers are those which Mr. Brown has obtained from the State Paper Office in London. Many of these — letters from Digby in Madrid — supplement and confirm the documents from Simancas. Many others belong to the voluminous correspondence of Sir Dudley Carleton. Interesting, if not of the first importance, are the thirty-five or so documents which have been obtained from the record-books of the city of London, of the livery companies, of the Cinque Ports, of Trinity House, and of other corporations. Most of these have to do with the financial affairs of the Virginia Company, its subscriptions and

its lotteries. Two pieces come from the records of London churches; but alas, they concern investment of church funds in the company's lotteries! The company's own records, for years previous to 1619, are no longer in existence. The British Museum and certain private collections afford a few further papers, some of which are of much interest. Upon the quarrels at Jamestown and the dissensions in the company Mr. Brown's papers, it should be remarked, throw little additional light that will serve at all to settle vexed questions, even the warmly debated question regarding Captain John Smith, against whom, by the way, Mr. Brown seems to cherish a hostility pushed sometimes beyond what is quite fair. But we get a choice bit of Jamestown politics in the letter of one Francis Perkins, written from there in March, 1608, and somehow obtained by Zuñiga, and by him forwarded to his Catholic Majesty. The colony had not been in existence eleven months, and here is already the American office-seeker! "I pray you will have the goodness," writes Perkins to his unknown correspondent, "to negotiate with Sir William Wade, Sir Thomas Smith, . . . and the others, that I be appointed one of the council here in Virginia, as much for my honor as that I may be better able to pay my debts. There are some of the members of the council here who understand state affairs as little as I do, and who are no better than I. It will be a matter of great delight to see coming here so many from our country, so richly gifted and enlightened that I should not be worthy to appear among them!"

Letters were not the only things which the watchful envoy intercepted, and so preserved for us. The archives of Simancas have yielded to the editor four maps of extreme interest, of which the English originals must long ago have disappeared. The first is a chart of James River, made in 1608, by Robert

Tindall, gunner to Prince Henry; the second, a chart of Virginia, made in the same year, and sent over to England with Captain Smith's True Relation; the third, and most interesting to New Englanders, a finely executed plan of St. George's Fort at the mouth of the Sagadahoc, — that is, Captain George Popham's fort at the mouth of the Kennebec, — drawn in 1607; and finally, a large map of the Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to North Carolina, made by some English surveyor in 1610. The book is also illustrated with other maps and with a large number of engraved portraits.

Mr. Brown's work as collector deserves every praise, his work as editor a great deal. If here and there one does not find indication of the place from which a manuscript is derived, or in the case of a piece previously printed is left in ignorance as to where it has been printed, or if one could wish that the date of each piece were set in the heading, side by side with its title, one ought to be too grateful to Mr. Brown for his services to early American history to notice severely a few lapses from the practices observed in the best models of editing. It is somewhat more of a fault that he should so frequently use the expression, "I am quite sure that," etc., to introduce what are in fact his conjectures. Herein he doth protest too much; when a writer is really sure of a fact, he states it without preface. It is a pity that Mr. Brown could not have printed the Spanish text of his manuscripts from Simancas, for, clearly, he has not been wholly fortunate in the translator to whose obliging kindness he is so much indebted. In many instances the translation here printed does not make good sense, though this ought surely to be possible, with Spanish transcripts of no greater antiquity than these. Even without seeing the text, one can discern

something of the defectiveness of the translation by comparing it, as in two cases one can do, with contemporary translations which Digby made at Madrid from the same documents, surreptitiously obtained.

Mr. Brown gives few footnotes respecting persons, but more than supplies their place by appending an elaborate biographical dictionary of persons connected with the founding of Virginia, the accounts of them being derived from a great variety of printed sources, such as Mr. Leslie Stephen's Dictionary, and from the editor's own investigations. The biographies are very brief, but they serve a good purpose in showing what manner of men were engaged in the furtherance of our first colony. Their spirit may be seen still more clearly in some of their letters, which Mr. Brown has printed or reprinted. One cannot, or at any rate one ought not to, read the letters of Dale and De la Warr and others without perceiving that high and even religious purposes in colonization were not confined to the settlers of New England, but that the great and inspiring thought of establishing beyond the seas a new English empire was present with the founders of Virginia, and lent to their transactions a dignity which makes every record of them worthy of preservation. We cannot dismiss this most creditable piece of book-making without praising the magnificent index which the author has provided.

The contrast between the beginnings of Virginia and New England could scarcely be brought out with greater emphasis than by the juxtaposition of Mr. Brown's collection of documents and Mr. Weeden's close culling of testimony from a great variety of obscure sources.¹ It is true that Mr. Brown concerns himself with the brief period of eleven years which saw the germ of Virginia, and Mr. Weeden traces New

In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

¹ *Economic and Social History of New England.* 1620-1789. By WILLIAM B. WEEDEN.

England from its first permanent colony to its absorption in the larger history of the Union; but if the history of Virginia had been extended the contrast would have continued, if not on the same lines, yet with equal divergence. That is to say, Mr. Brown calls on us to observe how distinctly Virginia was the product of English statesmanship put to its mettle by Spanish diplomacy, and how very close was the interdependence of early Virginia and England. Mr. Weeden sees in the New England commonwealths a branch broken off from the parent stock and taking root in a new soil, drawing its nourishment and vigor from that soil itself. He makes but little of the interdependence of England and New England, leaving that subject to Dr. Palfrey and the late Mr. John Wingate Thornton. Had Mr. Brown chosen to follow the course of Virginian history, he would doubtless have found it issue in a commonwealth whose finest product, at the time of separation from England, was a group of publicists and statesmen. Mr. Weeden, taking account of the New England human culture at the same period, fixes his attention upon merchants and manufacturers.

It was, to be sure, inherent in Mr. Weeden's plan that he should emphasize this side of New England life, but we do not mean to imply that his concentration of interest has led him to overstate the case. On the contrary, we think the effect of his treatise will be to correct a false balance, to adjust in the reader's mind the relative importance to the New Englander himself of things theological and things of everyday experience. The tendency of our histories of New England has been to exaggerate the Sabba'day side of the life. Because the more literary record has been full of this religious tone, because the writers whose tracts, sermons, and books occupy the shelves with such Americana as pertain to New England

have used Biblical terms freely, the disposition has been to see topics in the same light, and to treat the history as if it were the history of a Peculiar People. Mr. Brooks Adams, in his somewhat indignant book *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*, did something toward arresting the attention of students to what may be called the undercurrent of protest which was all along made against a distorted view of human life; but Mr. Weeden's book, by its wealth of illustration, is much more valuable as a corrective of historical attitude, because it sets before the reader in great variety of detail the week-day life of the ordinary New Englander, decade by decade, through a succession of social, economic, and political changes. The material has long existed; other historians have availed themselves of it by way of illustration; they have gone to town records, to inventories, and to the advertisements in the later journals. But Mr. Weeden, first of all, has collected and systematized this vast store of recon-dite material, and used it as a whole, methodically and scientifically, to educe the actual life of New England.

A rapid survey of the method employed by Mr. Weeden will set this forth more intelligibly. After a generalizing prelude, in which the opening of the New World and the elevation of England to a great power are presented with epigrammatic touch, and the physical features of New England are outlined with regard to their influence upon colonial life, the base of civilization is sketched in the fisheries, the home, and the community. Then a chapter upon Aboriginal Intercourse with the Colonists gives opportunity for a satisfactory account of the instrument of association, wampum, which was so rude yet so effective a substitute for minted money. The third chapter, dealing with the Formation of the Community, covers the great decade of 1630-1640, and gives occasion for a presentation of the

social management of common lands, the meeting and meeting-house, and a general survey of the community in its political, religious, and social aspects.

With the fourth chapter begins that treatment of the whole subject which Mr. Weeden has made peculiarly his own. It is entitled *Agriculture, Fish, and Furs*. Bradford for the Plymouth Colony and the Massachusetts Colonial Records for Massachusetts Bay are the principal authorities, and from these, as well as from Winthrop, Johnson, Wood, Lechford, local records and sundry tracts, Mr. Weeden pieces out with minute care the detailed life as it relates to these original industries. He shows what individual men and communities undertook, and how the General Court and the town attempted to regulate labor and prices. From this examination he proceeds to investigate the Beginnings of Commerce, and then the Rise of Homespun Industries. Having done this, he makes a cross-section of his subject, and shows the New Englander in his Home.

These chapters complete the survey through the first great period of New England history down to the Revolution of 1688. The subject broadens after this, as the community becomes more complex and multiplies its relations with the outer world. Thenceforth, though the same general divisions are followed, it becomes necessary to take into account the interesting subject of piracy, privateering, and smuggling, which Mr. Weeden shows to have had very intimate concern not only with the development of New England, but with its final revolt from English rule. The whale fishery, again, is treated with great fullness, the African slave-trade also, and, as minor topics, the modes of travel and the manners of society. From time to time, the otherwise somewhat disjointed narrative is made more continuous by detailed and animated accounts of representative characters like Hull, Faneuil, and Derby;

and the reader is rewarded for picking his way through a mass of broken stones of facts by coming upon some smooth piece of road, where the author has summed his results into broad and satisfactory generalizations.

We have intimated that this work is not altogether easy reading, by reason of its multitude of facts and figures; yet to the student and to the wide-awake reader there is positive pleasure in having a share in historical investigation of this sort. Mr. Weeden, in brief, has followed the inductive plan in writing his history. He has accumulated, sorted, and arranged a vast collection of bits of material. He has not sought them to establish a theory. He has collected them patiently, in order therefrom to educe whatever general laws they may yield; and if he presents his conclusions to the reader, he also gives him liberally of his data. The two volumes constitute a thoroughly systematized and admirably indexed scrap-book of New England history, with occasional valuable dissertations upon the scraps by the competent collector. The special value of the collection lies in the character of the material thus brought together. By means of it one is enabled to get close to the daily life of a community which has been the mother of States, and to study exactly those phases which are in the life of to-day eagerly tabulated by the sociologist. The work is the first great examination of New England in the method of the student who is satisfied with nothing short of the very ground on which history is built. As Mr. Weeden says himself in his striking preface: —

“If we had all the material of history, it would compel a larger comprehension from our active modern intelligence, and the story would soon work itself out in simple unity. The lesser parts of history necessarily became, or they appeared to become, the greater parts, as civilization has been going through its periods of growth. The art of govern-

ment, the modes of worship, inevitably appeared, for the moment, greater than the people who were governed, or were trying to worship dimly apprehended deities. Man himself, in his own nature, must always be the object and the cause of the deeper historical meetings, as well as of the course of outward events, which represent the surface and superficial form of history. The story of battles with political and religious combination and intrigue has been merged for the time in the greater interest of the institutions underlying the politics and the religion of the actors. Yet we have not the whole story. Picturesque narration, philosophic speculation, have not exhausted the forces

inherent in history. The life of man, his daily action, — closely allied to his thought and to his affections, — must yield up its fact, its daily doing, before we can comprehend the whole action, the whole story of man in his relation to history. Little things are becoming great, in that they reveal the sources of greater principles which occasion the movements and currents of humanity. Economy, the daily order of living, and fellowship are homely elements which are coming to be recognized as potent factors in the large drama of history. The great need of this economic story, in completing the whole story, may lead us too far; but a large and imperative work is waiting to be done."

STEDMAN'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THIS work,¹ in the opening volumes of which we found such unusual interest, has increased in usefulness with each successive issue, and now in its total of eleven large volumes opens as complete a survey of the history and character of the American mind as is possible by the method followed. Its value is principally historical, and only in a secondary degree literary. The reputation of a nation for letters must depend upon its eminent authors, and arises rather from quality than quantity; but the entire intellectual life of a people is something larger than its literary activity, and cannot be represented by great poets and romancers alone. It is this larger life, this working of intelligence in the mass of writers, that the compilers of the Library have set themselves to show forth; and the success of their work may well have surprised themselves. The result

certainly has exceeded our own expectation. The greater part of the twelve hundred authors whose works have been laid under contribution are of course obscure, and as one turns over the thousands of closely packed pages he may think the individual selections in many cases of trifling note; but he soon perceives that he is receiving an impression of the mental action of the period, of the common trend of style and matter, which differs from the idea arrived at by reading the more famous authors only. In particular, he observes that while in Longfellow or Irving he has accustomed himself to the presence of foreign interests and the European tradition of literature, in this Library as a whole such influences are but little felt; he is dealing with an American product, is close to the national life, and holds in his hand a true record of our own people. The

¹ *A Library of American Literature. From the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and edited by EDMUND CLARENCE*

STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. Vol. IV.—XI. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1888-90.

degree to which this Americanism occupies the field is unlooked for, and the great value of the work is, in our judgment, due to its presence.

On examination, reasons will not be found lacking for this peculiarity. The scope of the collection was so comprehensive that it took in, besides literature in the restricted and proper sense, every part of the national life which is expressed by speech, and all notable men who have figured in the history of the country and left any words of their own behind them. The consequence is that those considerable portions of our national life which found no outlet in literature, or only a feeble and intermittent expression, have not gone unrepresented, but stand in their place, under their historical forms of oratory, sermon, or disquisition. The revolutionary and constitutional periods, the antislavery agitation, the argument of secession, and the events and emotions of the civil war, in all of which a large part of the moral force, the intense patriotism, the intellectual power of the nation was absorbed, contribute speeches and essays and words great because of the occasion that called them forth; and the leaders in these successive struggles, who stamped their words in history rather than in letters, lend fervor of feeling and weight of meaning to fill up the gaps and support the weaker utterances of literature in its poets and other more acknowledged members. The literature of our politics is thus necessarily American, both in its original papers by actors in the scene, and in its narration by later historians and biographers, of whom there has been a swarm. The editors, too, in selecting passages to illustrate the less known authors, seem often to have chosen consciously such as would have a special interest to the reader because of their bearing upon American history, or illustration of American life, habits, and thought. This was a principle of selection most fit in itself and happy in its

results; to it, in connection with the large mass of our politics, oratory, and history, is due the important value of the entire collection as a broad survey of that portion of our written or spoken thought which depended more or less closely upon the always vigorous public life and patriotic feeling of the nation.

The American quality, however, though conspicuously exhibited in these branches of the subject-matter, is not limited to them. In the novels and tales, and in the minor poetry also, there is to be seen a community of intellectual traits and of interest. One is struck especially by the general absence of affectation, by the straightforward and simple expression of what is to be said, by a predominant plainness of speech. It would not be unjust to designate this as a prevailing homeliness, in the sense in which that characteristic belongs to the people. There may be little refinement, an unexacting taste, perhaps little dignity of external style; but there are, on the other hand, genuine if modest feeling, much sympathy with the common life of men, a democratic sentiment, true if low-flying thought, and real if uninspired emotion. The substance is more than the form; the sense exceeds the style. Sincerity, humanity, and reality are pervading elements. These are not the only qualities which are requisite in literature, but it is a good sign to find them widely spread through the books of a nation, as noticeable in one department of mental activity as in another. In the better writers we should find the same traits with something superadded, and in general we do; but in the literary culture of these more famous authors there intrudes an element not native to our soil, an imitation of literary models, a striving after remembered graces of style, mocking-bird cadences, a tradition not yet acclimated and absorbed into our own national life. The less relief, therefore, given to our literary men, in consequence of the relatively

small space they occupy, is a gain to the general effect, which is much simpler than would otherwise have been the case. The inclusion of anonymous and single poems, and particularly of the popular songs of the war, of negro melodies, and of noted sayings, also tends to make the collection more truly and explicitly a summary and expression of the general tone, habits of thought and feeling, and prevailing interests of the people's mental life.

The temptation is great to make reflections upon the worth of the national qualities thus revealed, the changes from period to period, and the reasons why our general literature has been what it is; but these, for the most part, are obvious enough, and would lead too far if followed too closely. The Library itself is superficially misleading in one respect, and the editors take pains to set the reader right in their preface. The earlier volumes show a preponderance of theology, and in the later theology is a constantly vanishing quantity. So, too, politics occupies a larger space in the middle periods. The common reason for this is the increase of literature proper in the growth of the nation, which has made necessary a certain disregard of the works of the more learned professions, and especially of the clergy. Another reason may be found in the fact that the authors of the later volumes are either in early manhood, or have run but half their course. They are naturally persons who have succeeded in the literature of poetry or story-telling, which belongs to their years; distinction in the learned professions or in public life is the fruit of a riper age. It would be pleasing if some other notable characteristics of the Library as a whole could be explained with as little injury to national pride. The strength of the nation seems to lie, so far as it has gone, in its political life, and the oratory, the political philosophy, and the history which are the gift of that life to literature. Literary produc-

tion itself, in the narrow meaning of the fine art of expression, has been a secondary matter; and within these limits, even (not to speak of the epic, which has ever been regarded as the highest form of man's creative power), the drama and criticism have been the weakest in vigor. The former, indeed, may be disregarded, and the latter, though it showed some vitality a generation ago, seems to have died away. The close connection between the feebleness of criticism and the low degree of literary taste cannot escape notice; but the failure of the drama implies more serious defects in the national genius. The decline of oratory may also afford a text to the pessimistic observer, and the rise of the dialect tale and the poetry of the bagatelle, which are the only novel forms we discern at the end, may not console him.

Before drawing to an end, it is our duty to direct attention to the remarkably admirable execution of the work by its editors, the soundness of their judgment in selection, the extraordinary breadth and variety of their acquaintance with forgotten books, and the impartiality and justice of their choice of authors. The labor was arduous, and the multitude of details must have been harassing. It is a proof of thoroughness and painstaking that they find so little to correct at the end of their task. They have left nothing to be desired for the completeness of their work. The last volume contains an excellent index, and short but full biographies of every author represented in the volumes. The portraits are in general very good, and they are numerous. The text has been most carefully compiled. The work as a whole is, we believe, without a parallel among literary compilations. Its usefulness for purposes of reference is very great; but it is meant for entertaining and valuable reading page by page, — for popular reading, not merely for libraries and schools. It fulfills this

end with equal success, and is the more to be commended and urged upon the public because of that comprehensive view of American life and history, and of the common action of the American mind for the past three centuries, of which we have mainly spoken. Our literary names of note are not so many but what

the works which bear them may easily be obtained and read; but in this collection hundreds of authors and thousands of books are brought within the reader's survey, and in them he will find more of the national life than in the select few that are known and supposed to be read of all men.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Sportive Cowboy. THE exigencies of government service have brought four of us, — three being members of the Club by courtesy, — whom the cowboys (the only native inhabitants besides the straggling Indians and coyotes) call tenderfeet, into the close vicinity of Hell Hole, on the borders of the Reservation, and well beyond all settlements. As the mail is brought sixty miles by pony express to a point thirteen miles distant, where civilization stops, dead tired, we are a law unto ourselves, and the cowboys are lawlessness to themselves. Mr. Stockton's hero says he could n't get any one to listen to his account of his travels. I wonder if any one will take the trouble to be thrilled by these brief jottings from my diary?

Monday, July 29. Was just starting for the ledges after the others, with the shovel and my gun, and was a little way from camp, when two cowboys came up and wanted to know what we were up to. They had seen the others in the distance. I told them we were after fossils. They said they were from Blue Mountains, and were after stray cattle. Their camp was a mile up the river, and they invited me to call. Pleasant neighbors, very. . . . Late in the afternoon I rode back ahead of the rest, and just as I came into camp the same two cowboys came out of the cabin. They looked rather startled, I thought,

till they recognized me. One of them said, with an uneasy laugh, that a cowboy was always hungry, and they had been helping themselves to our corn bread.

"Did n't you see the beans?" I asked.

No, they had n't seen any beans. So I brought out the cold beans. They ate them, but kept looking out for something, and seemed in a hurry to be off. They asked me again to come to their camp and bring my pals, and mounted their horses, which had been in the bush behind the cabin. They disappeared behind the cliffs before the others came into camp. Heard a lot of horses come down in the night.

Tuesday, July 30. After breakfast saw half a dozen riders come down from around the bend, and go down the river at a great pace. Emerson rode off for the mail, — a day's trip, — and the chief went off to the ledges to work. John (our cook) and I stayed in camp. About ten A. M. a cowboy rode up from around the bend, and hailed us. He wanted to know if we had seen two fellows ride by yesterday: one with hairy shaps (the name here for riding-leggings), and the other with leather shaps. [Qy., from chaparral?] I said Yes, and told him what they had told me about their camp, and how they were here to look after Blue Mountain cattle. The cowboy laughed when I

said they seemed to enjoy their corn bread and beans.

"Them two fellows was horse-thieves," said he, "and we're after them. Our camp is up there, and all they told you was a blind. They saw you did n't know who they were. If you had, they'd ha' got the drop on you, sure. They're mighty tough chaps, and there's a reward out of five hundred dollars for their capture." He went on to tell me that they had broken into a bank in Salt Lake City, and there had been a party after them for the last two weeks. The thieves had made their way across country by stealing fresh horses when their own became fagged. He left me to go back to camp.

An hour later three horsemen came in sight over the crest of a bluff, and rode up to the cabin for water. The one in the middle, who was unarmed, was the fellow in hairy shaps I saw yesterday; the other two were heavily armed. I was a little distance away, and before I could come up they were off. They kept dark, John said.

In the afternoon we heard all about it. A cowboy came over from the camp and told us. The party caught up with the fellows about twelve miles below here, this morning: one of them had a fresh horse, and got away; but they had the other, the one with hairy shaps, up at their camp. I'm glad they have him, for he was the worse looking of the two; he had a villainous look. I was struck with that before I knew what he was. They think they'll get the other, for there's a big crowd after him.

Wednesday, July 31. More excitement! About nine o'clock last night, just as we were going to turn in, and had spread the blankets on our pile of bark, we heard the noise of a horse crossing the rocky ford near by. We were on the jump at once. Emerson and John went into the cabin, and stood in the dark with their guns cocked. I had my pistols. The chief stood up to

do the honors of the camp. The fellow came up coughing painfully. I made him out in the starlight. It was the other rascal, and I whispered this to the chief. Up he came, and asked if we had any pills or physic of any kind. He was dead sick; had been riding all day; could hardly keep on his horse. The chief knew he was shamming, and said we had no medicine; but he gave him the water keg, and the fellow must have drunk a quart. He kept straining at the door of the cabin. He must have seen that we knew who he was, for he turned to me pretty soon and asked if I had seen anything of the fellow who was with him yesterday, and asked the chief, with an attempt at carelessness, if there had been many riders about. We kept mum, and soon he rode off across the ford again. We fired three shots as a signal to the cowboys, and turned in.

This morning, early, a party of cowboys rode by with their prisoner, on their way up river. They stopped, and we photographed him, — an ugly-looking customer. The rest of the cowboys went down the valley in pursuit of the other chap. They heard our shots last night, and thought at first we had winged him; but as we did n't ride over they knew he must have got away. They seem sure of him.

Thursday, August 1. All the rampage of the last three days is just a bit of fooling. The cowboys thought we were tenderfeet, and so they got up this little farce to amuse themselves and scare us. The pretended horse-thieves were two of their own number, and they have been racing up and down, and telling all these yarns, as a kind of private Wild West show.

Two Marginal Notes from Cæsar's Commentaries. — The other day, turning the leaves of a still militant copy of Cæsar's Commentaries, I came upon two unique specimens of Latin prose composition, written in the frank round hand of the book's youth-

ful owner. These were so happy in their way that they caused me to sigh that my young friend was not permitted to write for antiquity. To have laid before the elegant Kikero or the doughty Kæsar these terse, if post-classical, sentences from the *memorabilia* of Young America's wit and wisdom would have been indeed a compensation to them for the toil they must have endured in getting their redoubtable works ready for parsing.

Frigida dies est quum relinquimur.

Nullæ muscæ super nos.

While I was stealthily jotting down these pleasant trifles, the voice of their author reached me from the playground, where he was giving joyous direction to some exercise of the modern palæstra, — "Ignis via!" and his comrades accordingly "fired away."

A Critic on — Taste and training will
 a Critic. make a critic. For taste is nothing but a kind of ear for the echo of passion; a power of hearing faintly where passion has spoken plainly; a kind of sympathetic vibration born in the man, and capable of much improvement under careful cultivation. Take a man endowed with a certain sensibility of this sort, and give him leisure to wander over Europe and sojourn in Italy, and diligence to read all the polite literature of ancient and modern times; let him write books and essays till he acquires a fluent style, and you have John Addington Symonds. This class of man will naturally be more at home in literature than he is in any of the other arts, for it is the only art he practices. He will have tried his hand at sonnets, plays, lyrics, and translations, and will really know something about the art of literary composition. He will think, however, that he really knows something about the other arts, painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. He will vibrate sympathetically to these, and write charming books about them; and he will become so sensitive in his

feeling towards them in their different forms and phases that the echo and paraphrase which he gives in his books will be worth reading, and, provided we read them armed with a knowledge that they are mere literary paraphrases, perhaps worth studying.

The essential fault in such a man is that he thinks he understands these kindred arts. He thinks they can be translated into literary form. He conceives of them as something meant to be written about and admired. His attitude towards them is one of patronage and exposition. He explains their beauties, and comments on their growth and development. He is a critic.

Now, a critic is not a man who is overcome with the mystery and power of his subject. He is a man who has a desire to say something about his subject. If it is passion at all that moves him, it is literary passion. If he breaks into a strain of admiration ending with an "O altitudo," and does it well, it is a good piece of writing, it is a fine literary frenzy; but it has no more to do with the statue or the picture that moves him to it than a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The literary men of all ages have cultivated themselves in the kindred fine arts, no man more so than Goethe. They have played with the echo that comes to them from painting and sculpture, and said fine things of it. They have been clever over it, and sentimental, and bombastic, and reflective, and ingenious. Goethe said of the Ludovisi Juno that it was like a canto of Homer; somebody else — was it Madame de Staël? — called architecture frozen music; and there is no flight of fantastic exaggeration that writers have not ventured on, in an endeavor to express themselves. Keats in his Grecian Urn has done for sculpture what poetry can do for sculpture, and Shelley in his lines to Constantia singing has done for music what poetry can do for music. The force of

translation, we might think, can go no further. And what have we? A fair witticism from Goethe and two most wonderful poems from Keats and Shelley, but no word from sculpture or music. These speak for themselves only, to their lovers alone; and to those who hear them — not their echo, but themselves — come a hush and a reverence foreign to critics. The sound of their voices stills the desire to write. The impossibility of giving back their thought in words is not thought of, because words are not thought of, literature is not thought of. To those whose feelings are open to the direct impact of other arts than literature, it is not only the masterpieces of those arts which speak in this way, but also the lesser works in a lesser degree, not differing in kind.

We have few criticisms and essays

upon music. That is because music is at present more understood than any other of the arts. People think music is meant to listen to, not to write books about; and we shall be able to forecast the rise of painting or sculpture by the premonitory falling off of treatises upon the great masters and the classic statues. It may be that the present age of criticism is the dawn before the rising for these arts, and that the echo heard by the critics and heralded abroad by them will be followed, and will lead men back to the arts themselves.

At present, then, let us not disparage these cultivated gentlemen, nor grow irritated at their irreverence. Some of them have very fine machinery inside of them, and its vibration probably represents some reaction in the real world. As for their irreverence, I wot that through ignorance they do it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Literary Criticisms. The World's Best Books, a Key to the Treasures of Literature, by Frank Parsons, F. E. Crawford, and H. T. Richardson. (Little, Brown & Co.) The chief editor sets down an astounding programme in his preface. He proposes gravely, in a little over a hundred pages, not only to indicate what are the greatest books, but to intimate the relations they bear to each other; "also to supply the tests by which each reader for himself may judge the claims of any book on his attention, and to give a list of brief selections of the gravest, grandest, saddest, sweetest, wittiest, most pathetic, solemn, and melodious passages in literature, naming the precise place in which each selection may be found, the manner in which it should be read, and its degree of difficulty, with the purpose of building up a standard of taste and comparison for all after reading; and finally to picture to the eye the relative positions of the greatest writers of the world in time and space [this grandiloquent phrase means a tabular view], and in relation to the great events that history records, accompanying the picture with a bird's-eye view of all the periods of English

Literature and of the Golden Age in every other literature of any note, which view in fifteen minutes' reading gives the essence of the twenty-five or thirty books on literature and reading that are the most in use so far as they relate to choice of reading and the order of selection." This wonderful preface, of which we have given but a portion only, can be matched by a similar sentence from a vender of quack medicine at the tail of his cart. Of course there is an abundance of good names and the commonplaces of criticism in the book, but let every one avoid this short cut to universal knowledge. — *English Poetry and Poets.* by Sarah Warner Brooks. (Estes & Lauriat.) A volume of running comment, with frequent extracts, on the course of English poetry. Mrs. Brooks has a genuine love of her subject, and the absence of all pretense makes her book a pleasant one with which to attempt a rapid survey of English poetic successes; for the mingling of biographic narrative with quoted criticism and examples of verse, if done without ostentation and with no obtrusion of personal judgment, is one of the most agreeable methods of making a volume on English literature

acceptable, whether to beginners or to those familiar with the general subject. — *The Art of Authorship*: literary reminiscences, methods of work, and advice to young beginners, personally contributed by leading authors of the day. Compiled and edited by George Bainton. (Appleton.) Mr. Bainton, an English clergyman, has done successfully what a good many newspapers have attempted with varying degrees of failure. He has set springes to catch woodcock. By writing personal and skillfully adapted letters to a number of English and American authors, he has in many instances induced these honest folk to talk about that most interesting of all subjects, — themselves; and as the best of them really know what they are talking about, he has obtained entertaining and sometimes instructive confessions. Here and there in this deftly woven volume one comes upon bits of autobiography that are helpful, and hears a certain consensus of opinion in respect to simplicity and clearness, for example, which has a cumulative weight. It would have been interesting if Mr. Bainton had given a list of those churlish or suspicious authors who declined to walk into his trap. — *Memorial Meeting of the Syracuse Browning Club*, held at May Memorial Church, Syracuse, N. Y., January 9, 1890. (Bardeen.) *Browning's Use of History*, by Professor Charles J. Little; *Aid to Living from Browning*, by Mrs. Mary E. Bagg; *Browning as a Dramatist*, by Rev. S. R. Calthrop; *Browning's Philosophy*, by Miss Arria S. Huntington, — such are some of the titles of papers read at this meeting of a club which proudly claims to be the pioneer Browning Club. — *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, by J. McNeil Whistler. (Lovell.) Mr. Whistler has collected the various missiles which have been hurled at him the past few years, or which he has discharged himself, and made a little museum of them, properly labeled, dated, and catalogued. As an exhibition of implements of modern warfare, it is worth visiting. One can see pretty much every form now in use, from the court of law to the footnote; some are a little old-fashioned, and some show more details of workmanship than others. The whole effect is to lead one to conjecture whether the elaborateness of attack and defense may not lead to an equilibrium of forces, so that when words, as weapons, have been brought to their highest effectiveness, and temper has been wrought to its finest tension, there may not be a period of ecstatic calm. — *Views and Reviews, Essays in Appreciation*, by W. E. Henley. (Scribners.) The mode followed in collecting these papers and setting them forth suggests a somewhat snippy treatment, and the topics being many of them great topics, the reader is liable

to feel a little irritation, as though Mr. Henley had affected an air of just tasting his subject. The book, however, is the result of admiration and a genuine love of literature. It presents rather the graceful talk of a lover desecrating on his mistress than the keen, penetrating discourse of a student; but it is so much better than persiflage or gossip that one is not sorry to think of young men and maidens making the acquaintance of Mr. Henley's appreciation. They might enter literature by a poorer road. — *Selections from Robert Browning*, including some of his latest poems, selected and arranged by Mrs. Albert Nelson Bullens. (Lee & Shepard.) The editor arranges her book in two parts, *Love Poems and Miscellaneous Poems*; but if *Meeting at Night and Parting at Morning, if You 'll Love Me Yet* and the lyric "Round us the wild creatures," be not love poems, love is a very miscellaneous affair. We wish the publishers had not prefixed such a very froggy-looking portrait. — *Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's Home from 1800-1808*, by Stopford A. Brooke. (Macmillan.) This is more familiarly known to readers of Wordsworth's Prefaces as *Town End*, and Mr. Brooke writes a very agreeable account of it, as a special plea for the purchase of the cottage as a Wordsworth memorial. — The first four volumes have appeared of a new edition, in ten volumes, of James Russell Lowell's writings. (Houghton.) These four, entitled *Literary Essays*, are arranged chronologically, beginning with *A Moosehead Journal*, and ending with the paper on Wordsworth. It is noticeable that this division of Mr. Lowell's prose work falls into two periods: the first including the contributions to Putnam, the second those masterly papers which he wrote on the great men of letters for the *North American*. There is an interval of about ten years, during which some of his work appeared in *The Atlantic*. But it must be remembered that the *North American* papers were really the final form of academic work in the decade previous. It is a pleasure to have this fine prose in such comely volumes. — *Dreamthorp, a Book of Essays written in the Country*, by Alexander Smith. (Geo. P. Humphrey, Rochester, N. Y.) A neat little edition of a book which the fickle public once pounced upon, and now has forgotten. We are not sure that the public was to be condemned in either case. Alexander, who, as Emerson pithily remarked, was steeped in Shakespeare, and the *Life Drama* oozed out, did by his poetry make a distinct impression upon a public not then in the way of being startled, and his individuality naturally was an object of curiosity. His *Dreamthorp* seemed to offer an answer to questions, and so was taken up eagerly. After all,

it proved to be the easily written prose of a not very original man, and its grace was hardly sufficient to atone for its lack of substance.

Biography. *Glimpses of Fifty Years*, the Autobiography of an American Woman, by Frances E. Willard. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) An octavo volume, in which, partly by direct narrative, partly by the liberal use of documents, the writer records her life chiefly in its public phase. It would take a pretty stiff admirer to read all that is gathered here, but there is a good deal of interesting material, and a discreet editor could have made a very effective small book of the contents. It is, however, a contribution to social history, and we cheerfully hand it over to the future appraisers of our present civilization. — Readers of Mr. Thayer's interesting paper in the *March Atlantic* will be glad to know of a little volume entitled *Giordano Bruno, Philosopher and Martyr*, two addresses, by D. G. Brinton and T. Davidson. (Davis McKay, Philadelphia.) — *Robert Browning: Personalia*. By E. Gosse. (Houghton.) Mr. Gosse reprints two papers of a biographical character. The value of the book lies largely in its being almost the same thing as Browning's chat about himself, since the greater part is the result of conversation with the poet respecting his early life. — *John Jay*, by George Pellew, is the latest number in the *American Statesmen Series* (Houghton), and a somewhat tardy recognition of a man whom one would have expected to encounter early in the list. The history of the period covered by Jay has already been treated pretty fully in the volumes devoted to Jay's great associates, and Mr. Pellew has done well to give a more personal tone to his book than might otherwise have been required. He has made liberal use of letters and diaries both by Jay and his contemporaries, and as he has sought for passages which have some intimacy of touch, the effect is often very agreeable, and the reader finds himself among his own flesh and blood. The book is of somewhat light weight as a study in politics, but serves very pleasantly to give vividness to the great period of our political history. — *Harvard Graduates* whom I have known, by A. P. Peabody. (Houghton.) Dr. Peabody's scheme is to single out notable men among the alumni of Harvard who have been connected with the college as benefactors or as governors, supplementing in this way his volume of *Harvard Reminiscences*, which treated of professors. His survey includes such names as Nathan Dane, Charles Lowell, Jared Sparks, S. A. Eliot, G. B. Emerson, James Walker. Dr. Peabody's known charity of spirit is easily discerned in these reminiscences, but the reader is likely to be quite as much struck by the

naturalness of the narrative, the easy, familiar, but never undignified record of men who belong in the first and second ranks of the New England of a generation or two ago. He writes out of a full mind; he does not attitudinize; and if one has the local sympathy, he cannot fail to take great satisfaction in the company he is keeping. Here is Boston proper in its sanest, most thoroughly provincial mood, when the province meant, not absence of cosmopolitanism, but presence of self-respect. — *Horatio Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England*, by W. Clark Russell (Putnam's Sons), is a biography in which the narrative of Nelson's sea-battles forms the most entertaining part, as might be expected in a biography of the kind from the author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*. — *The Wife of the First Consul and The Happy Days of the Empress Marie Louise* (Scribner's Sons) constitute the first two volumes of Mr. T. S. Perry's translation of *Imbert de Saint-Armand's* interesting series of biographical studies. — *A Secret Institution*, by Clarissa Caldwell Lathrop. (Bryant Publishing Co.) Some might put this book under Fiction, but the earnestness of the writer and the circumstantiality of names and places seem to us to indicate that it is what it really purports to be, the narrative of a woman who was shut up in an insane asylum under alleged false statements. Sane people are apt to suspend judgment in such cases, but they do not suspend sympathy.

Ethics. *A Theory of Conduct*, by Archibald Alexander. (Scribners.) If Mr. Alexander wrote with more life in his style, and if his little treatise were more constructive and less critical, the reader might extract from it a more practical use. As it is, he seems to find the bottom facts on which the author rests somewhat loosely defined, and to doubt whether he has got down to the bed rock of ethics. — *Life*, by James Platt. (Putnam's.) A series of plain essays upon the conduct of life. The author's observations are generally incontrovertible. Hamlet could not answer Polonius. — *Logic taught by Love*, by Mary Boole. (Alfred Mudge & Son, Boston) "No one," the author states, "really doubts the doctrine of Pulsation. . . . The Race of Israel is the hereditary priesthood of that Unity whose action is Pulsation. . . . The History of early religions is very much a history of the successive introductions into public worship of various symbols, by means of which the Seers hoped to make the masses realize the perpetual Flux or Pulsation which underlies the phenomena of Nature. . . . The time has surely now come when the Jewish people can, and therefore ought to, take up the function for which their race was set apart. . . . The

Messianic Kingdom will come, when in every town in the world there is some Jew holding a divine commission to give his blessing *urbi et orbi*, by opening the ark of the Shemang Israel, and revealing the living Shekinah, the rhythmic pulsation of all life and truth." — Handcuffs for Alcoholism. (Rev. George Zurcher, Buffalo Plains, New York.) A somewhat pointless diatribe, its main contention being that the Roman Catholic Church, once heartily engaged in the temperance movement, would have an enormous influence in suppressing the drink evil. — Midnight Talks at the Club, reported by Amos K. Fiske. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) The author adopts the perilous method of constructing a group of talkers, and advising the reader confidentially at the outset of their brilliancy and conversational genius. Perilous, we say, because, having done this, he proceeds to report the talks, which were mainly upon subjects connected with religious belief. The monologues, as they turn out to be, in effect, are reasonable, and have a galvanized animation, but we can hardly regard them as so conclusive in force as the reporter and his friend Tom seem to find them. — In the natty Knickerbocker Nuggets (Putnams) is Franklin's Poor Richard, set forth ingeniously and with helpful notes by Paul Leicester Ford. Mr. Ford has rendered a real service to American letters in this little book, for he has brought together, from a variety of sources, the ephemeral publications in which Franklin had a part, and has, for the first time, made it possible for the student to see for himself just what this literature was. His pleasantly written Introduction will persuade many to go further, and read page after page of this quaint and invaluable mirror of the age. — The Ethical Problem, by Dr. Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) Three lectures delivered before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago: on Ethics, a Science; the Data of Ethics; and the Theories of Ethics. It is noticeable how emphatically the movement hinted at in papers of this character is a protest against a remote and scarcely personal God. The more of such protests the better, but Christianity itself is a protest against this heathen notion. — A Look Upward, by Susie C. Clark. (Lee & Shepard.) This book starts off on a pretty high key: "The law of progress for the race is manifested in cyclic waves." Later on Mrs. Eddy appears to be a sort of cyclic wave; and when we come to Emancipation, in the last chapter, we feel that the world is indeed a Vast Teetotum spinning away into the Mansion of Happiness. "A union of the two [the "Eastern mind" and the "Western type"], a utilization of their joint wealth, a spiritual practicalization [good-

ness, what a word!] of occult truth, a fuller revelation of divine wisdom, so long hidden from the masses, would give birth to a new humanity, one emancipated from every fetter, physical or creedal [the English language is one of the fetters], thereby attaining that illumination which is the inalienable birthright of every child of God."

Art. The numbers of *L'Art* for July 15 and August 1 (Macmillan) intimate the same catholicity as previous numbers noted by us. The most important piece of text is *Les Dessins de Rembrandt*, by Émile Michel, accompanied by interesting fac-similes; the most important design is the etched portrait of Alexandre Falguière after the painting by Bonnat. There is also the final paper of *Cours de Littérature Musicale des Œuvres pour le Piano au Conservatoire de St. Pétersbourg*, by C. Cui, with a series of somewhat rudely executed portraits of Liszt, Chopin, and Thalberg. No one can follow the fortnightly issues of this sumptuous journal without a sigh of regret at the distance one is in America from the wealth of artistic material open to students on the other side; but *L'Art* does its best to bridge the interval. — The *Musical Year-Book of the United States*, published and compiled by G. H. Wilson. (113 Tremont St., Boston.) This useful record is in the seventh volume, covering the season of 1889-90, and a variety of tabular views, directories, and indexes make it a very convenient epitome of the musical world.

Education and Text-Books. *Institutes of Economics*, a succinct text-book of Political Economy, for the use of classes in colleges, high schools, and academies, by E. B. Andrews. (Silver, Burdett & Co.) We wish we could persuade text-book makers and publishers that the users of books, especially those in the higher grades, have ordinary intelligence, and do not need to have all the important words in the page emphasized for them. There is a positively childish appearance to this book. President Andrews is a nervous, forcible writer, who jerks his sentences out as if he were shooting peas, and to add to the effect by the profuse employment of heavy-face letter is to come near treating the student in colleges, high schools, and academies with impertinence. The book has almost the appearance of being the author's notes for a book, but it will stimulate both teacher and pupil. — *Practical Lessons in German Conversation*, a companion to all German grammars, by A. L. Meissner. (Heath.) On one page is a German question or anecdote, on the opposite the same in English. No answers to the questions are given, but they are to be supplied by the pupil out of his head. Incidentally, the student, in

learning to talk in German, has to draw on his stock of general knowledge; and the system employed in this book never could be a mere matter of memory, for the student has to think before he can answer. — *Sound-English, a Language for the World*, by Augustin Knoflach. (G. E. Steichert, New York.) The author finds the greatest obstacle to the use of English by foreigners in the irregularity of vowel pronunciation, and he proposes to correct it by a system of upside-down and broken letters, which makes one of his pages look as if the compositor had not yet corrected his proof, and had, moreover, mixed all his fonts. — *Hints on French Syntax, with exercises*, by Francis Storr. (Heath.) These hints are from the point of view of the English-speaking student of French. What is peculiar in French speech is what he wants to know; what it has in common with his own language is of no consequence. The result is not so much a scientific as a rough-and-ready apprehension of idioms. The book ought to be of service to a teacher who is making French familiar to his pupils. — *The Best Elizabethan Plays*, edited by W. R. Thayer (Ginn), includes Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, Jonson's *The Alchemist*, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*. A capital selection, and made useful for schools by the quiet, unaccented omission of antiquated nastiness. The introduction is hardly full or strong enough, and the notes, sometimes superfluous, strike one as the result of an easy resort to Dyce and other scholars; but, at any rate, the book is not overloaded with apparatus, and one may be thankful that the editor invites the young student to the feast rather than to the service. — *The True Grasses*, by Eduard Hackel; translated from *Die Natürlichen Pflanzen Familien* by F. Lamson-Scribner and Effie A. Southworth. (Holt.) A special treatise, which, from the authority of the writer and the fullness of treatment, ought to be of great service in agricultural colleges. The editing and translating strike us as exceptionally good. — *A College Algebra*, by J. M. Taylor. (Allyn & Bacon.) In two parts: the first embracing an outline of those fundamental principles of the science usually required for admission to a college or scientific school; the second, a full discussion of the theory of Limits, followed by one of its most important applications, Differentiation, leading to proof of the Binomial Theorem, Logarithmic Series and Exponential Series. — *Civil Government in the United States considered with some Reference to its Origins*, by John Fiske. (Houghton.) It is difficult to overrate the importance of this little book, not because it is an exhaustive treatment of its subject, but be-

cause, from unconventional preface to varied appendix, it is so interesting that what has been to many a forbidding subject will strike them now as one of the most delightful that can be studied. Not only so, but the blending of history and politics is so cunningly effected that each subject is illuminated by the other, and it will be strange indeed if the new generation of Americans does not, under the influence of this book, grow up with a vivid sense of the interest which attaches to questions of government. The book gives freedom to the subject it compasses. — *Stories of the Civil War*, by Albert F. Blaisdell. (Lee & Shepard.) It is not quite clearly stated whether Mr. Blaisdell is responsible for the writing of the stories and poems which are not credited as well as for the selection of those which have names attached to them. There is considerable variety, and a few of the pieces show some literary skill; but it is a pity that the book should not be at once a model of story-telling as well as a stimulus to patriotism. — *The Educational Value of Manual Training*, by C. M. Woodward. (Heath.) This is an examination, by the principal of one of the most successful schools, of a report made at Nashville in 1889 by the Committee on Pedagogics. As the Report also is printed in the pamphlet, the reader is treated with great fairness, and will find the subject, which is one of real importance, pretty well set forth, especially as liberal quotations are given from the writings of specialists. — *The Elements of Psychology*, by Gabriel Compayré; translated by W. H. Payne. (Lee & Shepard.) The translator, whose position gives him authority to speak, undertakes in his introduction to set forth the reason for teaching psychology in normal schools, and even in more elementary schools, and also the method by which the science should be taught. There is no doubt that the apostles of physiological psychology have done much to bring the science of the mind to a basis of phenomena; and though some of their references to physiological process may be discredited, they have delivered us from a too theoretical consideration of the subject. We think, however, there is danger in pressing this craze for psychology among infants. To tease a child into a study of motives is to run the risk of undermining his sane interest in the drama of action. — *Historiettes Modernes, Recueillies et Annotées par C. Fontaine*. (Heath.) A second in a series devoted to brief French stories by Theuriet, Rameau, Perret, and others. The little biographical headnotes are in French, the notes in English. — *A Manual of Civil Government intended for Public Instruction in the State of Missouri*, by Henry C. Northam. (Bardeen.) In the form of a catechism, and if the pupils are not in a state of

misery when they study it, there must be more local patriotism to the square mile west of St. Louis than east of it. — A Practical Delsarte Primer, by Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl. (Bardden.) The Delsarte system somehow leads its advocates into a condensed form of expression, as if they were so accustomed to significance in the merest motion that they supposed a world of meaning in their lightest sentences. Do you know, reader, what your thumb is? It is "the thermometer of the will," just as the shoulder is "the thermometer of passional life." Yet why thermometer? Would n't micrometer do as well? — Harmony in Praise, compiled and edited by Mills Whittlesey and A. F. Jamieson. (Heath.) A collection of hymns for school use. It strikes us that there is a little too much that is personal, and not enough that appeals to common use; and there is a lack of tenderness, or rather an undue element of theological severity. — The Septonate and the Centralization of the Tonal System; a new view of the fundamental relations of tones, and a simplification of the theory and practice of music, with an Introduction on a Higher Education in Music, by Julius Klausner. (William Rohlfing & Sons, Milwaukee.) This is a technical work, and as such we cannot profess to pronounce upon its value; but the Introduction, though sometimes a little obscure in expression, is an interesting essay, and commends itself to the layman by its reasonableness and earnestness. — Reference Handbook for Readers, Students, and Teachers of English History, by E. H. Gurney. (Ginn.) A convenient compendium of information on the Kings of England, the Descent of the reigning family, the Nobility of England, lists of counselors, statesmen, and writers, and a brief chronological list. — Recent circulars of the Bureau of Education (Government Printing Office, Washington) treat of the History of Education in Alabama, by Willis G. Clark, and the History of Federal and State Aid to Higher Education in the United States, by Frank W. Blackmar. This latter is rather a sketch of such aid than an attempt at exact history, which would be, we fear, a hopeless undertaking. — A First Reader, by Anna B. Badlam. (Heath.) The writer of this little book shows a sense of simplicity and refinement in her stories; her long experience has probably enabled her to gauge the power of young children, but we cannot help wishing that she had used the familiar nursery jingles and other homely literature which will be remembered. The book as it stands is only a practice book. We doubt, too, the wisdom of setting a child upon characters made to express the sound, instead of braving at once the terrors of the regular alphabet. — Abeille, by Anatole France;

edited by Chas. P. Lebon. (Heath.) A page of introduction and three pages of notes accompany this light little *conte*. — Deutsche Literaturgeschichte auf Kulturhistorischer Grundlage for Universities, Colleges, and Academies, by Carla Wenckebach. (Heath.) The first book of a proposed series is here published, bringing the subject down to 1100 A. D. The first half is devoted to a summary of the literary history, the second to examples. The introduction only is in English. After that the student enters with what courage she may upon a German treatment of old German literature. — The Directional Calculus, based upon the methods of Hermann Grassmann, by E. W. Hyde. (Ginn.) A novelty in this text-book is the insertion of eight or nine blank pages at the close of each chapter, for the reception of notes, solutions, etc. These pages are counted in the numbering, and the student may have the proud satisfaction of editing his own text-book. The work is the outcome of many years of study and lecturing to university students. Mr. Hyde is confident that the directional methods will supersede the methods of Cartesian coordinates. — Another number of Heath's Modern Language Series is Alfred de Musset's *Pierre et Camille*, edited by O. B. Super. The text is the main thing in this series, the annotation being severely brief. We wonder that the editors do not make more bibliographical notes, pointing out good editions of their writer, and good criticism upon him. — The Plan of a Social University, by Morrison I. Swift, is the first of a series of Social University Monographs. (C. H. Gallup, Ashtabula, Ohio.) The brochure is a little vague in form, but apparently is intended to familiarize people with the notion of University Extension as applied through guilds, and as already formulated in Philadelphia and elsewhere. — Three Lectures on the Science of Language and its Place in General Education, by F. Max Müller. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) The original audience before which the lectures were delivered at the Oxford University Extension meeting of 1889 determined the character of the lectures, and assure the reader that he will not get beyond his depth. Professor Müller repeats conclusions which are familiar to readers of his books, and with the charm attaching to his frank utterance. The volume contains also his article on *My Predecessors*, from the *Contemporary*.

Fiction. Marion Graham, or Higher than Happiness, by Meta Lander. (Lee & Shepard.) The recent eruption of theological novels has induced the author to revive a book issued a good many years ago, with the belief that the religious sentiments which the story carries will find acceptance still. The story

element is but moderate, since the characters are principally occupied with the solution of problems of life and eternity. — *Nora's Return.* (Lee & Shepard.) Mrs. E. D. Cheney has essayed to complete Ibsen's famous drama, *The Doll's House*, by portraying in the form of a journal the possible redemption both of Nora and of Helmar. She offers the little book not as a piece of literary art, but simply as a development of the thought of the drama. The solution is not a studiedly ingenious one, but the contribution of a thoughtful woman who sees the salvation which lies in work for others. — *Tales of New England*, by Sarah O. Jewett. (Houghton.) A volume in the tasteful *Riverside Aldine Series*, and, like others in the set, it is not a new book, but a selection from the several volumes of Miss Jewett's stories. Whatever favorites one may miss from the collection, he will have no fault to find with the choice of such stories as *Miss Tempy's Watchers*, *The Dulham Ladies*, *A Lost Lover*, *An Only Son*, which form a portion of the contents. The touch of this writer's hand, when she has a first-rate theme, is so firm, yet so light, that the result is literature. — *With Fire and Sword*, an historical novel of Poland and Russia, by Henryk Sienkiewicz; translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Mr. Curtin proves himself well qualified to translate the novel intelligently by his interesting and instructive historical introduction, in which he sets forth the relations between Germany, Russia, Poland, and Asia. We hope the intimation which he gives that he is engaged upon a treatise covering the same ground will soon be followed by the work itself, for it is a new and fruitful subject for American readers. Meanwhile, the novel itself will be approached by most with a certain bracing of the mind, as the book looks a little formidable. One is obliged to use some effort to swing himself over into the Polish author's position, but there is plenty of action in the story, and once the reader is in full headway he will be carried along by the tide. — *María*, by Jorge Isaacs, is a South American romance, translated by Rollo Ogden, and introduced by Mr. Janvier. (Harpers.) The Pan-American Congress may not have effected much in the eyes of politicians, but the thoughtful observer will regard it as a symptom of a larger movement, of which we see only the beginning, — a movement destined to bring into more intimate relations the two great nationalities which have parceled out the western continent, and for more than two centuries have been engaged, quite independently of each other, in making themselves at home. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, England and Spain were very much in

each other's mind, but their attitude was mainly antagonistic. In the twentieth century, the descendants of England and of Spain in America are sure to be very much in each other's mind, but we trust their attitude will be friendly. It is most desirable that it should be, and the first requirement is a more intimate acquaintance on the part of the two peoples, — an acquaintance based not on commercial relations alone, but on social and literary relations. This little story, possessed of a winning grace, and having a flavor quite distinct from that of contemporaneous fiction in the United States, will do much to open the interior of South American life to readers hereabout. The geographies and natural histories and gazetteers can do something, but a revelation of domestic life can do something very different. — *Beatrice*, by H. Rider Haggard (Harpers), is dedicated to somebody of the same name. We wish her joy of her namesake. It is curious to see how, when the tropical togger is stripped off this barbarian of an author, and he is turned loose into English society, the baldness of his art as a novelist is shamefully apparent. He is a dime novelist, whatever clothes he wears. — *The Captain of the Janizaries*, a *Story of the Times of Scanderbeg and the Fall of Constantinople*, by James M. Ludlow. (Harpers.) A new edition of an historical tale centring about George Castriot, which has a good many separate scenes and considerable action, but suffers, perhaps, as a story, from the fact that the author has tried to keep to the historical procedure, and history does not always arrange itself in story form. — *Two Women in One*, by Henry Harland. (Cassell.) Mr. Harland in this short story, as elsewhere, seems to start in his mind from some formula of psychology, and then to work out his story, his characters and incidents being the last to determine themselves. Hence, while the spiritual plot has a certain strength, there is a marked weakness in the physical structure of the story. — *A Romance at the Antipodes*, by Mrs. R. Dun Douglass. (Putnam's.) The book reads like a thinly disguised record of travel from Plymouth, England, to Cape Town, Africa, in which the author, writing as a maiden lady, mingles description of life on shipboard and in Australia with a slight story of changing fortune in love-making. It has considerable gayety, and though hardly literature, and teasing one somewhat by keeping on the narrow line between fact and fiction, it is not without superficial cleverness. — *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, by Anatole France; translated by Lafcadio Hearn. (Harpers.) Mr. Hearn claims a special significance for the author of this book, but, though there is individualism in the manner, it im-

presses us as betraying itself by a perfume instead of by a natural spirit. An air of affectation pervades the narrative, which is, however, pretty and graceful in sentiment. By the way, does Mr. Hearn use the word *betimes* correctly in his introduction? — Kit and Kitty, by R. D. Blackmore. (Harpers.) Mr. Blackmore's style is so unique, and, so to speak, generally antique in style, that the reader is a little surprised to find that the time of this story is the latter part of the present century. The rustic scene has something to do with the effect, for one feels that there are parts of England where antiquity lurks undisturbed. For the rest, the book has the rough vigor which makes Blackmore's stories dear to the heart of man as man. — Miss Brooks, by Eliza Orne White. (Roberts.) There is no mistaking the origin of this story. It comes from a Bostonian, with that divided love of Boston and humorous recognition of what the love of Boston means to outsiders which is so genial a possession of many minds. The story has the charm of naturalness and vivacity. The fortunes of a few interesting persons are followed through their mild turnings, and we shall be surprised if so good-natured and often witty a book does not find many readers to pass it on as agreeable reading. As a study of social life, it shows capital observation and shrewd insight, and it is written with an ease which shows how well the author measures her power. — Miss Eaton's Romance, a Story of the New Jersey Shore, by Richard Allen. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This writer has a clever pen, but he has used it somewhat unnecessarily in making a tangle of a story. With a clearer, more reasonable plot and a simpler recourse to nature, there is no reason why he should not write a tale of staying power. — Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton, a Romance, by George Alfred Townsend. (E. F. Bonaventure, New York.) Mr. Townsend has taken Hamilton, Burr, Mrs. Reynolds, the Priestleys, Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and a few minor characters, and, using for his material the intrigues of Hamilton and Burr, has woven a romance, which has a certain amount of extreme fidelity to history, but will strike the reader as chiefly the tale of an adventuress, which the author aims to lift into literature by using an historical basis. We cannot commend it as a contribution either to history or to the literature of fiction. — Readers of *The Atlantic* will be interested to note that Mr. Bynner's exciting and artistic story, *The Begum's Daughter*, has been published in book form. (Little, Brown & Co.) It is provided with a diagram of New York as it was in 1690, and with a number of

illustrations by F. T. Merrill, which, though faithful and clever in a way, do not add to the story, but merely repeat what the novelist has already said in picturesque language. — *A Daughter of Silence*, by Edgar Fawcett. (Belford.) A repulsive story, without even the merit of being true to nature. — *The Devil's Anvil*, by Mary Kyle Dallas. (Belford.) The title is the most lurid thing about this book, and, after all, is merely the seaside locality of the tale, which was not worth the telling, and has an assumption of wickedness and dramatic situations that is the mere cant of fiction; for there is a cant of vice as well as of virtue. — *The Shadow of a Dream*, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) Mr. Howells has essayed to record the influence upon the lives of three persons of the most fantastic of forces, a recurrent dream which images baseness. We think he has failed to make the experience real, and we are disposed to lay the fault at the door, not of the subject itself, but of the treatment. Does not such a theme demand a more nebulous atmosphere through which it is to be viewed, and is not the persiflage of the *Marches* somewhat destructive of the seriousness of the matter? This seriousness is so wholly subjective that we conceive the whole story, to be successful, should have been pitched in a different key. The story is fantastic. It needed that the author should approach it in the melancholy, not to say morbid, spirit in which Hawthorne would have viewed it, or in the intense, almost grotesque spirit of Poe; whereas the naturalness which Mr. Howells cultivates supposes altogether too sane a temper. — *The Aztec Treasure House, a Romance of Contemporaneous Antiquity*, by Thomas A. Janvier. (Harpers.) Mr. Janvier assumes cleverly the rôle of an antiquarian off duty, and manages to tell a capital story of adventure, and to keep a whimsically serious position for himself while telling it. By the introduction of the irrepressible Yankee of fiction he gives a more grotesque turn to events, and the reader is not quite sure that the book might not have been better for a more judicious balancing of characters, but he is at any rate thankful for the absence of the extreme frontier type. — *Viera, a Romance 'twixt the Real and Ideal*, by Roman I. Zubof. (American News Co.) Viera appears to be a phantom girl with whom the hero has a sort of typhoid-fever alliance, but the characters who represent the real are quite as shadowy so far as the story has to do with them. The author takes himself quite too seriously, and his rambling philosophy, which appears to be the reason for the romance, is foggy without the virtue of fog, for it is also dry.

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THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

IX.

WALKIRK'S IDEA.

WALKIRK very soon discovered that I had no intention whatever of giving up the writing of my book, and I quieted the fears of my grandmother, in regard to my health, by assuring her that the sedentary work connected with the production of my volume would not be done by me. Secretaries could be had, and I would get one.

This determination greatly disturbed Walkirk. He did not wish to see me perform a service for myself which it was his business to perform for me, and in which he had failed. I know that he gave the matter the most earnest consideration, and two days after my late secretary and her husband had left me he came into my study, his face shining with a new idea.

"Mr. Vanderley," said he, "to find you an amanuensis who will exactly suit you, and who will be willing to come here into the country to work, is, I think you will admit, a very difficult business; but I do not intend, if I can help it, to be beaten by it. I have thought of a plan which I believe will meet all contingencies, and I have come to propose it to you. You know that institution just outside the village, — the House of Martha?"

I replied that I knew of it.

"Well," he continued, "I did not think of it until a day or two ago, and

I have since been inquiring into its organization and nature. That sisterhood of Martha is composed of women who propose not only to devote themselves to a life of goodness, but to imitate the industrious woman for whom they have named themselves. They work not only in their establishment, but wherever they can find suitable occupation, and all that they earn is devoted to the good of the institution. Some of them act as nurses for the sick, — for pay if people can afford it, for nothing if they cannot. Others have studied medicine, and practice in the same way. They also prepare medicines and dispense them, and do a lot of good things, — if possible, for money and the advantage of the House of Martha. But every woman who joins such an institution cannot expect immediately to find the sort of remunerative work she can best do, and I am informed that there are several women there who at present are unemployed. Now, it is my opinion that among these you could find half a dozen good secretaries."

I laughed aloud. "Those women," said I, "are just the same as nuns. It is ridiculous to suppose that one of them would be allowed to come here as my secretary, even if she wanted to."

"I am not so sure of that," persisted Walkirk; "I do not see why literary, or rather clerical, pursuits should not be as open to them as medicine or nursing."

"You may not see it," said I, "but I fancy that they do."

"It is impossible to be certain on that point," he replied, "until we have proposed the matter to them, and given them the opportunity to consider it."

"If you imagine," I said, "that I have the effrontery to go to that nunnery — for it is no more nor less than that — and ask the Lady Abbess to lend me one of her nuns to write at my dictation, you have very much mistaken me."

Walkirk smiled. "I hardly expected you to do that," said he, "although I must insist that it is not a nunnery, and there is no Lady Abbess. There is a Head Mother, and some sub-mothers, I believe. My idea was that Mrs. Vanderley should drive over there and make inquiries for you. A proposition from an elderly lady of such high position in the community would have a much better effect than if it came from a gentleman."

Walkirk's plan amused me very much, and I told him I would talk to my grandmother about it. When I did so, I was much surprised to find that she received the idea with favor.

"That Mr. Walkirk," she said, "is a man of a good deal of penetration and judgment, and if you could get one of those sisters to come here and write for you I should like it very much; and if the first one did not suit, you could try another without trouble or expense. The fact that you had a good many strings to your bow would give you ease of mind and prevent your getting discouraged. I don't want you to give up the idea of having a secretary."

Then, with some hesitation, my good grandmother confided to me that there was another reason why this idea of employing a sister pleased her. She had been a little afraid that some lady secretary, especially like that very pleasant and exemplary person with the invalid husband, might put the notion into my head that it would be a good thing for me to have a wife to do my writing. Now, of course she expected me to get married some day. That was all right,

but there was no need of my being in any hurry about it; and as to my wife doing my writing, that was not to be counted upon positively. Some wives might not be willing to do it, and others might not do it well; so, as far as that matter was concerned, nothing would be gained. But one of those sisters would never suggest matrimony. They were women apart from all that sort of thing. They had certain work to do in this world, and they did it for the good of the cause in which they were enlisted, without giving any thought to those outside matters which so often occupy the minds of women who have not, in a manner, separated themselves from the world. She would go that very afternoon to the House of Martha and make inquiries.

X.

THE PLAN OF SECLUSION.

My grandmother returned from the House of Martha disappointed and annoyed. Life had always flowed very smoothly for her, and I had rarely seen her in her present mental condition.

"I do not believe," she said, "that that institution will succeed. Those women are too narrow-minded. If they were in a regular stone-walled convent, it would be another thing, but they are only a sisterhood. They are not shut up there; it's their business and part of their religion to go out, and why they should not be willing to come here and do good, as well as anywhere else, I cannot see, for the life of me."

"Then they objected to the proposition?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "they did, and without any reason whatever. I saw their superior, whom they call Mother Anastasia, and from her I learned that there were several women in the establishment who were thoroughly competent to act as secretaries; but when I pro-

posed that one of them should come and write for you, she said that would not do at all. I reasoned the matter with her: that literature was as high a profession as medicine, and as much good could be done with the practice of one as the other; and if the sisters went out to nurse and to cure, they might just as well go out to write for those who cannot write for themselves. To that she answered, it was not the writing she objected to, — that was all well enough, — but it was decidedly outside of the vocation of the order for one of the sisters to spend her mornings with a young gentleman. If he were sick and suffering, and had no one else to attend to him, it would be different. Upon this, I told her that you would be sick if you were obliged to do your own writing, and therefore I could not see the difference.

“But I must admit she was very good-natured and pleasant about it, and she told me that if you chose to come to their visitors’ room and make yourself comfortable there, and dictate, one of the sisters would sit at the table behind the grating and would write for you. I replied that I did not believe you would like that, but that I would mention it to you.”

I laughed. “So much for Walkirk’s brilliant idea,” I said. “I fancy myself going every morning to that nunnery to do my work in their cheerless visitors’ room!”

“Cheerless? I should say so!” exclaimed my grandmother, — “bare floors, bare walls, and hard wooden chairs. It is not to be thought of.”

That evening I informed Walkirk of the ill success of my grandmother’s mission, but to my surprise he did not appear to be discouraged.

“I don’t think we need have any trouble at all in managing that affair,” said he. “Why should not you have a grating put up in the doorway between your study and the secretary’s room? Then the sister could go in there, the

other door could be locked, and she would be as much shut off from the world as if she were behind a grating in the House of Martha. I believe, if this plan were proposed to the sisters, it would be agreed to.”

I scouted the idea as utterly absurd; but when, the next morning, I mentioned it to my grandmother, she caught at it eagerly, and no sooner had she finished her breakfast than she ordered her carriage and drove to the House of Martha.

She returned triumphant.

“We had a long discussion,” she said, “but Mother Anastasia finally saw the matter in its proper light. She admitted that if a room could be arranged in this house, in which a sister could be actually secluded, there was no good reason why she should not work there as consistently with their rules as if she were in the House of Martha. Therefore, she agreed, if you concluded to carry out this plan, to send a sister every morning to write for you. So now, if you want a secretary from the House of Martha, you can have one.”

To this I replied that I most positively wanted one; and Walkirk was immediately instructed to have a suitable grating made for the doorway between my study and the secretary’s room.

Nearly a week was required for the execution of this work, and during this time I took a rest from literary composition and visited some friends, leaving all the arrangements for my new secretary in the hands of my grandmother and Walkirk. When I returned, the iron grating was in its place. It was a neat and artistic piece of work, but I did not like it. I object decidedly to anything which suggests restraint. The whole affair of the secretary was indeed very different from what I would have had it, but I had discovered that even in our advanced era of civilization one cannot always have everything he wants, albeit he be perfectly able and willing to pay for it.

XI.

MY NUN.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the appointed day my new secretary came, accompanied by one of those sisters called by Walkirk sub-mothers.

My grandmother received the two, and conducted them to the secretary's room. I was sitting in my study, but no attention was paid to me. The sub-mother advanced to the grating, and, having examined it, appeared satisfied to find that it was securely fastened in the doorway. The nun, as I called her, although Walkirk assured me the term was incorrect, stood with her back toward me, and, after saying a few words in a low tone to her companion, took her seat at the table. She wore a large gray bonnet, the sides and top of which extended far beyond her face, a light gray shawl, and a gray gown. She sat facing the window, with her left side turned toward me, and from no point of my study could I get a glimpse of her features.

The sub-mother looked out of the window, which opened upon little more than the once husband-sheltering apple-tree, and then, after a general glance around the room, she looked at me, and for the first time addressed me.

"I will come for the sister at twelve o'clock," she said, and with that she followed my grandmother out of the room, and locked the door behind her.

I stood and looked through the grating at my new secretary. I am not generally a diffident man, and have never been so with persons in my employment; but now, I must admit, I did not feel at my ease. The nun sat perfectly motionless; her hands were folded in her gray lap, and her gray bonnet was slightly bowed, so that I did not know whether she was gazing down at the table or out of the window.

She was evidently ready for work, but I was not. I did not know exactly how to begin with such a secretary. With the others I had been outspoken from the first; I had told them what I wanted and what I did not want, and they had been ready enough to listen and ready enough to answer. But to this silent, motionless gray figure I did not feel that I could be outspoken. No words suggested themselves as being appropriate to speak out. If I could see her face but for a moment, and discover whether she were old or young, cross-looking or gentle, I might know what to say to her. My impulse was to tell her there was a hook on which she could hang her bonnet and shawl, but as I did not know whether or not these sisters ever took off their bonnets and shawls, I did not feel at liberty to make this suggestion.

But it would not do to continue there, looking at her. She might be a very shy person, and if I appeared shy it would probably make her all the shyer; so I spoke.

"You will find paper," I said, "in the drawer of your table, and there are pens, of different sorts, in that tray." She opened the drawer, took out some paper, and selected a pen, all without turning her head toward me. Having broken the ice, I now felt impelled to deliver a short lecture on my requirements; but how could I say what I required without knowing what manner of person it was of whom I required it? I therefore postponed the lecture, and determined to begin work without further delay, as probably that would be the best way to put us both at our ease. But it had been more than two weeks since I had done any work, and I could not remember what it was that I had been dictating, or endeavoring to dictate, to the lady with the malarial husband. I therefore thought it well to begin at a fresh point, and to leave the gap to be filled up afterward. I felt quite sure, when last at work, I had been treating

of the south of France, and had certainly not reached Marseilles. I therefore decided to take a header for Marseilles, and into Marseilles I plunged.

As soon as I began to speak the nun began to write, and having at last got her at work I felt anxious to keep her at it, and went steadily on through the lively seaport; touching upon one point after another as fast as I thought of them, and without regard to their proper sequence. But although I sometimes skipped from one end of the city to the other, and from history to street scenes, I dictated steadily, and the nun wrote steadily. She worked rapidly, and apparently heard and understood every word I said, for she asked no questions and did not hesitate. I am sure I never before dictated so continuously. I had been in the habit of stopping a good deal to think, not only about my work, but about other things, but now I did not wish to stop.

This amanuensis was very different from any other I had had. The others worked to make money for themselves, or to please me, or because they liked it. This one worked from principle. The money which I paid for her labor did not become her money. It was paid to the House of Martha. She sat there and wrote to promote the principles upon which the House of Martha were founded. In fact, so far as I was concerned, she was nothing more than a principle.

Now, to interfere with the working of a principle is not the right thing to do, and therefore I felt impelled to keep on dictating, which I did until the hall door of the secretary's room was unlocked and the sub-mother walked in. She came forward and said a few words to the nun, who stopped writing and wiped her pen. The other then turned to me, and in a low voice asked if the work of the sister was satisfactory. I advanced to the grating, and answered that I was perfectly satisfied, and was

about to make some remarks, which I hoped would lead to a conversation, when the sub-mother — whose name I subsequently learned was Sister Sarah — made a little bow, and, saying if that were the case they would return at nine the next morning, left the room in company with the nun. The latter, when she arose from the table, turned her back to me, and went out without giving me the slightest opportunity of looking into her cavernous bonnet. This she did, I must admit, in the most natural way possible, which was probably the result of training, and gave one no idea of rudeness or incivility.

When they were gone I was piqued, almost angry with myself. I had intended stopping work a little before noon, in order to talk to that nun, even if she did not answer or look at me. She should discover that if she was a principle, I was, at least, an entity. I did not know exactly what I should say to her, but it would be something one human being would be likely to say to another human being who was working for him. If from the first I put myself on the proper level, she might in time get there. But although I had lost my present chance, she was coming again the next day.

I entered the secretary's room by the hall door, and looked at the manuscript which had been left on the table. It was written in an excellent hand, not too large, very legible, and correctly punctuated. Everything had been done properly, except that after the first three pages she had forgotten to number the leaves at the top; but as every sheet was placed in its proper order, this was an omission which could be easily rectified. I was very glad she had made it, for it would give me something to speak to her about.

At luncheon my grandmother asked me how I liked the new secretary, and added that if she did not suit me I could try another next day. I answered that

so far she suited me, and that I had not the least wish at present to try another. I think my grandmother was about to say something regarding this sister, but I instantly begged her not to do so. I wished to judge her entirely on her merits, I said, and would rather not hear anything about her until I had come to a decision as to her abilities. I did not add that I felt such an interest in the anticipated discovery of the personality of this secretary that I did not wish that discovery interfered with.

In the evening Walkirk inquired about the sister-amanuensis, but I merely answered that so far she had done very well, and dropped the subject. In my own mind I did not drop the subject until I fell asleep that night. I found myself from time to time wondering what sort of a woman was that nun. Was she an elderly, sharp-faced creature; was she a vapid, fat-faced creature, or a young and pleasing creature? And when I had asked myself these questions, I snubbed myself for taking the trouble to think about the matter, and then I began wondering again.

But upon one point I firmly made up my mind: the relationship between my secretary and myself should not continue to be that of an entity dictating to a principle.

XII.

EZA.

The next day, when the nun and Sister Sarah entered the secretary's room, I advanced to the grating and bade them good-morning. They both bowed, and the nun took her seat at the table. Sister Sarah then turned to me and asked if I had a gold pen, adding that the sister was accustomed to writing with one. I answered that I had all kinds of pens, and if the sister wanted a gold one it was only necessary to ask me for it. I brought several gold pens, and

handed them through the grating to the sub-mother, who gave them to the secretary, and then took her leave, locking the door behind her. My nun took one of the pens, tried it, arranged the paper, and sat ready to write. I stood by the grating, hoping to converse a little, if it should be possible.

"Is there anything else you would like?" I said. "If there is, you know you must mention it."

She gently shook her head. The idea now occurred to me that perhaps my nun was dumb; but I almost instantly thought that this could not be, for dumb people were almost always deaf, and she could hear well enough. Then it struck me that she might be a Trappist nun, and bound by a vow of silence; but I reflected that she was not really a nun, and consequently could not be a Trappist.

Having been unsuccessful in my first attempt to make her speak, and having now stood silent for some moments, I felt it might be unwise to make another trial just then, for my object would be too plain. I therefore sat down and began dictating.

I did not work as easily as I had done on the preceding morning, for I intended, if possible, to make my nun look at me, or speak, before the hour of noon, and thinking of this intention prevented me from keeping my mind upon my work. From time to time I made remarks in regard to the temperature of the room, the quality of the paper, or something of the kind. To these she did not answer at all, or slightly nodded, or shook her head in a deprecatory manner, as if they were matters not worth considering.

Then I suddenly remembered the omission of the paging, and spoke of that. In answer she took up the manuscript she had written and paged every sheet. After this my progress was halting and uneven. Involuntarily my mind kept on devising plans for making that

woman speak or turn her face toward me. If she would do the latter, I would be satisfied; and even if she proved to be an unveiled prophetess of Khorassan, there would be no further objection for conjectures and wonderings, and I could go on with my work in peace. But it made me nervous to remain silent, and see that nun sitting there, pen in hand, but motionless as a post, and waiting for me to give her the signal to continue the exercise of the principle to which her existence was now devoted.

I went on with my dictation. I had left Marseilles, had touched slightly upon Nice, and was now traveling by carriage on the Cornice Road to Mentone. "It was on this road," I dictated, "that an odd incident occurred to me. We were nearly opposite the old robber village of" — and then I hesitated and stopped. I could not remember the name of the village. I walked up and down my study, rubbing my forehead, but the name would not recur to me. I was just thinking that I would have to go to the library and look up the name of the village, when from out of the depths of the nun's bonnet there came a voice, low but distinct, and, I thought, a little impatient, and it said, "Eza."

"Eza! of course!" I exclaimed, — "certainly it is Eza! How could I have forgotten it? I am very much obliged to you for reminding me of the name of that village. Perhaps you have been there?"

In answer to this question I received the least little bit of a nod, and the nun's pen began gently to paw the paper, as if it wanted to go on.

I was now really excited. She had spoken. Why should I not do something which should make her turn her face toward me, — something which would take her off her guard, as my forgetfulness had just done? But no idea came to my aid, and I felt obliged to begin to dictate the details of the odd incident, when suddenly the door opened,

Sister Sarah walked in, and the morning's work was over.

I had not done much, but I had made that nun speak. She said "Eza." That was a beginning, and I felt confident that I should get on very well in time. I was a little sorry that my secretary had been on the Cornice Road. I fancied that she might have been one of those elderly single women who become Baedeker tourists, and, having tired of this sort of thing, had concluded to devote her life to the work of the House of Martha. But this was mere idle conjecture. She had spoken, and I should not indulge in pessimism.

I prepared a very good remark with which to greet the sub-mother on the next morning, and, although addressing Sister Sarah, I would be in reality speaking to my nun. I would say how well I was getting on. I had thought of saying *we* were getting on, but reflected afterward that this would never do; I was sure that the House of Martha would not allow, under any circumstances, that sister and myself to constitute a *we*. Then I would refer to the help my secretary had been to me, and endeavor to express the satisfaction which an author must always feel for a suggestion of this kind, or any other, from one qualified to make them. If there was any gratitude or vanity in my nun's heart, I felt I could stir it up, if Sister Sarah would listen to me long enough; and if gratitude, or even vanity, could be stirred, the rigidity of my nun would be impaired, and she might find herself off her guard.

But I had no opportunity of making my remark. At nine o'clock the door of the secretary's room opened, the nun entered, and the door was then closed and locked. Sister Sarah must have been in a hurry that morning. Just as well as not I might have made my remark directly to my nun, but I did not. She walked quickly to the table, arranged her paper, opened her inkstand,

and sat down. I fancied that I saw a wavy wriggle of impatience in her shawl. Perhaps she wanted to know the rest of that odd incident near Eza. It may have been that it was impatient interest which had impaired her rigidity the day before.

I went on with the odd incident, and made a very good thing of it. Even when on well-worn routes of travel, I tried to confine myself to out-of-the-way experiences. Walkirk had been very much interested in this affair when I had told it to him, and there was no reason why this nun should not also be interested, especially as she had seen Eza.

I finished the narrative, and began another, a rather exciting one, connected with the breaking of a carriage wheel and an exile from Monte Carlo; but never once did curiosity or any other emotion impair the rigidity of that nun. She wrote almost as fast as I could dictate, and when I stopped I know she was filled with nervous desire to know what was coming next, — at least I fancied that her shawl indicated such nervousness; but hesitate as I might, or say what I might, — and I did say a good many things which almost demanded a remark or answer, — not one word came from her during the whole morning, nor did she ever turn the front of her bonnet toward me.

XIII.

MY FRIEND VESPA.

I was very much disgusted at the present state of affairs. Three days had elapsed, and I did not know what sort of a human being my secretary was. I might as well dictate into a speaking-tube. A phonograph would be better; for although it might seem ridiculous to sit in my room and talk aloud to no one, what was I doing now? That nun was the same as no one.

The next day was Sunday, and there would be no work, and no chance to solve the problem, which had become an actual annoyance to me; but I did not intend that this problem should continue to annoy me and interfere with my work. I am open and aboveboard myself, and if my secretary did not choose to be open and aboveboard, and behave like an ordinary human being, she should depart, and I would tell Walkirk to get me an ordinary human being, capable of writing from dictation, or depart himself. If he could not provide me with a suitable secretary, he was not the efficient man of business that he claimed to be. As to the absurdity of dictating to a mystery in a barrow bonnet, I would have no more of it.

I do not consider myself an ill-tempered person, and my grandmother asserts that I have a very good temper indeed; but I must admit that on Monday morning I felt a little cross, and when Sister Sarah and the nun entered my antechamber I bade them a very cold good-morning, and allowed the former to go without attempting any conversation whatever. The nun having arrived, I would not send her away; but when the sub-mother came at noon, I intended to inform her that I did not any longer desire the services of the writing sister, and if she wished to know why I should tell her plainly. I would not say that I would as soon dictate to an inanimate tree-stump, but I would express that idea in as courteous terms as possible.

For fifteen minutes I let the nun sit and wait. If her principles forbade idleness, I was glad to have a crack at her principles. Then I began to dictate steadily and severely. I found that the dismissal from my mind of all conjectures regarding the personality of my secretary was of great service to me, and I was able to compose much faster than she could write.

It was about half past ten, I think, and the morning was warm and pleasant,

when there gently sailed into the secretary's room, through the open window, a wasp. I saw him come in, and I do not think I ever beheld a more agreeable or benignant insect. His large eyes were filled with the light of a fatherly graciousness. His semi-detached body seemed to quiver with a helpful impulse, and his long hind legs hung down beneath him as though they were outstretched to assist, befriend, or succor. With wings waving blessings and a buzz of cheery greeting, he sailed around the room, now dipping here, now there, and then circling higher, tapping the ceiling with his genial back.

The moment the nun saw the wasp, a most decided thrill ran down the back of her shawl. Then it pervaded her bonnet, and finally the whole of her. As the beneficent insect sailed down near the table, she abruptly sprang to her feet and pushed back her chair. I advanced to the grating, but what could I do? Seeing me there, and doubtless with the desire immediately to assure me of his kindly intentions, my friend Vespa made a swoop directly at the front of the nun's bonnet.

With an undisguised ejaculation, and beating wildly at the insect with her hands, the nun bounded to one side and turned her face full upon me. I stood astounded. I forgot the wasp.

I totally lost sight of the fact that a young woman was in danger of being badly stung. I thought of nothing but that she was a young woman, and a most astonishingly pretty one besides.

The state of terror she was in opened wide her lovely blue eyes, half crimsoned her clear white skin, and threw her rosy lips and sparkling teeth into the most enchanting combinations.

"Make it go away!" she cried, throwing up one arm, and thereby pushing back her gray bonnet, and exhibiting some of the gloss of her light brown hair. "Can't you kill it?"

Most gladly would I have rushed in,

and shed with my own hands the blood of my friend Vespa, for the sake of this most charming young woman, suddenly transformed from a barrow-bonneted principle. But I was powerless. I could not break through the grating; the other door of the secretary's room was locked.

"Don't strike at it," I said; "remain as motionless as you can, then perhaps it will fly away. Striking at a wasp only enrages it."

"I can't stay quiet," she cried; "nobody could!" and she sprang behind the table, making at the same time another slap at the buzzing insect.

"You will surely be stung," I said, "if you act in that way. If you will slap at the wasp, don't use your hand; take something with which you can kill it."

"What can I take?" she exclaimed, now running round the table, and stopping close to the grating. "Give me something."

I hurriedly glanced around my study. I saw nothing that would answer for a weapon but a whisk broom, which I seized, and endeavored to thrust through the meshes of the grating.

"Oh!" she cried, as the wasp made a desperate dive close to her face, "give me that, quick!" and she stretched out her hand to me.

"I cannot," I replied; "I can't push it through. It won't go through. Take your bonnet."

At this, my nun seized her bonnet by a sort of floating hood which hung around the bottom of it and jerked it from her head, bringing with it certain flaps and ligatures and combs, which, being thus roughly removed, allowed a mass of wavy hair to fall about her shoulders.

Waving her bonnet in her hand, like a slung-shot, she sprang back and waited for the wasp. When the buzzing creature came near enough, she made a desperate crack at him, missing him; she struck again and again, now high, now

low; she dashed from side to side of the room, and with one of her mad sweeps she scattered a dozen pages of manuscript upon the floor.

The view of this combat was enrapturing to me; the face of my nun, now lighted by a passionate determination to kill that wasp, was a delight to my eyes. If I could have assured myself that the wasp would not sting her, I would have helped him to prolong the battle indefinitely. But my nun was animated by very different emotions. She was bound to be avenged upon the wasp, and avenged she was. Almost springing into the air, she made a grand stroke at him, as he receded from her, hit him, and dashed him against the wall. He fell to the floor, momentarily disabled, but flapping and buzzing. Then down she stooped, and with three great whacks with her bonnet she finished the battle. The wasp lay motionless.

"Now," she said, throwing her bonnet upon the table, "I will close that window;" and she walked across the room, her blue eyes sparkling, her face glowing from her violent exercise, and her rich brown hair hanging in long waves upon her shoulders.

"Don't do that," I said; "it will make your room too warm. There is a netting screen in the corner there. If you put that under the sash, it will keep out all insects. I wish I could do it for you."

She took the frame and fitted it under the sash.

"I am sorry I did not know that before," she said, as she returned to her table; "this is a very bad piece of business."

I begged her to excuse me for not having informed her of the screen, but I did not say that I was sorry for what had occurred. I merely expressed my gratification that she had not been stung. Her chair had been pushed away from the table, its back against the wall, opposite to me. She seated herself upon it,

gently panting. She looked from side to side at the sheets of manuscript scattered upon the floor.

"I will pick them up presently and go to work, but I must rest a minute." She did not now seem to consider that it was of the slightest consequence whether I saw her face or not.

"Never mind the papers," I said; "leave them there; they can be picked up any time."

"I wish that were the worst of it;" and as she spoke she raised her eyes toward me, and the least little bit of a smile came upon her lips, as if, though troubled, she could not help feeling the comical absurdity of the situation.

"It is simply dreadful," she continued. "I don't believe such a thing ever before happened to a sister."

"There is nothing dreadful about it," said I; "and do you mean to say that the sisters of the House of Martha, who go out to nurse, and do all sorts of good deeds, never speak to the people they are befriending, nor allow them to look upon their faces?"

"Of course," said she, "you have to talk to sick people; otherwise how could you know what they need? But this is a different case;" and she began to gather up her hair and twist it at the back of her head.

"I do not understand," I remarked; "why is it a different case?"

"It is as different as it can be," said she, picking up her comb from the floor and thrusting it through her hastily twisted knot of hair. "I should not have come here at all if your grandmother had not positively asserted that there would be nothing for me to do but to listen and to write. And Mother Anastasia and Sister Sarah both of them especially instructed me that I was not to speak to you nor to look at you, but simply to sit at the table and work for the good of the cause. That was all I had to do; and I am sure I obeyed just as strictly as anybody could, except once,

when you forgot the name of Eza, and I was so anxious to have you go on with the incident that I could not help mentioning it. And now, I am sure I don't know what I ought to do."

"Do?" I asked. "There is nothing to do except to begin writing where you left off. The wasp is dead."

"I wish it had never been born," she said. "I have no doubt that the whole affair should come to an end now, and that I ought to go home; but I can't do that until Sister Sarah comes to unlock the door, and so I suppose we had better go to work."

"We"! I would not have dared to use that word, but it fell from her lips in the easiest and most conventional manner possible. It was delightful to hear it. I never knew before what a pleasant sound the word had. She now set herself to work to gather up the papers from the floor, and, having arranged them in their proper order, she took up her bonnet.

"Do you have to wear that?" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered, clapping it on and pulling it well forward.

"I should think it would be very hot and uncomfortable," I remarked.

"It is," she admitted curtly; and, seating herself at the table, she took up her pen.

I now perceived that if I knew what was good for myself I would cease from speaking on ordinary topics, and go on with my dictation. This I did, giving out my sentences as rapidly as possible, although I must admit I took no interest whatever in what I was saying, nor do I believe that my secretary was interested in the subject-matter of my work. She wrote rapidly, and, as well as I could judge, appeared excited and annoyed. I was excited also, but not in the least disturbed. My emotions were of a highly pleasing character. We worked steadily for some twenty minutes, when suddenly she stopped and laid down her pen.

"Of course it is n't right to speak," she said, turning in her chair and speaking to me face to face, as one human being to another, "but as I have said so much already, I don't suppose a little more will make matters worse, and I must ask somebody's help in making up my mind what I ought to do. I suspect I have made all sorts of mistakes in this writing, but I could not keep my thoughts on my work. I have been trying my best to decide how I ought to act, but I cannot make up my mind."

"I shall be delighted to help you, if I can," I ventured. "What's the point that you cannot decide?"

"It is just this," she replied, fixing her blue eyes upon me with earnest frankness: "am I to tell the sisters what has happened or not? If I tell them, I know exactly what will be the result: I shall come here no more, and I shall have to take Sister Hannah's place at the Measles Refuge. There's nothing in this world that I hate like measles. I've had them, but that doesn't make the slightest difference. Sister Hannah has asked to be relieved, and I know she wants this place dreadfully."

"She cannot come here!" I exclaimed.

"I don't believe I ever had the measles, and I will not have them."

"She is a stenographer," said she, "and she will most certainly be ordered to take my place if I make known what I have done to-day."

"Supposing you were sure that you were not obliged to go to the Measles Refuge," I asked, "should you still regret giving up this position?"

"Of course I should," she answered promptly. "I must work at something, or I cannot stay in the House of Martha; and there is no work which I like so well as this. It interests me extremely."

"Now hear me," said I, speaking perhaps a little too earnestly, "and I do not believe any one could give you better advice than I am going to give

you. What has occurred this morning was strictly and absolutely an accident. A wasp came in at the window and tried to sting you; and there is no woman in the world, be she a sister or not, who could sit still and let a wasp sting her."

"No," she interrupted, "I don't believe Mother Anastasia could do it."

"And what followed," I continued, "was perfectly natural, and could not possibly be helped. You were obliged to defend yourself, and in so doing you were obliged to act just as any other woman would act. Nothing else would have been possible, and the talking and all that came in with the rest. You could n't help it."

"That's the way the matter appeared to me," said she; "but the question would arise, if it were all right, why should I hesitate to tell the sisters?"

"Hesitate!" I exclaimed. "You should not even think of such a thing. No matter what the sisters really thought about it, I am sure they would not let you come here any more, and you would be sent to the measles institution, and thus actually be punished for the attempted wickedness of a wasp."

"But there is the other side of the matter," said she; "would it not be wicked in me not to tell them?"

"Not at all," I replied. "You do not repeat to the sisters all that I tell you to write?"

"Of course not," she interrupted.

"And you do not consider it your duty," I continued, "to relate every detail of the business in which you are employed?"

"No," she said. "They ask me some things, and some things I have mentioned to them, such as not having a gold pen."

"Very good," said I. "You should consider that defending yourself against wasps is just as much your business here as anything else. If you are stung, it is plain you can't write, and the interests

of your employer and of the House of Martha must suffer."

"Yes," she assented, still with the steady gaze of her blue eyes.

"Now your duty is clear," I went on. "If the sisters ask you if a wasp flew into your room and tried to sting you, and you had to jump around and kill it, and speak, before you could go on with your work, why, of course you must tell them; but if they don't ask you, don't tell them. It may seem ridiculous to you," I continued hurriedly, "to suppose that they would ask such a question, but I put it in this way to show you the principle of the thing."

She withdrew her eyes from my face, and fixed them upon the floor.

"The truth of the matter is," she said presently, "that I have n't done anything wrong; at least I did n't intend to. I might have crouched down in the corner, with my face to the wall, and have covered my head and hands with my shawl, but I should have been obliged to stay there until Sister Sarah came, and I should have been smothered to death; and besides, I did n't think of it; so what I did do was the only thing I could do, and I do not think I ought to be punished for it."

"Now it is settled," I said. "Your duty is to work here for the benefit of your sisterhood, and you should not allow a wasp or any insect to interfere with it."

She looked at me, and smiled a little abstractedly. Then she turned to the table.

"I will go on with my work," she said, "and I will not say anything to the sisters until I have given the matter most earnest and careful consideration. I can do that a great deal better at home than I can here."

It was very well that she stopped talking and applied herself to her work, for I do not believe it was ten minutes afterward when Sister Sarah unlocked the door, and came in to take her away.

Frank R. Stockton.

ON THE TRANSLATION OF FAUST.

"THE translator," says Goethe, "is a person who introduces you to a veiled beauty; he makes you long for the loveliness behind the veil." In Faust this beauty is the cloud vision of the fourth act in the Second Part: —

"A form gigantic, truly, like a god divine,
I see it now, as Juno, Leda, Helena,
Majestical and lovely, float before the eye."

The poet will "sweep with his thought through all the universe, and bring it all down to a point of light, a burning point, that shall mirror for us the great Whole of life." "When the true poetic genius is born," Goethe says elsewhere, "he will set the moods of the inner life before us as the Universal, the World-life." "The Individual will represent the Universal, not as a dream and shadow, but as a living and visible revelation of the Inscrutable."

This is the majestic figure which the poet brings before us, and which the translator has to show us, through such more or less transparent medium as he can command.

In the notes to his West-Easterly Divan, Goethe sets forth this whole subject of translation and its uses. He there says: "Translation is of three kinds: First, the prosaic prose translation, which is useful as enriching the language of the translator with new ideas, but gives up all poetic art, and reduces even the poetic enthusiasm to one level watery plain. Secondly, the re-creation of the poem as a new poem, rejecting or altering all that seems foreign to the translator's nationality, producing a paraphrase which might, in the primal sense of the word, be called a parody. And, thirdly," a form which he would call "the highest and last, where one strives to make the translation identical with the original; so that one is not instead of the other, but in

the place of the other. This sort of translation," he says, "approaches the interlinear version, and makes the understanding of the original a much easier task; thus we are led into the original, — yes, even driven in; and herein the great merit of this kind of translation lies."

The translator of great poetry, poetry as distinguished from even the most splendid rhetorical verse, must be content with this function of introducer and guide. Poetry of this finer kind is so alive with the breath of the poet's life, one can no more take it to pieces and entirely reconstruct it than he can dissect and revivify any other living organism.

"He then has all the parts in hand;
Alas! he only lacks the spirit's band,"

as Mephistopheles tells the Student.

We have in the current translations of Faust representatives of the first and second kinds of translation, but not of the third kind, spoken of by Goethe as the "highest," the reproduction of both word and style, with the movements of the original verse. This has not been attempted in any of the yet known versions, though Mr. Charles T. Brooks, the first to translate Faust in the metres of the original, made a long step in this direction, for he strove to reproduce the form of the verse. It is true, as Goethe remarked to Eckermann, that "the mysterious influence of poetic form is very great. If the import of my Roman elegies were put into the measure and style of Byron's Don Juan, it would scarcely be endured." But, aiming wholly at form, Mr. Brooks overlooked the greater importance of the style within the form, and in this case the style is peculiarly the man. "Indeed," Eckermann elsewhere reports Goethe as saying, — "indeed, the style of a writer is almost

always the faithful representative of his mind: therefore, if any one wishes to write a clear style, let him begin by making his thoughts clear; and if any would write a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul." Mr. Brooks, with all his fine qualities as a pioneer, gave us a style full of Latinization, in the attempt to reproduce the feminine rhyme wherever Goethe had used it in the loose iambic recitative of the original. But Goethe, speaking of his use of rhyme in recitative, has elsewhere said, "I have neither sought the rhyme nor avoided it in the recitative." In the recitative portions of the First Part of Faust, the principal aim is simplicity, the directness of colloquial speech; the rhyme is of secondary importance, and used, or even at times omitted, with entire freedom.

Mr. Taylor announces his intention of striving to reproduce the original; that is, after the third manner mentioned by Goethe, though he does not allude to Goethe's words on the subject. But he follows closely after Mr. Brooks, and even extends his Latinization and inversion, and strives here and there to improve the simple diction of his great original; as, for instance, he gives us with round mouth,

"The joy which touched the verge of pain,"
for Goethe's simple

"Das tiefe schmerzenvolle Glueck,"

though this is one of the least marked variations in this direction,—a straw which shows the way of the wind. He dissents, too, from Goethe's view of the office of a translator, and recalls certain very clever renderings of English verse into German, apparently as sustaining the contrary opinion.

The splendid success of Coleridge in rendering Schiller might also be cited in support of Taylor's position; the English poet has distinctly improved Schiller's poem, or rather he has given us a better one. But that is just the difference between the verse of a splendid

rhetorical verse-maker, like Schiller, and the inimitable poetry of a world-poet of the very first rank,—that rank whose numbers we may yet count on the fingers of a single hand.

An instance, a fine one, too, of the second kind of translation is given by Shelley in his translations of detached portions of Faust. But when our greatest purely lyrical master tries to take to pieces and reproduce the magnificent lyrical outburst with which the drama of Faust opens, he gives us an interesting English poem, with several fine Shelleyan touches. He has not tried, he says in the footnote appended to what he there styles "this astonishing chorus," "to represent in another language the melody of the versification; and even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*."

It does not seem to have occurred to Shelley that "the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas" are indissolubly connected with this same "melody of the versification" from which he tries to divorce them, and that therefore he finds as a result a *caput mortuum*.

But one can no more divorce the music from the meaning of the words of Goethe's Faust than one can subject the operas of Wagner to the same process with any result worth considering. Wagner, with his elaborated theory of the marriage of music and meaning, has been hailed as a new Avatar in the world of art. He is so in the world of operatic art, undoubtedly; but his theory of a musical atmosphere, enveloping and suggesting the characters, was—though this fact appears not to have been before insisted on—worked out in practice by Goethe in his Faust, that drama of human life: the conflict of Celestial Love and Demoniac Selfishness; the wish to give one's self as opposed to the desire to get. The musical motives assigned to the characters of Tannhäuser,

Venus, and Elizabeth have their counterparts in the verse movements which surround and envelop as with an atmosphere, a singing-robe, the characters of their direct predecessors, Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret. Whenever Mephistopheles speaks, we seem to hear the clatter of those tambourines and triangles with which the entrance of the Venus motive is always announced; and the Celestial Love movement steals, like the influence of moonlight, over the scene, the moment its reflection shines upon us from the Witch's mirror.

The analogy is close, but it has in it this very important element of dissimilarity. In Goethe's verse we enter a region where meaning and music and this exquisite moonlight of the imagination are one, and spring spontaneously from the poetic nature. In Wagner we have the more or less mechanical elaboration of a theory of stage representation. With this important distinction, the analogy is marked, though it seems generally to have escaped attention. Both Mr. Taylor and his forerunner, Mr. Brooks,—to whom he owes an unacknowledged debt,—insist on the importance of preserving the metres of the original. Mr. Taylor has even called attention to the change of musical atmosphere with the entrance of Margaret upon the scene, and observes in his note that "Goethe was not only keenly sensitive to the operation of atmospheric influences upon the mind, but he also believed in the existence of a spiritual *aura*, through which impressions, independent of the external senses, might be communicated."

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Brooks seem, however, to have been led somewhat astray by their notion that this atmosphere was the result of Goethe's constant use of the feminine rhyme, whereas the distinguishing feature of Goethe's verse is the entire absence of any of the Latinized and inverted phrases common to ordinary literature, and the absolute

directness and simplicity of his Teutonic speech. The verse sings in all keys, but the characters speak as directly and simply as if they had never heard of a book.

Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, was confessedly Goethe's model. He writes to Schiller that their "ballad studies" had carried him back along this path; and throughout the poem the end and aim of his style is *simplicity*. "The True, the Good, and the Excellent are always simple," he writes in his Sayings; "Error is elaborate." From beginning to end of this great poem of 12,110 lines of nearly every known metre, we have hardly one Latinized word, and not a single poetical trope or purely literary expression. This being so, it is clear that Faust cannot be adequately represented by the constant use of Latinized words and literary phrases. Sir Theodore Martin seems to be the only translator of Faust who has kept this aim of Goethe's always in view; but he undertakes to make a new English poem, and follows Shelley in altering at will the melody of the versification, and loses at once the spiritual aura and all the impressions which the poet strives to or does convey by the music which is the accompaniment and illumination of the words.

Faust must remain, after all, the enchanted palace; and the bodies and the bones of those who, in other days, strove to pierce its encircling hedge lie scattered thickly about it. But if the translator will keep both of these distinct aims of Goethe constantly in view, simplicity and directness of speech, and the musical suggestiveness of the versification; in short, if he will follow Goethe's "third" method of translation, he will, at least, show us the hidden beauty through a more diaphanous veil than has yet been held before her. He will not fall into the error of striving to reproduce her counterfeit presentment upon an opaque canvas, a process which

has sometimes resulted in an image bearing a close family resemblance to the sailcloth advertisement of the Circassian beauty. We are not tempted by the painted copy to pay the price of admission to the show within.

Let us see what results have been attained by the translators who, neglecting the advice of this great master, have pursued what he calls the "first" and "second" methods, — the "watery plain," or the soaring attempt to rewrite the poem. There are two lines in *Faust* which, for pathos and this subtle quality of suggestiveness, are hardly equaled by even that musical heart-break of *Ophelia's*, "No more, but — so" — They also illustrate so well what has been attempted and done by the different translators that we recall a few specimens of the different renderings of them.

Margaret says to *Faust*, in answer to his remark that simplicity and innocence never recognize their own holy worth: —

"Denkt ihr an mich ein Augenblickchen nur,
Ich werde Zeit genug an euch zu denken haben."

That is: —

You think of me a little moment only;
I shall have time enough to think of you."

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Brooks, both intent on placing the feminine rhyme just where it occurs in the loose iambic of the German, give us: —

"So you but think a moment's space on me,
All times I have to think on you, all places."
(Taylor.)

"One little moment only think of me,
I shall to think of you have ample time and leisure."

(Brooks.)

Professor Blackie, Miss Swanwick, and Sir Theodore Martin rewrite the poem in different movement, and give us for these lines: —

"Do thou bestow a moment's thought on me,
I shall have time enough to think on thee."
(Blackie.)

"Only one little moment think of me!
To think of you I shall have many an hour."
(Swanwick.)

"A little moment only think of me;
I shall have time enough to think of you."
(Martin.)

Mr. Hayward, in his translation of *Faust*, has given us an example of the "first" method mentioned by Goethe. He has certainly reduced it to a "watery plain," but, as Goethe also suggests, the method has its own peculiar advantages, though Hayward goes far to lose them. In his often entire neglect of the simplicity of the German style. He gives us for these two lines, "Only think of me one little minute; I shall have time enough to think of you." And here we have Mr. Hayward at his very best, because he has closely translated the simple words of that simple maiden, who never uses anything approaching a literary phrase. She speaks constantly in those homely Teutonic words which we all use when, under deep stress of feeling, we speak directly from the heart. No one will disagree with Mr. Hayward's statement that *Faust* "deserves to be translated as literally as the genius of our language will admit; with an almost exclusive reference to the strict meaning of the words, and a comparative disregard of the beauties which are commonly thought peculiar to poetry should they prove irreconcilable with the sense." But to disregard the style is to alter one half the sense. Take a line in the very next speech of Margaret, referring to her mother's household economies: —

"Nicht das sie just so sehr sich einzuschränken hat."

As Margaret, perhaps, in her homely phrase might have said: —

Not that she has to keep herself just so cramped down.

Mr. Hayward makes her say here, as a Yankee "school-marm" might, "Not that she has such pressing occasion to restrict herself," and the whole character of Margaret has evaporated and slipped from our grasp. The simple, lovable woman disappears in the learned preceptress. This illustrates the impor-

tance of the style as a factor in the development of the characters. It is apparent in a less degree in the passages before given; and in connection with this one would like to discuss at some length the effect of the musical pause, and of the retarding or quickening of the measure in creating this musical atmosphere of which we have spoken. It is much more the result of time than of rhyme, of the measure than of the assonance; though the rhyme, and even the use of the feminine rhyme, becomes of importance when we leave the freer recitative, and strive to reproduce the strictly lyrical verse.

Goethe does not, however, tie himself down to rules of rhythm. On the contrary, he has said expressly, in answer to the criticism that he violated the rules of prosody: "As a poet I have grown so weary of the eternal iambs, trochees, and dactyls, with their little measure and narrow bound, that I have intentionally deviated from them. . . . I begin also to interrupt even the flowing movement of the aria, or, rather more, to raise and strengthen it wherever passion enters on the scene; . . . to neglect the similarity, or, rather, with diligence seek to destroy it."

It is to be noticed, in the first speech of Margaret, how completely the atmosphere of tender longing and regret, all the musical suggestion of the lovely woman-soul, is dissipated when the translators omit the *caesura*, the pause in the first line, and quicken the measure. Mr. Hayward has given us almost the exact equivalent of each of the German words except the *ihr*, "you," and yet we get from him no hint of this musical meaning, which is the half sense and all the beauty of the lines. Eckermann tells us of Goethe's once exclaiming "he did not know what people meant by enjoying the music of an opera apart from the words." The music and the words, to his mind, must be identical. He points out, in his *Rules for the Players*,

the analogy between declamation and music, and insists on the great value of giving the pause in the verse always at the right moment. We cannot here stop to illustrate this dictum by examples, other than the one given, of the value of the pause; but there is one such striking instance of the effect of the melody of the verse, the musical accompaniment, that we will compare the varied versions of the passage. It also illustrates very well the results of the three different aims of the translator of which Goethe speaks in the note quoted from the West-Easterly Divan. The lines are the concluding Angels' Chorus, Easter Morning, from the scene where Faust is called by these old songs from his intention of suicide "back into life once more."

In the music of the original words we seem to hear the exulting outburst of the angels' song, and then, in the five times repeated resonant triple rhyme, the bells of heaven, and again a single strain of song as the scene closes.

Here are the lines as they stand in the original:—

CHOR DER ENGEL.

Christ ist erstanden
Aus der Verwesung Schoosz
Reiszet von Banden
Freudig euch los!
Thaetig ihn preisenden,
Liebe beweisenden,
Bruederlich speisenden,
Predigend, reisenden,
Wonne verheisenden,
Euch ist der Meister nah,
Euch ist er da!

Here even Mr. Hayward feels called on to print his prose in the shape of verse to suggest it. He shall give us the meaning:—

"Christ is arisen
Out of corruption's lap!
Joyfully tear yourselves
Loose from your bonds!
Ye, in deeds giving praise to him,
Love manifesting,
Living brethren-like,
Traveling and preaching him,

Bliss promising, —
You is the Master nigh,
For you is he here!"

The subtle suggestion of the music has vanished, and we have a *caput mortuum* indeed.

The passage is of greatest difficulty, and a really successful translation is impossible. Mr. Brooks here, for once only, surrenders the rhyme, and gives us: —

"Christ has arisen
Out of corruption's gloom.
Break from your prison,
Burst every tomb!
Livingly crowning him,
Lovingly throning him,
Feasting fraternally,
Praying diurnally,
Bearing his messages,
Sharing his promises.
Find ye the Master near,
Find ye him here."

Martin gives us: —

"From the lap of corruption
Lo! Christ has ascended!
Rejoice, for the fetters
That bound you are rended!
Praise him unceasingly,
Love one another.
Break bread together, like
Sister and brother.
Bear the glad tidings
To all who will hear you;
So will the Master be
Evermore near you."

In none of these have we the faintest suspicion of that wonderful melody of the verse which carries with it such a world of suggestion.

Mr. Taylor has manfully grappled with the impossible, and preserved his theory of the feminine rhyme intact. Indeed, it justifies itself here, for it is this rhyme which gives the bell-like movement to the verse; and in the German, like Keats's *forlorn*,

"The very word is like a bell."

Mr. Taylor renders the passage: —

"Christ is arisen,
Out of Corruption's womb:
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom!
Praising and pleading him,

Lovingly needing him,
Brotherly feeding him,
Preaching and speeding him,
Blessing, succeeding him,
Thus is the Master near, —
Thus is He here!"

The qualified success is the result of following the verse movement exactly. It is perhaps an unfair advantage to show how every one has not succeeded, and not attempt the trial one's self. We cannot hope for success, but let us see if, by keeping our eyes on Goethe's simple diction, we may draw any nearer the unattainable: —

Christ has arisen,
Out of corruption's womb:
Burst from your prison,
Joyful, from gloom!
Act praise, and daring all,
Love show, and bearing all,
Brotherly sharing all,
Preaching, declaring all
His bliss, go faring all, —
For you the Master's near,
For you He's here!

The charm of the clanging consonants is beyond reach, but a greater success might be hoped for in the lyrics of the following scene, where all the citizenry come before us, dressed each in his appropriate singing-robe of verse. In the movement of those verses one hears the beggar's hurdy-gurdy, the martial tramp of the soldiery, — which Gounod reproduces for us in his soldiers' chorus in this scene, — and the shouts and swirl of the peasants' dance under the linden, —

"The shouts with fiddles vying."

Enough, however, has been given to show how just is Goethe's own estimate of the true course to be pursued by his translators, — that "highest third method," which none has as yet attempted. Anster has followed the second method named by Goethe, and given us a very pretty, readable English poem of his own; which is perhaps as near success as we have yet reached. But if the office of the translator is to produce before

us a veiled beauty, and make us long for the loveliness beyond, surely the introduction must be more satisfactory as the veil becomes more transparent, and more closely follows the contour of the lovely form beneath. As Goethe remarks, such a translation must illuminate the original text even more than an interlinear version, and so lead us in to the original. Thus it would give an adequate reason for its being in this busy world, already surfeited with translations which have scorned this humbler office, and soared only to fall like the boy Euphorion of

the Second Part, because the translator failed to heed the wise caution addressed to that too aspiring Spirit of Poetry by Helena and Faust, — the Essence of Beauty and the Soul of Man: —

Anxiously the mother calleth: Leap and leap again, with pleasure,
But still guard thyself from flying, — freer flight's denied to thee.
And thus warns the faithful father: In the earth lies power, upspringing,
Which will bear thee skyward; only touch the firm ground with thy toe-tips;
Like the Son of Earth, Antæus, thou art straightway strengthened then.

William P. Andrews.

NON SINE DOLORE.

I.

WHAT, then, is Life, — what Death?
Thus the Answerer saith:
O faithless mortal, bend thy head and listen:
Down o'er the vibrant strings
That thrill, and moan, and mourn, and glisten,
The Master draws his bow.
A voiceless pause; then upward, see, it springs,
Free as a bird with unimprisoned wings!
In twain the chord was cloven,
While, shaken with woe,
With breaks of instant joy all interwoven,
Piercing the heart with lyric knife, —
On, on the ceaseless music sings,
Restless, — intense, — serene:
Life is the downward stroke; the upward, Life;
Death but the pause between.

II.

Then spake the Questioner: If 'twere only this,
Ah, who could face the abyss
That plunges down athwart each human breath?
If the new birth of Death
Meant only more of Life as mortals know it,
What priestly balm, what song of highest poet,
Could heal one sentient soul's immitigable pain?
All, all were vain!
If, having soared pure spirit at the last,
Free from the impertinence and warp of flesh,

We find half joy, half pain, on every blast, —
 Are caught again in closer-woven mesh, —
 Ah, who would care to die
 From out these fields and hills, and this familiar sky,
 These firm, sure hands that compass us, this dear humanity?

III.

Again the Answerer saith:
 O ye of little faith,
 Shall, then, the spirit prove craven,
 And Death's divine deliverance but give
 A summer rest and haven?
 By all most noble in us, by the light that streams
 Into our waking dreams,
 Ah, we who know what Life is, let us live!
 Clearer and freer, who shall doubt?
 Something of dust and darkness cast forever out;
 But Life, still Life, that leads to higher Life, —
 Even though the highest be not free from the immortal strife.

IV.

The highest! Soul of man, oh, be thou bold,
 And to the brink of things create draw near, behold!
 Where, on the earth's green sod, —
 Where, where in all the universe of God, —
 Hath strife forever ceased?
 When hath not some great orb flashed into space
 The terror of its doom? When hath no human face
 Turned earthward in despair,
 For that some horrid sin had stamped its image there?
 If at our passing Life be Life increased,
 And we ourselves flame pure unfettered soul,
 Like the Eternal Power that made the whole
 And lives in all He made
 From shore of matter to the unknown spirit shore;
 If, sire to son, and tree to limb,
 Cycle by countless cycle more and more
 We grow to be like Him;
 If He lives on, serene and unafraid
 Through all His light, His love, His living thought, —
 One with the sufferer, be it soul or star;
 If He escape not pain, what beings that are
 Can e'er escape while Life leads on and up the unseen way and far?
 If He escape not, by whom all was wrought,
 Then shall not we, —
 Whate'er of Godlike solace still may be, —
 For in all worlds there is no Life without a pang, and can be naught.

R. W. Gilder.

THE WIFE OF MR. SECRETARY PEPYS.

WHEN a man or woman is set up on high, we all stop to look, and those who come behind us stop to look also; and presently a path is worn to this object of notice, Time builds a little shrine about the place, antiquity adds its ornamental advantages, and behold! the man or woman is famous. No doubt it would often puzzle the biographers (except when they write of themselves) to tell why they pick out those whose images they recall and reconstruct for the future. By reason of their skill, they force us to pay tribute to many a being we would not tolerate if brought into actual touch with, and as many times they fail to perceive the rarest opportunities for character study lying ready to their hands. Of the many records of lives in themselves uneventful or unprofitable which we find in the history of the times of the second Charles, we are sure they were unlike their fellows merely in their having been talked about. Nor do all of this epoch whose lives are told meet with proper recognition, if they happen to abide under the shadow of a stronger personality.

For instance, who would not (if he stopped to notice her) feel a pity for little Mrs. Secretary Pepys, doomed, not only in her actual existence, but for long years after, to remain still in the corner of the canvas whereon the racy and unique portrait of her husband is painted with his own incomparable skill? Examine the corner where he sketched her (we will assume it was the upper left-hand corner, as being nearest the heart which beat with very real affection for her who had the honor to be his wife), and we find it to be as perfect in its way as that large figure of himself. She was an important factor in his life, and the active portion of her existence, that which affected his daily content-

ment, was never slighted or forgotten by Samuel Pepys. What she thought, or felt, he probably never inquired; he cared intensely for what she did, but the wishes or desires she entertained behind the row of little round curls that adorned her forehead he never guessed. As we read his unconscious revelations — betrayed even to his Diary only under the cover of a cipher of his own invention — of his daily life and of his wife, we get a glimpse now and then of much which the shrewd secretary, with all his cunning, seldom suspected; and from what he tells, and what he does not tell, we gather a pretty coherent idea of the character of Elizabeth St. Michael, his wife.

Information about her other than that obtained from Pepys himself is but meagre. Elsewhere we learn that she was of French blood on the paternal side; her mother was English, and, it is said, came from the well-born Cliffords of Cumberland; but it would seem that Elizabeth inherited much of the Gallic vivacity and love of gayety which made her so fond of dancing that, later, her husband was fain to be jealous of her dancing-master; and perhaps it was to the St. Michaels she owed her beauty also.

It must have been her father's choice which sent her to be educated at a convent in France, from which early association doubtless came the predilection for Papiests that so distressed the Protestant Pepys. It was not much of an education in any direction, and it was over soon; for Elizabeth left her convent at fifteen, and it must have been very shortly after that Samuel Pepys saw and loved her, and so speedily made her his wife.

At that time it was not, apparently, a very brilliant match she was making with the son of a London tailor, living in retirement on a small property in

Brompton; but, in comparison with the extreme poverty of her own family, it may have seemed such to her. Pepys, then twenty-two years old, had lately come from Cambridge, where, as sizar of Magdalen College, he had made a reputation for being a "reading-man," and had also been publicly admonished for being "scandalously overserved with drink,"—thus early showing the two strongest tendencies of his nature, the intellectual and the carnal appetites. Great always was his faith in himself, and so shrewd a calculator as he must have been certain of his yet untried powers, when he rushed in this precipitate fashion into matrimony with a penniless girl; for his only prospects lay in the favor of his kinsman, Sir Edward Montagu.

How and where Pepys first met Elizabeth we do not know, but of one thing we are sure: the wooing was ardent, for he was ever "mighty fond" of a pretty face, and hers must have been very pretty to cause him to forget her lack of dower. And it must have been a short courtship, too, for in October of 1653, before she was sixteen, they were married, and went to live in the family of Sir Edward Montagu, whom Pepys served as a hanger-on and useful dependent night. We can imagine him very industrious, and very subservient to his noble cousin; and in time he won his reward, for Sir Edward, in 1658, got him a clerkship in the Exchequer. From the first entry in the Diary, dated the next year, we find Pepys was already "esteemed rich, but indeed," he adds, "very poor." We must agree with him, for they lived then, with only one maid, in Axe Yard, off King Street, Westminster, and must often have felt the pinch of poverty. Their rooms were in the garret, and they were obliged to make more than one dinner off a single fowl, since we notice Elizabeth "dressed the *remains* of a turkey [for dinner], and in the doing of it she burned her hand."

Money is scarce with the young couple, and Pepys borrows to pay his half-yearly rent. The Diary tells how he once "went to my father's, . . . where I found my wife, who was forced to dine there, we not having one coal of fire in the house and it being very hard frosty weather." But they were young and light-hearted, and picked up what amusements they could get cheaply or at some one else's expense; and Samuel is, at this time, a most devoted husband, and takes his wife with him to church regularly of a "Lord's Day," and to make merry at his father's, and once to his cousin's, Thomas Pepys', where they had a dinner, "which was very good; only the venison pasty was palpable beef which was not handsome." He consults her, too, as to his business (a habit he never gave over), whether for advice or sympathy he does not say; and if on one page we read how she was "unwilling to let me go forth, but with some discontent would go out if I did, and I going forth towards Whitehall I saw she followed me, and so I staid and took her through Whitehall, and so carried her home angry," on the next leaf he tells that "I and my wife were in pleasant discourse till night that I went to supper."

Their household must have been a curious one. They supped at the most irregular hours, whenever they were not asked to dine elsewhere, apparently; and the advent of washing-day was so infrequent as to call forth a comment in the journal whenever it occurred. That was indeed a great function when Mrs. Pepys ordained a wash. Not only during the days of poverty, when her lack of service might account for this entry: "Nine o'clock . . . home, where I found my wife and mayde a-washing. I staid up till the bellman came by with his bell just under my window, as I was writing of this very line, and cried 'past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.' I then to bed, and

left my wife and the mayde a-washing still ;” but all her life, Elizabeth is accustomed to “sit up till two o’clock that she may call the wench up to wash ;” and when Pepys, on coming home at night, finds “my poor wife at work and the house foule,” the simple fact that it is “washing-day” seems explanation enough. Presently we note that the night before a washing-day the family goes to bed without prayers, though one would think so great a domestic upheaval would better be preceded by a special petition, rather than lack even the ordinary one.

In the matter of religion, Mrs. Pepys was called upon to follow her liege in Protestant observances more often in their day of small things than in their after prosperity ; and we shall see that the little woman manifested in this, as in other walks, a mind of her own, later, and left Mr. Pepys to go alone to church, while she, now and again, bit of the forbidden fruit as held out to her by a Roman Catholic priest. But that was a good ten years from the time of which we are writing, and in many ways Elizabeth had yet to learn independence. In this matter of church-going her complaisance is sometimes rewarded, for, we read, on a certain February “Lord’s Day” the pair went to church, “and in the pew my wife took up a good black hood and kept it.” We wonder if she found, in her new possession, as much refuge from the dull sermon that was being preached that day as did Samuel, who confessed he “read over the whole book of Tobit” during its progress !

It is to be feared that worldly interests were not often barred out of these young people’s heads ; they were children of an age singularly devoid of all but the most worldly pursuits. Divines and laymen alike thought upon the things of a day, and the flesh-pots were never more sedulously sought after or more frankly enjoyed than during this period. It is quite in keeping with the prevail-

ing custom that the first hint of an increasing prosperity for the Pepys occurs in the shape of Samuel’s putting buckles on his shoes “for the first time in his life,” and in their giving a dinner-party, their first effort in a long line of “noble feasts.”

Even now they cannot receive their friends in their garret, but at “my Lord’s lodging,” which we take to mean the town apartment of Sir Edward, then abroad on government service. This was a great occasion for Mrs. Pepys, and nobly did she exert herself, sitting up “making of her tarts and larding of her pullets till eleven o’clock.” She had already tried a “new mode of dressing the maydes hair very pretty,” no doubt in view of this entertainment ; and on the eventful day “she had got ready a very fine dinner, namely, a dish of marrow-bones ; a leg of mutton ; a loin of veal ; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish ; a great tart ; a neats tongue ; a dish of anchovies ; a dish of prawns and cheese.” This heavy festivity was, thanks to these mighty efforts and a “very good fire,” a complete success, with which he and his wife were much pleased ; and probably pride helped to keep them so when, a day or two after, they dined “on pease porridge and nothing else.” Elizabeth was allowed to lie in bed the day following the feast, and to read aloud to Samuel, while he did office work beside her.

No wonder she was fatigued ; but she was always delicate and liable to colds, and Samuel was sometimes anxious, and “gets an ointment, which I did send home, . . . and a plaister, which I took with me ;” and sometimes, after the manner of men, was “not a little impatient . . . and troubled at her being abed.” On the whole, he is solicitous about her, and when she, by chance, fell down, coming home from church, and “hurt her knees exceedingly,” we are sure he picked her up again very carefully. He may have been impatient, but she was never afraid

to send to the office for him to come home because she was ill and wanted comforting, and he cheerfully paid a bill of four pounds "for physique" that she had had during "a year or two."

When she is well, Elizabeth proves an industrious housewife; she herself, according to the involved statement of the Diary, "kills her turkeys that Mr. Shepley gave her that came out of Zealand, and could not get her mayde Jane by no means at any time to kill anything." We notice her making "marmalett of quinces," and she is a good cook, in spite of the fact that she once made "pies and tarts to try her oven with, but not knowing the nature of it did heat it too hot and so a little overbake her things, but knows how to do better another time;" and even when she has more servants, is always busy overseeing the ways of the household, making new curtains and bed-hangings, sewing her clothes, reading aloud French books to her husband, following the fashion of going out, in the season, "at three o'clock of the morning to gather Maydew," and at all times trying in vain to keep her accounts in a manner satisfactory to Samuel.

She, young thing that she was, gathered pets about her: a cat, that Samuel fetched her "in his arms;" canaries and a "fine paire of turtle-doves," given by a sea-captain; and a "pretty black dog," presented by her brother. This latter animal proved a source of vexation, for Samuel wished it put into the cellar, "and would have his will," and a quarrel ensued. "This night I was troubled all night with a dream that my wife was dead, which made me that I slept ill," he exclaims; for though his temper was none of the best, he suffered remorse when he had vexed her. We are inclined to think that if his rage rose oftener than hers, it was Elizabeth's resentment that lasted longer, though their fallings-out were generally short-lived at this time. "Finding my wife's clothes lie carelessly

laid up, I was angry with her, which I was troubled for. . . . After that my wife and I went and walked in the garden," where, no doubt, they made up most sweetly, only to repeat the quarrel a day or two later, when Pepys was again "angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it."

It is a pity he broke the basket, for it was a souvenir of their first separation. To better his fortunes, Samuel Pepys, anent the coming of King Charles the Second to the throne, decides to go to sea with the embassy to Holland, as secretary to Sir Edward Montagu. Parting with Elizabeth is hard for both, but she falls to work getting him ready for the journey, — sits up "late making caps," rises early for one of the great wash-days, and buys for him "many things." The pair have a solemn farewell dinner: "In Fish Street my wife and I bought a bit of salmon for 8*s.*, and went to the Sun Taverne and eat it, where I did promise to give her all that I have in the world but my books, in case I die at sea." The day after: "Gave my wife some money to serve her for a time, and what papers of consequence I had. . . . This day, in the presence of Mr. Moore (who made it) I did before I went out with my wife seal my will to her, whereby I did give her all that I have in the world but my books, which I give to my brother John, excepting only French books, which my wife is to have." All things at their home "were put into the dining-room and locked up, and my wife tooke the keys along with her" to her retreat in the country, and so "to the chequer in Holborne, where after we had drank, etc., she took coach, and so farewell."

Of how she spent her time during Pepys' absence we know nothing. She writes to him pretty often, and once gives him cause for worry by not writ-

ing, and once makes him anxious by ill news: "In the evening . . . a letter from my wife which tells me that she has not been well, which did exceedingly trouble me, but . . . at night I wrote to her and sent a piece of gold enclosed to her." Four days after, a messenger from London brings him better tidings; he left Elizabeth "at my father's, very well, and speaks very well of her love to me." "She would fain see me and be at my house again, but we must be content," says the pious journalist. He adds, "She writes . . . that there was a talk I should be knighted by the king; . . . but I think myself happier in my wife and estate," he concludes.

The separation is almost over now, for the embassy returns to England with the king, and Pepys met "at my father's my wife, and went to walk with her in Lincoln's Inn walks." What a deal they must have had to gossip about! Samuel can look back upon the trip as the foundation of his future eminence; already he is talked of as deserving honor from the king (whose "gittar," by the way, he is entrusted to fetch to England in his arms, to his own "mighty trouble"). He is very busy and important, with "infinite of business that my heart and head and all were full;" and Elizabeth is forced to wait nine days before he can get their house ready for her "and the girle and the dog" to come to. He is now become so what he calls "gallantly great" that the captain of the first ship he commissions gives Elizabeth a silver can, the beginning of the collection of plate in which the Pepys took such just pride. The servant "falls lame," and they take "a boy, so that my wife could not be longer without somebody to help her."

A proud woman is Elizabeth when Pepys gets appointed clerk of the acts. "To my wife . . . and presented her with my patent, at which she was overjoyed; so to the navy office, and showed her my house, and were both mightily

pleased." As is seen, their change of fortune includes a betterment in their home, for they go now to Seething Lane. There is nothing of the laggard about them. The next day they are "up early . . . for the putting of all our things in a readiness to be sent;" and by night, so prompt is Elizabeth, she "had packed up all her goods in the house fit for removal." So thorough is she that she is obliged to remain indoors all the following day, for it "proved very rainy weather," and not fit for moving, and she had left "no clothes out, all being packed up yesterday." It is recorded they ate "a quarter of lamb" for their first meal in the new house, but "it was not half roasted." Women in those days, as now, had trouble with their stoves, for the "new range is already broke" when it is sent to Elizabeth, "and she will have it changed."

And now we see that they themselves are altered as well as their house. It is perceptible in many ways. In all things their ambitions increase, and especially Elizabeth's love of finery asserts itself; and who abets her in it but old Pepys, her father-in-law! "Landed my wife at Whitefriar's with 5*l.* to buy her a petticoat. My father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26*s.* a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to 5*l.*, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently I could not be angry. I did give her more money and sent her away." Afterwards he records: "My wife had on her new petticoat, . . . which indeed is a very fine cloth, and a fine lace; but that being of a light color and the lace all silver, it makes no great show." Samuel dearly loved to see his money's worth in a brave ostentation of color, and in the way of feminine adornment there was nothing he was not interested in. He walks "to Grayes Inn to observe fashions of the ladies because of my wife's making some clothes." And that he had decided notions we observe

when he "took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly about her ribbands being ill-matched and of two colours." Well for Elizabeth if she asked her lord's opinion before adopting a new style! He likes "a pair of peruques, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear, which are pretty and all of my wife's own haire, or else I should not endure them;" but when she tries to wear "light coloured locks, quite white almost," not being "natural," they vex him, and he adds, "I will not have her wear them." To his dictum Elizabeth submits, now with a smile, and then with a frown, and by and by it is her turn. We can guess the spice of malice that lurks in her voice when, on the arrival of Samuel's "new-colored fer-randin suit," to which he has given thoughtful consideration, she, with a word, puts him "out of love with it," and "vexes" him by her disapproval.

It is fitting that such well-dressed folk should go out in style, and now their "boy" carries the link before, and Mr. Pepys' secretary, W. Hewer, "leads my wife." They even go to the extent of buying "a table-cloth and a dozen napkins of diaper, the first that ever I bought in my life," though it is not for some years to come that Elizabeth takes lessons in the art of folding napkins in fancy patterns.

They do their duty by religion, too, for they go to church "to demand a pew which at present could not be given us, but we are resolved to have one built;" which they did, and sat in it for the first time to hear a "crooke legged man" preach a "good sermon;" and they invited a lady of title to sit with them, into the bargain.

They begin to be acquainted with great people nowadays. It is about this time mention is first made of one Sir W. Pen, a man who was of importance to Pepys only as being associated with him in the navy office, and to Elizabeth because his family lived next door to

her, and she quarreled fiercely with Lady Pen, but is chiefly of interest to us because he was the father of William Penn, the Quaker.

Altogether, the young couple begin to find themselves up in the world, and Samuel feels moved to do something generous for his family. He decides to take care of his sister Pall. Pall, or Pauline, as she was christened, was not on the best of terms with Elizabeth. Whether this was owing to Mrs. Pepys' undeniably high temper, or arose from the long-ago occasion when Pall stole Elizabeth's "scissars," an episode that made an unpleasantness at the time,—from whatever cause, it is evident the sisters-in-law were not fond of each other; and Samuel had no mind to forget the respect due his wife, nor had she any wish to forego her prerogative. This we perceive by the entry: "Talking with my father about my sister Pall's coming to live with me, if she would come and be as a servant (which my wife did seem to be pretty willing to do *today*)." These are the terms the young mistress of the new home dictates. She has apparently brought her husband to agree with her in estimating his sister when he says, "I find her so very ill natured that I cannot love her, and she so cruel a hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases." Whether this is a true indictment or not, we are inclined to pity poor Pall, when the prosperous brother, before her parents and his wife, "told her plainly what my mind was, to have her come, not as a sister in any respect, but as a servant, which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy." Were the tears all joy? Under these conditions it is hardly needful to say that Pall's stay in her brother's house was not a success. Samuel "hears" (who told him?) "that Pall is idle and proud," and that "she makes trouble with the mayde;" and in a few months she is up before the tribunal of troubled father

and irate brother, who "in a great anger told her . . . I would keep her no longer, and my father, he said he would have nothing to do with her. At last, after we had brought down her high spirit, I got my father to yield she should go into the country . . . with him and stay there awhile, to see how she will demean herself." And so, with a gift of twenty shillings and much good advice, this effort on Pepys' part to get another servant cheaply is ended, and in the future he must hire. Schemes for marrying Pauline trouble him from time to time, until, with the promise of a dower, a husband, one John Jackson, is found; and, curiously enough, it is to her sons that Samuel, widowed and half blind, looks for kind offices during his later years. Old Mr. Pepys, we read, found in Pall a good daughter, and we wish Elizabeth had had more patience with her, for the Pepys family grow poorer as Samuel becomes richer. Besides, Elizabeth really owes some favor to her husband's people in return for his efforts to get a place for her impecunious brother. Her family are always very poor. At one time they live in so low a part of London that Pepys is afraid to let his wife visit them, "lest harm should befall her going or coming." Even after his marriage he is called upon to give money to this same Baltazar, who thus justifies the fear Pepys confesses, that "I shall not be able to wipe my hands of him again when I once concern myself for him." In spite of their indigence, the St. Michaels had their notions of gentility; and Mrs. Pepys "was vexed at them for grumbling to eat Suffolk cheese," that being thought less delicate than other cheeses. It is amusing to note that papa St. Michael belonged to the long list of those futile inventors who have tried schemes for making London consume its own smoke. Except to Balty, Elizabeth proffered no help to her family; and it must be owned that she

showed quite as proud and worldly a spirit toward both sides of the house as did her husband. They both assumed a critical, even disrespectful attitude toward their elders, which would merit the censure we are wont to think only children of the present generation deserve. Perhaps the fact that Mrs. Pepys got on better with her father-in-law than with any other member of her husband's family is connected with the favorable opinion Samuel entertained for old Pepys, to the exclusion of all his other relatives, by more than a mere coincidence; for Elizabeth's influence over her husband's opinions was as subtle as it was unsuspected by himself.

The improvement in "pocket luck" gives Elizabeth leisure to cultivate the graces; her need of further education becomes more apparent as their prosperity grows. Samuel taxes her light brains with solid learning in addition to accomplishments; he buys "a payre of globes; cost me 3£ 10s. . . . I buying them principally for my wife, who has a mind to understand them, and I shall take pleasure to teach her." He speaks truly, being never too busy, after dinner, to give her a lesson in geography, "which she takes very prettily, and with great pleasure to her and me." She must have been quick to learn, for Samuel evinces gusto in acting the schoolmaster, even when it comes to "arithmetique." Mathematical it is to be feared Elizabeth was not; he speaks of the lessons as "bouts," and only "hopes" they give her pleasure, and is presently moved to give them up, when, at last, "she is come to do Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplicacion very well, and so I purpose not to trouble her yet with Division."

Pepys had no call to be over-critical in the matter of spelling, yet once he found his wife's letters "so false spelt that I was ashamed of them, and took occasion to fall out about them." But in the lighter branches of learning Eliza-

beth satisfied her domestic critic pretty fairly, although her music, which afterwards afforded him no little pleasure when they sang together on the river, was not acquired without suffering on her part. Mr. Secretary Pepys had a passion for music, and esteemed himself and was esteemed by others no mean performer on several instruments, so that it is not hard to sympathize with him in this outburst: "Poor wretch! her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again, but will endeavour to make her understand sounds, and do her good that way; and therefore I am mighty unjust to her in discouraging her so much, but we were good friends." She had her trials; and when Samuel makes her take lessons on so unsuitable an instrument as the flageolet or the bass viol, we are distinctly sorry for her.

In the way of painting, she receives from her lord nothing but praise. To be sure, the "rules of perspective" are thought too hard for her, she "being ignorant of the principles of lines," but in all else she meets with "great success." Samuel is so proud of her efforts, especially when she "paynts a woman's Persian head very fine," that he promises her a pearl necklace, worth £60, if she "do please him therein;" and he notes with pride how much better her work is than that of Pegg, the daughter of Sir W. Pen. Life is not all hard labor for Mrs. Pepys. They go to the theatre nowadays far oftener than to church; they divert themselves by walking on the leads that cover the roof of their house, in the moonlight; they make boating excursions up the Thames; they give to their clothes far more consideration than to anything else; and Mr. Pepys takes an increasing satisfaction in his wife's looks. She bears comparison with royalty, in his eyes, that were wont, under their deferentially downcast lids, to shoot a keenly critical shaft that

pierced even the Olympian clouds which surround the English throne. When they went to the queen's presence-chamber, they found "the Quene a very little plaine old woman, and nothing more in any respect nor garbe than any ordinary woman. . . . The Princesse Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her haire fuzzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife, standing near her, with two or three patches on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." He compares her with Lady Castlemaine and other reigning beauties, finding her "as pretty as any of them," and he has her portrait painted four times over. Elizabeth, with her pleasure-loving nature, is in her element, and is not inclined to refuse the good things in the way of gayety or compliment that come to her hand. Samuel was uneasy; "is discontented" that she "do not go neater, now she has two mayds;" and felt a pang of something very like jealousy when he called for his wife at the house of a friend, and "found a Frenchman at dinner, and just as I came in he was kissing my wife, which I did not like, though there could not be any hurt in it." This last clause it was politic of him to include, for it bolsters up his own conscience in regard to a custom he was himself overfond of practicing.

This little episode was nothing like that other occasion, when the easily excited curiosity and suspicion of Samuel were roused by Elizabeth's meeting at the theatre with "a son of my Lord Somersett whom she knew in France, a pretty man; I showed him no great countenance, to avoyd further acquaintance." But it was not the secretary's acquaintance the gay young gentleman sought, as he found a few days after, when, on going home "very merry," his mood was changed by finding that "my wife . . . had been abroad and bought

things for herself ;” and, worse still, had met “with Mr. Somersett, who did give her a bracelet of rings, which did a little trouble me, though I know there is no hurt yet in it,” he reassures himself, “only for fear of further acquaintance.” He does not feel easy, however, and detects that his wife “has become, nowadays, very simple.” Two days later the climax is reached, on their going out together, and “in the way meeting a French footman with feathers, who was in great quest for my wife and spoke with her privately ; but I could not tell what it was, only that my wife promised to go to some place to-morrow morning, which do trouble my mind how to know whither it was.” He would not ask, no, not he ; and suffers accordingly all next day, when Elizabeth holds “her resolution to go forth this morning, as she resolved to do yesterday ; and though there could not be much hurt in it, yet my own jealousy put a hundred things into my mind, which did much trouble me all day. To dinner alone, and thence, my mind being, for my wife’s going abroad, . . . unfit for business, I went to the theatre, and saw Elder Brother ill-acted.” (Was it the acting or Samuel’s temper that was so ill ?) He went to a tavern, and was “merry till late,” but found no comfort, for on getting home “I seemed very angry, as indeed I am, and did not show her any countenance.” With this show of temper Mr. Pepys was fain to rest, for apparently the mystery of that day’s excursion was never solved ; and as nothing further came of Elizabeth’s freak of independence, we hear no more of the French footman with feathers.

Judging from his own confession, Pepys’ jealousy was ever ill founded. His wife was gay and light of temperament (though for that he could scarcely blame her with any consistency), and she dearly loved to dance ; but we are sure she was too well aware of her own state and position to give any reason

for the excess of feeling roused by her dancing-master in the easily disturbed bosom of her husband. He knows his jealousy is absurd, and makes “a vowe to myself not to oppose her or to say anything to dispraise or correct her . . . in pain of 2s. 6d. for every time, which, if God pleases, I will observe.” But alas ! resolutions, pious ejaculations, and, most potent of all restraints, fines cannot dispel his fears, and Mrs. Pepys, out of patience, sharpens a naturally saucy tongue, and dares her lord to the extreme. “Being at supper, my wife did say something that caused me to oppose her in : she used the word devil, which vexed me, and among other things I said I would not have her to use that word. She took me up most scornfully, which . . . I know not how to checke. So that I fear,” continues the troubled man, “without great discretion I shall go near to lose too my command over her, and nothing do it more than giving her this occasion of dancing and other pleasures, whereby her mind is taken up from her business and finds other sweets besides pleasing me.” There lies the sting ; he feels his dearly loved authority waning, and in this stress even relaxes his purse-strings, “because of getting her out of the way of this fellow,” the dancing-master. “With peace and honour I am willing to spare anything.” We read that wives of old were subservient, but Mrs. Pepys was emancipated. She had no more intention of being slavishly obedient than the women of a later century. She asserts herself emphatically when occasion arises, and their quarrels might have been dated the day before yesterday. Let one suffice, occurring about this time, when, we must suppose, Mrs. Pepys found her husband especially trying. “After dinner,” reads the chronicle, “. . . a little jangling, in which she did give me the lie, which vexed me so that, finding my talking did but make her worse, and that her spirit is lately come to be other than it used

to be, . . . which vexes me and makes me wish I had better considered all that I have of late done concerning my bringing my wife to this condition of heat, I went up vexed to my chamber." After this exhibition of mutual amiability and freedom of speech, it is pleasant to read, further on, "Up by and by my wife comes, and good friends again, and to walk in the garden, and so anon to supper." They were grown-up children. Loving each other very honestly, they fell out and made up over baubles and real troubles alike.

In truth, Elizabeth had reason for a display of temper. Mr. Pepys, now the great man, in enlarging his scheme of pleasure gradually expands in a forbidden direction. Always sufficiently appreciative of a pretty woman, his interest in a handsome face grows with his opportunities, and there come occasions when the jealousy that arises in Elizabeth's heart is not, like his green-eyed fits, without foundation. His heart is always faithfully hers, but his eyes note beauty in other faces than her own; and the manners of the age could not, in her opinion, excuse his predilection for kissing every pretty woman he might meet.

Pangs she felt at odd times, but the first serious annoyance came to her when Samuel took to thinking Mrs. Knipp, an actress, was "the best company in the world." Though Elizabeth seems not to have been averse to her society, she does not, as Samuel does, pity Mrs. Knipp for the "sad life her ill-natured fellow of a husband leads her," and she distinctly objects to the languishing correspondence in verse carried on between the two over the signatures of "Barbary Allen" and "Dapper Dicky." Samuel again applies his remedy of buying something for her; this time "fine counterfeit damask for her closett," and the choice is judicious. Samuel congratulates himself that "she minds her work so well and busies herself about

the house;" and so, since his attentions to Mrs. Knipp cease, this storm is well over. Mr. Pepys is learning discretion; he begins to "practice more temper and to give her her way." Perhaps, finding himself not above reproach, he feels the need of walking warily. "I must," he says, "use policy to keep her spirit down and to give her no offence." But Elizabeth's spirit is not kept down so easily. The flame once lighted is never quite extinguished; it is ready at any gust of provocation to burst forth; and after many fitful flashes there comes at last the great conflagration, so fierce a glow that Samuel's fine self-complacency shrivels away before its heat.

Elizabeth was particular in the choice of a tiring-woman, on whose society she depended much for her daily gossiping companionship. She was ever anxious to get an accomplished maid (yet not too talented, for she dismissed one for singing so well that Samuel took to performing duets with her), and one good to look at also (provided she were not too pretty), and both these requirements were found at last in a young woman named Deborah Willet. The customs of the age included among her duties the combing of her master's hair, which task Deb Willet performed so completely to his satisfaction, one evening, that Elizabeth, "coming up suddenly, did find him embracing the girl." The faithful journalist speaks of this as bringing "the greatest sorrow to me that ever I knew in this world," and doubtless he speaks only the simple truth. Angry Elizabeth has been before, but now she is insulted. In every imaginable way she visits her wrath upon him. She deals a blow in a vulnerable spot, in what is by policy and by feeling the one rigid part of his facile nature,—his Protestantism. She declares herself a Roman Catholic; she tells him she has received "the Holy Sacrament." Mightily is he troubled; this revives a lurking fear of old, but with unwonted meek-

ness he makes no protest, — perhaps because he discerns the cause of the taunt too well. His only answer is to promise again and again “particular demonstrations of my true love to her, owning some indiscretions in what I did, but that there was no harm in it.” This excuse is weak, and gives Elizabeth no feeling of security. She continues suspicious, and Samuel is not only sorry, which he has been before, but “ashamed,” — a perfectly new sensation to the satisfied man; truly things have come to a pretty pass between the pair, who have rubbed on together a baker’s dozen of years, who are now very great and well-known people, who ride abroad in their own gilt coach, “mighty fine.” They carry with them this family skeleton when they go a-riding, — a skeleton that is neither fine nor sad, but only a poor combination of fatuous vanity on one side, and angry jealousy on the other.

In spite of the remarkable brain, and the even more noteworthy honesty, that made him the important personage of his group, Samuel Pepys was naught but the tailor’s son, after all, with his eyes turned wholly toward the goods of the world and the attainment thereof; and Elizabeth, aside from her French cleverness and her beauty, had neither dignity nor nobility to aid her to order her life in a difficult age. She had the power to inspire in her husband the one love of his selfish heart; she had no capacity to control his roving fancy. Like a child in her love of frivolity, she was like a child still in meeting misery.

After months of recrimination and reproaches, of apologies and vows of reformation, during which naughty Pepys is harried and badgered as never before, till he reaches a depth of humility doubtless surprising to himself; after countless scenes of rage, when Elizabeth strikes her husband and pulls his hair, followed by a return of fondness and apparent calm, there comes the climax to the vulgar quarrel. Mr. Pepys can

best relate the details: “This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which God knows it was upon the business of the office unexpectedly: but I to bed. . . . Waking by and by, . . . I found she . . . got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so after an hour or two, she silent, . . . she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o’clock, she came to my side, . . . and drew my curtaine open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down, and did by little and little very sillily let all the discourse fall.” With this tornado the end is reached, and there follows a great peace, in which we see how thoroughly Pepys is cowed.

Richly as he deserved punishment, we pity him in his abject submission to the tyrannies of his wife. For all the years of command he has shown her, for every neglect, for every time he played the niggard in giving her one pound for her clothes while he spent four pounds on his own, for each time he had been to a theatre on the sly, for all the petty misdemeanors she knows and for those she suspects, she gives him payment, and he meekly bends his neck to the yoke, and is grateful that now they “do live in peace.”

Never has their mutual position presented so interesting an aspect as this. Life to them has been composed of simple elements heretofore; it threatens now to become complex. Their relationship to one another has become a problem; one is curious to note the result; and

here the record abruptly closes just as they are about to start forth on an expedition to the Continent, their first extended trip together.

The journal's end is indeed but the foreshadowing of the end of the story itself. Coming home from a journey full of pleasure, Elizabeth takes ship's fever, and, after a brief illness, dies just as she reaches London.

It was, we are sure, a comfort to Pepys bereft (for he never married again) to remember that Elizabeth at the last received the sacrament with him, as administered by the rector of their parish,

and so put an end to the old anxiety as to her religious conditions. After their many quarrels and foolish bickerings, we like to dwell upon those last months of sight-seeing they had together, during which, we fancy, Elizabeth relaxed her righteous grip, and ceased to hold his naughtiness before his eyes; when they returned to the fonder mood of their early days of poverty. We are sure this little time of kind companionship must have been a dear memory to the great Mr. Secretary Pepys in the many years he lived without his wife Elizabeth.

Margaret Christine Whiting.

SONG.

STRIKE me a note of sweet degrees —
 Of sweet degrees —
 Like those in Jewry heard of old;
 My love, if thou wouldst wholly please,
 Hold in thy hand a harp of gold,
 And touch the strings with fingers light
 And yet with strength as David might —
 As David might.

Linger not long in songs of love —
 In songs of love;
 No serenades nor wanton airs
 The deeper soul of music move;
 Only a solemn measure bears
 With rapture that shall never cease
 My spirit to the gates of peace —
 The gates of peace.

So feel I when Francesca sings —
 Francesca sings —
 My thoughts mount upward; I am dead
 To every sense of vulgar things,
 And on celestial highways tread
 With prophets of the olden time,
 Those minstrel kings, the men sublime —
 The men sublime.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN PARISIAN ART.

THE months of January and February, 1890, saw the culmination of a new movement in the art world of Paris which is destined to have widespread and lasting consequences; for Paris is to-day incontestably the art centre of the world, and what affects art in Paris necessarily affects high-class art the world over. The importance of the affair cannot well be overestimated; it demands the earnest attention of all who care to keep in touch with the art movement of the epoch, and it will be my endeavor to elucidate its causes and point out some of its possible effects.

In order to a clear understanding of the subject, it is necessary to go back to the early years of the present century, when the first Napoleon, after stripping the galleries of Italy to enrich the Louvre, set himself the task of founding a truly national school of art at home. The cultivation of the arts, letters, and the drama became almost as serious a consideration with him as the subjugation of the enviring peoples; for he was keen enough to perceive that without some such intellectual aureole his reign would shine with only a secondary lustre in history; and he spared, therefore, no pains to effect his purpose. When at home in Paris he spent much of his time in superintending various works of art and restorations, and when abroad, even in the midst of his most disastrous campaigns, he occupied himself frequently with literary and artistic affairs, as is proved by the famous decree of Moscow, regulating the affairs of the Théâtre de la Comédie Française. The fact that this side of Bonaparte's activity has received so little attention only serves to accentuate the wonderful comprehensiveness of the man's genius; for what was accomplished by him in this line alone would have been sufficient

to make the reputation of any lesser prince as an illustrious enlightened patron of the fine arts. By his orders, the palace of the Louvre was largely augmented, the palace and church of the Invalides were built and richly decorated, the column of Vendôme and the Arc de Triomphe were erected and covered with rich sculptures, and the monuments of mediæval art were restored; while the painters David and Horace Vernet filled the halls of the Tuileries and Versailles with great historical canvases illustrative of the victorious battle-fields of the imperial epoch.

This policy of state-aided art, inaugurated by Napoleon, was continued under the various paternal governments which succeeded him. Monuments were erected continually; palaces and public buildings were decorated with mural paintings; the École des Beaux Arts was founded, and made free to the students of all nations; the use of the galleries of the Louvre, and afterwards of the splendid Palais de l'Industrie, was conceded to the artists for the purposes of their yearly exhibitions, and medals of considerable intrinsic value were awarded to the most meritorious works exhibited therein. All these things were paid for out of the public funds; and it was considered so natural and proper a thing that the state should thus support and encourage the art production of the nation that no one ever thought of questioning the legality or the advisability of the proceeding. With Frenchmen the financial part of the business never seemed worth discussing. With them the vital side of the whole question was the æsthetic side; and even to-day, those who are loudest in their condemnation of the policy leave the question of political economy entirely on one side, and base their objections

to the system upon the ground that it has become directly deleterious to the best and highest interests of art itself. They do not deny that contemporary art owes much to the careful nursing and fostering which it received in its infancy at the hands of the government, but they claim that the child of 1800 has grown to the estate of manhood, and is now only hampered by the leading-strings which were useful enough in its earlier years. They also state that the system is responsible for a very great evil, — an evil which was not contemplated by its founders, but is none the less a direct result and consequence of all its tendencies; and they further aver that this parasitic growth has attained such formidable proportions as at last to smother and destroy all the good which may at one time have belonged to the system. The evil thus referred to is the formation and gradual development of a distinctly official school of art, — an art which is admirably adapted to the decoration of ceremonious apartments of state, smooth, polished, and impeccable in technique, but utterly lacking in the qualities of soul and sentiment. Beginning with David and the two Vernets, this conventional school was continued under the restoration and under the monarchy of Louis Philippe by Ary Scheffer, Paul Delaroche, Cogniet, and Drolling, and under the second empire by Ingres, Cabanel, Pils, and Lehmann. It is to-day represented by so large and flourishing a body of painters that to name them all it would be necessary to transcribe here a full third of the names in the salon catalogue. Perhaps the most prominent members of the school, at present, are Bouguereau, Jules Joseph Lefebvre, and Robert-Fleury. With slight variations, the art of all these men has been identical. Thorough and even clever after its kind, it is always conventional, vitreous, and essentially false to nature. It may be a little prettier in the works of Bouguereau and

Lefebvre, a little more pompous in those of David and Robert-Fleury, and a little more affected in those of Cabanel and Cogniet; but it is the same art in all of them, bearing unmistakably the earmarks of the unnatural conditions which gave it rise. It is the art of the courtier and the palace; well dressed, polite, polished — and false.

From time to time men of genius and great force of character have risen against this art of the antechamber, and have uttered a manly protest in favor of freedom and individuality of expression. First came Delacroix with his firebrand of romanticism; then Géricault with a clear, strong note of realism; and finally the splendid open-air school of Barbizon, headed by Millet, Corot, and Rousseau. These were followed by a thousand talented young fellows, who, finding the gates of the fields thrown open, rushed forth joyously into the fresh air and sunshine, and set to work to paint all the sweet and beautiful and touching and awe-inspiring things that they found in the great panorama of nature spread out before them: dewy morning and pale twilight effects, rosy sunsets and rising moons, apple blossoms, snow, daisy fields and rolling rivers, breezy seascapes and stormy coasts, fisher folk and peasants, poppies, and harvest fields, and dim forest glades, and I know not what besides. Oh, what a joy was theirs! To see things as eyes had never before seen them; to go forth every day like new Argonauts in search of a new golden fleece; to rifle the rich storehouse of nature of a precious loot whose very existence had never before been suspected, — was not this in itself ample compensation for many disappointments and much hardship? And if, when they returned with their priceless booty, they found the gates of the old temple of art closed against them, had not they their reward?

But the gates were closed, and closed hermetically. The school of official

painters, intrenched close to the ear and the purse-strings of the government, had become alarmed at the extent of the new movement, and had put their taboo upon all who dared to depart from the old standards and traditions; and as they controlled the government patronage, and held in the palm of their hands the various medals, traveling-purses, and other official favors which are so liberally dispensed at the yearly salon, and as the private patronage of art in France was only a drop in the bucket twenty years ago, it will be seen that the young party of progress and revolt had to contend against almost insurmountable obstacles. But once having tasted the joys of freedom, it was impossible that they should again submit to wear fetters upon their vigorous young limbs; and many a talented man has chosen to live for years upon bread and cheese and sour wine, rather than paint the pretty or conventional trash which would have assured him an easy competence and even wealth. So they braved manfully the storm of adversity, and bided their time, confident that the great art-loving public must come one day to see the fresh new beauty which their own eyes saw so clearly.

The divergence between the two rival schools grew ever wider and more marked, for they represented a set of ideas and principles which were diametrically opposed to each other. I will not attempt to deny that my own sympathies are all with the young crusaders of the modern school; and even had I not imbibed their notions from the very earliest days of my student career, I believe that my natural mental bias would have led me eventually to throw in my lot with theirs. I will endeavor, nevertheless, to set down as fairly as may be and without prejudice the principal beliefs and tenets of the classic faith.

In the first place, the members of the official school hold that art in its highest

manifestations is a direct offspring of the human intellect; that it is something which is evolved from the highly cultivated brain of a peculiarly gifted man; and that it is, therefore, more the child of thought and reverie than of simple observation and refined feeling. According to them, observation is of course necessary, as also a close study of nature; but nature, they say, is to be regarded as an auxiliary, and is to be used only in so far as it helps to express and give form to the conception which has been previously elaborated in the brain of the artist. Nature, in fact, must be the artist's servant, and not his master. But as he works from the inner consciousness outward, he must not despise knowledge, and he must have all the technical part of his craft at his finger ends. Some eight or ten years ago, when Bastien-Lepage had just completed his famous *Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices*, I asked my master, Cabanel (who was also Bastien's master), his opinion of the work which was destined to be so widely and so hotly discussed. Cabanel, although belonging himself to the old classic school, was a man of great liberality of opinion and wide intelligence, and as Bastien was one of his favorite pupils I expected a fair commendation of the picture, with the addition, perhaps, of some interesting criticism upon its execution and the disposition of the various parts of the composition. I was nearly dumfounded, therefore, when, with a darkening brow and an angry emphasis, he replied: "It is bad art, — very bad art; so bad that I have no patience either with it or Bastien. He has painted a common peasant girl in a commonplace back garden, where every leaf and every apple are nearly as well wrought out as the face of the martyr heroine itself. With the figure, however, I will not quarrel. Every man has a right to his own conception of an historical character, and Bastien's *Jeanne* is after all *pas mal*. But the rest of the

picture is detestable, abominable. The very excellence of this clear gray landscape, with its bit of fence, its weeds, and its apple-trees, is in itself a crying fault; for he should have given us a conventionalized background, wherein everything was subordinated to the figure, and made to emphasize the elevation and nobility of idea which are the very essence of a subject like this. That kind of thing was permissible enough in his hay-makers and his gleaners, but in Jeanne d'Arc — *non ! à jamais, non !*”

You see Bastien had reversed the old order of pictorial composition altogether. He had gone to Nature first of all, had questioned her as to how the simple but noble little scene would in all probability have actually occurred, and then had set to work to render his impression exactly and faithfully; altering nothing, adding nothing, taking nothing away; content to paint the unadorned truth so far as it was given him to know it, and to leave the result to the artistic conscience of the future. The consequence of this uncompromising probity has been that the Joan of Arc is, and always will be, a test picture, before which any one may know at once to which party he belongs by nature. It epitomizes the ideas of the younger school, and emphasizes clearly the differences of opinion which divide them from the classicists.

The friends and companions of Bastien in fact believe that the truth is always and under all conditions nobler and more beautiful than any fiction. They insist also that nothing can come out of the human brain that has not at one time or another been put into it, and that therefore the painter who takes his impressions direct from nature sits at the fountain-head of all true inspiration. Nor do they think that the precious quality of individuality, which is as the bloom upon the fruit, is thereby endangered, but rather the contrary; and in proof of this they point to the great difference which exists between the works

of Millet and of Corot, of Bastien-Lepage and of Harpignies, all of whom have painted what they saw frankly, simply, and honestly.

It was only after much hardship had been endured, and as the result of many struggles, that the modernists succeeded at last in forcing the doors of the salon, and obtaining a certain recognition for their work. Once awakened, however, the public appreciation grew surely as the general taste became more enlightened, until finally it could be said that the painters of nature, the *pleinairistes*, stood higher in the esteem of the art-loving world than their opponents of the official school. This result was arrived at without materially affecting the position of the painters of the official group; for the decoration of all the city halls, museums, churches, and public buildings still fell to them, and they continued to control the distribution of the salon medals and other prizes.

During the past decade the lines between the rival factions have been drawn more sharply than ever, and the skirmishes have been more frequent and more bitter. It is only fair to say, however, that, until quite recently, the war has been a frank and loyal one upon both sides, each party being supported by an honest belief in the justice of its cause. But some four or five years ago the *pleinairiste* party became conscious of a subtle and powerfully malefic influence, against which it could no longer battle with any chance of success. Its sharpest shafts fell away from this mysterious barrier as from a wall of granite, and the school of convention and tradition, which had seemed tottering to its fall, rose again, as secure and triumphant as ever. Traced to its source, this new force in the world of art was found to emanate from a stout little personage of Jewish extraction, by the name of Jullien. The career of this remarkable man has been so unique, and his influence in French art matters

has become so preponderant, that the paragraphs which it will be necessary here to devote to him might be expanded easily to the proportions of a voluminous chapter. In person he is a man of fifty, slightly gray, of gentlemanly bearing, who wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. In manners he is courteous and self-possessed, affable alike to friend and foe, and never allowing his serenity to be disturbed by the most ferocious of personal attacks.

Some thirty odd years ago Jullien was an art student in the Latin Quarter. He was ambitious, like the rest of the Bohemian tribe, and, becoming impatient of the long preliminary studies which were required of the student who wished to gain admittance to the *École des Beaux Arts*, he joined a group of other young blades who were of like mind, and together they hired a studio and models, and opened an independent life-class of their own. Jullien was elected *massier*, or treasurer, of this small republic, and he at once showed himself so eminently fitted for the post that he was reelected year after year. The little society flourished and expanded considerably, and when, finally, it became necessary to seek more commodious quarters Jullien assumed the entire responsibility, and opened the school under his own name. Thenceforward the *Académie Jullien* became a factor in the art world of Paris, and a factor whose astonishing growth and final preponderance can be fully appreciated only by those who have themselves long mingled in the turmoil of Parisian art life. Jullien himself had considerable technical skill as an artist, and one of his pictures even obtained for him the honor of medal at the salon; but at the close of the year 1877, when I first came into personal contact with him, he had definitely abandoned the practice of his art in order to devote himself the more closely to the commer-

cial side of his enterprise. At that time he had just opened a second studio to accommodate the growing number of his students, and the monthly fee of two francs, which had been found sufficient to defray all expenses at the outset, had been raised to thirty francs. He had also induced two excellent artists of the old school to come and criticise the students' work twice a week, as is the custom in Parisian art schools. These men were Jules Lefebvre and Boulanger, both masters in their own line. As the pupils increased and the studios multiplied, these two were joined by two others, Bouguereau and Robert-Fleury, both of whom were leading spirits in the camp of conventional art. It was Jullien's ambition to rival, and if possible to surpass, the famous *École des Beaux Arts*, and he was careful to choose masters who would train his students upon the academic lines there in vogue. To this end he bent all his efforts, and the excellent judgment which he displayed in the choice of his professors became apparent, as first one and then another of his students carried off the *Prix de Rome*, which is the highest honor that can be attained by an art student in France. The winner of this prize is sent to Rome at the expense of the government, and maintained there for a period of four years, during which time he is supposed to perfect himself in his art by a careful study of the old masters. The splendid *Palazzo Barberini* is devoted to the service of the laureates, and a competent professor, generally one of the veterans of French art, is appointed to overlook their work. In spite of the depreciation with which it has been somewhat the custom to speak of this prize of late years, it is a very great honor still, and is justly regarded as the crowning glory of a student's career in France. The fact, which has been pointed out, that Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan, and some others of the great luminaries of French art have failed to

obtain the prize may perhaps place in question the fairness of the judges who have awarded it, but can be no criticism upon the intrinsic value of the prize itself, or the great advantage that may be derived from it by an artist of intelligence and sympathetic perceptions. At any rate, it is much sought after, and the school which can boast of having turned out one or more Prix de Rome is sure to be filled to overflowing with a crowd of eager young fellows who have a covetous eye upon the same glittering distinction. So the Académie Jullien flourished amazingly, and grew and grew, until at the date of writing it boasts of six or eight hundred students, who are crowded into twelve large studios, and criticised by no less than seven able professors. Like a great octopus, it has sucked away the life of all the other independent schools of art in Paris. The schools of Bonnat and Carolus Duran have been closed, and those of Laurens and Colarossi have dwindled to less than half their former proportions.

Of course this state of things could not exist for any length of time without inducing some of those phenomena which are peculiar to combinations and monopolies the world over. The pupils of the École Jullien, as they were drafted out of the schools into the salon, looked to their professors to forward their interests, and to obtain for them the coveted medals which are so indispensable to young French artists at the opening of their career; and it was presently observed that more than a fair share of these honors fell to graduates of the Académie Jullien. In return for this service, the grateful pupils voted their masters, and those of the older artists who belonged to the same clique, into prominent places upon the salon jury. Year after year Bouguereau was elected president of this body, while either Lefebvre or Robert-Fleury was its secretary with scarcely a break, and the rest of the Jullien professors and their sym-

pathizers were constantly among its most influential members. The control of art matters had always belonged to the official school, but now it fell into the hands of that part of it which was represented by the École Jullien. This was so entirely the case that, a year or two ago, it was difficult for a young man to obtain the best deserved salon recompense unless he could write the name of one or more of the Jullien professors after his own in the salon catalogue. The influential Cabanel, indeed, was still able to compel justice for his pupils, but the poor devil who was a pupil of neither Cabanel nor Jullien must be content to dwell in an outer desert where medals obtained not; and those who know the importance which is attached to a salon medal in France will be able to appreciate the forlorn isolation of the position to which he was thus condemned. The salon medal not only means fame and honor to its recipient, but also represents immediate bread and butter; for the medals are all large plates of solid gold, which range in value from three hundred francs to more than five thousand. Many a poor fellow has existed for months upon the proceeds of the sale of his salon medal; and there is a little shop, well known to the impecunious brotherhood, where the generous gold pieces can be exchanged for cheap but excellent imitations, the difference in value being handed over to the artist in glittering louis d'ors.

Another and still more important attribute of the salon medal is the *hors concours* privilege which is attached to it, by the action of which the winner of two third medals or of one second or one first medal becomes independent of the action of the salon jury, his pictures being thereafter hung by right, and an honorable position upon the line reserved for them. The artist who is *hors concours* represents the nearest approach in France to the English R. A. This privilege is naturally regarded as of the first

importance, and it was around it that the battle was fought of which I shall speak later on.

Meanwhile, it will be necessary to explain briefly the nature of the various salon awards. These are divided into no less than seven distinct classes. First in order comes the grand medal of honor, which is destined to crown the career of an already famous artist, and is intended not so much to recompense the particular pictures upon which it is placed as to reward a long series of fine works which must have preceded it. Next follows the first medal, a rare distinction, which is seldom conferred, and only upon some work of quite transcendent merit. After this comes the second medal, which is the highest honor that may ordinarily be expected by a rising artist, and which, as I have before explained, carries with it the *hors concours* privilege. The third medal, which follows, is no mean distinction, and is always welcomed with sufficient rejoicing by the young fellow to whom it may be accorded. Quite distinct from these medals is the *Prix du Salon*, which is open only to young Frenchmen under the age of thirty. This prize takes rank with the *Prix de Rome*, and, like that award, sends its recipient to Rome for a period of four years, with an annual allowance of four thousand francs. There are also dispensed yearly a dozen well-lined traveling-purses, containing from four hundred to four thousand francs each; and finally a generous allowance of *Mentions Honorables*. This award partakes of the nature of an encouraging pat on the back, and it may safely be stated that the youth upon whom it is conferred would always infinitely prefer a third medal. A large number of pictures, also, are annually purchased by the government, to decorate the walls of the many public museums of Paris and the large provincial cities. And when to all this we add the little red ribbon of the Legion of

Honor, which is occasionally bestowed upon successful artists, it will be seen that the control of the official patronage of art in Paris is no small affair. That this control has of late years passed completely into the hands of M. Jullien and his followers is an open secret in Paris, and so universally conceded that there is nothing to be gained by glozing it over here. Even Jullien himself would probably admit as much, with a certain quiet and pardonable pride in the success of his operations; but as to the means which he has employed to arrive at these ends he would probably remain discreetly silent. Nevertheless, I shall venture to pry a little into this means; and while it will probably strike us as incongruous to find many of the principles and methods of the bucket-shop applied to the cause of art education in Paris, we shall be forced, I think, to admire the astuteness of the clever financier who has succeeded in amassing a large fortune in so unpromising a field.

It is, I suppose, generally known to the readers of *The Atlantic* that the great French masters — Bonnat, Carolus Duran, and others — have invariably given their services and their time free of charge to the art students who have come to them for counsel and advice. All these men directed large schools for long periods of time, and esteemed it an honor and a pleasure to communicate gratuitously to the rising generation the results of their knowledge and experience. The practice might, by some, be considered quixotic, or at least unnecessary; but it must be conceded that it is a noble and generous one, conducive to great mutual respect and to a high standard of endeavor upon the part of the pupils.

Be this as it may, Jullien thought he saw his advantage in a reversal of this principle, and the professors who teach in his academy receive a share of the profits therefrom accruing. They perform a stated service for a stated

wage; and the generous and communicative enthusiasm of the older men, which could not be brought down to a commercial basis and measured by a standard of dollars and cents, is thereby entirely eliminated from the question. To be sure, a certain clock-like order has been secured by the change. The Jullien professors have always been most exact and diligent in the performance of their pedagogic duties; so that, while it occasionally happened that the pupils of Durau or Bonnat were left to their own devices for a week or so, under the Jullien régime no such irregularity has ever been known. The students in his academy can rest assured that punctually at nine o'clock upon every Tuesday and Friday morning the professor will be on hand to criticize and correct their work; and that if one of the masters chances to be incapacitated, by illness or from any other cause, his place will be taken by another, so that the regular routine of the school work may not be interfered with.

Whether this revolution in the system of art education is to be regarded as a gain or a loss will, of course, depend on the personal bias of whoever approaches the subject; but many will certainly regret the kindly and helpful personal interest which, under the old régime, the masters were able to take in their pupils.

It will, perhaps, be marveled at that men like Lefebvre and Bouguereau, who already held a commanding place in French art, should have been willing to accept this subordinate and salaried position even for the substantial money gage which was attached to it; but it must be remembered that, in addition to the financial inducement, Jullien was able to point out to them that, banded together in a close syndicate under his leadership, and backed and supported by their great and ever-growing body of pupils, they were able to wield an almost omnipotent power in all matters

pertaining to art in France, — a power to which they could never aspire so long as they remained divided and unsupported units. It was a very alluring bait to hold out, and its attractions must have been well-nigh irresistible to ambitious men like the president and secretary of the salon jury. But it was the selfish and soulless principle of the ring and the corner applied to art, and its effects would have proved most disastrous had not a timely check finally been put upon it; for art, true art, is one of the few things that cannot, with advantage, be subjected to the rules which govern commercial enterprises. Not competition, but generous and helpful *camaraderie*, stimulating individual effort, is the soul of art. Fortunately for the cause of art in France, this fact was understood by many of her most prominent painters, and the time arrived at last when their kindly and generous enthusiasm prevailed over the selfish policy of their opponents. Strange to say, the instrument which enabled them to effect this surprising result was one which, properly handled by their adversaries, might have definitely consolidated the power which they had succeeded in usurping so cleverly.

Some six or eight years ago, the artists of France constituted themselves into a corporate body, known as the Société des Artistes Français, for the general purpose of taking upon themselves the management of the salon, which had formerly been a government prerogative; and, incidentally, of founding a home and retreat for the aged and unfortunate members of their own guild. This society, including, as it did, nearly every professional artist in France, was declared to be of *utilité publique* by the government, and was granted the same privileges as had previously been accorded to artists in general. These privileges consisted in the free use of the Palais de l'Industrie for the purposes of the salon exhibition, and the distribution

of the various medals and prizes, which the government continued to provide as before. A body of this kind was, of course, a most propitious field for the operations of the Jullien set, and the direction of its affairs, before long, fell quite naturally into the hands of this clique. Indeed, without some such corporate body to work through, they could never have grasped the almost absolute power which they had succeeded in acquiring toward the close of the year 1888; and consequently the revolt of which I am about to speak would, in all probability, never have occurred.

This, then, was the condition of art matters in France as the preparations for the universal exposition of 1889 approached completion: the *École Jullien* all-powerful and triumphant, with a strong and indignant minority always bearing down against it, and striving, by every means in its power, to undermine and destroy it. When the jury for the art section of the great world's fair was appointed, the government, taking cognizance of the unfortunate divisions in the camp of the artists, decided, wisely, to silence the malcontents upon both sides by appointing to its presidency the veteran painter Meissonier, who owned allegiance to neither party, and was known to be a man of sturdy and almost ferocious integrity. Under his leadership there was a temporary cessation of hostilities. For the nonce the two rival factions seemed to have agreed to work together in a spirit of harmony and mutual concession; and I have never heard it intimated that this jury, acting under the direction of the veteran miniature-painter, performed its duties otherwise than fairly and well. Medals and other honors were freely dispensed, — almost too freely, some have thought, — but there was no suspicion of injustice in their distribution. A generous share of the recompenses was accorded to the foreign exhibitors, and the French painters and sculptors of the Jullien

clique obtained no more than a due proportion of the honors. Now, the medals awarded at universal expositions in France have always been held synonymous with those distributed at the yearly salons, and they have, therefore, carried with them, when of sufficient grade, the much-coveted *hors concours* privilege. This had been the case with the awards at the two previous expositions of 1858 and 1878, and it was understood that the custom should hold good upon the present occasion. But when the exposition was drawing to its close, when the awards had all been announced, and many of the foreign exhibitors had already returned to their homes, people were surprised to hear a rumor that the Jullien party had decided to refuse the *hors concours* privilege to the medalists of the exposition of 1889. They would decline, it was said, to allow the salon suddenly to be inundated by a flood of new laureates, in whose creation they had had little or no voice. "Let the outer barbarians be content with their medals," they were reported as saying; "as for the salon, we intend to keep it for ourselves." When knowledge of the above intention came to the ears of the president of the exposition jury, Meissonier, he rose in wrath against the iniquity of the proposal. "To invite all the world to a sumptuous banquet," he said, "and then, when the guests have arrived and are admiring the magnificence of the repast spread out before them, quietly to take away from before their very eyes the daintiest of all the dishes, is a gross breach of honor. Worse than that," he added, "it is a breach of courtesy, a falling away from that old-time Gallic politeness which is the chief distinction and glory of the French nation, and it is not, therefore, to be tolerated for a moment. Either abolish all medals and all privileges, or let all who have honestly gained them profit by them."

It became the question of the day in

Paris. For a month the newspapers were filled with bitter polemics upon the subject. As yet the thing had been decided upon only in committee, but the storm raised by the announcement of the committee's decision was so great that it was at last found necessary to call a plenary meeting of the Société des Artistes Français to pass upon the matter. More than three thousand artists responded to the call, and the vast glass-covered auditorium of the Palais de l'Industrie was filled as it had never been filled before. After a long and stormy debate, M. Bouguereau, who was in the chair, finally put the question to the assembled multitude. The Jullien party triumphed by an immense majority. When the result of the ballot was announced, Meissonier arose, and, followed by four hundred of the leading artists of France, stalked majestically out of the hall.

The breach thus dramatically opened was destined to prove final and irrevocable. Neither party would abate one jot of its demands, and all attempts at reconciliation were fruitless. Indeed, many of the artists who followed Meissonier out of the Palais de l'Industrie, that day, heaved a great sigh of relief as they passed the door. They felt like men who suddenly and unexpectedly escape from an irksome and more or less shameful servitude, and the freedom which they had attained was not lightly to be thrown away again. Their leader, Meissonier, went about like a new Peter the Hermit, preaching death and destruction to the vandals who were desecrating the temple of art with their mercenary traffic. New recruits flocked daily to his standard, and finally nearly six hundred enthusiastic young crusaders met, at his invitation, and proceeded to lay the foundation of a new and purified society, and to make with all dispatch their preparations for the holding of a new and independent salon. It was already the end of Feb-

ruary; by the middle of May, at the latest, their exhibition must be open to the public; and in order to justify their venture in the eyes of the world, it was felt that the new salon must be good beyond the average of the old ones. They had no time to lose, therefore. The government was applied to for recognition and aid, and although much pressure was brought to bear upon it by the old society, it acted in a spirit of fair and even-handed justice in the matter. It declared the new society to be of equal utilité publique with the old one, and granted its members the use of the magnificent Palais des Beaux Arts, which was so admired during the recent universal exhibition.

In framing its constitution and by-laws, the new society made a clean sweep of all the old moss-grown traditions and fungous growths which had done so much to hinder the free development of modern art. It was decided that the doors of the new salon should be open to good work of every school, without fear or favor, and that the only thing demanded of an artist should be that he was to do his best in his own way, and that the work presented should be good of its kind. Each picture was to stand solely upon its own merits. There was to be no limit as to the number of works presented by the same artist, provided only that they reached the necessary standard of excellence. There were to be no privileges to oppress the rising artist in favor of the artist already risen, and no medals to lure the unwary upon the shoals of conventionalism. For the first time in the history of art, the question of nationality was to be eliminated from art concerns, and all artists were to stand upon an equal footing, irrespective of the land of their birth. In fact, three foreigners have been elected members of its jury, one of whom, Alexander Harrison, is an American.

The most important feature of the above programme is the suppression of

the medals. Indeed, this measure will appear in the eyes of all Frenchmen so radical and revolutionary that one shivers to think of the temerity of those who proposed it. But it was felt that the medals were the root of all the evil; for the system of recompenses, which has always obtained under the old régime, has long been regarded as a nuisance and a bane by the most thoughtful of the French artists. I have heard not a few of them give it as their deliberate opinion that the *tableau à médaille* was killing French art. How could a young fellow be expected to give free scope to his originality, when he felt that disaster awaited him unless he could secure that indispensable salon medal! He knew that a certain large conventional style of picture was required by the dispensers of official favors, and very naturally he set to work to paint what was demanded of him; in the painting of it, the chances were ten to one that he warped his talent permanently from its natural bent, and killed within him the small germ of originality which might have developed later into a flower of the first beauty. Therefore, *mort aux médailles!*

The Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, as the new body has been designated, includes almost all the younger artists of note, and not a few of the more famous older men. It would be very easy to cull from the list of its members the names of twenty artists of world-wide celebrity, but a few will be sufficient to indicate the class of men to whom the movement owes its origin. Carolus Duran, Meissonier, Cazin, Dagnan, Duez, l'Hermitte, and Dalow are not among those who are still seeking recognition from the public; and it is characteristic of the new movement that three quarters of its members are men who have long been hors concours under the old régime, and have nothing to gain under the new, save that wholesome feeling of freedom with-

out which the highest intellectual effort is impossible. They have voluntarily thrown aside the armor of their privileges, and appear again unarmed in the arena.

The first annual exhibition of the Société Nationale was opened upon the 15th of May, 1890. Everything about it was new and original,—the decoration of the galleries, the arrangement of the pictures, and the disposition of the light; and, making due allowance for the success which is always commanded by an agreeable innovation, it is safe to say that it surpassed any exhibition of pictures which has been held in modern times. So much is admitted even by Albert Wolff, of the *Figaro*, who has always been the most adverse critic of the movement. The present paper is not the place for any detailed criticism of the works exhibited, but I may be allowed to note briefly a few of the happy innovations which have helped to place this first exhibition of the Société Nationale so far beyond all its predecessors. In the first place, the entrance was beautified and made so pleasing to the eye as to impress the visitor at once with the feeling that he was being led on to a feast of beauty. This impression was still further intensified by the rich decorations of the great central vestibule; and when at last he entered the picture galleries, which were themselves exquisitely draped and bathed in a peculiarly soft and opalescent glow, he was quite prepared to enjoy the artistic treat spread out before him. First of all, he was struck by the fact that the pictures were not crammed close upon one another, in the distracting and bewildering confusion of an ordinary exhibition, but were agreeably disposed in groups, the work of each artist by itself, with restful spaces of blank wall between them. It was possible thus to study and enjoy the work of each painter separately, without having the eye importuned by some

wholly incongruous work in the adjoining frame. Many artists, too, had availed themselves of the proviso which allowed them to send an unlimited number of works to the same exhibition. Some showed as many as ten or fifteen pictures, many of them being fresh and charming sketches, whose unimportance would have excluded them from an ordinary salon. But the gain in this way to the public was inestimable, for they were thus admitted into the very secret recesses of the artist's soul, and permitted to form an estimate of the *ensemble* of his work which would have been impossible under any other conditions. It is hardly necessary to say that all had sent their very best work, and in some cases that best was beyond all praise for its beauty, its sentiment, and its truth to nature.

It is too early to predict just what will be the ultimate effect of the new

movement, but all true lovers of art will watch its course with the most sympathetic interest, and with the hope that the same high standard of endeavor which has marked its advent will continue to guide its future movements. It is not probable that the old system of state-aided art will disappear in a moment, for it is too deeply rooted in the prejudices of the guild quickly to be overcome. But that is not necessary, nor perhaps desirable. It is sufficient that the impetus has been given to a new and better order of things. The wheel has been set moving, and, though it may move slowly, it is permitted us to hope that it will not stop until it has ridden clear of all the old prejudices, and the new corruption which was so infinitely more to be feared, and has placed the art of the future upon a plane with the best and highest intelligence of the age.

Birge Harrison.

FELICIA.

XI.

WITH something of the spirit, the serious absorption, the singleness of aim, the intensity, the concentration, which animate the student in pursuit of learning, or the man of affairs in the conduct of enterprise, Felicia entered upon the untried phase of her dual life; her rôle was now that of the singer's wife. She familiarized herself with the details of her husband's work. She accompanied him to every rehearsal and every performance. She promised herself that she would not permit extraneous matters to assume an importance which did not of right attach to them. Money, luxury, society, congenial association, — these were merely accessories, unimportant compared with the great fundamental

fact of duty. She told herself that she had no right to come into his life, aware of its incongruities, and injure his future. As to the worthiness of his career as a career, who was to judge? She acknowledged the artificialities of her standards; she admitted to herself that if the world — her world — held his vocation in as high esteem as the law, medicine, literature, politics, the army, the navy, she would not object to the thing itself. As to the influences, he had become what he was perhaps in spite of them, but certainly subjected to them. She would not be petty-minded, she declared. The man had a gift and an ideal; she would help him conserve the one and attain the other. She would control her exacting taste; after all, taste should be a useful servant, not a tyrant.

nical master. She would see deeper than the surface of Bohemianism, into the lives of these people with whom she was surrounded, — their pathos, their struggle, their strength, their fervor. She had known life in one phase only, so far; she would know it in another, widely different. In the contemplation of these new conditions she would grow wiser and stronger, clearer of vision, more calm of purpose, more tender of heart; development was her duty as well as his.

It was dreary work. All her natural instincts and the strong effects of her education were marshaled against her will. She could not always recognize and adequately gauge excellence of achievement, she had not reached the very vestibule of the great temple of art; yet she was constantly incited to revolt when she was brought face to face with the spectacle of warped sensibilities, solecisms of manner, the grinding and belittling influences of a desperate struggle for precedence and a constant contention for place. She saw much coarseness of feeling, much selfish scheming, much infirmity of temper, much envy and jealousy. These people were banded together by a common interest, — the success of the troupe; they were opposed to each other by the intense antagonisms of professional rivalry. That any should not succeed injured the others, yet each of them grudged every round of applause as the deprivation of a vested right. Thus capacities which would appear to admit of no comparison were bitterly contrasted: the contralto hated the tenor because of his encore for the love-song, and the basso could not forgive the soprano for the trippingness of her execution. The chivalrous instinct seemed dead among the men, who were as envious and small-minded as the women; the instinct of conciliation seemed lacking among the women, who were as assertive and antagonistic as the men. It was as if an army were vigorously at war with

the enemy while torn by internal conflict. For them to indulge in the tender and ennobling luxuries of generosity and self-abnegation was to bare the throat to a willing sabre close at hand, without waiting for the possible minic-ball of the public a little later. To rise above such a mental and moral plane was, through exceptional gifts and the tyranny of a life dedication, to grow by slow and painful degrees to the state of *facile princeps* among them.

Kennett, somewhat indefinitely apprehending the maze of conflicting emotions which possessed her, had, with some eagerness, asked her impressions of that first rehearsal.

“You found it very entertaining, did you not?” he said, in the tone of one who would fain constrain a favorable opinion.

Yes, she had found it very entertaining.

“You are interested in human nature,” he continued, in the same spirit. “You like to study people, and think you understand your fellow-creatures. Can you analyze those two men to whom you were talking to-day?”

“I think,” said Felicia, meditatively, “that Mr. Abbott is a kindly disposed man, but he can do and say very unkind things. He pines to make other people suffer with him. ‘I will burn, thou shalt sizzle,’ — that’s Mr. Abbott’s motto.”

Kennett thought this over in silence for a moment. “Rather a good guess,” he admitted. “And Preston?”

She laughed. “Preston is — *Preston*,” she said; “and so are all philosophies, and creeds, and arts, and sciences, — all Preston. If this city and the troupe were swallowed in an earthquake, what would he care, if he were left! There are other cities with opera houses, and other troupes in need of a basso, and other friends to be had for the asking. That is Preston.”

Kennett had become grave. “Fe-

licia," he said, "your insight is almost terrible."

"There was at any rate one interesting person on that stage to-day," remarked Felicia, suddenly. "That mezzo-soprano; don't you remember? She is intelligent and gentle. She has a nice face."

He looked at her with slightly raised eyebrows. "She is Mrs. Branner," he said. He was silent a moment; then, with a slight laugh, "I take back what I said. You have no insight at all."

In this life of his before the public, Kennett was much like a man on a trapeze: every moment was a crisis. However strong a matter of feeling might be, other importunate considerations pressed rival claims which could not be put off or lightly estimated. Thus it was that he did not entirely apprehend the complication of motives which induced Felicia to offer to accompany him, one day when he was about to practice. He agreed, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation, and relinquished the piano stool.

From an amateur standpoint she played very well. She had facility, a sympathetic touch, and was a fairly good timist. But in music there is a wide gulf between the average amateur and the average professional. The perfect exactitude, the delicate machine-work, requisite for an acceptable accompaniment were lacking. He endured it for a time; then, with a comical look of despair, he clutched at his hair as if tearing an invisible wig, and swept her from the stool.

"The little public must continue to adorn the proscenium box," he said, "for she is not a success as an orchestra."

"I had thought of practicing," declared Felicia, ruefully. "I had an idea of playing your accompaniments."

"It is not worth while to undertake all that drudgery," he returned.

He was more interested, since it was more definitely in his own line, when she said, some days later, that she contem-

plated taking up singing. "Only for amusement," she added, quickly. Once she would not have felt thus humbly as to her accomplishments, but she had by this time discovered the wild absurdity embodied in the pleasing delusion indulged in by the show pupils of the fashionable boarding-schools, — the delusion that in point of musical merit their natural voices and their culture would enable them to vie with the lady in white satin and diamonds, charming an audience before the footlights.

He tried her voice and put her through several songs in various styles. He said she had a good soprano, not remarkable for compass; light, but even and pleasant in quality. He added, however, that, to do anything worth mentioning, she must elaborately unlearn all that she had acquired as a "show society pupil" from Signor Biancionelli; she must begin at the beginning, and build up a training from the very foundation stone. He offered to teach her himself, if she liked; no doubt she would do pretty well, by dint of working hard.

"You see you have not been taught to sing," he explained, lucidly; "you have only learned, after a fashion, some songs."

She said, unconsciously repeating his phrase, that it was hardly worth while to go through so much drudgery.

Often, sitting alone in the box, she took thought of her own position. What was she to do with her life? she asked herself. She could not fully share his, — that was evident. She could not be useful as incentive, as support. He did not need her. He stood alone. She could not absorb herself in his pursuits; she was neither fitted nor schooled. She could not absorb herself in pursuits of her own. In what line was she equipped? In none more definitely than in music; in any she would need preliminary training. "And one does not *begin* at twenty-three," she reflected. "When I was made to study so much, why was I

not taught something?" She did not formulate the theory, but she appreciated it as a fact that now, under the influence of strong feeling, groping among foreign conditions for the solution of the serious problems of her life, the heavy and uninteresting details of preparatory drudgery, without the support, as incentive, of an ultimate object and a controlling talent, would be as impossible to her as the aimless and desultory distraction of fancy-work and novel-reading. As to other absorptions which claim the attention of many women, — charities, hospitals, educational movements, — pursuits which might be called community interests, she had heard so vaguely, if at all, of these channels of thought and endeavor that they represented a world as completely removed from her ken as this world of musical life had once been, and they could of necessity offer her no suggestion; it might be doubted, too, if hers was of the natures which find their expression in community interests.

And again, what was she to do with her life, — not that full-pulsed existence of emotion which had absorbed her, but this other imperative individuality which was, day by day, more definitely pushing its demands, — her intentions, her time, her idle energy? Was it possible to live entirely in the contemplation of another's life, which yet she could not share; to relinquish a thoroughly vital entity for a passive acquiescence, for an utter aloofness? This was hardly life at all; it was almost annihilation; it was a sort of self-murder, thus to destroy her identity. "Does it die hard, I wonder, one's identity?" she thought, a little wistful, a little appalled.

Kennett was very intent that the exacting public should be more than satisfied. What duty was so obvious as that the balancing-pole should be in readiness, the rope stretched tightly? When a man's professional existence is at stake, it behoves him to have his faculties

and all the appliances at command. This *allegro* requires a trifle more of fire; there should be a *rallentando* here; and here the sentiment calls for a *tendresse*, which must be given with an "out-breathed effect;" and ah, gracious powers! the brasses *must* be softened in that passage!

Up to this time the callers at the box had been the gentlemen of the troupe. Abbott and Preston had come in frequently; one day Kennett had introduced Whitmarsh, a showy blond Englishman, oppressively friendly with him, and so propitiatory to her that she deduced the fact that he must dislike Hugh very much indeed. Several times the manager of the company had sat with her half an hour or so, and once he had taken her behind the scenes, and explained the mechanism of ropes and pulleys, and the big "sets" and flies. He was as different from her preconceived idea of a theatrical manager as he well could be: a quiet man, with a wife and six children at home. He once showed her their photographs, and was inclined to be homesick when he came to that of the year-old baby, a chubby fellow-citizen, whose portentous frown was the most conspicuous feature of the picture.

One morning she had a new caller, a lady. She glanced up at a sound behind her, and saw, hesitating at the door of the box, the Mrs. Branner who had earlier attracted her attention.

"May I come in and talk to you a little?" asked the stranger.

Felicia's instinct for politeness was the strongest and the most carefully cultivated instinct of her nature.

"I shall be very happy," she said with cordiality, and the visitor entered and seated herself.

Mrs. Branner had a very soft and gentle manner, — so soft and gentle as to suggest the purring of a cat. There was something feline about her face: her mouth was large, and had a ten-

dency to curve upward at the corners; her face was wide and short; her eyes were gray, and she had a habit of narrowing them. Yet she was distinctly a pretty woman: her complexion was delightful in its warm fairness; her nose was straight and delicate; her eyebrows and lashes were dark; she had dense fair hair, and was tall and graceful.

"I am afraid I have taken a liberty, but I want so much to know you," she said, with a manner of much simplicity and candor; her face was very sweet when she smiled. "I hope you are not lonely. I am told that you are far away from your own people, and new to all this. I hope you like it."

It had been so long since Felicia had heard any woman, except an Irish or German hotel chambermaid, speak to her that this tone of sympathy, of fellowship, this sudden reverting to an element she had supposed she prized but slightly, friendship with her own sex, almost overcame her. Her voice faltered as she replied:—

"Not exactly lonely, but a little—well, strange."

"I can imagine it. Now, as for me, I have known nothing else. Since I can remember I have been on the stage."

"Do you like the life?" asked Felicia.

Mrs. Branner shook her head.

"It is a terrible life. I saw once in a book or a newspaper that the stage is like a vampire: so much feigning deprives one of one's own nature, as a vampire sucks the blood."

Felicia thought it denoted delicacy of feeling to acquiesce in this. She looked attentively at her new acquaintance. It was an odd, intelligent face, she fancied, expressing sensitiveness. To measure the silent potent influences of circumstances on character and intellect is a feat that can be accomplished only vaguely and clumsily by recourse to results. In the last year Felicia had experienced a wide range of emotions: she had

sounded the depths of her own heart; she had undergone the strong shock of severing abruptly all the close ties, associations, and traditions she had ever known; she was even yet entangled in the complicated web of thought and sentiment involved in adjusting herself to a new and difficult situation; having been the active and controlling centre of her world, she had become the passive spectator of a world of outside life, in which she had no part, and for which she could discover no substitute; and she was still in the thrall of the most imperative and intense feeling of which she was capable.

Perhaps she was thus an illustration of the theory that the possibilities of the emotional nature are cultivated at the expense of the attributes of the intellect; perhaps the simpler explanation involved in the fact of the loneliness induced by her semi-isolation was the correct explanation. Certainly her judgment was much at fault. A year ago she would have seen, as now, that Mrs. Branner's was an intelligent face, but she would not have credited it with sensitiveness; she would have detected the artificiality lurking beneath the purring manner; she would have known intuitively that the visitor was playing a part, very nicely, very prettily,—the part to which she had become so habituated that it was indeed almost second nature, and the most insidiously attractive she could assume, but still and always playing.

Felicia discovered nothing. She entered with flattering zeal upon the topics that presented themselves,—a wide range, from the plot of the opera, play-writing in general, acting and actors, music, orchestral and lyric, down to macramé lace, tidies, even the fashions. This last solecism would have been impossible to her a year before. But with the sudden drifting into the current of feminine interests and feeling her strict requirements loosed their hold.

Kennett, looking on from the stage,

marveled that she should have become so animated: she was talking vivaciously, eagerly, almost convulsively; she laughed out gleefully, and caught herself, like a child at school. When her companion had left her, she sat watching the proceedings with smiling eyes. He had little to say when he joined her, and they returned to the hotel. "Yes, yes," he admitted, with a shade of impatience in his voice, "Mrs. Branner seems to be very pleasant."

"It is so delightful to meet an agreeable woman," declared Felicia. "I did n't appreciate that there is such a sameness in having only men acquaintances. When I was a girl," she went on, maturely, "I did n't care much for the other women. I was interested principally in the adorners."

"And now, having a permanent adorer, it is the other way, I suppose," he remarked, a little absently.

"And was n't it an odd coincidence," cried Felicia, removing her head-gear, and looking at it with an animated smile, "that we should be dressed almost exactly alike? — she noticed it, too, — black dresses, and black bonnets, and old-gold ribbons. She noticed it, too!"

"I wish you would not wear that color!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "I detest it, and it is very unbecoming to you."

She looked at him in surprise. "Well, don't be cross about it," she said, coaxingly. "I will not wear it if you dislike it. It is rather extravagant to throw away this picot ribbon," she added, surveying the garniture of her bonnet. "I wish I had known of your antipathy before I bought it."

"And have this thing re-lined," he resumed, irritably, opening her parasol, looking at it sourly, and giving it a flip that sent it sailing across the room and landed it neatly on the sofa.

Felicia was still contemplating the ribbons. "They need n't be wasted, after all!" she declared, as if making a

valuable discovery. "I can use them in a crazy-quilt. How I used to laugh at Amy's crazy-quilt! Did I ever think I should condescend to artistic patchwork! Mrs. Branner promised to show me exactly how to do it. She thinks it *perfectly fascinating*."

He controlled himself. He did not say "Confound Mrs. Branner!" until after he had shut the door.

Then, as he tramped down the hall, he realized that he was unreasonable. He could not wipe out all the colors of the rainbow, and Mrs. Branner might elect to wear Felicia's favorite gray or violet to-morrow. As to the noble science of crazy-quilting, it would survive his displeasure, and long serve as a tie between the sane and gifted mortals who affected it. He watched in silent exasperation the acquaintance progress. Mrs. Branner came into the box every morning, to beguile the tedium of the long rehearsals. Twice she called at the hotel. On both occasions Felicia chanced to be out, but she said she intended to return these calls. One afternoon, as Kennett stood in the reading-room, he saw the two coming together down the street. They were talking earnestly, and did not observe him. They parted at the door, and Felicia entered the hotel. He lingered, looking out aimlessly; presently, however, he took his way upstairs.

Felicia had removed her hat and light wrap, and was sitting beside the open window. Spring had come at last, distinctly and definitely, — evidently with the intention of staying. There was a soft relaxation in the air. The golden sunlight sifted down from an infinitely dainty blue sky. The gentle breeze, bringing the pleasant breath of moisture, brought also the odor of cigar smoke, and the roll of carriages passing swiftly on the way to and from the park, and the cries of boys with the evening papers. Through the foliage, vividly yet delicately green, in the square opposite the hotel, the chattering English sparrows

flitted; sometimes the voices of children arose, also chatteringly, from the walks beneath. A big bronze figure looked down, with inscrutable eyes, from its pedestal. Despite the softness, the revivifying influence of the season was asserting itself. The prosaic duty of living was all at once metamorphosed into a privilege, and one's dearest desires assumed the aspect of a friendly possibility. Felicia was under this benignant vernal spell as she gazed out dreamily at the changing pageantry of the street below. She did not turn her head as Kennett entered.

"Come and sit by the window," she said; "it is such a lovely day."

He crossed the room, but instead of taking a chair he stood leaning against the window frame and looking down at her. He could not have made even an unreasonable objection to the color she was wearing to-day, — a delicate fawn-tinted costume, in several "tones," as the fashion experts say. The fabric, a light woolen goods, fell in soft folds about her; the shade brought out the extreme fairness of her complexion, and deepened the color of her eyes and lips; her cheeks were flushed; she had a bunch of creamy *Maréchal Niel* rosebuds in her hand, and had fastened others in the bosom of her dress.

"Well?" she said, glancing up as he hesitated.

"Well," he began, "I want to make a suggestion. Were you out with Mrs. Branner this afternoon?"

"Yes," replied Felicia, vivaciously. "We went shopping. Would n't you like to see what I bought?" with swift generosity.

He detained her with a gesture, as she was about to rise. "No, not now." He had been sufficiently impressed by the fact that the universal dictum as to the extravagance of young ladies of her station is not idle caviling, — if the class must be judged by Felicia. It was not that she spent money from ostentation

or because she had many needs, but merely because she could not help it. To buy whatever struck her fancy seemed to her as reasonable as to inhale the breath of her roses, a pleasure which was a matter of course. He had not as yet said anything to check her. He was still much in love, and was weak where she was concerned. He remembered that her lavishness was the habit of her life, and reminded himself of the peculiar difficulties and deprivations of her position. He always wound up his cogitations with the determination that he would "soon" have a serious talk with her, and propose that they should cut down expenses. He felt satisfied that she would prove amenable, but he dreaded her puzzled and pained acquiescence more than resistance and reproaches. For many reasons, he was not now in the humor sympathetically to gloat over her new treasures.

"No," he said, peremptorily. "I want to talk to you."

She sank back, leaving something unfinished about "the loveliest Escorial lace."

"I don't want you to go about with Mrs. Branner," he said.

"I believe you are jealous of Mrs. Branner!" cried Felicia, breaking into joyous laughter. "Dear me! what an opportunity I threw away last summer! I did not once make you jealous. I did not play off any one against you the whole time."

"You could n't play a part," he declared, drifting into the digression. "You would n't know how to dissimulate. I often wonder how a woman trained by Madame Sevier can be so frank."

"I am my father's daughter as well as Madame Sevier's pupil," said Felicia, her eyes filling suddenly, as they always did at the mention of her father.

"Well, *he* is frank," remarked Hugh Kennett, grimly. "I will say that much for him."

After a pause, during which Felicia passed her handkerchief over her eyes, with the furtive gesture of one who attempts to ignore the fact that tears are ready to fall, he resumed:—

“To return to Mrs. Branner. I don't want you to have so much to do with her. I am sorry, as she is the only woman you happen to know; but I can't let you associate with her. I ought to have put a stop to it before this.”

“Why?” demanded Felicia, in a startled tone. She had roused herself from her lounging attitude, and was looking at him expectantly.

“Well, she is not a suitable friend for you. There may be no harm in her. I dare say she was only imprudent, but a good deal was said and”—

“And you did not tell me!” exclaimed Felicia, violently, “and you let me talk with her at that theatre, hour after hour! How could you! How could you!”

He was immensely relieved. He had feared that from some quixotism, some championship as of injured innocence, she would espouse Mrs. Branner's cause; he was aware of her underlying willfulness, and he had dreaded to enlist it against him in a contest like this. When he saw how greatly he had been mistaken, he could even afford magnanimity.

“Mrs. Branner was probably only imprudent,” he said. “She is stupendously vain, as you see; her husband was very jealous, and”—

“I would not associate familiarly with such a woman for any imaginable consideration,” declared Felicia, uncompromisingly.

“Felicia, you have a pitiless standard,” he said, as if in rebuke; and he was inexpressibly glad that this was the case.

“I have common sense,” retorted Felicia, dryly.

This episode ended her efforts to take part, even as a sympathetic spectator, in her husband's professional career. She

would not attend rehearsals, and risk being again thrown with Mrs. Branner.

“I could not snub her; I would not hurt her; and I will not let her talk to me.”

Stage life thus slipped from immediate observation into a retrospect, and she began presently to analyze the chaotic impressions she had received during her constant attendance at rehearsals and performances, and to formulate her experience as a whole. She evolved the theory that she had unconsciously forgiven much,—a certain tone, a Bohemianism of feeling as well as of manner, which would once have been unpardonable in her eyes. Trifles, infinitely minute points indicating character, unnoticed at the time, came back with a new emphasis. To be sure, these people were zealous; they were hard-working; many were talented; doubtless many were faithful in the discharge of duty; they had bitter trials and disappointments even in the midst of their triumphs; to her mind they were much to be pitied. But was she justified in subjecting herself to the influences of stage life merely from idleness and ennui, without the ennobling element of labor and the consecration of an inborn talent?

There was a phrase she had picked up in her association with musical people which seemed to her to be capable of a wider suggestion than its obvious meaning. She often heard them speak of “absolute pitch.” The phrase might imply an immovable value other than tone. Was not an exact standard of morals, of worth, of essentials, even of externals, a strict code of habits and manners, which would not fluctuate in the sweep of extraneous influences, a possession intrinsically precious, which it was a duty not to underestimate? She promised herself that if she had the gift of “absolute pitch” in this sense, she would not lightly cast it aside. Better her empty hours and her vague

haunting disquiet; and so back to her old loneliness.

It was more endurable now that the season was rapidly drawing to a close, and for the same reason the cessation of intercourse with Mrs. Branner was managed without a seeming estrangement. Plans for the vacation were in order, and absorbed much thought. Kennett proposed to spend the summer abroad, but to his surprise Felicia objected.

"We have been so hurried and hurried from place to place," she suggested. "Why not go to some quiet region, far from the army of summer tourists, and have a complete rest? We have seen people enough to last a long time."

He thought this over a moment. "Perhaps that will be pleasant," he acceded, doubtfully; then added, "and certainly cheap."

The place they selected was in a country neighborhood in one of the hilly counties of Kentucky, contiguous to the mountain region. The farmhouse had been recommended to Kennett by an acquaintance, who had once passed a tedious summer of convalescence there. "It is a very plain sort of place," he had said, "but the people are good-natured and sterling, and the accommodations endurable. If you want very quiet summer boarding, you cannot do better."

XII.

So far from the life of cities, of the opera troupe, its associations and traditions, was this landscape of hill and valley that it might seem almost the life of a foreign planet. The rickety "double buggy," which had been sent to meet Kennett and his wife, drew up before the fence of palings which inclosed an old two-story brick house; there was a portico in front, several hickory and sycamore trees grew in the yard, and a big vegetable garden lay at one side. The

cows were coming home; the mellow clanking of their bells resounded on the air. Across the tasseled blue grass several turkeys were making their way in single file, evidently with the intention of joining their companions already gone to roost in the branches of an oak-tree; the yellow sunset gilded their feathers to a more marked uniformity with those of their untamed relatives in the woods. In the background was visible a rail pen, a few feet high, where young turkeys were kept, and a henhouse, which hens and cocks entered and emerged from at intervals, apparently finding it very difficult to persuade themselves that bedtime had really come. The house was situated on the slope of a high hill, which, in the background, rose into imposing proportions, heavily wooded save at the top, where a clearing had been made, from which a crop of wheat had been taken. This bare space, so incongruous in the midst of the thick umbrageous forests, gave the elevation a curiously bald-headed look. The windows commanded a long perspective of valley, which, subdivided by jutting spurs, seemed many valleys; the purple hills grew amethystine in the distance, then more and more faint of tint, until the dainty landscape close to the horizon was sketched in lines of sunlight. Over all was a rosy glow, for the day was slowly waning. The cicadas ceaselessly droned; the odor of thyme and clover blossoms was on the fresh, dry air. Kennett looked, with the disparagement of the city-bred man, at the arrangements of the "company room."

"It is very 'plain,' I must say," he remarked.

Felicia turned her flushed cheeks and bright eyes from the window, and critically surveyed the faded ingrain carpet; the four-post walnut bedstead, surmounted with a red "tester" and ornamented by a "log cabin" patchwork quilt; the heavy stoneware furnishing on the washstand; the rush-bottomed chairs; the

plaster-of-paris dog, and very green parrot, and very yellow canary decorating the high, narrow wooden mantelpiece; the several works of pictorial art on the walls, — an engraving of Stonewall Jackson, one of Samuel at his devotions, a colored print representing a young man in buff trousers and a blue coat, and a young woman in a red dress and with black ringlets, reading from the same big book, obeying as well, perhaps, as the circumstances permitted the legend "Search the Scriptures." Everything seemed very clean, very bare, very primitive. Then she looked at Kennett's serious face, and broke into a peal of joyous laughter.

"How you are going to miss my 'properties,'" she cried, "my poor, dear 'properties,' that you scorned! Yet *you* don't care for the artificialities, — oh, no, indeed; you have such simple tastes. For my part, I think it is all very nice, and the air is exhilaration itself."

"If you are pleased, I am delighted," he returned, ruefully.

He left her presently to see about the baggage, and she watched him as he joined their host and hostess at the gate. The farmer had just driven up with a light wagon, in which were the trunks, and was in the act of handing out to his wife the shawls, satchels, and lunch basket. Felicia said to herself that she could not make a mistake in this woman's face. She had a firm chin, delicate lips, and the transparent complexion usual among the dwellers in high regions. Her hair, brown, scanty, lustreless, and sprinkled with gray, was brushed back from her sunken temples, revealing her features in full relief, and her expression was more than serious, — it was almost austere. She wore a dark calico dress, which fell in scant folds about her; her white linen collar was held by a pin containing a badly executed likeness of her husband. He was grave of face, slow of movement, and sparing of speech, with meditative blue eyes, brown hair

and beard cut in defiance of city standards, and he was dressed in a much-worn suit of cheap, shop-made clothes. Felicia looked at them both long and attentively, and then looked back into the room. She drew a deep breath.

"Yes," she said aloud, "very plain — intensely plain — and *so* respectable."

They entered next day upon a life new to both, — entirely so to Kennett, although Felicia had vague reminiscences of something similar when, in her childhood, her father had had the whim to take her with him through the rural regions of his circuit. Kennett, the man of cities and of artificialities, found a certain difficulty in adjusting himself to such unprecedented conditions. He could lounge systematically enough during his vacations, under ordinary circumstances; but now, without boating, driving, billiards, acquaintances, he was at a loss. For the first few days he said at least a hundred times, "Felicia, I shall die of ennui in this place." It seemed to him almost perversity that she should be so genuinely contented. "If we had been obliged to come here because it is cheap, you would have thought it a calamity," he declared, reproachfully. She laughed at this, and said he was hard to please: he was always insinuating that she liked to spend money; now that she was helping to save it he was not satisfied. After this he drifted into what he called the yawning stage. It came upon him uncontrollably, ungraciously, persistently, regularly. "It must be malaria," he would say, bringing his jaws together by a mighty effort and with his eyes full of tears.

"It is the relaxation from a tension," returned Felicia, learnedly. "You have been strung up to concert pitch for so long. It shows that you need a complete rest."

"If it were any one else, I should say it shows complete laziness."

The lazy phase came a little later. Then he could not even summon the energy to yawn. For hours he would lie motionless on the grass, or swinging in the hammock which they had brought, and which impressed their rural entertainers as a most felicitous contrivance. Sometimes Felicia read aloud; often she "condescended to talk," as he laughingly phrased it. Apparently she had dismissed her anxieties; her joyousness and spontaneity suggested the happy days of last summer; when her mood was graver, she evinced a depth of thought and feeling at variance with her other self. She had often appeared to him many-sided; never so much as now. There was an unexpectedness about her which lent a certain piquancy to her companionship. "I never know exactly what you are going to think or say on any subject," he remarked one day.

"It is just the reverse with me," she replied. "I know what you are going to think or say before you do yourself."

The time seemed to pass blithely enough for her. She amused herself about the house and yard like a child. Occasionally she undertook light household tasks, under the direction of Mrs. Wright, — shelling peas, stoning cherries, capping strawberries, and the like. He could hear rising on the soft, warm morning air her voice and infectious laughter, as the two women sat together in the shade of the vines that covered the portico. Once she made a "lady cake," all by herself, except baking it, she declared, exultantly; and Mrs. Wright slyly smiled superior, and did not expound the *summum bonum* of the cake-making art. "I believe I have a talent for cooking," said Felicia, complacently. "I should have been a famous housekeeper, if I had had half a chance."

To the elder woman, looking out from her meagre, colorless life, the bright young creature, with her quick wits and warm heart, was in some sort a revela-

tion. They drew close together in these summer days. Sometimes their talk was serious and retrospective. She told Felicia of the two children she had lost, and showed her their faded daguerreotypes and some of their little clothes. "The girl would have been twenty-three next fall, if she had lived. Jest your age," said the mother, looking wistfully into the dewy violet eyes, and vaguely bridging that terrible gulf of empty years with an elusive airy structure of what might have been. "Ah," she said, with a long-drawn sigh, "God knows best. His will be done."

Her sunken eyes turned to the shimmering landscape close to the soft horizon; her sinewy, worn hands dropped upon the faded garments on her knee. The sunshine lay on the floor; the wind wafted in at the window the purple banners of the "maiden's bower;" the wing of a bird flashed past. "God's will be done," she repeated.

Felicia, imperious, intolerant, rebellious, shrank appalled from the hypothesis that every life holds the elements of bitter woes, like in degree, different only in kind. She resolutely reverted to lighter themes; she shut out the thought of grief. She promised herself that she would have happiness, — that was what she craved. She would not be balked of her lightness of heart.

Perhaps her theory of the relaxation of a severe tension in Kennett's case had been correct. At any rate, by degrees something of his former methodical energy asserted itself. He assigned to himself the duty of going to town for the mail; occasionally he procured horses, and took his wife riding; sometimes he went on a shooting excursion with the hobbledehoy son of the house, returning with a few birds or a rabbit as a trophy. Once he bought from a mountaineer a deer just killed, — game laws are a dead letter in that region, — and brought it home on his horse in true rural sportsman fashion, greatly enjoying

Felicia's delight in his supposed skill, when he drew rein before the portico and called her to the window. "You think this better than an encore for 'When the bugle sounds'?" he asked.

"Oh, much, much better!" cried Felicia; and she added that, in her opinion, killing a deer was more appropriate to a big six-foot man than an absorbing interest in costumes and wigs and feathers, and infinitely small points about *pianissimo* and *con fuoco* and intonation.

June had passed. July, rich, luscious, brilliant with color, redolent of sweet odors, languorous with sunshine, was glowing into August. Through the soft bloom on the big peaches the warm red deepened day by day. The grapes were purpling. The mellow, perfumed apples dropped heavily on the grass, and the busy "yellow-jackets" rioted among them. Where bearded ears of millet had waved in the wind the shocks were piled, and already the encroaching crab grass was overcrowding the prickly stubble. The call of quail vibrated on the air. The forests were densely green. The streams flowed languidly, for the showers, sudden and profusely punctuated by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, were short, and but little rain fell. On these perfect afternoons, the very acme and culmination of summer and light and vivid life, Felicia loved to stroll up the steep slopes; not stopping till a certain "blue spring," near the summit, was reached. A jutting spur of the range cut off all extended outlook; no house or clearing was visible; the valley was walled in on every side; a sea of foliage below the crag sent up a monotonous murmur.

"It is as lonely here as if we were on a desert island," remarked Kennett, — not, however, in discontent; having once adjusted himself to the eventless existence, he found the simple routine enduring enough. He was lying at length on the cliff. His appearance gave token

of the rural life he had been leading: he was sunburned; his hair and mustache, under the manipulation of the village barber, were longer than formerly, and their luxuriance gave the depth of coloring his face had lacked in his close-clipped trim; he had taken on flesh, and his raiment suggested careless wear. He was more picturesque than formerly, but not point-device.

"Some of these days," he went on, with the deliberate manner of one to whom time is no object, "when the resources of the country are developed, this place will be a summer resort: half a dozen mineral springs in a stone's throw, a railway only three miles distant, healthiest air in the world, no mosquitoes, — what more can the heart of the summer sojourner desire!"

"You are as eloquent as an advertisement," responded Felicia.

"The hotel would be on that level stretch, and the bowling-alley there to the right," he continued, raising himself on one elbow, and looking about with the serious attention sometimes characteristic of the very idle in contemplating a far-away possibility.

"There would be an 'observatory' just here," said Felicia, entering into his mood, "where the band would play the stagecoach up the mountain; and people would flirt on the piazzas, and women would talk gossip, and men would smoke and play euchre. On the whole, I like it far better as a desert island."

She fixed her eyes on the vast slant of motionless foliage across the basin of the valley. A haze was thickening in the sunshine; an ominous stillness was in the air; adown a mass of black cloud that was imperceptibly stealing up from the west quivered a slow pale flash; the roll of thunder, indistinct yet sinister, sounded beneath the horizon.

Felicia spoke suddenly, with the ring of intense feeling in her voice.

"I wish this were a desert island!"

she exclaimed. "I wish we could never see any more people, or hotels, or Pullman cars, or theatres. I like this life."

"You would soon be tired of it," he rejoined.

"You seem to like it," she said.

He had thrown himself down again at full length. "Yes," he replied, after a long pause, "I like it. It has been extremely pleasant. It is very gentle and peaceful, and very aimless. I am glad to be rid of the turmoil, and tension, and effort."

"Why not be rid of them permanently?" asked Felicia, in sudden sharp agitation.

"It is not what is pleasant, it is what a man is fit for, that he must consider." He roused himself from his recumbent attitude, and leaned against the bole of a huge oak that projected over the rock on which they sat. "Then," he said, "there's this."

He inclined his head slightly, as if he were listening, and, with a half smile, clapped his hands softly together.

"It is not merely the applause," he added, after a moment's reflection. "I will do myself the justice to say that. Half the time the public does n't know why it applauds. It is the consciousness that the applause is deserved."

Both were silent. An acorn detached itself from among the leaves above them, dropped with a resonant thud on the crag, and, rebounding sharply, fell into the valley below. A blue jay chattered antagonistically and vivaciously somewhere in the foliage. An imperceptible current of air brought to them the fresh odors of fern and mint from the banks of the spring branch near by; they could hear the water drip over the cool mossy stones. From the black clouds, ever rising higher above the western mountains, came again a peal of thunder, muffled, but definite at last. The wind was rising.

All at once Kennett began to sing.

The volume of sound — smooth, melodious, rich, resonant, permeated through and through, from its gentlest tone to the full capacity of its compass, with that mastering, constraining intensity which for the lack of a better phrase is called the sympathetic quality — rose and fell with a certain majesty of effect. Perhaps it was because of the long rest, perhaps because of the strangely perfect serenity of the last six weeks, perhaps because she had become trained to discriminate, — certainly that voice had never seemed to her so valuable merely as an organ.

Once she had asked him if it were not possible that he and his friends overrated his gift; if a man of thirty-three, thoroughly trained, had not attained, or at least approximated, his best possibility. Was it likely that he could after that become a great singer, instead of merely an excellent one?

He had the anxious vanity of the musician; the question hurt him, but he replied as dispassionately as he could. In all candor, he said, he was of opinion that neither he nor his friends overrated him. "No man of sense deliberately determines that he will be a supremely great dramatic singer, any more than a playwright of set purpose sits down to rival Shakespeare." He added that he would admit that he was not so well known or so fairly appreciated as he deserved, but he had been constrained by the circumstances in his case. He had been compelled to take whatever engagements offered; he could not choose or wait for better opportunities. He could not say that he hoped ever to become one of the few supremely great singers; but there were many degrees, and he fully expected to stand far higher than he had yet done.

Felicia had also a theory that in vividness of imagination he was not preëminent. He was always appropriate, controlled, but to her he seemed to lack the sudden flame of inspiration. She thought

him too well trained; he was limited by traditions, precedents, reasons. The fine fire of his capacity burned steadily, with too even a glow. To-day she retracted this judgment, as, with the precision of an instrument in perfect tune, with the adroit management of an accomplished musician, with the subtle enthusiasms of a sensitive soul, he sent the pathos and the passion of Lohengrin's Farewell pulsating across the uninhabited sea of verdure at their feet.

"No, no," he said, as the last sound wave died away, and he rose, extending his hand to assist her. "I am dedicated to '*Mein lieber Schwan*,' whose other name might be called Melpomene. That is what I was born for."

And she, — she said nothing. In her soul she knew he spoke the truth. What was there for her but — to say nothing?

Before they reached the house, the black cloud, suddenly in swift motion, had overspread the whole horizon. They barely escaped the storm; the first heavy drops were falling as they shut the gate and ran up the pavement; in a moment more the whitening sheets of rain were dashing against the window panes, the lightnings were playing over the landscape, and the thunder pealed.

They found their host and hostess in what was called the "settin'-room," a square, sparsely furnished apartment, opposite the parlor. Mrs. Wright looked up, with her slow smile, from the peaches she was paring for supper. Her husband, tilted against the wall in a split-bottomed chair, took his pipe from his mouth as Kennett entered.

"You was singin' up thar ter the blue spring, warn't ye?" he demanded, with a trifle of vivacity. "I thought it must be you. Well, ye're a good singer, shore."

"You ought to go to meetings Sundays, and lead the hymns," said Mrs. Wright. She had not yet been able fully to comprehend the mental and moral attitude of people who do not desire to go

to church. "Mr. Wright says you're a choir all by yourself."

Felicia glanced at Kennett. Obviously he was pleased. Ah, the insatiate vanity of the musician, flattered by such a tribute as this!

"Bob's been to the post office," said Mr. Wright, suddenly. "There's a letter fur ye on the table."

Kennett took it with the alacrity with which people in the country receive their mail, read and re-read it, then slowly placed it in his pocket.

"It is a matter of business," he said, meeting Felicia's eye.

The next morning, however, he showed it to her.

"Do you know what this means?" he demanded, with exultation. "This means grand opera another season, under the most auspicious circumstances."

"It is only an offer for a concert tour with the Asterisk Quartette, at the fashionable watering-places, as a substitute for their tenor, who is obliged to resign on account of ill health," said Felicia, her eyes still on the letter.

She had heard of the organization, which was in many respects exceptional. A notable manager had induced certain superior artists to give up their usual vacations for the discomforts of a professional season, plausibly arguing that a rich harvest might be reaped if the leisure class — bent especially on enjoyment and on spending money — be offered first-class attractions. So far he had been very successful, both as to the material secured and the practical result.

"This is just the opportunity I want," said Kennett, walking about the room in unwonted excitement. "This is the best organization in the country. To take Stuart's place gives prestige by itself. If I can hold my own, — and I can, — this means rapid advancement."

"But you have already signed with Mr. Hallett."

"Only for the next season. After that I will choose."

Felicia sank down on one of the straight-backed chairs, and gazed absently at the floor, the letter still in her hand.

"Well, Hugh," she said at last, looking up at him, "I want you to decline this."

He stared at her.

"I am going into town in the next half hour to reply by telegram, as they desired," he returned. "I shall most certainly accept it."

"You show great consideration for my wishes!" she exclaimed, bitterly.

"You are unreasonable," he rejoined.

"Because I am happy here, living in this quiet, simple, inexpensive way, you want to give it up."

"I have been happy, too; but if an idle, purposeless existence is pleasant, must a man jeopardize his future?"

"Oh, you *promised*—you *promised* to stay another month, and now you are going to drag me back to that tawdry falseness! It would be different if the season had opened; then it would be necessary; but this is so gratuitous."

"This is so beneficent," he corrected.

"It is an opportunity that may never occur again."

She burst into tears. He attempted coaxing, but she interpreted this as a sign of relenting, and grew more insistent. He tried argument, and was met by the positive declaration that what is wisest is not comparable to what is happiest. Now that she had at last relaxed her hold on her will she was as unreasonable and as persistent as a spoiled child. At last he too lost his temper.

"This is intolerable," he said, angrily, rising and turning to the door.

She sprang before him, and stood, one hand on the bolt and the other on his arm, as if to push him back, her body thrown forward in the poise of suddenly arrested motion, and an intent expression on her beautiful face.

"Oh, Hugh," she cried, "I beg—I insist that we don't go yet! Let me be happy a little longer!"

He looked at her coldly.

"You may have mistaken your vocation," he said. "You have a good pose—a very good pose—at this moment. There's nothing like a pronounced success in domestic melodrama," he added, with a laugh.

His sarcasm stung her like a lash. She slowly withdrew her hand from the bolt, her eyes full on his; she slowly crossed the room.

He regretted his words; already his anger was melting.

"Forgive me," he entreated.

She stood silent a moment, and looked at him with hard eyes.

"Send your telegram," she said.

He left the house without another word. When he returned from town, he found her in her traveling attire, the rooms bare of their effects, and the trunks packed. He walked about restlessly for a few moments; he looked at her in anxious indecision.

"You are not angry?" he asked, in deprecation.

"Oh, no," she replied, with a certain metallic clearness in her laugh. "I am only obedient."

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

"SIR WALTER RALEIGH OF YOUGHAL IN THE COUNTY OF CORK."

THE Royal Dublin Society's small but interesting collection of portraits, in the gallery on Leinster Lawn, includes a painting by Zucchero of our old friend Sir Walter Raleigh, who bears here the full contemporary title of the superscription. It might raise some apprehension in minds not too firmly set on Elizabethan biography; for as the adage hath it of a woman in other matters, so it may be affirmed in statecraft of an Irishman, that he is usually at the bottom of it. That lofty meddler, glancing sharply from the canvas, was figuratively, indeed, an Irishman, "by these pickers and stealers," and the rights of the grab-bag.

It is Thierry who calls the Irish the long-remembered people. It would be incredible to any one who had never been in southern Ireland how the gossip of the peasantry to-day runs on Cromwell, and even on Dermot MacMorrough and Strongbow. No landmark passes here, as it does in the rural districts of England, into the forgetfulness of those who live under its shadow. Every event, modern and mediæval, every name, foe's and friend's, is handed on with the severest accuracy possible to oral tradition. Two names, at least, which have a sound gracious enough elsewhere, fare ill enough all along

"Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is called Blackwater."

By the lonely torso of Kilcolman, a young farmer, resting against his plough, will tell you that Edmund Spenser was blind and foolish, and brought his tragedy upon himself, as if he were speaking, not without sympathy, of his neighbor of yesterday. And Raleigh, — how thoroughly, despite old prejudice, they understand Raleigh on the ancient seignior of the Desmonds, farther south!

There he is, hard and proud, and he bears Cæsar's blame, — he is ambitious. "He had a greedy heart," say the caubeened critics of Youghal; and they help to fix the deepest of its deep stains on this knight's escutcheon. Little was he troubled with the passion of compassion which belonged to the younger Essex, and has kept him blameless in Munster legends, while Raleigh's own soldier ways are yet a live reproach from Cork to Lismore. In some particulars he was not unlike the aggressive Geraldines whom he was chosen to supplant; but he had a complex habit and a slipperiness of speech which they were pleased to lack. One who would deal gently with magnificent Raleigh in his meanness can do no better than recur to a thoughtful saying of Dr. Johnson, not in Boswell, that "a man is made inconstant by too much as well as by too little thought."

Echoes stay long in still places. Youghal, the once happy little borough, loading the near seas with her exports, and dropped from the list of customs ports in 1882, hears yet in her one street the spurred footsteps of "the gentleman with the bold face," as an epigram of his own day described Raleigh. All through the windy lanes, the green closes, the Gothic doorways of the odd town stirs and shines his exciting memory; where-soever he moves the red lime light of romance is full upon him. His house is as he left it; the heights back of it, the water in front of it, full of inexpressible, melancholy beauty. Historic facts, some time to be a folk-tale, when this world has gone through sophistication back to innocence again, rise from that ground like exhalations: how Raleigh smarted under his first disgrace at court; how he smoked a wondrous weed be-

neath the four interlaced yew-trees yonder; how, against the ivied town wall, he planted his Virginian potato, taking all too kindly to its adoptive soil; how often he went up the wide stair in his doublet of beaded orange and black, with one impetuous arm on Spenser's drooping shoulder, and the other waving a manuscript immortal beyond any of his own.

"Our Ladye's Colledg of Yoghall" was founded by Thomas Fitzgerald, eighth Earl of Desmond and Lord Deputy of Ireland, two days after the Christmas of 1464. Another Geraldine, as brave, undoing the gift of his ancestor, plundered and sacked the Youghal which had become his enemy's stronghold in 1579; and of the three glorious foundations side by side on the hill, two, the church and the school, perished and long remained extinct; but the house of the warden, dating also from 1464-65, came out of the fiery trial unscathed. Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, rebuilt the college itself for his own home, and greatly enlarged and fortified it during the civil wars under Charles I. Then it likewise fell to ruin, and in 1782 the plain, strong structure owned to-day by the best of Irish landlords, the Duke of Devonshire, was put up on its site. Two towers of defense and the Boyle arms in stone, near the rear entrance, survive to show the second period, and in a north room stands the sole memorial of the first,—a superb dark oaken chimney-piece, carved from floor to ceiling. The Franciscan abbey church, still the boast of the district, rich in fragments of an irrecoverable splendor, and set in its wild, lovely acres, among frowning walls of the thirteenth century, roped and threaded with vines aged as the stones, is but an altered version of itself, carefully as of late it has been kept. But the house of the warden, lying a little to the northeast of the lane, with its red pointed gables and huge tipping chimneys, a place drowned in

odors of lime and bay, still looks exactly as in the fair old map in *Pacata Hibernia*. This was Raleigh's house. When it was secularized to our layman, he hastened to say that he should love it because it was like the manor of East Budleigh, in Devon, where he was born. How winning in him were these sudden tendernesses! as when, again, from the Azores, where Sir Richard Grenville passed upon the Spaniard's deck, he brought yellow wallflowers to the banks of the Broad of Youghal, to remind him of that heroic spirit while his own unheroic exile lasted. At the very end, too, in the same mood, did not Raleigh take occasion so to recall the fate of a young man who had overthrown him more than once, in the fierce struggle for priority? "I knew he was a noble gentleman. I take God to witness I shed tears for him when he died."

The house overbrims with interest, but it is a fact which leads the life of a myth; little in all its annals is aught but guesswork and dreams. Until just before the dissolution of the monasteries we do not discover even the name of any warden, or a trace of the doings of a busy and honorable brotherhood. By the bequest of the founder, the warden, eight fellows, and eight singing-men enjoyed a common table here, a still nook for study, and a joint revenue, large for the fifteenth century, of six hundred pounds a year. Nathaniel Baxter, one of the last in office, fearing a worse fate for his charge, conveyed the revenues and property to the lord^s president of Munster, one of the Norris family, dear to Queen Bess for her mother's sake. Somewhat later the lease was put in Raleigh's hands. Though living in the warden's house, he took no measures to save or revive the college, a stone's throw across the beautiful churchyard. We know that the men who were "eagles in the Spanish main and vultures in Ireland" had no anxiety whatever for the

education of the "civil English" with whom they populated the desolate island. The immigrants, who, being Protestant and amicable, might have expected handsomer treatment, must have looked with some chagrin on the destruction, ordered or permitted by our same high-handed shepherd of the ocean, of the famous Dominican friary of A. D. 1268, whose broken arches still remain. Raleigh plucked up the Irish schools, and planted the potato. It was a questionable gift, but, after that of his melodramatic presence, the best he chose to give. His appreciation of natural scenery was as curious, in its way, as his zeal for architecture. The Munster woods were remarkable not only for their grandeur, but for affording an impenetrable cover to fugitives in war time. Raleigh made money by importing English wood-cutters, who turned the dryads' holy dwellings into pipe-staves and hogsheads, and flooded the tide with wanton spoil. Even the Kilcolman forests, "in which all trees of honor lately stood," were hewn to the ground, in the same wasteful spirit of thrift; and the loss, as a local observer records, is one which time has been unable to repair. But this was not of the resident poet's doing.

The house at Youghal now belongs to Sir John Pope Hennessy, who, though he believes that Raleigh did as much as any leader of his day "to render British government permanently difficult, if not more than difficult, in Ireland," yet, with a chivalrous care, has filled the halls and the study with memorials of their great occupant, and has preserved many things which, by good chance, were there once in Raleigh's keeping. The study, a dark-colored, ample snugery, its floor worn into uneven ripples and breakers, its outlook through a deep alcove window toward the church, is that very study "where Raleigh looked at the charts of Verrazzano before his voyage, and where he first smoked tobacco in Europe upon his return, . . . much the same

as it might have been in those times. The original painting of the first governor of Virginia is there, and a contemporary engraving of Elizabeth, Queen of Virginia; the long table at which he wrote; the oak chest in which he kept his papers; the little Italian cabinet; the dark wainscoting, with fine carvings rising up from each side of the hearthstone to the ceiling; the old deeds and parchments, some with Raleigh's seal; the original warrant, under the autograph signet of Queen Elizabeth, granting a pension to the Countess Eleanor of Desmond; and the two bookcases of vellum-bound and oak-bound books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries."

The most noticeable outer features of the house are the porch, the high gables and chimneys, the picturesque variety and broken lights of the frontage. On the south, the panes of the great study abut boldly upon the world of Irish greens and the cloistral, walled-in stillness of that "extream pleasant garden," — called such in Charles II.'s time, and keeping that character still. All the walls are five feet thick. Under the middle gable are the hall and entrance doorway; the place of the stairway, now far to the right, has been changed. Throughout there is a wainscoting of Irish oak; the chambers are tiled; nothing can exceed the soft, time-stained beauty of the interior. From the dining-room a subterranean passage runs to the old detached tower of St. Mary's, and the warden's door churchward, rusted on its immemorial hinges, is yet to be seen under the dense hanging tapestry of ivy. Raleigh, of course, knew of this passage; it is doubtful whether he, no shunner of publicity, used it. Not without his manly religiousness, even in his prosperity, he might have had his kneeling-cushion near the chancel all the Sundays while he was mayor of Youghal; but the abbey was mainly in ruins, and services, if such there were, must have been held

under difficulties. No object in the restored edifice can be associated with him, save that, high in the east window, filled with Victorian glass, his crimson shield mingles with the quarterings of the Geraldines, the Boyles, the inflexible Strafford, who cordially hated the Boyles, and the one good Villiers, dead in 1605, whose "noble parts," according to his charming epitaph in the transept,

"none can imitate
But those whose hearts
Are married to the state."

Something else beside the secret passage throws a pretty mystery over the warden's house. Thirty years ago, behind the wainscoting of a chamber next to the drawing-room, part of the monks' library, hidden at the Reformation, was found. Some of these precious books are yet preserved in a Youghal family, as we learn from Canon Hayman's classic little local monograph. Among them is a Mantuan black-letter print of 1479, profusely adorned with colored initials; a sort of history of the world, very different from Raleigh's, which must have hugged itself to hear him talking politics, outside on the stair, during the long summers when it was forgotten and safe in the wall. But there is evidence, slight, to be sure, and circumstantial, that Sir Walter's discoverer's eye had, some time or other, tracked this contraband shelf. His own history, written long after in the Tower, and ending suddenly in the *bel sérieux* so often quoted, brings the chronicle only to the year 170 B. C. While he was busy with it he wrote to Sir Robert Cotton for the loan of books and manuscripts, and complained of his lack of references. Yet he was able to remember and cite, midway of his own admirable English prose, in the second book of his first part, Comestor's *Historia Scholastica*, a rare volume, and one which, if he had indeed spied it where, at his own bed's head, it had withdrawn from the rumor of changes in Christen-

dom, he might not have seen for eighteen years.

Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson has found that Sir Walter Raleigh was at court, under Leicester's powerful patronage, as early as 1577. When he first set foot in Ireland, in a season of seething revolt, he was in his twenty-eighth year. Under Lord Grey de Wilton, Raleigh had a Devon "footeband of one hundred men," with four shillings a day promised for his fastidious needs, and not quite four shillings more wherewith to satisfy his officers and privates; and he was wroth that he had to pay his active carpet-baggers out of his own pocket. He was at Smerwick Castle at the never-to-be-forgotten surrender, when the six hundred natives, cheated of their amnesty, then hanged and sworded, were laid out upon the sands, women and men, "as gallant goodly personages as eye ever beheld." Well might Spenser, who was on the scene, insert in his great third book the sigh proper to a diary for the "antique time" in which "the sword was servaunt unto righte," —

"When honor was the meed of victory,

And yet the vanquishèd had no despight"!

Admiral Winter, and Lord Burghley at home, stormed like humane souls over this neatly characteristic episode of the English in Ireland; but it stands in the London Public Record Office, in the clear royal hand, that it "was greatly to our lyking." Captain Raleigh, who was well able to play to such a claque, pursued his little game vehemently. In 1581 he was once more in the serene air, sunning himself in the sovereign smiles of the cleverest woman even he was likely to know. By October of the next year, thanks still to Leicester, Burghley's rival and outwitted, he had flattering prospects; but so soon as the star of the boy Essex was up, Raleigh's jealous and restless spirit drew him back to the island where he could not be so readily gainsaid. There he had his forty-two thousand attainted acres;

he was made mayor of Youghal in 1588; he had another easy and idle office as the absentee lord warden of the stannaries, the tin mines of Cornwall and Devon. A return to London, discussions with the growing Puritan party, schemes, pamphlets, poems, gold-hunts, travel, colonizing, the forfeited voyage to Panama, the two months' imprisonment, home life at Sherborne in Dorsetshire, the epic fight before Cadiz, the strengthening hate of the Essex once very dear to him, — these things took up Raleigh's time until 1602; and in that year he sold the bulk of his Munster estates to a shrewd speculator. According to Richard Boyle's own graphic account, sent in, long after, to Carew Raleigh, the purchaser, then lacking his title, behaved in a most touchingly disinterested manner throughout, in return for the transfer of all lands, benefices, advowsons, and vicarages of the New College of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Youghal; for the salmon and trout beds, the rights of the Desmonds, hereditaments spiritual and temporal (however these five equally strange fish came to be catalogued!); and for the vast pasture lands which worried their possessor with the fear they would fall to the Crown, and some Scot or other would beg them! The whole transaction is now in print, up to the interview of 1617, when Raleigh sailed on his melancholy voyage to the West Indies. The future earl would have us think that his only scruple was lest our hero should not circumvent him, and get double the value of the sale. His journal gives some excellent and valuable glimpses of Raleigh in business, prouder than Lucifer, distinguished in manner, but a trifle fretful and evasive. The successful demagogue, who was certainly a kind father and a professed waiter upon the good pleasure of Providence, died during the troublous war times of 1643. In his will he bequeathed to the Lord Primate, James Ussher, his "best jewel, called Sir Wal-

ter Raleigh's stone;" to be returned, at the archbishop's decease, to the heir of Lismore. The present Duke of Devonshire, now, as it happens, Raleigh's Irish successor, should have this gem of Elizabeth's gem-loving vassal in his possession.

By 1616 we find the old wardenry subleased to Sir Lawrence Parsons, and it went by his name, in all legal documents, for over two hundred years; passing from ownership to ownership, and graced at last with its fitting title of Sir Walter Raleigh's House. It also bore the name of Myrtle Grove, from its myrtles, over twenty feet high: the place was "always remarkable for luxuriant growths of myrtle, bay, arbutus, and other exotics, in the open air." Somewhere under all the tangle of summer blossoms in this inclosure the sweet old Franciscan bells are said to lie, buried there for dread of Cromwell's converting them into cannon, — a true ecclesiastical promotion, as he hinted with a touch of cavalier wit. The great yews, planted in a square, and forming four columns and a dense roof, are believed to have been set out by Sir Walter; but the very name of Youghal (Eo-chaille, "forest of yew") would tend to bear out the theory that they are indigenous, and at least coeval with the house. They figure, moreover, in an Elizabethan print, as well-grown trees, while beneath them Raleigh enjoys his foreign luxury, and the astonished servant empties his tankard on the cloud-hid victim, on his finery and his after-dinner peace. How often that incident, familiar as it is, sets one laughing! The happy garden, with its

"watry Southwind from the seaboard coste
Uplowing,"

is the very *patria* of English smokers, where evermore they may have their unique vision of master and man, and another of mild-eyed Spenser, not now talking reforms of metre, but spewing over his first pipe. Spain had learned

the uses of the strange plant as early as 1552; Raleigh's colony arose as practitioners and propagandists in 1585; and by 1640 tobacco formed one of the chief staples of the Youghal trade. To initiate his neighbors into the mystery of smoke was a blessed device to mitigate the tedium of office in a dull town; and whither the mayor led the worthy citizens devoutly followed. "It is doubtless the fact," says an agreeable writer in Bolster's Cork Magazine, "that Raleigh initiated the lazy burgesses into all the mysteries of the beatific science he had introduced, laboriously teaching them its occult delights, and giving to their dreamless vacuity an employment thenceforth fitted to serve them in place of meat and drink and clothing. . . . There was something very germane in its effects to their peculiar faculties." It is not to be forgotten how, in Raleigh's own novitiate, the powers of this earth stood up against the gentle plant he fostered; how nervous Popes thundered against it, and Switzerland and the East made the new fire-eating the surest of mortal and fatal sins; and how James I., after venting choice abuse upon a cult too ethereal for his tastes, played his trump card in cutting off the First English Smoker's head. Raleigh was faithful. On his last morning, after making his peace with Heaven, he had breakfast and a pipe, and so, with colors flying, made his glorious exit. And, curiously enough, the word "tobacco" was the valedictory word of his pen, in the note touching a bygone affair which troubled his conscience, and which was given to Sir Thomas Wilson, keeper of the Tower, on the night of October 18th, in the year 1618.

The true boast of the warden's house at Youghal, its sober and abiding charm, is its intimate association with Edmund Spenser. What Raleigh was to him, at a time when, having lost Sidney, he was thrown on the less sagacious criticism of Ludovick Bryskett and Gabriel Harvey,

we can hardly overrate. The poet's sensitive imagination must have been moved and fired from the first by the spectacle of the eager adventurer, whose life, as Dean Church truly says, was the Faerie Queene in prose. Spenser came to depend upon Raleigh, as his champion in a stupid planet, to expound his "simple meanings," — sometimes not so simple, after all. The two may have met in London, when the Cambridge sizar graduate, fleeing south from the trouble of his first love, gave the public the pleasant Shepherd's Calendar, which Sidney found too archaic; they certainly met at Smerwick; but we have no record of their friendship until the Armada year. Then, it will be remembered, Spenser's verse specifies "a strange shepheard, who chanced to find me out." The poet was familiar with Ireland from 1577 until the close of his life, as secretary to Sir Henry Sidney and Lord Grey, and as chancery and council clerk. In 1588 he was still in Dublin, and there, two years before, the heavy news must have reached him of the death in battle of an older and better beloved friend than Raleigh, and far worthier of emulation, the white knight of Penshurst, "who first his Muse did lift out of the flore." The man of thought at Kilcolman,

"Keeping his sheepe among the colly shade

Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore,"

(where now there are no alders, and where the Mulla, otherwise the Awbeg or Awbey, is five miles away,) fell into a comforting and warm relationship with the man of action at Youghal. Visits were frequently exchanged over the highway, none of whose essential features have been altered since. From the poet's minutely biographic pen we have the annals of much of this idyllic intercourse: how they "piped until they both were weary," lying near Doneraile and the Galtee hills, in a hoary wood of the Desmond, with a Desmond tower to windward. We know that Spenser

reviewed with his ardent patron stanza after stanza of his lovely allegory, begun in England nine years before; and that Raleigh himself, when he "list the lofty Muse to raise," pulled from his silken pockets some extraordinary lyric whimper over the regal old Cynthia who had temporarily dropped his acquaintance. Sweet lines, some of them, too, for Spenser's ear:—

"On Sestos' shore . . .

Hero hath left no lamp to guide her love!"

But what Raleigh heard is more the world's affair than what he declaimed, much as modest Spenser meant his large praise of "the somer's nightingale." Full of headlong energy and faith, he communicated something of both to the man at his side, no less diligent in his way; the "wight forlore," by his own admission, who was too down-hearted to bring his work singly before the forum of London. One November morning the allies sailed together: Spenser to settle some legal dispute with Lord Roche, Raleigh to make his peace with the magnificent minx gloriously reigning. Their chief joint business, the registration of the first three books of the Faerie Queene, was closed on December 1, 1589. The poet, as Camden says of him, *semper cum paupertate confictatus*, secured promptly a grant of lands and a pension of fifty pounds annually from Elizabeth, and for Raleigh's sake, which he fails not to record. Spenser, who stood between Essex and Raleigh, as a willing but unavailing peacemaker, loving both, made in this year also, almost beyond a doubt, the acquaintance of Shakespeare and of his Earl of Southampton, himself the attached friend of Essex; he had the solace of visiting "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," and of renewing, so as with a difference, the London life which he had long foregone. Perfect success and popularity crowned him; every writer of the time was quick in his applause. Raleigh too won his way at once, and recaptured the susceptible

queen with some gallant strategy, to rule her councils henceforward on all Irish affairs, on through the dramatic crisis when Essex and the eighteenth Earl of Desmond, his two natural enemies, languished side by side in the Tower cells. He had spread his cloak in the mud a second time; and in the flush of a restored confidence he wrote to his cousin Carew, in Ireland, that he was again "in place to pleasure or displeasure the greatest," and that his opinion "was so received and believed that I can anger the best of them!" Abruptly and triumphantly his chapter of Irish residence here ends; for though he weighed anchor at Cork, between the prison and the axe, on his final adventure, he never returned to Youghal and its "extream pleasant garden." After his failure and his elder son's death, he wrote to his wife from the Antilles, "My brains are broken," and came ashore to his own England, velveteed and gemmed in his old proud wont, only to be betrayed and to die.

Spenser, after his fortunate visit, when nevertheless he had some disheartening glimpses of the ignoble follies of the court, sought his Mulla in the early spring of 1591. The following December he signed the dedication of Colin Clout's Come Home Again, much of which was "long sithens composed," in part payment of "an infinite debt;" for "I am not alwaies ydle as ye thinke!" said the dreamer to the doer. These passages across the Irish Channel were evidently not the episodes of unmitigated joy to Spenser which they were to his sailor companion. His Muse is Greek in her allusions to the sea; seldom do we get tidings of its winning aspects, but it is untiringly vilified as a creature "horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie." Raleigh at court and the gentler Shepherd in Munster were each in love, in 1593, with an Elizabeth worthy of true hearts. Married, and busy, and living asunder, the two were little together thereafter, save in the perpetuity

of well wishing and silent sympathy. Raleigh's life, never a placid one, grew more and more crowded, more and more tangled. Likewise with Spenser, the child of peace, times went roughly at the last, and from such heartbreak as befell him he gained a softer and earlier release. Not loath for his own advancement, not slow to profit by the chances of a shifting and rebel society, he was yet, despite his appreciated circumstance, never at ease in Ireland. For he, like the other "undertakers," placed among scenes of utter anguish and implacable hostility, and least selfish, perhaps, of them all, had taken the responsibility which Sir John Pope Hennessy characterizes as that of "trying to rule a people he did not know." Sagacious as is much of his *View of the Present State*, it shows even in Spenser a certain hard arrogance, a lack of foresight and of Christian justice. At any rate, he suffered deeply in the Tyrone uprising. In 1599 the generous Essex had the mournful honor of laying him in Westminster Abbey, hallowed by no dust more reverend.

It has been well said of Sir Walter Raleigh that his character blossomed and fruited in prison and in enforced quiet; that nowhere else had his genius such rich and memorable play. After the really sublime day of Cadiz and the unsurpassable scene in Old Palace Yard,

"Which ends this strange, eventful history,"

he shows best in the bright and painless banishment, where he wrought good to all posterity in cherishing the promise of the second great English singer. We forget the cruelty, the lifelong avarice,

the cheat, the holocausts of "mere Irishry" given to treachery, and famine, and the sword. Nay, the thing is like a panorama: all we see, or care to see, is the leafy Blackwater road, and the incomparable rider, with no winglike ruffs at his bronzed throat, turning absently toward the river as he smiles over his "celestial thief," saying the first line of a fast-coming sonnet,

"Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,"

and making an heirloom for art and for friendship as he goes. Or he stands with the poet, Molana and the tomb of Raymond le Gros at their feet, on the exquisite Rhinecrew heights, where Templars had leaned against the same pillars ages before them, watching the blue unbroken sea. But most often do we see Spenser, basking on the deep sunshiny sills brushed with boughs, look across to his dark-eyed host, whose laugh was ever readier than his own, and in that room at Youghal, full now forever of their voices, full then of books and bowls and profane incense from America, read in his calm accents a Chaucerian strophe of hospitality to Una and her Knight:—

"Arrived there, the little house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment where none
 was;
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their
 will:
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With fayre discourse the evening so they
 pas,
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had
 store,
 And well could file his tong as smooth as
 glas;
 He told of saints and popes, and evermore
 He strowd an Ave Mary after and before!"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE ENCOUNTER.

THERE'S a wood-way winding high,
 Roofed far up with light-green flicker,
 Save one midmost star of sky.
 Underfoot 'tis all pale brown
 With the dead leaves matted down
 One on other, thick and thicker;
 Soft, but springing to the tread.
 There a youth late met a maid
 Running lightly, — oh, so fleetly!
 "Whence art thou?" the herd-boy said.
 Either side her long hair swayed,
 Half a tress and half a braid,
 Colored like the soft dead leaf.
 As she answered, laughing sweetly,
 On she ran, as flies the swallow;
 He could not choose but follow
 Though it had been to his grief.

"I have come up from the valley, —
 From the valley!" Once he caught her,
 Swerving down a sidelong alley,
 For a moment by the hand.
 "Tell me, tell me," he besought her,
 "Sweetest, I would understand
 Why so cold thy palm, that slips
 From me like the shy cold minnow?
 The wood is warm, and smells of fern,
 And below the meadows burn.
 Hard to catch, and hard to win, oh!
 Why are those brown finger tips
 Crinkled as with lines of water?"

Laughing while she featly footed,
 With the herd-boy hasting after,
 Sprang she on a trunk uprooted,
 Clung she by a roping vine;
 Leaped behind a birch, and told,
 Still eluding, through its fine,
 Mocking, slender, leafy laughter,
 Why her finger tips were cold:

"I went down to tease the brook,
 With her fishes, there below;
 She comes dancing, thou must know,
 And the bushes arch above her;
 But the seeking sunbeams look,

Dodging, through the wind-blown cover,
 Find, and kiss her into stars.
 Silvery veins entwine and crook
 Where a stone her tripping bars;
 There be smooth, clear sweeps, and swirls
 Bubbling up crisp drops like pearls.
 There I lie, along the rocks
 Thick with greenest slippery moss,
 And I have in hand a strip
 Of gray, pliant, dappled bark;
 And I comb her liquid locks
 Till her tangling currents cross;
 And I have delight to hark
 To the chiding of her lip,
 Taking on the talking stone
 With each turn another tone.
 Oh, to set her wavelets bickering!
 Oh, to hear her laughter simple,
 See her fret and flash and dimple!
 Ha, ha, ha!" The woodland rang
 With the rippling through the flickering.
 At the birch the herd-boy sprang.

On a sudden something wound
 Vine-like round his throbbing throat;
 On a sudden something smote
 Sharply on his longing lips,
 Stung him as the birch bough whips:
 Was it kiss or was it blow?
 Never after could he know;
 She was gone without a sound.

Never after could he see
 In the wood or in the mead,
 Or in any company
 Of the rustic mortal maids,
 Her with acorn-colored braids;
 Never came she to his need.
 Never more the lad was merry;
 Strayed apart, and learned to dream,
 Feeding on the tart wild berry;
 Murmuring words none understood,—
 Words with music of the wood,
 And with music of the stream.

Helen Gray Cone.

FROM KING'S MOUNTAIN TO YORKTOWN.

IN the invasion of the South by Cornwallis, as in the invasion of the North by Burgoyne, the first serious blow which the enemy received was dealt by the militia. After his great victory over Gates, Cornwallis remained nearly a month at Camden resting his troops, who found the August heat intolerable.

By the middle of September, 1780, he had started on his march to North Carolina, of which he expected to make an easy conquest. But his reception in that State was anything but hospitable. Advancing as far as Charlotte, he found himself in the midst of that famous Mecklenburg County which had issued its "declaration of independence" immediately on receiving the news of the battle of Lexington. These rebels, he said, were the most obstinate he had found in America, and he called their country a "hornet's nest." Bands of yeomanry lurking about every woodland road cut off his foraging parties, slew his couriers, and captured his dispatches. It was difficult for him to get any information; but bad news proverbially travels fast, and it was not long before he received intelligence of dire disaster.

Before leaving South Carolina Cornwallis had detached Major Ferguson — whom, next to Tarleton, he considered his best partisan officer — to scour the highlands and enlist as large a force of Tory auxiliaries as possible, after which he was to join the main army at Charlotte. Ferguson took with him 200 British light infantry and 1000 Tories, whom he had drilled until they had become excellent troops. It was not supposed that he would meet with serious opposition, but in case of any unforeseen danger he was to retreat with all possible speed and join the main army. Now the enterprising Ferguson undertook to

entrap and capture a small force of American partisans; and while pursuing this bait, he pushed into the wilderness as far as Gilbert Town, in the heart of what is now the county of Rutherford, when all at once he became aware that enemies were swarming about him on every side. The approach of a hostile force and the rumor of Indian war had aroused the hardy backwoodsmen who dwelt in these wild and romantic glens. Accustomed to Indian raids, these quick and resolute men were always ready to assemble at a moment's warning; and now they came pouring from all directions, through the defiles of the Alleghanies, a picturesque and motley crowd, in fringed and tasseled hunting-shirts, with sprigs of hemlock in their hats, and armed with long knives and rifles that seldom missed their aim. From the south came James Williams, of Ninety-Six, with his 400 men; from the north, William Campbell, of Virginia, Benjamin Cleveland and Charles McDowell, of North Carolina, with 560 followers; from the west, Isaac Shelby and John Sevier, whose names were to become so famous in the early history of Kentucky and Tennessee. By the 30th of September 3000 of these "dirty mongrels," as Ferguson called them, — men in whose veins flowed the blood of Scottish Covenanters and French Huguenots and English sea rovers, — had gathered in such threatening proximity that the British commander started in all haste on his retreat toward the main army at Charlotte, sending messengers ahead, who were duly waylaid and shot down before they could reach Cornwallis and inform him of the danger. The pursuit was vigorously pressed, and on the night of the 6th of October, finding escape impossible without a fight, Ferguson planted himself

on the top of King's Mountain, a ridge about half a mile in length and 1700 feet above sea level, situated just on the border line between the two Carolinas. The crest is approached on three sides by rising ground, above which the steep summit towers for a hundred feet; on the north side it is an unbroken precipice. The mountain was covered with tall pine-trees, beneath which the ground, though little cumbered with underbrush, was obstructed on every side by huge moss-grown boulders. Perched with 1125 stanch men on this natural stronghold, as the bright autumn sun came up on the morning of the 7th, Ferguson looked about him exultingly, and cried, "Well, boys, here is a place from which all the rebels outside of hell cannot drive us!"

He was dealing, however, with men who were used to climbing hills. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the advanced party of Americans, 1000 picked men, arrived in the ravine below the mountain, and, tying their horses to the trees, prepared to storm the position. The precipice on the north was too steep for the enemy to descend, and thus effectually cut off their retreat. Divided into three equal parties, the Americans ascended the other three sides simultaneously. Campbell and Shelby pushed up in front until near the crest, when Ferguson opened fire on them. They then fell apart behind trees, returning the fire most effectively, but suffering little themselves, while slowly they crept up nearer the crest. As the British then charged down upon them with bayonets, they fell back, until the British ranks were suddenly shaken by a deadly flank fire from the division of Sevier and McDowell on the right. Turning furiously to meet these new assailants, the British received a volley in their backs from the left division, under Cleveland and Williams, while the centre division promptly rallied, and attacked them on what was now their flank. Thus dreadfully entrapped, the British fired wildly

and with little effect, while the trees and boulders prevented the compactness needful for a bayonet charge. The Americans, on the other hand, sure of their prey, crept on steadily toward the summit, losing scarcely a man, and firing with great deliberateness and precision, while hardly a word was spoken. As they closed in upon the ridge a rifleball pierced the brave Ferguson's heart, and he fell from his white horse, which sprang wildly down the mountain side. All further resistance being hopeless, a white flag was raised, and the firing was stopped. Of Ferguson's 1125 men, 389 were killed or wounded and 20 were missing, and the remaining 716 now surrendered themselves prisoners of war, with 1500 stand of arms. The total American loss was 28 killed and 60 wounded; but among the killed was the famous partisan commander James Williams, whose loss might be regarded as offsetting that of Major Ferguson.

This brilliant victory at King's Mountain resembled the victory at Bennington in its suddenness and completeness, as well as in having been gained by militia. It was also the harbinger of greater victories at the South, as Bennington had been the harbinger of greater victories at the North. The backwoodsmen who had dealt such a blow did not, indeed, follow it up and hover about the flanks of Cornwallis, as the Green Mountain boys had hovered about the flanks of Burgoyne. Had there been an organized army opposed to Cornwallis, to serve as a nucleus for them, perhaps they might have done so. As it was, they soon dispersed and returned to their homes, after having sullied their triumph by hanging a dozen prisoners, in revenge for Clarke's men who had been massacred at Augusta. They had, nevertheless, warded off for the moment the threatened invasion of North Carolina. Thoroughly alarmed by this blow, Cornwallis lost no time in falling back upon Winnsborough, there to wait for

reinforcements, for he was in no condition to afford the loss of 1100 men. General Leslie had been sent by Sir Henry Clinton to Virginia with 3000 men, and Cornwallis ordered this force to join him without delay.

Hope began now to return to the patriots of South Carolina, and during the months of October and November their activity was greatly increased. Marion in the northeastern part of the State, and Sumter in the northwest, redoubled their energies, and it was more than even Tarleton could do to look after them both. On the 20th of November Tarleton was defeated by Sumter in a sharp action at Blackstock Hill, and the disgrace of the 18th of August was thus wiped out. On the retreat of Cornwallis, the remnants of the American regular army, which Gates had been slowly collecting at Hillsborough, advanced and occupied Charlotte. There were scarcely 1400 of them, all told, and their condition was forlorn enough. But reinforcements from the North were at hand; and first of all came Daniel Morgan, always a host in himself. Morgan, like Arnold, had been ill treated by Congress. His services at Quebec and Saratoga had been hardly inferior to Arnold's, yet, in 1779, he had seen junior officers promoted over his head, and had resigned his commission, and retired to his home in Virginia. When Gates took command of the Southern army, Morgan was urged to enter the service again; but, as it was not proposed to restore him to his relative rank, he refused. After Camden, however, he declared that it was no time to let personal considerations have any weight, and he straightway came down and joined Gates at Hillsborough in September. At last, on the 13th of October, Congress had the good sense to give him the rank to which he was entitled; and it was not long, as we shall see, before it had reason to congratulate itself upon this act of justice.

But, more than anything else, the army which it was now sought to restore needed a new commander-in-chief. It was well known that Washington had wished to have Greene appointed to that position, in the first place. Congress had persisted in appointing its own favorite instead, and had lost an army in consequence. It could now hardly do better, though late in the day, than take Washington's advice. It would not do to run the risk of another Camden. In every campaign since the beginning of the war Greene had been Washington's right arm; and for indefatigable industry, for strength and breadth of intelligence, and for unselfish devotion to the public service, he was scarcely inferior to the commander-in-chief. Yet he too had been repeatedly insulted and abused by men who liked to strike at Washington through his favorite officers. As quartermaster-general, since the spring of 1778, Greene had been malevolently persecuted by a party in Congress, until, in July, 1780, his patience gave way, and he resigned in disgust. His enemies seized the occasion to urge his dismissal from the army, and but for his own keen sense of public duty and Washington's unflinching tact his services might have been lost to the country at a most critical moment. On the 5th of October Congress called upon Washington to name a successor to Gates, and he immediately appointed Greene, who arrived at Charlotte and took command on the 2d of December. Steuben accompanied Greene as far as Virginia, and was placed in command in that State, charged with the duty of collecting and forwarding supplies and reinforcements to Greene, and of warding off the forces which Sir Henry Clinton sent to the Chesapeake to make diversions in aid of Cornwallis. The first force of this sort, under General Leslie, had just been obliged to proceed by sea to South Carolina, to make good the loss inflicted upon Corn-

wallis by the battle of King's Mountain ; and, to replace Leslie in Virginia, Sir Henry Clinton, in December, sent the traitor Arnold, fresh from the scene of his treason, with 1600 men, mostly New York loyalists. Steuben's duty was to guard Virginia against Arnold, and to keep open Greene's communications with the North. At the same time, Washington sent down with Greene the engineer Kosciusko and Henry Lee with his admirable legion of cavalry. Another superb cavalry commander now appears for the first time upon the scene in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel William Washington, of Virginia, a distant cousin of the commander-in-chief.

The Southern army, though weak in numbers, was thus extraordinarily strong in the talent of its officers. They were men who knew how to accomplish great results with small means, and Greene understood how far he might rely upon them. No sooner had he taken command than he began a series of movements which, though daring in the extreme, were as far as possible from partaking of the unreasoned rashness which had characterized the advance of Gates. That unintelligent commander had sneered at cavalry as useless, but Greene largely based his plan of operations upon what could be done by such swift blows as Washington and Lee knew how to deal. Gates had despised the aid of partisan chiefs, but Greene saw at once the importance of utilizing such men as Sumter and Marion. His army as a solid whole was too weak to cope with that of Cornwallis. By a bold and happy thought, he divided it, for the moment, into two great partisan bodies. The larger body, 1100 strong, he led in person to Cheraw Hill, on the Pedee River, where he coöperated with Marion. From this point Marion and Lee kept up a series of rapid movements which threatened Cornwallis's communications with the coast. On one occasion, they actually galloped into Georgetown

and captured the commander of that post. Cornwallis was thus gravely annoyed, but he was unable to advance upon these provoking antagonists without risking the loss of Augusta and Ninety-Six ; for Greene had thrown the other part of his little army, 900 strong, under Morgan, to the westward, so as to threaten those important inland posts and to coöperate with the mountain militia. With Morgan's force went William Washington, who accomplished a most brilliant raid, penetrating the enemy's lines, and destroying a party of 250 men at a single blow.

Thus worried and menaced upon both his flanks, Cornwallis hardly knew which way to turn. He did not underrate his adversaries. He had himself seen what sort of man Greene was, at Princeton and Brandywine and Germantown, while Morgan's abilities were equally well known. He could not leave Morgan and attack Greene without losing his hold upon the interior ; but if he were to advance in full force upon Morgan, the wily Greene would be sure to pounce upon Charleston and cut him off from the coast. In this dilemma, Cornwallis at last decided to divide his own forces. With his main body, 2000 strong, he advanced into North Carolina, hoping to draw Greene after him ; while he sent Tarleton with the rest of his army, 1100 strong, to take care of Morgan. By this division the superiority of the British force was to some extent neutralized. Both commanders were playing a skillful but hazardous game, in which much depended on the sagacity of their lieutenants ; and now the brave but over-confident Tarleton was outmarched and outfought. On his approach, Morgan retreated to a grazing ground known as the Cowpens, a few miles from King's Mountain, where he could fight on ground of his own choosing. His choice was indeed a peculiar one, for he had a broad river in his rear, which cut off retreat ; but

this, he said, was just what he wanted, for his militia would know that there was no use in running away. It was cheaper than stationing regulars in the rear, to shoot down the cowards. Morgan's daring was justified by the result. The ground, a long rising slope, commanded the enemy's approach for a great distance. On the morning of January 17, 1781, as Tarleton's advance was descried, Morgan formed his men in order of battle. First he arranged his Carolinian and Georgian militia in a line about three hundred yards in length, and exhorted them not to give way until they should have delivered at least two volleys "at killing distance." One hundred and fifty yards in the rear of this line, and along the brow of the gentle hill, he stationed the splendid American brigade which Kalb had led at Camden, and supported it by some excellent Virginia troops. Still one hundred and fifty yards further back, upon a second rising ground, he placed Colonel Washington with his cavalry. Arranged in this wise, the army awaited the British attack.

Tarleton's men had been toiling half the night over muddy roads and wading through swollen brooks, but nothing could restrain his eagerness to strike a sudden blow, and just about sunrise he charged upon the first American line. The militia, who were commanded by the redoubtable Pickens, behaved very well, and delivered, not two, but many deadly volleys at close range, causing the British lines to waver for a moment. As the British recovered themselves and pressed on, the militia broke into two parts, and retired — partly to right, partly to left — behind the line of Continentals; while the British line, in pursuing, became so extended as to threaten the flanks of the Continental line. To avoid being overlapped, the Continentals retreated in perfect order to the second hill, and the British followed them hastily and in some confusion, having

become too confident of victory. At this moment, Colonel Washington, having swept down from his hill in a semi-circle, charged the British right flank with fatal effect; Pickens's militia, who had re-formed in the rear and marched around the hill, advanced upon their left flank; while the Continentals, in front, broke their ranks with a deadly fire at thirty yards, and instantly rushed upon them with the bayonet. The greater part of the British army thereupon threw down their arms and surrendered, while the rest were scattered in flight. It was a complete rout. The British lost 230 in killed and wounded, 600 prisoners, two field-pieces, and 1000 stand of arms. Their loss was about equal to the whole American force engaged. Only 270 escaped from the field, among them Tarleton, who barely saved himself in a furious single combat with Washington. The American loss, in this astonishing battle, was 12 killed and 61 wounded. In point of tactics, it was the most brilliant battle of the War for Independence.

Having struck this crushing blow, which deprived Cornwallis of one third of his force, Morgan did not rest for a moment. The only direct road by which he could rejoin Greene lay to the northward, across the fords of the Catawba River, and Cornwallis was at this instant nearer than himself to these fords. By a superb march, Morgan reached the river first, and, crossing it, kept on northeastward into North Carolina, with Cornwallis following closely upon his heels. On the 24th of January, one week after the battle of the Cowpens, the news of it reached Greene in his camp on the Pedee, and he learned the nature of Morgan's movements after the battle. Now was the time for putting into execution a brilliant scheme. If he could draw the British general far enough to the northward, he might compel him to join battle under disadvantageous circumstances

and at a great distance from his base of operations. Accordingly, Greene put his main army in motion under General Huger, telling him to push steadily to the northward; while he himself, taking only a sergeant's guard of dragoons, rode with all possible speed a hundred and fifty miles across the country, and on the morning of the 30th reached the valley of the Catawba, and put himself at the head of Morgan's force, which Cornwallis was still pursuing. Now the gallant earl realized the deadly nature of the blow which at King's Mountain and the Cowpens had swept away nearly all his light troops. In his eagerness and mortification, he was led to destroy the heavy baggage which encumbered his headlong march. He was falling into the trap. A most exciting game of strategy was kept up for the next ten days; Greene steadily pushing northeastward on a line converging toward that taken by his main army, Cornwallis vainly trying to get near enough to compel him to fight. The weather had been very rainy, and an interesting feature of the retreat was the swelling of the rivers, which rendered them unfordable. Greene took advantage of this circumstance, having, with admirable forethought, provided himself with boats, which were dragged overland on light wheels, and speedily launched as they came to a river; carrying as part of their freight the wheels upon which they were again to be mounted so soon as they should have crossed. On the 9th of February Greene reached Guilford Court-House, in the northern part of North Carolina, only thirty miles from the Virginia border; and there he effected a junction with the main army, which Huger had brought up from the camp on the Pedee. On the next day, the gallant Morgan, broken down by illness, was obliged to give up his command.

It had not been a part of Greene's plan to retreat any farther. He had intended to offer battle at this point, and

had sent word to Steuben to forward reinforcements from Virginia for this purpose. But Arnold's invasion of Virginia had so far taxed the good baron's resources that he had not yet been able to send on the reinforcements; and as Greene's force was still inferior to the enemy's, he decided to continue his retreat. After five days of fencing, he placed his army on the north side of the Dan, a broad and rapid stream, which Cornwallis had no means of crossing. Thus balked of his prey, the earl proceeded to Hillsborough, and issued a proclamation announcing that he had conquered North Carolina, and inviting the loyalists to rally around his standard. A few Tories came out and enlisted, but these proceedings were soon checked by the news that the American general had recrossed the river, and was advancing in a threatening manner. Greene had intended to await his reinforcements on the Virginia side of the river, but he soon saw that it would not do to encourage the Tories by the belief that he had abandoned North Carolina. On the 23d he recrossed the Dan, and led Cornwallis a will-o'-the-wisp chase, marching and countermarching, and foiling every attempt to bring him to bay, until, on the 14th of March, having at last been reinforced till his army numbered 4404 men, he suddenly pulled up at Guilford Court-House, and offered his adversary the long-coveted battle. Cornwallis had only 2213 men, but they were all veterans, and a battle had come to be for him an absolute military necessity. He had risked everything in this long march, and could not maintain himself in an exposed position, so far from support, without inflicting a crushing defeat upon his opponent. To Greene a battle was now almost equally desirable, but it need not necessarily be an out-and-out victory: it was enough that he should seriously weaken and damage the enemy.

On the morning of March 15th

Greene drew up his army in three lines. The first, consisting of North Carolina militia, was placed in front of an open cornfield. It was expected that these men would give way before the onset of the British regulars; but it was thought that they could be depended upon to fire two or three volleys first, and, as they were excellent marksmen, this would make gaps in the British line. In a wood three hundred yards behind stood the second line, consisting of Virginia militia, whose fire was expected still further to impede the enemy's advance. On a hill four hundred yards in the rear of these were stationed the regulars of Maryland and Virginia. The flanks were guarded by Campbell's riflemen and the cavalry under Washington and Lee. Early in the afternoon the British opened the battle by a charge upon the North Carolina militia, who were soon driven from the field in confusion. The Virginia line, however, stood its ground bravely, and it was only after a desperate struggle that the enemy slowly pushed it back. The attack upon the third American line met with varied fortunes. On the right the Maryland troops prevailed, and drove the British at the point of the bayonet; but on the left the other Maryland brigade was overpowered and forced back, with the loss of two cannon. A charge by Colonel Washington's cavalry restored the day, the cannon were retaken, and for a while the victory seemed secured for the Americans. Cornwallis was thrown upon the defensive, but after two hours of hard fighting he succeeded in restoring order among his men and concentrating them upon the hill near the court-house, where all attempts to break their line proved futile. As evening came on, Greene retired, with a loss of more than 400 men, leaving the enemy in possession of the field, but too badly crippled to move. The British fighting was simply magnificent, — worthy to be compared with

that of Thomas and his men at Chickamauga. In the course of five hours they had lost about 600 men, more than one fourth of their number. This damage was irretrievable. The little army, thus cut down to a total of scarcely 1600 men, could not afford to risk another battle. Greene's audacious scheme had been crowned with success. He had lured Cornwallis far into a hostile country, more than two hundred miles distant from his base of operations. The earl now saw too late that he had been outgeneraled. To march back to South Carolina was more than he dared to venture, and he could not stay where he was. Accordingly, on the third day after the battle of Guilford, abandoning his wounded, Cornwallis started in all haste for Wilmington, the nearest point on the coast at which he could look for aid from the fleet.

By this movement Lord Cornwallis virtually gave up the game. The battle of Guilford, though tactically a defeat for the Americans, was strategically a decisive victory, and the most important one since the capture of Burgoyne. Its full significance was soon made apparent. When Cornwallis, on the 7th of April, arrived at Wilmington, what was he to do next? To transport his army by sea to Charleston, and thus begin his work over again, would be an open confession of defeat. The most practicable course appeared to be to shift the scene altogether, and march into Virginia, where a fresh opportunity seemed to present itself. Sir Henry Clinton had just sent General Phillips down to Virginia, with a force which, if combined with that of Cornwallis, would amount to more than 5000 men; and with this army it might prove possible to strike a heavy blow in Virginia, and afterward invade the Carolinas from the north. Influenced by such considerations, Cornwallis started from Wilmington on the 25th of April, and arrived on the 20th of May at Petersburg, in Virginia, where

he effected a junction with the forces of Arnold and Phillips. This important movement was made by Cornwallis on his own responsibility. It was never sanctioned by Sir Henry Clinton, and in after years it became the occasion of a bitter controversy between the two generals; but the earl was at this time a favorite with Lord George Germaine, and the commander-in-chief was obliged to modify his own plans in order to support a movement of which he disapproved.

But while Cornwallis was carrying out this extensive change of programme, what was his adversary doing? Greene pursued the retreating enemy about fifty miles, from Guilford Court-House to Ramsay's Mills, a little above the fork of the Cape Fear River, and then suddenly left him to himself, and faced about for South Carolina. Should Cornwallis decide to follow him, at least the State of North Carolina would be relieved; but Greene had builded even better than he knew. He had really eliminated Cornwallis from the game, had thrown him out on the margin of the chessboard; and now he could go to work with his hands free and redeem South Carolina. The strategic points there were still held by the enemy; Camden, Ninety-Six, and Augusta were still in their possession. Camden, the most important of all, was held by Lord Rawdon with 900 men; and toward Camden, a hundred and sixty miles distant, Greene turned on the 6th of April, leaving Cornwallis to make his way unmolested to the seaboard. Greene kept his counsel so well that his own officers failed to understand the drift of his profound and daring strategy. The movement which he now made had not been taken into account by Cornwallis, who had expected by his own movements at least to detain his adversary. That Greene should actually ignore him was an idea which he had not yet taken in, and by the time he fully comprehended

the situation he was already on his way to Virginia, and committed to his new programme. The patriots in South Carolina had also failed to understand Greene's sweeping movements, and his long absence had cast down their hopes; but on his return, without Cornwallis, there was a revulsion of feeling. People began to look for victory.

On the 18th of April the American army approached Camden, while Lee was detached to cooperate with Marion in reducing Fort Watson. This stronghold, standing midway between Camden and Charleston, commanded Lord Rawdon's line of communications with the coast. The execution of this cardinal movement was marked by a picturesque incident. Fort Watson was built on an Indian mound, rising forty feet sheer above the champaign country in which it stood, and had no doubt witnessed many a wild siege before ever the white man came to Carolina. It was garrisoned by 120 good soldiers, but neither they nor the besiegers had any cannon. It was to be an affair of rifles. Lee looked with disgust on the low land about him. Oh for a hill which might command this fortress, even as Ticonderoga was overlooked on that memorable day when Phillips dragged his guns up Mount Defiance! A happy thought now flashed upon Major Mayham, one of Marion's officers. Why not make a hill? There grew near by a forest of superb yellow pine, heavy and hard as stone. For five days and nights the men worked like beavers in the depths of the wood, quite screened from the sight of the garrison. Forest trees were felled, and saws, chisels, and adzes worked them into shape. Great beams were fitted with mortise and tenon; and at last, in a single night, they were dragged out before the fortress and put together, as in an old-fashioned New England "house-raising." At day-break of April 23d the British found themselves overlooked by an enormous

wooden tower, surmounted by a platform crowded with marksmen, ready to pick off the garrison at their leisure; while its base was protected by a breastwork of logs, behind which lurked a hundred deadly rifles. Before the sun was an hour high a white flag was hung out, and Fort Watson was surrendered at discretion.

While these things were going on Greene reached Camden, and, finding his force insufficient either to assault or to invest it, took up a strong position at Hobkirk's Hill, about two miles to the north. On the 25th of April Lord Rawdon advanced, to drive him from this position, and a battle ensued, in which the victory, nearly won, slipped through Greene's fingers. The famous Maryland brigade, which in all these Southern campaigns had stood forth preëminent, like Cæsar's tenth legion, — which had been the last to leave the disastrous field of Camden, which had overwhelmed Tarleton at the Cowpens, and had so nearly won the day at Guilford, — now behaved badly, and, falling into confusion through a misunderstanding of orders, deranged Greene's masterly plan of battle. He was driven from his position, and three days later retreated ten miles to Clermont; but, just as at Guilford, his plan of campaign was so good that he proceeded forthwith to reap all the fruits of victory. The fall of Fort Watson, breaking Rawdon's communication with the coast, made it impossible for him to stay where he was. On the 10th of May the British general retreated rapidly, until he reached Monk's Corner, within thirty miles of Charleston; and the all-important post of Camden, the first great prize of the campaign, fell into Greene's hands.

Victories followed now in quick succession. Within three weeks Lee and Marion had taken Fort Motte and Fort Granby, Sumter had taken Orangeburg, and on the 5th of June, after an obsti-

nate defense, Augusta surrendered to Lee, thus throwing open the State of Georgia. Nothing was left to the British but Ninety-Six, which was strongly garrisoned, and now withstood a vigorous siege of twenty-eight days. Determined not to lose this last hold upon the interior, and anxious to crush his adversary in battle, if possible, Lord Rawdon collected all the force he could, well-nigh stripping Charleston of its defenders, and thus, with 2000 men, came up in all haste to raise the siege of Ninety-Six. His bold movement was successful for the moment. Greene, too prudent to risk a battle, withdrew, and the frontier fortress was relieved. It was impossible, however, for Rawdon to hold it and keep his army there, so far from the seaboard, after all the other inland posts had fallen, and on the 29th of June he evacuated the place, and retreated upon Orangeburg; while Greene, following him, took up a strong position on the High Hills of Santee. Thus, within three months after Greene's return from Guilford, the upper country of South Carolina had been completely reconquered, and only one successful battle was now needed to drive the enemy back upon Charleston. But first it was necessary to take some rest and recruit the little army, which had toiled so incessantly since the last December. The enemy, too, felt the need of rest, and the heat was intolerable. Both armies, accordingly, lay and watched each other until after the middle of August.

During this vacation, Lord Rawdon, worn out and ill from his rough campaigning, embarked for England, leaving Colonel Stuart in command of the forces in South Carolina. Greene busied himself in recruiting his army, until it numbered 2600 men, though 1000 of these were militia. His position on the High Hills of Santee was, by an air line, distant only sixteen miles from the British army. The intervening space was filled by meadows, through which the

Wateree and Congaree rivers flowed to meet each other; and often, as now, when the swift waters, swollen by rain, overflowed the lowlands, it seemed like a vast lake, save for the tops of tall pine-trees that here and there showed themselves in deepest green, protruding from the mirror-like surface. Greene understood the value of this meadow land as a barrier, when he chose the site for his summer camp. The enemy could reach him only by a circuitous march of seventy miles. On the 22d of August Greene broke up his camp very quietly, and started out on the last of his sagacious campaigns. The noonday heat was so intense that he marched only in the morning and evening, in order to keep his men fresh and active; while by vigilant scouting parties he so completely cut off the enemy's means of information that Stuart remained ignorant of his approach until he was close at hand. The British commander then fell back upon Eutaw Springs, about fifty miles from Charleston, where he waited in a strong position.

The limits of this paper do not allow us to describe the interesting battle of Eutaw Springs. It may be resolved into two brief actions between sunrise and noon of the 8th of September, 1781. In the first action the British line was broken and driven from the field. In the second Stuart succeeded in forming a new line, supported by a brick house and palisaded garden, and from this position Greene was unable to drive him. It has therefore been set down as a British victory. If so, it was a victory followed the next evening by the hasty retreat of the victors, who were hotly pursued for thirty miles by Marion and Lee. Strategically considered, it was a decisive victory for the Americans. The state government was restored to supremacy, and, though partisan scrimmages were kept up for another year, these were but the dying embers of the fire. The British were cooped up in

Charleston till the end of the war, protected by their ships. Less than thirteen months had elapsed since the disaster of Camden had seemed to destroy all hope of saving the State. All this change had been wrought by Greene's magnificent generalship. Coming upon the scene under almost every imaginable disadvantage, he had reorganized the remnant of Gates's broken and dispirited army, he had taken the initiative from the first, and he had held the game in his own hands till the last blow was struck. So consummate had been his strategy that, whether victorious or defeated on the field, he had, in every instance, gained the object for which the campaign was made. Under one disadvantage, indeed, he had not labored: he had excellent officers. Seldom has a more brilliant group been seen than that which comprised Morgan, Campbell, Marion, Sumter, Pickens, Otho Williams, William Washington, and the father of Robert Edward Lee. It is only an able general, however, who knows how to use such admirable instruments. Men of narrow intelligence do not like to have able men about them, and do not know how to deal with them. Gates had Kalb and Otho Williams, and put them in places where their talent was unavailable and one of them was uselessly sacrificed, while he was too dull to detect the extraordinary value of Marion. But genius is quick to see genius, and knows what to do with it. Greene knew what each one of his officers would do, and took it into the account in planning his sweeping movements. Unless he had known that he could depend upon Morgan as certainly as Napoleon, in after years, relied upon Davoust on the day of Jena and Auerstadt, it would have been foolhardy for him to divide his force in the beginning of the campaign, — a move which, though made in apparent violation of military rules, nevertheless gave him the initiative in his long and triumphant

game. What Greene might have accomplished on a wider field and with more ample resources can never be known. But the intellectual qualities which he showed in his Southern campaign were those which have characterized some of the foremost strategists of modern times.

When Lord Cornwallis heard, from time to time, what was going on in South Carolina, he was not cheered by the news. But he was too far away to interfere, and it was on the very day of Eutaw Springs that the toils were drawn about him which were to compass his downfall. When he reached Petersburg, on the 20th of May, the youthful Lafayette, whom Washington had sent down to watch and check the movements of the traitor Arnold, was stationed at Richmond, with a little army of 3000 men, two thirds of them raw militia. To oppose this small force Cornwallis had now 5000 veterans, comprising the men whom he had brought away from Guilford, together with the forces lately under Arnold and Phillips. Arnold, after some useless burning and plundering, had been recalled to New York. Phillips had died of a fever just before Cornwallis arrived. The earl entertained great hopes. His failure in North Carolina rankled in his soul, and he was eager to make a grand stroke and retrieve his reputation. Could the powerful State of Virginia be conquered, it seemed as if everything south of the Susquehanna must fall, in spite of Greene's successes. With his soul thus full of chivalrous enterprise, Cornwallis for the moment saw things in rose color, and drew wrong conclusions. He expected to find half the people Tories, and he also expected to find a state of chronic hostility between the slaves and their masters. On both points he was quite mistaken.

But while Cornwallis underrated the difficulty of the task, he knew, nevertheless, that 5000 men were not enough to

conquer so strong a State, and he tried to persuade Clinton to abandon New York, if necessary, so that all the available British force might be concentrated upon Virginia. Clinton wisely refused. A State like Virginia, which, for the want of a loyalist party, could be held only by sheer conquest, was not fit for a basis of operations against the other States; while the abandoning of New York, the recognized strategic centre of the Atlantic coast, would be interpreted by the whole world, not as a change of base, but as a confession of defeat. Clinton's opinion was thus founded upon a truer and clearer view of the whole situation than Cornwallis's; nor is it likely that the latter would ever have urged such a scheme had he not been, in such a singular and unexpected way, elbowed out of North Carolina. Being now in Virginia, it was incumbent on him to do something, and, with the force at his disposal, it seemed as if he might easily begin by crushing Lafayette. "The boy cannot escape me," said Cornwallis; but the young Frenchman turned out to be more formidable than was supposed. Lafayette has never been counted a great general, and, indeed, though a noble and interesting character, he was in no wise a man of original genius; but he had much good sense, and was quick at learning. He was now twenty-three years old, buoyant and kind, full of wholesome enthusiasm, and endowed with no mean sagacity. A Fabian policy was all that could be adopted for the moment. When Cornwallis advanced from Petersburg to Richmond, Lafayette began the skillful retreat which proved him an apt learner in the school of Washington and Greene. From Richmond toward Fredericksburg — over the ground since made doubly famous by the deeds of Lee and Grant — the youthful general kept up his retreat, yet never giving the eager earl a chance to deal him a blow; for, as with naive humor he wrote to Washington,

"I am not strong enough even to be beaten." On the 4th of June Lafayette crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, and placed himself in a secure position; while Cornwallis, refraining from the pursuit, sent Tarleton on a raid westward to Charlottesville, to break up the legislature, which was in session there, and to capture the governor, Thomas Jefferson. The raid, though conducted with Tarleton's usual vigor, failed of its principal prey; for Jefferson, forewarned in the nick of time, got off to the mountains about twenty minutes before the cavalry surrounded his house at Monticello. It remained for Tarleton to seize the military stores collected at Albemarle; but on the 7th of June Lafayette effected a junction with 1000 Pennsylvania regulars under Wayne, and thereupon succeeded in placing his whole force between Tarleton and the prize he was striving to reach. Unable to break through this barrier, Tarleton had nothing left him but to rejoin Cornwallis; and as Lafayette's army was reinforced from various sources, until it amounted to more than 4000 men, he became capable of annoying the earl in such wise as to make him think it worth while to get nearer to the sea. Cornwallis, turning southwestward from the North Anna River, had proceeded as far inland as Point of Forks, when Tarleton joined him. On the 15th of June, the British commander, finding that he could not catch "the boy," and was accomplishing nothing by his marches and countermarches in the interior, retreated down the James River to Richmond. In so doing he did not yet put himself upon the defensive. Lafayette was still too weak to risk a battle, or to prevent his going wherever he liked. But Cornwallis was too prudent a general to remain at a long distance from his base of operations, among a people whom he had found, to his great disappointment, thoroughly hostile. By retreating to the seaboard, he could make sure of supplies

and reinforcements; and might presently resume the work of invasion. Accordingly, on the 20th, he continued his retreat from Richmond, crossing the Chickahominy a little above White Oak Swamp, and marching down the York peninsula as far as Williamsburg. Lafayette, having been further reinforced by Steuben, so that his army numbered more than 5000, pressed closely on the rear of the British all the way down the peninsula; and on the 6th of July an action was fought between parts of the two armies, at Green Spring, near Williamsburg, in which the Americans were repulsed, with a loss of 145 men. The campaign was ended by the last week in July, when Cornwallis occupied Yorktown, adding the garrison of Portsmouth to his army, so that it numbered 7000 men, while Lafayette planted himself on Malvern Hill, and awaited further developments. Throughout this game of strategy, Lafayette had shown commendable skill, proving himself a worthy antagonist for the ablest of the British generals. But a far greater commander than either the Frenchman or the Englishman was now to enter unexpectedly upon the scene. The elements of the catastrophe were prepared, and it only remained for a master hand to strike the blow.

As early as the 22d of May, just two days before the beginning of this Virginia campaign, Washington had held a conference with Rochambeau at Wethersfield, in Connecticut, and it was there decided that a combined attack should be made upon New York by the French and American armies. If they should succeed in taking the city, it would ruin the British cause; and, at all events, it was hoped that if New York were seriously threatened Sir Henry Clinton would take reinforcements from Cornwallis, and thus relieve the pressure upon the Southern States. In order to undertake the capture of New York, it would be necessary to have the aid of a

powerful French fleet; and the time had at last arrived when such assistance was confidently to be expected. The naval war between France and England in the West Indies had now raged for two years, with varying fortunes. The French government had exerted itself to the utmost, and early in the spring of this year had sent out a magnificent fleet of twenty-eight ships-of-the-line and six frigates, carrying 1700 guns and 20,000 men, commanded by Count de Grasse, one of the ablest of the French admirals. It was designed to take from England the great island of Jamaica; but as the need for naval coöperation upon the North American coast had been strongly urged upon the French ministry, Grasse was ordered to communicate with Washington and Rochambeau, and to seize the earliest opportunity of acting in concert with them.

The arrival of this fleet would introduce a feature into the war such as had not existed at any time since hostilities had begun. It would interrupt the British control over the water. The utmost force the British were ready to oppose to it amounted only to nineteen ships-of-the-line, carrying 1400 guns and 13,000 men, and this disparity was too great to be surmounted by anything short of the genius of a Nelson. The conditions of the struggle were thus about to be suddenly and decisively altered. The retreat of Cornwallis upon Yorktown had been based entirely upon the assumption of that British naval supremacy which had hitherto been uninterrupted. The safety of his position depended wholly upon the ability of the British fleet to control the Virginia waters. Once let the French get the upper hand there, and the earl, if assailed in front by an overwhelming land force, would be literally "between the devil and the deep sea." He would be no better off than Burgoyne in the forests of northern New York.

It was not yet certain, however, where Grasse would find it best to strike the coast. The elements of the situation disclosed themselves but slowly, and it required the master mind of Washington to combine them. Intelligence traveled at snail's pace in those days, and operations so vast in extent were not within the compass of anything but the highest military genius. It took ten days for Washington to hear from Lafayette, and it took a month for him to hear from Greene, while there was no telling just when definite information would arrive from Grasse. But so soon as Washington heard from Greene, in April, how he had manœuvred Cornwallis up into Virginia, he began secretly to consider the possibility of leaving a small force to guard the Hudson, while taking the bulk of his army southward to overwhelm Cornwallis. At the Wethersfield conference, he spoke of this to Rochambeau, but to no one else; and a dispatch to Grasse gave him the choice of sailing either for the Hudson or for the Chesapeake. So matters stood till the middle of August, while Washington, grasping all the elements of the problem, vigilantly watched the whole field, holding himself in readiness for either alternative, — to strike New York close at hand, or to hurl his army to a distance of four hundred miles. On the 14th of August a message came from Grasse that he was just starting from the West Indies for Chesapeake Bay, with his whole fleet, and hoped that whatever the armies had to do might be done quickly, as he should be obliged to return to the West Indies by the middle of October. Washington could now couple with this the information, just received from Lafayette, that Cornwallis had established himself at Yorktown, where he had deep water on three sides of him, and a narrow neck in front.

The supreme moment of Washington's military career had come, — the

moment for realizing a conception which had nothing of a Fabian character about it, for it was a conception of the same order as those in which Cæsar and Napoleon dealt. He decided at once to transfer his army to Virginia and overwhelm Cornwallis. He had everything in readiness. The army of Rochambeau had marched through Connecticut, and joined him on the Hudson in July. He could afford to leave West Point with a comparatively small force, for that strong fortress could be taken only by a regular siege, and he had planned his march so as to blind Sir Henry Clinton completely. This was one of the finest points in Washington's scheme, in which the perfection of the details matched the audacious grandeur of the whole. Sir Henry was profoundly unconscious of any such movement as Washington was about to execute; but he was anxiously looking out for an attack upon New York. Now, from the American headquarters near West Point, Washington could take his army more than half-way through New Jersey without arousing any suspicion at all; for the enemy would be sure to interpret such a movement as preliminary to an occupation of Staten Island, as a point from which to assail New York. Sir Henry knew that the French fleet might be expected at any moment; but he had not the clue which Washington held, and his anxious thoughts were concerned with New York harbor, and not with Chesapeake Bay. Besides all this, the sheer audacity of the movement served still further to screen its true meaning. It would take some time for the enemy to comprehend so huge a sweep as that from New York to Virginia, and doubtless Washington could reach Philadelphia before his purpose could be fathomed.

The events justified his foresight. On the 19th of August, five days after receiving the dispatch from Grasse, Washington's army crossed the Hudson at

King's Ferry, and began its adventurous march. Lord Stirling was left with a small force at Saratoga, and General Heath, with 4000 men, remained at West Point. Washington took with him southward 2000 Continentals and 4000 Frenchmen. It was the only time during the war that French and American land forces marched together, save on the occasion of the disastrous attack upon Savannah. None save Washington and Rochambeau knew whither they were going. So precious was the secret that even the general officers' supposed, until New Brunswick was passed, that their destination was Staten Island. So rapid was the movement that, however much the men might have begun to wonder, they had reached Philadelphia before the purpose of the expedition was distinctly understood.

As the army marched through the streets of Philadelphia, there was an outburst of exulting hope. The plan could no longer be concealed. Congress was informed of it, and a fresh light shone upon the people, already elated by the news of Greene's career of triumph. The windows were thronged with fair ladies, who threw sweet flowers on the dusty soldiers as they passed, while the welkin rang with shouts, anticipating the great deliverance that was so soon to come. The column of soldiers, in the loose order adapted to its swift march, was nearly two miles in length. First came the war-worn Americans, clad in rough togery, which eloquently told the story of the meagre resources of a country without a government. Then followed the gallant Frenchmen, clothed in gorgeous trappings, such as could be provided by a government which at that time took three fourths of the earnings of its people in unrighteous taxation. There was some parading of these soldiers before the president of Congress, but time was precious. Washington, in his eagerness galloping on to Chester,

received and sent back the joyful intelligence that Grasse had arrived in Chesapeake Bay, and then the glee of the people knew no bounds. Bands of music played in the streets, every house hoisted its stars-and-stripes, and all the roadside taverns shouted success to the bold general. "Long live Washington!" was the toast of the day. "He has gone to catch Cornwallis in his mousetrap!"

But these things did not stop for a moment the swift advance of the army. It was on the 1st of September that they left Trenton behind them, and by the 5th they had reached the head of Chesapeake Bay, whence they were conveyed in ships, and reached the scene of action, near Yorktown, by the 18th.

Meanwhile, all things had been working together most auspiciously. On the 31st of August the great French squadron had arrived on the scene, and the only Englishman capable of defeating it, under the existing odds, was far away. Admiral Rodney's fleet had followed close upon its heels from the West Indies, but Rodney himself was not in command. He had been taken ill suddenly, and had sailed for England, and Sir Samuel Hood commanded the fleet. Hood outsailed Grasse, passed him on the ocean without knowing it, looked in at the Chesapeake on the 25th of August, and, finding no enemy there, sailed on to New York to get instructions from Admiral Graves, who commanded the naval force in the North. This was the first that Graves or Clinton knew of the threatened danger. Not a moment was to be lost. The winds were favorable, and Graves, now chief-in-command, crowded sail for the Chesapeake, and arrived on the 5th of September, the very day on which Washington's army was embarking at the head of the great bay. Graves found the French fleet blocking the entrance to the bay, and instantly attacked it. A decisive naval victory for the British

would at this moment have ruined everything. But after a sharp fight of two hours' duration, in which some 700 men were killed and wounded on the two fleets, Admiral Graves withdrew. Three of his ships were badly damaged, and after manœuvring for four days he returned, baffled and despondent, to New York, leaving Grasse in full possession of the Virginia waters. The toils were thus fast closing around Lord Cornwallis. He knew nothing as yet of Washington's approach, but there was just a chance that he might realize his danger, and, crossing the James River, seek safety in a retreat upon North Carolina. Lafayette forestalled this solitary chance. Immediately upon the arrival of the French squadron, the troops of the Marquis de Saint-Simon, 3000 in number, had been set on shore and added to Lafayette's army; and with this increased force, now amounting to more than 8000 men, "the boy" came down on the 7th of September, and took his stand across the neck of the peninsula at Williamsburg, cutting off Cornwallis's retreat.

Thus, on the morning of the 8th, the very day on which Greene, in South Carolina, was fighting his last battle at Eutaw Springs, Lord Cornwallis, in Virginia, found himself surrounded. The door of the mousetrap was shut. Still, but for the arrival of Washington, the plan would probably have failed. It was still in Cornwallis's power to burst the door open. His force was nearly equal to Lafayette's in numbers, and better in quality, for Lafayette's contained 3000 militia. Cornwallis carefully reconnoitred the American lines, and seriously thought of breaking through; but the risk was considerable, and heavy loss was inevitable. He had not the slightest inkling of Washington's movements, and he believed that Graves would soon return with force enough to drive away Grasse's blockading squadron. So he decided to wait before strik-

ing a hazardous blow. It was losing his last chance. On the 14th Washington reached Lafayette's headquarters, and took command. On the 18th the Northern army began arriving in detachments, and by the 26th it was all concentrated at Williamsburg, more than 16,000 strong. The problem was solved. The surrender of Cornwallis was only a question of time. It was the great military surprise of the Revolutionary War. Had any one predicted, eight months before, that Washington on the Hudson and Cornwallis on the Catawaba, eight hundred miles apart, would so soon come together and terminate the war on the coast of Virginia, he would have been thought a wild prophet indeed. For thoroughness of elaboration and promptness of execution, the movement, on Washington's part, was as remarkable as the march of Napoleon in the autumn of 1805, when he swooped from the shore of the English Channel into Bavaria, and captured the Austrian army at Ulm.

By the 2d of September, Sir Henry Clinton, learning that the American army had reached the Delaware, and coupling with this the information he had got from Admiral Hood, began to suspect the true nature of Washington's movement, and was at his wit's end. The only thing he could think of was to make a counterstroke on the coast of Connecticut, and he accordingly detached Benedict Arnold with 2000 men to attack New London. This was a thoroughly wanton assault, for it did not and could not produce the slightest effect upon the movements of Washington. By the time the news of it had reached Virginia the combination against Cornwallis had been completed, and day by day the lines were drawn more closely about the doomed army. Yorktown was invested, and on the 6th of October the first parallel was opened by General Lincoln. On the 11th, the second parallel, within three hundred

yards of the enemy's works, was opened by Steuben. On the night of the 14th Alexander Hamilton and the Baron de Viomenil carried two of the British redoubts by storm. On the next night the British made a gallant but fruitless sortie. By noon of the 16th their works were fast crumbling to pieces, under the fire of seventy cannon. On the 17th — the fourth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender — Cornwallis hoisted the white flag. The terms of the surrender were like those of Lincoln's at Charleston. The British army became prisoners of war, subject to the ordinary rules of exchange. The only delicate question related to the American loyalists in the army, whom Cornwallis felt it wrong to leave in the lurch. This point was neatly disposed of by allowing him to send a ship to Sir Henry Clinton, with news of the catastrophe, and to embark in it such troops as he might think proper to send to New York, and no questions asked. On a little matter of etiquette the Americans were more exacting. The practice of playing the enemy's tunes had always been cherished as an inalienable prerogative of British soldiery; and at the surrender of Charleston, in token of humiliation, General Lincoln's army had been expressly forbidden to play any but an American tune. Colonel Laurens, who now conducted the negotiations, directed that Lord Cornwallis's sword should be received by General Lincoln, and that the army, on marching out to lay down its arms, should play a British or a German air. There was no help for it; and on the 19th of October, Cornwallis's army, 7247 in number, with 840 seamen, marched out, with colors furled and cased, while the band played a quaint old English melody, of which the significant title was *The World Turned Upside Down!*

On the very same day that Cornwallis surrendered, Sir Henry Clinton, having received naval reinforcements, sailed

from New York with twenty-five ships-of-the-line and ten frigates, and 7000 of his best troops. Five days brought him to the mouth of the Chesapeake, where he learned that he was too late, as had been the case four years before, when he tried to relieve Burgoyne. A fortnight earlier, this force could hardly have failed to alter the result, for the fleet was strong enough to dispute with Grasse the control over the coast. The French have always taken to themselves the credit of the victory of Yorktown. In the palace of Versailles there is a room the walls of which are covered with huge paintings depicting the innumerable victories of France, from the days of Chlodwig to those of Napoleon. Near the end of the long series, the American visitor cannot fail to notice a scene which is labeled "Bataille de Yorktown" (misspelled, as is the Frenchman's wont in dealing with the words of outer barbarians), in which General Rochambeau occupies the most commanding position, while General Washington is perforce contented with a subordinate place. This is not correct history, for the glory of conceiving and conducting the movement undoubtedly belongs to Washington. But it should never be forgotten, not only that the 4000 men of Rochambeau and the 3000 of Saint-Simon were necessary for the successful execution of the plan, but also that without the formidable fleet of Grasse the plan could not even have been made. How much longer the war might have dragged out its tedious length, or what might have been its final issue, without this timely assistance, can never be known; and our debt of gratitude to France for her aid on this supreme occasion is something which cannot be too heartily acknowledged.

Early on a dark morning of the fourth week in October, an honest old German, slowly pacing the streets of Philadelphia on his night-watch, began

shouting, "Basht dree o'glock, und Gornvallis ish dakendt!" and light sleepers sprang out of bed and threw up their windows. Washington's courier laid the dispatches before Congress in the forenoon, and after dinner a service of prayer and thanksgiving was held in the Lutheran Church. At New Haven and Cambridge the students sang triumphal hymns, and every village green in the country was ablaze with bonfires. The Duke de Lauzun sailed for France in a swift ship, and on the 27th of November all the houses in Paris were illuminated, and the aisles of Notre Dame resounded with the *Te Deum*. At noon of November 25th the news was brought to Lord George Germaine, at his house in Pall Mall. Getting into a cab, he drove hastily to the Lord Chancellor's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and took him in; and then they drove to Lord North's office in Downing Street. At the staggering news, all the Prime Minister's wonted gayety forsook him. He walked wildly up and down the room, throwing his arms about and crying, "O God! it is all over! it is all over! it is all over!" A dispatch was sent to the king at Kew, and when Lord George received the answer that evening, at dinner, he observed that his Majesty wrote calmly, but had forgotten to date his letter, — a thing which had never happened before.

"The tidings," says Wraxall, who narrates these incidents, "were calculated to diffuse a gloom over the most convivial society, and opened a wide field for political speculation." There were many people in England, however, who looked at the matter differently from Lord North. This crushing defeat was just what the Duke of Richmond, at the beginning of the war, had publicly declared he hoped for. Charles Fox always took especial delight in reading about the defeats of invading armies, from Marathon and Salamis downward; and over the news of Cornwallis's sur-

render he leaped from his chair and clapped his hands. In a debate in Parliament, four months before, the youthful William Pitt had denounced the American war as "most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical," which led Burke to observe, "He is not a chip of the old block; he is the old block itself!"

The fall of Lord North's ministry, and with it the overthrow of the personal government of George III., was now close at hand. For a long time the government had been losing favor. In the summer of 1780 the British victories in South Carolina had done something to strengthen it; yet when, in the autumn of that year, Parliament was dissolved, although the king complained that his expenses for purposes of corruption had been twice as great as ever before, the new Parliament was scarcely more favorable to the ministry than the old one. Misfortunes and perplexities crowded in the path of Lord North and his colleagues. The example of American resistance had told upon Ireland, and it was in the full tide of that agitation which is associated with the names of Flood and Grattan that the news of Cornwallis's surrender was received. For more than a year there had been war in India, where Hyder Ali, for the moment, was carrying everything before him. France, eager to regain her lost foothold upon Hindustan, sent a strong armament thither, and insisted that England must give up all her Indian conquests except Bengal. For a moment England's great Eastern empire tottered, and was saved only by the superhuman exertions of Warren Hastings, aided by the wonderful military genius of Sir Eyre Coote. In May, 1781, the Spaniards had taken Pensacola, thus driving the British from their last position in Florida. In February, 1782, the Spanish fleet captured Minorca, and the siege of Gibraltar, which had been kept up for nearly three years, was pressed

with redoubled energy. During the winter the French recaptured St. Eustatius, and handed it over to Holland; and Grasse's great fleet swept away all the British possessions in the West Indies, except Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Antigua. All this time the Northern League kept up its jealous watch upon British cruisers in the narrow seas, and among all the powers of Europe the government of George III. could not find a single friend.

The maritime supremacy of England was, however, impaired but for a moment. Rodney was sent back to the West Indies, and on the 12th of April, 1782, his fleet of thirty-six ships encountered the French near the island of Sainte-Marie-Galante. The battle of eleven hours which ensued, and in which 5000 men were killed or wounded, was one of the most tremendous contests ever witnessed upon the ocean before the time of Nelson. The French were totally defeated, and Grasse was taken prisoner, — the first French commander-in-chief, by sea or land, who had fallen into an enemy's hands since Marshal Tallard gave up his sword to Marlborough, on the terrible day of Blenheim. France could do nothing to repair this crushing disaster. Her naval power was eliminated from the situation at a single blow; and in the course of the summer the English achieved another great success by overthrowing the Spaniards at Gibraltar, after a struggle which, for dogged tenacity, is scarcely paralleled in the annals of modern warfare. By the autumn of 1782, England, defeated in the United States, remained victorious and defiant as regarded the other parties to the war.

But these great successes came too late to save the doomed ministry of Lord North. After the surrender of Cornwallis, no one but the king thought of pursuing the war in America any further. Even he gave up all hope of subduing the United States; but he in-

sisted upon retaining the State of Georgia, with the cities of Charleston and New York; and he vowed that, rather than acknowledge the independence of the United States, he would abdicate the throne and retire to Hanover. Lord George Germaine was dismissed from office, Sir Henry Clinton was superseded by Sir Guy Carleton, and the king began to dream of a new campaign. But his obstinacy was of no avail. During the winter and spring, General Wayne, acting under Greene's orders, drove the British from Georgia, while at home the country squires began to go over to the opposition; and Lord North, utterly discouraged and disgusted, refused any longer to pursue a policy of which he disapproved. The baffled and beaten king, like the fox in the fable, declared that the Americans were a wretched set of knaves, and he was glad to be rid of them. The House of Commons began to talk of a vote of censure on the administration. A motion of Conway's, petitioning the king to stop the war, was lost by only a single vote; and at last, on the 20th of March, 1782, Lord North bowed to the storm, and resigned. The two sections of the Whig party coalesced. Lord Rockingham became Prime Minister, and with him came into office Shelburne, Camden, and Grafton, as well as Fox and Conway, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord John Cavendish, — stanch friends of America all of them, whose appointment involved the recognition of the independence of the United States.

Lord North observed that he had often been accused of issuing lying bulletins, but he had never told so big a lie as that

with which the new ministry announced its entrance into power; for in introducing the name of each of these gentlemen, the official bulletin used the words, "His Majesty has been *pleased* to appoint"! It was indeed a day of bitter humiliation for George III., and the men who had been his tools. But it was a day of happy omen for the English race, in the Old World as well as in the New. For the advent of Lord Rockingham's ministry meant not merely the independence of the United States; it meant the downfall of the only serious danger with which English liberty has been threatened since the expulsion of the Stuarts. The personal government which George III. had sought to establish, with its wholesale corruption, its shameless violations of public law, and its attacks upon freedom of speech and of the press, became irredeemably discredited, and tottered to its fall; while the great England of William III., of Walpole, of Chatham, of the younger Pitt, of Peel, and of Gladstone was set free to pursue its noble career. Such was the priceless boon which the younger nation, by its sturdy insistence upon the principles of political justice, conferred upon the elder. The decisive battle of freedom in England as well as in America, and in all that vast colonial world for which Chatham prophesied the dominion of the future, had now been fought and won. And foremost in accomplishing this glorious work had been the lofty genius of Washington, and the steadfast valor of the men who suffered with him at Valley Forge, and whom he led to victory at Yorktown.

John Fiske.

HEIMWEH.

SHE had been twenty-five years in this country, and had not acquired as many words of English. Her intercourse with the customers of the little dyehouse, with the daily hucksters and occasional peddlers, when they were not Germans, was limited to figures and to a few brief phrases, uttered on each occasion with the same timid hesitation as of one embarking for the first time on the perilous craft of a foreign language. For conversation she had absolutely no implements. When she understood that I was the friend of her absent daughter, thoughts, greetings, questionings, rushed forward to meet me; but the door was locked. I had denied all knowledge of German. She tried to speak with me in English, but after a word or two she broke down, shook her head, smiled a disappointed smile, and laid her hand on mine, the only utterance she could find for all that eagerness and good will. But her face spoke a volume. It was the face of an old woman, and one that might, from its type, have been set down as belonging to the peasant class, though she came in reality of the *kleine Bürger*; it was rugged in outline, with the cheekbones high, the nose flat and broad, and the cheek covered with a faint stubble of down, white as the hair that lay like snow upon her head, and seemed a benediction upon her long, difficult life. But from this face a pair of deep-set gray eyes, dimmed by age, looked out with an expression of intent earnestness and a warm, sympathetic goodness that was solid and tangible, like the grasp of a hand.

Something had to be done. I unearthed on the spot, by a strenuous effort, a handful of forgotten German, sadly wanting in inflections, and we established a friendship which subsisted and throve thereafter by the interchange

of that small coinage and her soft, voluble Suabian; for whether it were idleness, preoccupation, or the delight I found in that stammering intercourse, I learned no more. I am aware that it sounds limited and unsatisfactory, that our conversation would have cut a poor figure in print, and have lacked roundness, to say the least, to the ear of an outsider; but, like the cream of correspondence, it was not meant for outsiders. To me there came from those imperfect talks more sense of nearness, a larger gain and fullness of heart, than we ordinarily glean from whole acres of speech with persons whose native dictionary is identical with our own. After all, how little we understand each other, with only words to rely on! They are marvelous, and one would almost say perfect instruments, but they have been put to so many makeshift and degraded uses in this nether world that it is often a relief to forget them, and come back to truer forms of expression; and in my firm, though perhaps unphilological belief, the best Volapük is sympathy.

"We had *so grosses Heimweh* when we came here, my sister and I," the old lady said, "we had no heart to learn the language. We always hoped to go back; and then the years went on, and we had become too old to learn. My husband speaks English."

"And Lenore speaks both English and German."

"Oh, yes, High German. She is not confined to a dialect, like me, though she understands Suabian, and can speak it with her old mother."

She was half ashamed of her Suabian, though she loved it, and no doubt in her heart thought it the sweetest of languages, just as, while alluding to her daughter as a "*nettes Kind*," and taking an unexaggerated view of her talent,

she knew her to be head and shoulders above all other girls, a very queen among maidens. And she was right a thousand times; for truth, after all, is divinely, not humanly measured, giving freely to each without that robbery of another which we would bring about with our comparisons, of which fact motherhood, the world over, is testimony and proof.

"Have you heard from Lenore? I have not seen her for nearly a year, and I have so grosses Heimweh for her! She has played at — what do you call it? — *Kansass Zity*, at a musical festival, and was encored twice; and the people liked it so much. She has sent her photograph. I will show it to you." She disappeared a moment, returning with a picture of the girl, violin in hand, looking strong, handsome, and hopeful, as I knew her, — the girl who was carrying her chosen instrument and a brave Suabian heart all over the great West, seeking, alone and unaided by money or influence, to make her way in the profession.

"If you would come to us sometimes on Sunday afternoons; we are always at leisure then, and so alone, now that Lenore is away," the old woman said, as we parted; and many a time and oft I availed myself of the invitation. They lie before me now, those Sunday afternoons, like the Sabbaths of the holy poet, "threaded together on Time's string." Outside there were the unwonted silence and unusual stir which simultaneously take possession of our streets on that day of the week: people coming out to walk, with the air of not knowing where to go; girls strolling by twos and threes, smart in their finery and Sunday consciousness; young men lounging at the corners; children on their way from Sunday-school. But within the little brown stucco house, that stood level with the pavement, and seemed to shrink a little from its high-stooped neighbors of painted brick, was an atmosphere as different as if an ocean had

been crossed to reach it. In the living-room, behind the shop, with its light-blue walls and dark woodwork, its small windows, where the light fell slantwise through the leafage of an overhanging grapevine, were Frau Lena and her sister, Frau Margarethe, who had interrupted, to give me a hearty "Grüss Gott!" the perusal of some illustrated papers, or a game of backgammon, played on a much-worn board with dice four times the usual size.

"Man muss doch etwas schaffe," they said the first time, either fearing that games would appear to me childish, or aware that they were not in vogue on Sundays among Americans; and it was not difficult to agree with them that even on that day one must be doing something.

"To do" and "to work" were comprised in one verb, in their Suabian vocabulary, *schaffen* having descended to these humble uses from its High German meaning, "to create;" and the distinctions were pretty well obliterated in their daily lives. "To work" was the password of existence. Throughout the week they stood, hour by hour, ironing the fabrics as they came from the dyehouse; they kept the house in thrifty German fashion, and they filled up the chinks of time with knitting and sewing. Frau Margarethe's knitting-needles were not always still on Sunday, but it was a holiday, nevertheless. They wore their black stuff dresses and little fichus knit in fine thread; they read the *Gartenlaube* and the books brought with them from Germany, and they liked a visitor to talk to. They had German relatives and friends, who came now and then from a distance, but in the neighborhood they were alone and apart.

They both suffered from this isolation, each in her own way. Frau Margarethe chafed under it, and lost temper a little. She was the widow of a Lutheran pastor, a tall, powerful woman, with strong aquiline features and front

curls of yellow-white hair. She was an energetic worker, fond of bustle and activity, with an interest in news for the story's sake, and a pleasure in now and then speaking her mind. "Es kommt Niemand zu uns" was a complaint in which, with her, there came to be, in time, a touch of acidity. Frau Lena's loneliness had a deeper sadness in it, and a greater compensation as well, meaning, as it did, the absence of a loved one; for her the one who came not was Lenore. But in the concentration of her affections there was no touch of exclusiveness or of egoism. Her heart overflowed with kindness. She had the sort of wistful interest in her neighbors which belongs to certain lonely, good souls. She thought the Americans cold, but she watched the people who came and went, and liked to hear of their doings; she was delighted to have news of weddings or other festivals, and the heartfelt sympathy which she expressed at any accident or misfortune to persons who were known to her only by sight or by name was the accent of one near to her fellow-beings in suffering, however remote from them in language. Some good women are made that way. Leading simple and retired lives, they feel keenly all the happenings of life, and have almost a personal joy or pain in the most remote human happiness or wound. When I think of the inexhaustible sweetness of such springs, and of the great human need, I marvel they should be so little frequented; but we all walk daily among things unseen, and what we call choice is often only another name for chance, whatever that means.

Never were Sundays more peaceful, more Sabbath-like, to me than in that house where religion was hardly mentioned, — was not so much denied as altogether ignored. Its best words were written in Frau Lena's face; as human love, it had entered into her heart, and mellowed all life with its light. We did

not discuss the Infinite in our patchwork vocabulary, and our frequent recognition of the problems and difficulties of life left those of the mind untouched. "Es ist a harta Welt!" Frau Lena often exclaimed; but it never entered into her head that it could be a hard world to people with no work to do, and no daughter away in the distance. Yet her little room was nevertheless a confessional, where absolution of some sort covered the errors of the week, and was not of less effect for being unconsciously bestowed; where vistas opened now and then through fogs of perplexity, unasked questions had their answer, and the struggle of youth was weathered with a little more ease. Even our gossip and stories, transferred from one apprehension to the other with indescribable difficulty, frequent misunderstandings, and much laughter, had in them something that was above every-day. We got hopelessly snarled at times, but some superior faculty must have come to the aid of our intelligences, for somehow the gist of all these conversations remains with me. I managed to discuss with her, again and again, Lenore's journeys, plans, and prospects, and to get many a glimpse of old times and of life in the little Suabian town. Questions about Germany and their youth made the two old ladies' faces beam and their tongues facile. They clung, as Württembergers are apt to do, to Suabian ways and memories. A German visitor to the Caucasus, a few years ago, found there a colony of Suabians, who had built themselves houses after the pattern of the nests from which they had flown, with the beams and rafters crossed in the old fashion, and had preserved into new generations the traditional modes of living and the native dialect. It is the heart which refuses to adjust itself; the deep-rooted attachment and home-pain cling about limbs and tongue, and will not let them free.

"It was so sweet there," I was told,

who knows how often? — “so friendly in the evening, when the grandfather sat with his pipe in the chimney corner, and the brothers came in, and all the cousins, and we had a glass of wine, and talked together, and sang songs.”

“One had to work there too,” Frau Margarethe would say, with that mingled complaint of work and pride in it that we often find among those who have rubbed long in its harness; “no sewing-machines, no conveniences, in those days. My sister and I helped to spin the family linen, and made up our own marriage portion. I can show you things now that I had when I was married. Then we had seven brothers, and each had to have two dozen shirts spun and made for him as a wedding gift. But we did not finish them all, for the last one was in such a hurry to be married that he got only eighteen shirts. He said we could finish them afterwards; but my sister was already betrothed, and we had little time, so we told him that was now the duty of his wife. It was no wonder he could not wait; she was the prettiest girl in the town.”

“It is better as you have it,” said Frau Lena. “Women do not have to work from morning till night. They buy the stuff for their clothes, and have machines to make them fast, and it leaves them more time to read. Nowadays people can know so much.”

Greater opportunities than her own had been it were easy to find; but the spontaneous love of books is not too common. “Es ist so schön, der Max und die Thekla!” she exclaimed, one day, looking up from the pages of a Schiller the size of a family Bible, over which I had found both white heads bowed together. Seventy years old, knocked and buffeted about the world, with her youth and her poetry lying fifty years and an ocean behind her, the story of Max and Thekla was still most beautiful to her! Schiller and Uhland, with Hermann Kurtz and a few other Suabian authors,

comprised their library, and these she knew by heart. Goethe she considered cold, with an exception in favor of Hermann und Dorothea.

“It was just like that in our village; each one owned a little vineyard outside the wall, like the one to which Hermann went with his mother. I used to go there so often.”

It would not be just to Frau Lena to give the impression that our Sunday afternoon feasts were wholly those of reason and of soul. The tradition which clings most tenaciously to a good housewife is the code of hospitality as practiced in her youth. To receive an afternoon visit and offer no refreshments would have seemed to Frau Lena the very zero of ungraciousness; and to have refused her gentle hospitality, even on the plausible ground of having recently dined, would have been to strike sorrow to her heart. It was not to be thought of. The recollection was invariably laid aside, and the repast of bread and butter and beer, or of home-made jam and cakes, received unailing justice. The appetite always came. At Christmas time she regularly set aside for me a liberal supply of the *Sprengel*, flavored with anise seed, and stamped with effigies representing the different trades, and of the *Schnitzbrod* belonging to the festivity. The *Schnitz*, a sort of dark conglomerate, with nuts, figs, dates, and pieces of citron preserved entire and imbedded in its depths, was not to be partaken of in large quantities without peril to the American digestion; so the supply often lasted till it defied the attempts upon it of any weaker combination than the axe and the thirty-two chews associated with the name of Mr. Gladstone; but eaten it was to the last crumb, and never were sweeter morsels. Everybody has his memorials of gormandizing, as Thackeray called them, — of *menus* which the peculiar skill of the cook, or some fortuitous joy of the appetite, has sculptured forever upon the tables of his

memory. It is good to enjoy with the inner sense of intimacy the triumphs of any art whatever; it is pleasant to be rescued from starvation; grateful to the footsore and hungry wayfarer is the welcome that awaits him at an inn. But the food which is most delicious to the palate, and remains longest a store of comfort to the heart, is the food that is offered in kindness. One would not like to forget how that tasted.

Grace for Frau Lena's banquets took the form of a prayer that the bread which she cast upon the waters, and of which hungrier guests than myself partook from time to time, might come back in friendliness and success to her wanderer in the West. Perhaps it was destined to do so in time, for Lenore had friend-winning qualities, but the days in which there seemed to be no return were many and long. "You will never get on in the profession, Lenore," a fellow-musician said to her one day; "you are altogether too good;" and though Lenore's goodness was of a sensible, unconscious, every-day type, with no peculiar aspirations after sacrifice, it was hardly an equipment for the fray. Frau Lena would never herself have had the ambition to plan such a career for her only child. That belonged to her husband, a fiery, picturesque Pole, with a face chiseled in outline, and in hue rich as a Rembrandt portrait, and an impetuous torrent of speech which had cleft its way more or less ruggedly through several languages. He sometimes assisted at our conferences, pipe in mouth, sitting in the warm room with a fur cap on and a sheepskin spread over his knees. He was proud of Lenore. They had made every sacrifice for her musical education in Germany; for her establishment in the profession nothing could be done; that was expected to come of itself. It was not a case of exaggerated pretensions or a mistaken vocation. Lenore was not a genius, and even the parental adoration made no such claim for her;

but a marked talent for music had received careful cultivation; she was prepared for the labor, and, as a matter of course, so they argued, for the reward. A little waiting, and all would come.

In a long period of waiting, the first days — or years — have a sort of rapture about them. The end is so clearly in view that it seems almost gained. A little advance towards the promised land is like a long leap; a momentary brightness throws its ray far into the future. In those first years, there were long, happy hours passed in reading Lenore's letters, with their accounts of new scenes and people, and the newspaper slips she sent, telling how the accomplished violiniste, Mlle. Lenore H——, had played such and such selections with excellent bowing, finished taste, and great delicacy of expression; there was the winter's tour to be studied out beforehand, and followed daily on the map; there were its results to look forward to; and when these proved less than was expected, there was the hope of a better engagement for next winter. Lenore had breathed in that spirit of Western exhilaration which makes all things seem possible to the mind, as the air of the mountains renders exertion easy and delightful to the body. Her energy and courage gladdened the home she had left; the little house was full of life, — a life that was being lived hundreds of miles away.

But as the years dropped, one by one, into the abyss; as the gain, though more surely gain, proved more and more slow, and the larger earnings went to make up for a large deficit in the past; as, above all, it became evident that, her little successes having been scored in that far-off country, Lenore must stay to reap her harvest where she had sown her grain, then waiting became hard indeed to Frau Lena. Her dearest and most ambitious hope had been that Lenore would come home. She had dreamed of brilliant concert tours, which

should have the home city for the centre of their revolution; she had canvassed again and again, in her mind, the possibility of engagements in the city itself. If concerts did not pay there, could not pupils be found? But it was not yet the fashion, as it has since become, to teach young girls the violin; besides, there were so many other teachers. Lenore was practically a stranger in the city of her childhood, and she could not afford to pass there in idleness that residence of years which is one of the tests required for admission to its privileges. The West was more hospitable, and to the West she was bound more and more. Not all at once did this idea penetrate the mother's mind: the changes of which I am speaking in a paragraph were slow in taking place; the channel down which we float in an hour the stream took ages to hollow. Every spring Lenore's return was talked of. She would take a holiday in the summer; there would be nothing to do; they would have her for three whole months; and after that, who knows?—something might turn up near at hand. Frau Lena planned the whole as anxiously and as eagerly as if it had been a campaign. Lenore should practice every day in the parlor upstairs,—it would be so good to hear her once more; they would make new concert dresses together. "You don't know how well she looked in the yellow one that we finished the day before she went away. She stood there to try it on. And the red and black dress, too, was so handsome, with a long train. They are getting shabby now, and we must make some more." But when summer came, there were still no violin sounds in the house, no rustle or shimmer of concert dresses. Some engagement was offered for the summer months which it would not do to refuse, or there were chances for the following winter that had to be watched; the girl could not afford to turn away from an assured or probable advantage,

and undertake the expensive journey home, with perhaps the chance of a long inaction. So the visit had to be given up, with the result of disappointment and weariness on both sides. And each time the disappointment was keener, albeit the hope had been less daring than at first.

Even Lenore's Western spirit of buoyancy and confidence grew faint at times; there were hours when the shadow was dark upon it. Many an anxiety the mother had, but did she realize, in her narrow existence, the bitterness of the affronts and rubs which the spirit gets in its contact with the machinery called life? Yet she scrutinized, poor woman, with eyes that tried to pierce both ignorance and distance, the possible faith or unfaith of a new manager. Her heart burned with indignation at the perfidy of such a one; with gratitude at every indication of kindness or good will, even though the money which should have reinforced it was not forthcoming. "Poor man, he has himself lost money; but what a pity he should have undertaken to manage a troupe!" Again and again Lenore was asked to play at concerts where no payment was offered. "They say it will make her known," her mother said, "but it is hard that all the money should go to those who are known and well off already." The arithmetic of that testament of the stag to the stream is a recurrent puzzle.

"Don't say anything of it at home," I read in Lenore's letters. But the message had traveled there by telegraph; it came again to me in the translation, "Don't tell Lenore." For into the blue-walled sitting-room behind the shop there had come a gradual, but no less perceptible change. Hope had worn itself out; Frau Lena fell back upon patience, but her husband's stock was exhausted. Frau Margarethe, always skeptical as to the benefits of any departure from the daily routine and labor of a German *Hausfrau*, had brought deeper and sounder convictions to the reinforcement of her intui-

tions. To the mother disappointed ambition was nothing to that pang of separation which gnawed deeper and deeper. "I could be content with so little," she would say, pleading, as it were, with fate, "if I only had my Lenore!"

They were getting old. Frau Lena, whose back was bent and rounded by work, had never been so strong as her sister, but Frau Margarethe's broad, muscular shoulders began first to give way; she caught cold, and was confined to her room all winter by an illness, the first she had known in her life. Frau Lena, in carrying something upstairs to her, lost her footing, and fell down the steep, narrow staircase. She was terribly bruised and shaken, but she made light of it, and in a day or two was about again, waiting on her sister, and going through the old round of duties which they had shared for so long. It was a dreary winter. There was still a little gayety on our Sunday afternoons. We talked of Germany and of Lenore; we dwelt purposely on the pleasant side of things, and made the most of the present. Sometimes, as we sat there in Frau Margarethe's room, it seemed almost the same as of old. But when I took leave, and Frau Lena followed me down the stairs and out through the shop, the mask which she had worn with an effort in the sick-room would suddenly fall, and her face, old and pale, would reveal the grief she had tried to hide. "I am so homesick for my Lenore! If I could only have my child!" and tears, the difficult tears of age, moistened her cheeks. Short, stifled sobs came while I held her hand, and tried to whisper a comfort that was, somehow, robbed of its strength. "Ach, mein Liebchen," she would say, drying her eyes, "es ist a harta Welt!" I did not contradict her, and, looking back through the years, I cannot do so now.

Yet, discouraging as things seemed to us all, Lenore was really gaining ground. The difficulties which they had ignored

at first had become more apparent; her own long-sustained joy in struggle had flagged; her naturally robust health had been heavily taxed; but, in spite of drawbacks, she had acquired more confidence in her powers, had made friends, and was becoming known. It was a great deal for the girl to have achieved such a position as she had gained single-handed, but it had been a gradual achievement, and it culminated in no moment of triumph that could make good all the past. Lenore's tour during that winter, which proved so weary a one to her mother, was longer and involved harder work than any she had undertaken, but it was more successful, and when it closed her holiday was secured. She made arrangements to go home for the summer, and even before she got there had news to send which gladdened Frau Lena's heart. With what pride and pleasure she communicated it! "Lenore ist Braut!" She had consented to join her fate to that of a fellow-musician, whose sympathy and kindness had done much to lighten the discouragements and to enhance the successes of the last months. He was to accompany her to the East, and they would be married in the fall. So the clouds lifted at last from the old woman's life, and a ray from the crimsoned sunset fell across the snow of her head.

Nobody could be happier than was Frau Lena in those days. Waiting was once more a joy to her. And at last she had her daughter again, with a son besides, and could watch their happiness from the standpoint of a joy that was hardly less radiant. But it was only for a farewell. She had told nobody of the sinister effects left by her fall. The suffering, concealed so long, was stronger than she; perhaps the long period of anxiety had been a harder strain even than we knew; perhaps the joy itself was too much for her. Within a week of Lenore's return the summons came. Medical aid could do nothing. She smiled

once more through her pain at her loved ones ; then the light faded softly from the worn, patient face, leaving only its peace. "If I die here, away from my own country," she had said once, "I should like a little black cross over my grave, like the one on my mother's, at home." Did her loving heart apprehend, then, that the Heimweh might last into the beyond ?

Sophia Kirk.

PAN THE FALLEN.

HE wandered into the market
 With pipés and goatish hoof ;
 He wandered in a grotesque shape,
 And no one stood aloof.
 For the children crowded round him,
 The wives and graybeards, too,
 To crack their jokes and have their mirth,
 And see what Pan would do.

The Pan he was they knew him,
 Part man, but mostly beast,
 Who drank, and lied, and snatched what bones
 Men threw him from their feast ;
 Who seemed in sin so merry,
 So careless in his woe,
 That men despised, scarce pitied him
 And still would have it so.

He swelled his pipes and thrilled them,
 And drew the silent tear ;
 He made the gravest clack with mirth
 By his sardonic leer.
 He blew his pipes full sweetly
 At their amused demands,
 And caught the scornful, earth-flung pence
 That fell from careless hands.

He saw the mob's derision,
 And took it kindly, too,
 And when an epithet was flung,
 A coarser back he threw ;
 But under all the masking
 Of a brute, unseemly part,
 I looked, and saw a wounded soul
 And a godlike, breaking heart.

And back of the elfin music,
 The burlesque, clownish play,

I knew a wail that the weird pipes made,
 A look that was far away, —
 A gaze into some far heaven
 Whence a soul had fallen down;
 But the mob only saw the grotesque beast
 And the antics of the clown.

For scant-flung pence he paid them
 With mirth and elfin play,
 Till, tired for a time of his antics queer,
 They passed and went their way;
 Then there in the empty market
 He ate his scanty crust,
 And, tired face turned to heaven, down
 He laid him in the dust.

And over his wild, strange features
 A softer light there fell,
 And on his worn, earth-driven heart
 A peace ineffable.
 And the moon rose over the market,
 But Pan the beast was dead;
 While Pan the god lay silent there,
 With his strange, distorted head.

And the people, when they found him,
 Stood still with awesome fear.
 No more they saw the beast's rude hoof,
 The furtive, clownish leer;
 But the lightest in that audience
 Went silent from the place,
 For they knew the look of a god released
 That shone from his dead face.

William Wilfred Campbell.

THE UNITED STATES LOOKING OUTWARD.

INDICATIONS are not wanting of an approaching change in the thoughts and policy of Americans as to their relations with the world outside their own borders. For the past quarter of a century, the predominant idea, which has successfully asserted itself at the polls and shaped the course of the government, has been to preserve the home market for the home industries. The employer

and the workman have alike been taught to look at the various economical measures proposed from this point of view, to regard with hostility any step favoring the intrusion of the foreign producer upon their own domain, and rather to demand increasingly rigorous measures of exclusion than to acquiesce in any loosening of the chain that binds the consumer to them. The inevitable

consequence has followed, as in all cases when the mind or the eye is exclusively fixed in one direction, that the danger of loss or the prospect of advantage in another quarter has been overlooked; and although the abounding resources of the country have maintained the exports at a high figure, this flattering result has been due more to the superabundant bounty of Nature than to the demand of other nations for our protected manufactures.

For nearly the lifetime of a generation, therefore, American industries have been thus protected, until the practice has assumed the force of a tradition, and is clothed in the mail of conservatism. In their mutual relations, these industries resemble the activities of a modern ironclad that has heavy armor, but an inferior engine and no guns; mighty for defense, weak for offense. Within, the home market is secured; but outside, beyond the broad seas, there are the markets of the world, that can be entered and controlled only by a vigorous contest, to which the habit of trusting to protection by statute does not conduce.

At bottom, however, the temperament of the American people is essentially alien to such a sluggish attitude. Independently of all bias for or against protection, it is safe to predict that, when the opportunities for gain abroad are understood, the course of American enterprise will cleave a channel by which to reach them. Viewed broadly, it is a most welcome as well as significant fact that a prominent and influential advocate of protection, a leader of the party committed to its support, a keen reader of the signs of the times and of the drift of opinion, has identified himself with a line of policy which looks to nothing less than such modifications of the tariff as may expand the commerce of the United States to all quarters of the globe. Men of all parties can unite on the words of Mr. Blaine, as reported in a recent

speech: "It is not an ambitious destiny for so great a country as ours to manufacture only what we can consume, or produce only what we can eat." In face of this utterance of so shrewd and able a public man, even the extreme character of the recent tariff legislation seems but a sign of the coming change, and brings to mind that famous Continental System, of which our own is the analogue, to support which Napoleon added legion to legion and enterprise to enterprise, till the fabric of the Empire itself crashed beneath the weight.

The interesting and significant feature of this changing attitude is the turning of the eyes outward, instead of inward only, to seek the welfare of the country. To affirm the importance of distant markets, and the relation to them of our own immense powers of production, implies logically the recognition of the link that joins the products and the markets, — that is, the carrying trade; the three together constituting that chain of maritime power to which Great Britain owes her wealth and greatness. Further, is it too much to say that, as two of these links, the shipping and the markets, are exterior to our own borders, the acknowledgment of them carries with it a view of the relations of the United States to the world radically distinct from the simple idea of self-sufficingness? We shall not follow far this line of thought before there will dawn the realization of America's unique position, facing the older worlds of the East and West, her shores lapped by the oceans which touch the one or the other, but which are common to her alone.

Coincident with these signs of change in our own policy there is a restlessness in the world at large which is deeply significant, if not ominous. It is beside our purpose to dwell upon the internal state of Europe, whence, if disturbances arise, the effect upon us may be but

partial and indirect. But the great sea-board powers there do not only stand on guard against their continental rivals; they cherish also aspirations for commercial extension, for colonies, and for influence in distant regions, which may bring, and, even under our present contracted policy, have already brought them into collision with ourselves. The affair of the Samoa Islands, trivial apparently, was nevertheless eminently suggestive of European ambitions. America then roused from sleep as to interests closely concerning her future. At this moment internal troubles are imminent in the Sandwich Islands, where it should be our fixed determination to allow no foreign influence to equal our own. All over the world German commercial and colonial push is coming into collision with other nations: witness the affair of the Caroline Islands with Spain; the partition of New Guinea with England; the yet more recent negotiation between these two powers concerning their share in Africa, viewed with deep distrust and jealousy by France; the Samoa affair; the conflict between German control and American interests in the islands of the western Pacific; and the alleged progress of German influence in Central and South America. It is noteworthy that, while these various contentions are sustained with the aggressive military spirit characteristic of the German Empire, they are credibly said to arise from the national temper more than from the deliberate policy of the government, which in this matter does not lead, but follows, the feeling of the people, a condition much more formidable.

There is no sound reason for believing that the world has passed into a period of assured peace outside the limits of Europe. Unsettled political conditions, such as exist in Hayti, Central America, and many of the Pacific islands, especially the Hawaiian group, when combined with great military or commercial importance, as is the case

with most of these positions, involve, now as always, dangerous germs of quarrel, against which it is at least prudent to be prepared. Undoubtedly, the general temper of nations is more averse from war than it was of old. If no less selfish and grasping than our predecessors, we feel more dislike to the discomforts and sufferings attendant upon a breach of peace; but to retain that highly valued repose and the undisturbed enjoyment of the returns of commerce, it is necessary to argue upon somewhat equal terms of strength with an adversary. It is the preparedness of the enemy, and not acquiescence in the existing state of things, that now holds back the armies of Europe.

On the other hand, neither the sanctions of international law nor the justice of a cause can be depended upon for a fair settlement of differences, when they come into conflict with a strong political necessity on the one side opposed to comparative weakness on the other. In our still-pending dispute over the seal-fishing of Bering Sea, whatever may be thought of the strength of our argument, in view of generally admitted principles of international law, it is beyond doubt that our contention is reasonable, just, and in the interest of the world generally. But in the attempt to enforce it we have come into collision not only with national susceptibilities as to the honor of the flag, which we ourselves very strongly share, but also with a state governed by a powerful necessity, and exceedingly strong where we are particularly weak and exposed. Not only has Great Britain a mighty navy and we a long, defenseless seacoast, but it is a great commercial and political advantage to her that her larger colonies, and above all Canada, should feel that the power of the mother country is something which they need, and upon which they can count. The dispute is between the United States and Canada, not the

United States and England; but it has been ably used by the latter to promote the solidarity of sympathy between herself and her colony. With the mother country alone an equitable arrangement, conducive to well-understood mutual interests, could readily be reached; but the purely local and peculiarly selfish wishes of Canadian fishermen dictate the policy of Great Britain, because Canada is the most important link uniting her to her colonies and maritime interests in the Pacific. In case of a European war, it is probable that the British navy will not be able to hold open the route through the Mediterranean to the East; but having a strong naval station at Halifax, and another at Esquimalt, on the Pacific, the two connected by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, England possesses an alternate line of communication far less exposed to maritime aggression than the former, or than the third route by the Cape of Good Hope, as well as two bases essential to the service of her commerce, or other naval operations, in the North Atlantic and the Pacific. Whatever arrangement of this question is finally reached, the fruit of Lord Salisbury's attitude can hardly fail to be a strengthening of the sentiments of attachment to, and reliance upon, the mother country, not only in Canada, but in the other great colonies. Such feelings of attachment and mutual dependence supply the living spirit, without which the nascent schemes for Imperial Federation are but dead mechanical contrivances; nor are they without influence upon such generally unsentimental considerations as those of buying and selling, and the course of trade.

This dispute, seemingly paltry, yet really serious, sudden in its appearance, and dependent for its issue upon other considerations than its own merits, may serve to convince us of many latent and yet unforeseen dangers to the peace of the western hemisphere, attendant upon

the opening of a canal through the Central American Isthmus. In a general way, it is evident enough that this canal, by modifying the direction of trade routes, will induce a great increase of commercial activity and carrying trade throughout the Caribbean Sea; and that this now comparatively deserted nook of the ocean will, like the Red Sea, become a great thoroughfare of shipping, and attract, as never before in our day, the interest and ambition of maritime nations. Every position in that sea will have enhanced commercial and military value, and the canal itself will become a strategic centre of the most vital importance. Like the Canadian Pacific Railroad, it will be a link between the two oceans; but, unlike it, the use, unless most carefully guarded by treaties, will belong wholly to the belligerent which controls the sea by its naval power. In case of war, the United States will unquestionably command the Canadian Railroad, despite the deterrent force of operations by the hostile navy upon our seaboard; but no less unquestionably will she be impotent, as against any of the great maritime powers, to control the Central American canal. Militarily speaking, the piercing of the Isthmus is nothing but a disaster to the United States, in the present state of her military and naval preparation. It is especially dangerous to the Pacific coast; but the increased exposure of one part of our seaboard reacts unfavorably upon the whole military situation. Despite a certain great original superiority conferred by our geographical nearness and immense resources, — due, in other words, to our natural advantages, and not to our intelligent preparations, — the United States is woefully unready, not only in fact, but in purpose, to assert in the Caribbean and Central America a weight of influence proportioned to the extent of her interests. We have not the navy, and, what is worse, we are not willing to have the navy, that will weigh

seriously in any disputes with those nations whose interests will there conflict with our own. We have not, and we are not anxious to provide, the defense of the seaboard which will leave the navy free for its work at sea. We have not, but many other powers have, positions, either within or on the borders of the Caribbean, which not only possess great natural advantages for the control of that sea, but have received and are receiving that artificial strength of fortification and armament which will make them practically inexpugnable. On the contrary, we have not on the Gulf of Mexico even the beginning of a navy yard which could serve as the base of our operations. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not regretting that we have not the means to meet on terms of equality the great navies of the Old World. I recognize, what few at least say, that, despite its great surplus revenue, this country is poor in proportion to its length of seaboard and its exposed points. That which I deplore, and which is a sober, just, and reasonable cause of deep national concern, is that the nation neither has nor cares to have its sea frontier so defended, and its navy of such power, as shall suffice, with the advantages of our position, to weigh seriously when inevitable discussions arise, — such as we have recently had about Samoa and Bering Sea, and which may at any moment come up about the Caribbean Sea or the canal. Is the United States, for instance, prepared to allow Germany to acquire the Dutch stronghold of Curaçoa, fronting the Atlantic outlet of both the proposed canals of Panama and Nicaragua? Is she prepared to acquiesce in any foreign power purchasing from Hayti a naval station on the Windward Passage, through which pass our steamer routes to the Isthmus? Would she acquiesce in a foreign protectorate over the Sandwich Islands, that great central station of the Pacific, equidistant from San Francisco, Samoa, and

the Marquesas, and an important post on our lines of communication with both Australia and China? Or will it be maintained that any one of these questions, supposing it to arise, is so exclusively one-sided, the arguments of policy and right so exclusively with us, that the other party will at once yield his eager wish, and gracefully withdraw? Was it so at Samoa? Is it so as regards Bering Sea? The motto seen on so many ancient cannon, *Ultima ratio regum*, is not without its message to republics.

It is perfectly reasonable and legitimate, in estimating our needs of military preparation, to take into account the remoteness of the chief naval and military nations from our shores, and the consequent difficulty of maintaining operations at such a distance. It is equally proper, in framing our policy, to consider the jealousies of the European family of states, and their consequent unwillingness to incur the enmity of a people so strong as ourselves; their dread of our revenge in the future, as well as their inability to detach more than a certain part of their forces to our shores without losing much of their own weight in the councils of Europe. In truth, a careful determination of the force that Great Britain or France could probably spare for operations against our coasts, if the latter were suitably defended, without weakening their European position or unduly exposing their colonies and commerce, is the starting-point from which to calculate the strength of our own navy. If the latter be superior to the force that can thus be sent against it, and the coast be so defended as to leave the navy free to strike where it will, we can maintain our rights; not merely the rights which international law concedes, and which the moral sense of nations now supports, but also those equally real rights which, though not conferred by law, depend upon a clear preponderance

of interest, upon obviously necessary policy, upon self-preservation, either total or partial. Were we now so situated in respect of military strength, we could secure our perfectly just claim as to the seal fisheries; not by seizing foreign ships on the open sea, but by the evident fact that, our cities being protected from maritime attack, our position and superior population lay open the Canadian Pacific, as well as the frontier of the Dominion, to do with as we please. Diplomats do not flourish such disagreeable truths in each other's faces; they look for a *modus vivendi*, and find it.

While, therefore, the advantages of our own position in the western hemisphere, and the disadvantages under which the operations of a European state would labor, are undeniable and just elements in the calculations of the statesman, it is folly to look upon them as sufficient for our security. Much more needs to be cast into the scale that it may incline in favor of our strength. They are mere defensive factors, and partial at that. Though distant, our shores can be reached; being defenseless, they can detain but a short time a force sent against them. With a probability of three months' peace in Europe, no maritime power would now fear to support its demands by a number of ships with which it would be loath indeed to part for a year.

Yet, were our sea frontier as strong as it now is weak, passive self-defense, whether in trade or war, would be but a poor policy, so long as this world continues to be one of struggle and vicissitude. All around us now is strife; "the struggle of life," "the race of life," are phrases so familiar that we do not feel their significance till we stop to think about them. Everywhere nation is arrayed against nation; our own no less than others. What is our protective system but an organized warfare? In carrying it on, it is true, we have only to use certain procedures which all states

now concede to be a legal exercise of the national power, even though injurious to themselves. It is lawful, they say, to do what we will with our own. Are our people, however, so unaggressive that they are likely not to want their own way in matters where their interests turn on points of disputed right, or so little sensitive as to submit quietly to encroachment by others, in quarters where they have long considered their own influence should prevail?

Our self-imposed isolation in the matter of markets, and the decline of our shipping interest in the last thirty years, have coincided singularly with an actual remoteness of this continent from the life of the rest of the world. The writer has before him a map of the North and South Atlantic oceans, showing the direction of the principal trade routes and the proportion of tonnage passing over each; and it is curious to note what deserted regions, comparatively, are the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the adjoining countries and islands. A broad band stretches from our northern Atlantic coast to the English Channel; another as broad from the British Islands to the East, through the Mediterranean and Red Sea, overflowing the borders of the latter in order to express the volume of trade. Around either cape — Good Hope and Horn — pass strips of about one fourth this width, joining near the equator, midway between Africa and South America. From the West Indies issues a thread indicating the present commerce of Great Britain with a region which once, in the Napoleonic wars, embraced one fourth of the whole trade of the Empire. The significance is unmistakable: Europe has now little interest in the Caribbean Sea.

When the Isthmus is pierced this isolation will pass away, and with it the indifference of foreign nations. From wheresoever they come and whithersoever they afterward go, all ships that use the canal will pass through the

Caribbean. Whatever the effect produced upon the prosperity of the adjacent continent and islands by the thousand wants attendant upon maritime activity, around such a focus of trade will centre large commercial and political interests. To protect and develop its own, each nation will seek points of support and means of influence in a quarter where the United States has always been jealously sensitive to the intrusion of European powers. The precise value of the Monroe doctrine is very loosely understood by most Americans, but the effect of the familiar phrase has been to develop a national sensitiveness, which is a more frequent cause of war than material interests; and over disputes caused by such feelings there will preside none of the calming influence due to the moral authority of international law, with its recognized principles, for the points in dispute will be of policy, of interest, not of conceded right. Already France and England are giving to ports held by them a degree of artificial strength uncalled for by their present importance. They look to the near future. Among the islands and on the mainland there are many positions of great importance, held now by weak or unstable states. Is the United States willing to see them sold to a powerful rival? But what right will she invoke against the transfer? She can allege but one, — that of her reasonable power supported by her might.

Whether they will or no, Americans must now begin to look outward. The growing production of the country demands it. An increasing volume of public sentiment demands it. The position of the United States, between the two Old Worlds and the two great oceans, makes the same claim, which will soon be strengthened by the creation of the new link joining the Atlantic and Pacific. The tendency will be maintained and increased by the growth of the European colonies in the Pacific, by the

advancing civilization of Japan, and by the rapid peopling of our Pacific States with men who have all the aggressive spirit of the advanced line of national progress. Nowhere does a vigorous foreign policy find more favor than among the people west of the Rocky Mountains.

It has been said that, in our present state of unpreparedness, a trans-isthmian canal will be a military disaster to the United States, and especially to the Pacific coast. When the canal is finished the Atlantic seaboard will be neither more nor less exposed than it now is; it will merely share with the country at large the increased danger of foreign complications with inadequate means to meet them. The danger of the Pacific coast will be greater by so much as the way between it and Europe is shortened through a passage which the stronger maritime power can control. The danger lies not merely in the greater facility for dispatching a hostile squadron from Europe, but also in the fact that a more powerful fleet than formerly can be maintained on that coast by a European power, because it can be so much more promptly called home in case of need. The greatest weakness of the Pacific ports, however, if wisely met by our government, will go far to insure our naval superiority there. The two chief centres, San Francisco and Puget Sound, owing to the width and the great depth of the entrances, cannot be effectively protected by torpedoes; and consequently, as fleets can always pass batteries through an unobstructed channel, they cannot obtain perfect security by means of fortifications only. Valuable as such works will be to them, they must be further garrisoned by coast-defense ships, whose part in repelling an enemy will be coordinated with that of the batteries. The sphere of action of such ships should not be permitted to extend far beyond the port to which they are allotted, and of whose defense they form an essential part;

but within that sweep they will always be a powerful reinforcement to the sea-going navy, when the strategic conditions of a war cause hostilities to centre around their port. By sacrificing power to go long distances, the coast-defense ship gains proportionate weight of armor and guns; that is, of defensive and offensive strength. It therefore adds an element of unique value to the fleet with which it for a time acts. No foreign states, except Great Britain, have ports so near our Pacific coast as to bring it within the radius of action of their coast-defense ships; and it is very doubtful whether even Great Britain will put such ships at Vancouver Island, the chief value of which will be lost to her when the Canadian Pacific is severed, — a blow always in the power of this country. It is upon our Atlantic seaboard that the mistress of Halifax, of Bermuda, and of Jamaica will now defend Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific. In the present state of our seaboard defense she can do so absolutely. What is all Canada compared with our exposed great cities? Even were the coast fortified, she could still do so, if our navy be no stronger than is as yet designed. What harm can we do Canada proportionate to the injury we should suffer by the interruption of our coasting trade, and by a blockade of Boston, New York, the Delaware, and the Chesapeake? Such a blockade Great Britain certainly could make technically efficient, under the somewhat loose definitions of international law. Neutrals would accept it as such.

The military needs of the Pacific States, as well as their supreme importance to the whole country, are yet a matter of the future, but of a future so near that provision should immediately begin. To weigh their importance, consider what influence in the Pacific would be attributed to a nation comprising only the States of Washington, Oregon, and California, when filled with such men

as now people them and are still pouring in, and controlling such maritime centres as San Francisco, Puget Sound, and the Columbia River. Can it be counted less because they are bound by the ties of blood and close political union to the great communities of the East? But such influence, to work without jar and friction, requires underlying military readiness, like the proverbial iron hand under the velvet glove. To provide this, three things are needful: First, protection of the chief harbors by fortifications and coast-defense ships, which gives defensive strength, provides security to the community within, and supplies the bases necessary to all military operations. Secondly, naval force, the arm of offensive power, which alone enables a country to extend its influence outward. Thirdly, it should be an inviolable resolution of our national policy that no European state should henceforth acquire a coaling position within three thousand miles of San Francisco, — a distance which includes the Sandwich and Galapagos islands and the coast of Central America. For fuel is the life of modern naval war; it is the food of the ship; without it the modern monsters of the deep die of inanition. Around it, therefore, cluster some of the most important considerations of naval strategy. In the Caribbean and the Atlantic we are confronted with many a foreign coal depot, and perhaps it is not an unmitigated misfortune that we, like Rome, find Carthage at our gates bidding us stand to our arms; but let us not acquiesce in an addition to our dangers, a further diversion of our strength, by being forestalled in the North Pacific.

In conclusion, while Great Britain is undoubtedly the most formidable of our possible enemies, both by her great navy and the strong positions she holds near our coasts, it must be added that a cordial understanding with that country is one of the first of our external interests. Both nations, doubtless, and properly,

seek their own advantage; but both, also, are controlled by a sense of law and justice drawn from the same sources, and deep-rooted in their instincts. Whatever temporary aberration may occur, a return to mutual standards of right will certainly follow. Formal alliance

between the two is out of the question, but a cordial recognition of the similarity of character and ideas will give birth to sympathy, which in turn will facilitate a coöperation beneficial to both; for, if sentimentality is weak, sentiment is strong.

A. T. Mahan.

CARRIAGE HORSES AND COBS.

A SCIENTIFIC person once declared (and Mr. Ruskin scornfully rebuked him for the assertion) that the amount of coal consumed in any given country will measure the degree of civilization to which it has attained. The same remark has been made in regard to sulphuric acid, and doubtless it could be applied to many other commodities with that mixture of truth which is sufficient for an epigram. Of carriage horses, for example, it might be said that their quality (if not their quantity) is an index of civilization; for the carriage horse changes his character from century to century, almost from year to year, as wealth and skill augment, as highways improve, as vehicles become lighter, as railroads are brought into play, as people use their steeds for pleasure and for show rather than for long and necessary journeys. When Horace Walpole paid an electioneering visit to the country, in 1761, after an absence of fifteen years or so, he found that a great improvement had taken place, and he explained it as follows:—

“To do the folks justice, they are sensible and reasonable and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital by the help of good roads and post chaises, which, if they have abridged the king’s dominions, have at least tamed his subjects.”

The primitive carriage horse was a pony, unacquainted with grooming, ignorant even of the taste of oats; and the vehicle that he drew required no roads,—a path through the forest sufficing for its progress. And yet, oddly enough, it is still employed in certain parts of this country. Within a few months of the present writing, I have seen it conveying a squaw and a papoose around the circus ring; and the red men have constructed it in that identical form for centuries, and still use it in some of the Western reservations. This woodland carriage is made, as doubtless the reader knows, by taking a couple of long poles, and affixing them to the horse’s neck in such a manner that they drag on the ground behind his heels, the load being fastened on the end of the poles. The next step in carriage building—the one great step in the art—was the invention of the wheel; but history has preserved neither the name nor the nationality of the mighty genius who bridged this gulf. It is certain, however, that he lived thousands of years before the Christian era.

Carriages were first used in England by the nobility about the beginning of the thirteenth century, but the roads were so bad and the vehicles so heavy that they were of little real service until toward the end of the sixteenth century. A contemporary account of the city of London, written about 1550, speaks of

the streets as being, even then, "very foul, full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noxious." The spring was not invented till near the close of the seventeenth century, and many years more elapsed before it was sufficiently developed to afford much relief. Later still, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, began that very great and rapid improvement — noted, as we have seen, by Horace Walpole — in highways, vehicles, and horses, which increased the rate of travel from four or five to twelve miles an hour, and culminated shortly before the introduction of railways.

The carriage horse, it need scarcely be said, became lighter and more active according as the weight that he had to draw, and more especially the friction of the roadways, diminished. Originally he was simply a beast of burden, the first English carriage horse being of the old black cart or shire horse strain, a huge, ungainly animal, with a big head and shaggy fetlocks. Contemporary with the cart-horse coachers were the "running footmen," with their wands of office. The chariots which they attended progressed so slowly that these functionaries could easily go ahead, when necessary, and engage apartments and refreshments at the next inn where a stop was to be made. They were also extremely useful in putting their shoulders to the wheel, when, as often happened, the vehicle stuck in a rut or in some "perilous slough." Later, in the seventeenth century, many Flemish mares were imported to England for carriage horses. They had more style and quality, but lacked endurance, as Gervase Markham pointed out in his well-known work. The cream-colored coach horses which are still bred in the queen's stables, though they have seldom been used since the death of Prince Albert, are descended from the same strain. In France, the Norman breed furnished the carriage horses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and one writer

speaks of the "richly mottled grays" that drew the coach of Richelieu.

It is an apt illustration of that conservatism which prevails in, or perhaps more correctly is an essential part of, forms and ceremonies that the state carriage horse of England has always been a century or so behind the times. Shire horses were used to draw Queen Anne's coach, though they had been given up by private persons for many years before she came to the throne; and in the same way, during the present reign, the Hanoverian horse has held a place in the royal stables to which he is entitled only on the score of antiquity. Another similar example was to be found, until lately, in the steeds that horsed the chariots of the Roman cardinals. These too were of Flemish origin, "of great size, as fat as prize oxen, proud and prancing at starting, — all action and no go."

As the Flemish mare succeeded the shire horse, so the Cleveland bay succeeded and vastly improved upon the Flemish importation. Cleveland bays are still bred, constituting with their cousins the Yorkshire coach horses, and with the stout fast-stepping hackneys, the three strains of harness horse now to be found in England. I shall have a word to say about them all.

The Cleveland bays originated, as the name imports, in Cleveland, a district of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and they date from about the middle of the eighteenth century. Remotely, they sprang from a cross between the native black cart horse, already mentioned, and the thoroughbred; but the type became a fixed one, and is thus described by "Frank Falconer: " —

"The Cleveland bay, in its natural and unmixed form, is a tall, powerfully built, bony animal, averaging, I should say, 15 hands 3 inches in height, rarely falling short of 15½, or exceeding 16½ hands. The crest and withers are almost invariably good; the head bony,

lean, and well set on. Ewe necks are probably rarer in this family than in any other, unless it be the dray horse, in which it is never seen. The faults of shape to which the Cleveland bay is most liable are narrowness of chest, undue length of body, and thinness of the cannon and shank bones. Their color is invariably bay, rather on the yellow bay than on the blood bay color, with black manes, tails, and legs. They are sound, active, powerful horses, with excellent capabilities for draught, and good endurance so long as they are not pushed beyond their speed, which may be estimated at from six to eight miles an hour, on a trot, or from ten to twelve — the latter quite the maximum — on a gallop, under almost any weight."

But the Cleveland bay did not long continue in his original form; there were more and greater infusions of thoroughbred blood, so that he became "finer," more speedy, a little longer of limb, and in all respects a superior animal for the coach and the saddle. The country gentlemen were great breeders and users of Cleveland bays. "A squire," it is said, "of two or three thousand a year, in the midland or northern counties, did not consider his stable furnished without five or six full-sized, well-bred coach horses;" and if he went a journey of fifty or seventy-five miles, he would be conveyed not only in his own carriage, but by his own steeds. Noblemen counted their carriage horses by the score; for in those days they traveled in some state. Six-in-hand for gala or ceremonious occasions, and four for every-day purposes, were the usual number. But times have changed. "The old duke always journeyed to London with six post chaises and four, attended by outriders. The present man comes up in a first-class carriage with half a dozen bagmen, and sneaks away from the station in a brougham, smoking a cigar." The reader will remember that even Sir Pitt Crawley, an exces-

sively penurious gentleman, was met by a coach and four at his park gates, where he and his companion Becky Sharp had been set down by the stage.

County running races also contributed very largely, though indirectly, to the improvement of carriage horses. Local magnates liked to be represented at these races by horses of their own breeding, and consequently there was a wide diffusion of thoroughbred sires. Under these influences, the improved, or half-bred, Cleveland bays lost their distinctive color in a large degree, chestnuts, iron-grays, roans, and dark browns being often found among them. Still, there are in existence even at the present time many Cleveland bays of the correct color, with legs black from the knee down, and with that "list" or strip of black running from the withers to the root of the tail which is considered to establish beyond a doubt the purity of their blood. A dark brown coat with a cinnamon muzzle was supposed to indicate a tough and hardy beast, and animals thus marked are seen occasionally nowadays. Blacks were the least common, this color being avoided, as suggestive of a cart-horse origin, unless it could be traced directly to a thoroughbred sire. Particular colors came to be associated with particular districts. Thus, in one neighborhood, it would be the ambition of every carriage owner to have a gray Sir William or a brown Sir Peter, as the case might be; whereas in another district a black this or a chestnut that would be considered as an indispensable inmate of a gentleman's stable.

The most potent influence in developing the carriage horse was, however, that mania for fast traveling in coaches and post chaises which could be satisfied with nothing less than ten and even twelve miles an hour. Anybody who has actually driven ten or twenty miles at this rate in a light carriage — not simply heard or talked about it, which

is a more common occurrence — can imagine what a task it was for four horses to travel at such speed, while hauling a load of four tons or more. Nothing but a strong dash of thoroughbred blood, and hardly that, could supply the requisite wind and limb. One of the best of those colored plates that illustrate the road in coaching days shows both what kind of horse was used, and what was the effect upon him of his work. It is a picture of *The Night Team* putting to in the frosty moonlight at a roadside inn, while a few passengers, muffled to the eyes, shiver on top of the stage. Three of the four horses, the wheelers and the off leader, are bays, — broken down, but still powerful. The ribs clearly show through their short, nicely groomed coats; their fine, well-bred heads, topped by small, aristocratic ears, hang mournfully down; their knees are fearfully sprung; their hind legs are twisted and swollen. Altogether, they give the impression of having accomplished some tremendous feats, and of being still able to perform the like, when well warmed to their work. The fourth horse, the nigh leader, is a gray, young and sound, but vicious. He wears a broad bandage over his eyes, to prevent shying at “objects,” and two or three hostlers are struggling to get him within the traces, while he plunges about with head and tail high in the air. The fast mail coaches broke down many good horses before their time; and if anybody had upon his hands an unmanageable brute, such as the English system of breaking was eminently fitted to produce, he doubtless put him into one of those horse-taming and horse-killing machines.

During the past fifty years many of the best Cleveland bays have been exported, — so many that the deficiency in the London market has been supplied in part by carriage horses brought over from Germany. Not long ago, an English agricultural journal inquired,

with much feeling, and with less attention to grammar, “When royalty or nobility wants a pair of upstanding London carriage horses, where goes the thousand guineas that hardly fetches them?” “Not,” answering its own question, “to the struggling English occupier, but to the broad expanses of the Continent.” Even the great job-masters of London (two of whom supply no less than five hundred pairs of carriage horses each to their customers, not counting single brougham and victoria horses) had recourse at one time to the Flemish horses. They were cheap and good-looking, but so washy and soft, so deficient in bone and endurance, so defective in those very points which Gervase Markham condemned in them two hundred years before, that, after a few years’ trial, they were generally given up by the job-masters.

Closely allied to the Cleveland bays are the Yorkshire coach horses. Separate studbooks are maintained in England for these families, although in many instances the same animal is recorded in both books, while in this country one compilation of pedigrees does service for both strains. The differences between them are thus stated by an English writer: —

“The Cleveland bays in what I may call their aboriginal form are agricultural horses, with plenty of grand points in their frame, but with no elegance of ‘turning,’ and without any action, and therefore totally unfitted to produce from themselves alone the big carriage horse. The Yorkshire coach horses have both the qualities above referred to, but they, again, if kept to themselves, will in a very short time become high on the leg and light of bone, and consequently equally unfitted to draw the weight of a big barouche or a state coach.” What is wanted, he goes on to say, is “the big harness horse, standing from 16 hands to 16.2 in height, with the bone and shortness of leg, the depth and

grandeur of frame, which are in the Cleveland, and are not in the Yorkshire coach horse; with the quality, elegance, and action which are in the Yorkshire coach horse, and not in the Cleveland; and with the 'long, elegant top line,' which is only produced by a combination of both."

Both the Cleveland bays and the Yorkshire coach horses are moderately high steppers, and usually incapable of a fast trot.

A third family of carriage horses is that of the hackneys, whose studbook, like the others just mentioned, is a very modern one, dating from 1882. Their origin is remotely the same as that of the Cleveland bays and the Yorkshire coach horses, — a mixture of thoroughbred and cart horse; but in the hackney family there is an intermediate strain, namely, that of the old Norfolk trotter, a fast-trotting, plain, serviceable, moderate-sized beast, that had a great reputation in his day, and from which, in part, many of our own trotters are descended. The best hackneys now extant trace back almost invariably to one particular horse, called Marshland Shales, who was foaled in 1802. He stood 14.3, was of a dun color, and is said to have descended from the great race horse Eclipse. George Borrow, in a passage of *Lavengro*, which I venture to quote here, although it is a familiar one, tells how he saw Marshland Shales at a fair in Norwich, when he was a boy, and the horse was old: —

"Nothing very remarkable about that creature, unless in being smaller than the rest, and gentle, which they are not. He is almost dun, and over one eye a thick film has gathered. But stay, there is something remarkable about that horse; there is something in his action in which he differs from all the rest. As he advances, the clamor is hushed, all eyes are turned upon him. What looks of interest, — of respect! And what is this? People are taking off

their hats; surely not to that steed! Yes, verily, men, especially old men, are taking off their hats to that one-eyed steed, and I hear more than one deep-drawn Ah! 'What horse is that?' I said to one very old fellow, dressed in a white frock. 'The best in mother England,' said the very old man, taking a knobbed stick from his mouth, and looking me in the face, at first carelessly, but presently with something like interest. 'He is old, like myself, but can still trot his twenty miles an hour. You won't live long, my swain, — tall and overgrown ones like thee never does; yet if you should chance to reach my years, you may boast to thy great-grandboys that thou hast seen MARSHLAND SHALES.'"

The hackney is almost too plain to be called a carriage horse, and yet he has some style, a great deal of strength, and much more speed than the larger and more elegant sort. Many hackneys, indeed, have showy and beautiful action. Moreover, having been bred in something very like its present form for a hundred and fifty years, the type is more likely to be reproduced than is that of the Cleveland bay or Yorkshire coach horse. An American horseman of national reputation, the importer and owner of some excellent hackneys, writes on the subject as follows: —

"The Norfolk and Yorkshire hackneys are a distinct breed of horses; with some thoroughbred and other crosses, of course, but still a distinct breed. They stamp their characteristics on their progeny in a very marked and decided manner, — more marked than any other breed of horses that I know of." And he goes on to describe them as follows: "The Norfolk and Yorkshire hackneys are from 14 hands to 15.3 or even 16 hands high. The average is perhaps 15.1½. A good hackney is a horse of considerable substance, with plenty of bone, fine quality, good length, on short legs, and with riding shoulders. He is a fast and good walker, and his trot is bold,

straight, and true, and fast enough for him to go ten to fourteen miles an hour. Many Norfolk and Yorkshire hackneys have trotted better than a mile in three minutes. The fine weight-carrying hacks one sees in Rotten Row, and the splendid teams that are paraded at the meets of the coaching and four-in-hand clubs in Hyde Park, are nearly all hackneys."

Of late years there have been imported to this country many representatives of all these families, the Cleveland bay, the Yorkshire coach horse, and the hackney, — some of them fine specimens, and some of them hardly worth their passage money. In fact, many of the animals exhibited at our horse shows, and sometimes actually winning prizes, as English carriage horses and coaching stallions, have been coarse, clumsy brutes, but a slight distance removed from the cart horse, and frequently not even sound.

The next type of carriage horse to be considered is the French coach horse. A great antiquity is commonly set up for this family by its admirers, but I have never been able to find any evidence in support of their assertions. Moreover, it is difficult to discover exactly what was the origin of the French coach horse. It is commonly said to have been a cross between the English thoroughbred and the Arab. It is certain that the English thoroughbred figures largely in the pedigree, and there may have been infusions of Arab blood; but the French coach horse has a bulkiness of form and a mildness of temper that indicate some other element, and it is probably that of the ancient and admirable Percheron family. The French coachers are large, handsome horses, usually chestnut, sometimes bay, and occasionally black in color. They have very fine, intelligent heads, rather short necks, broad chests, good, sloping shoulders, and the best of legs and feet.

In one respect, that of speed, they

are far superior to any strain of English coach horses. In order to satisfy the government test in France, a coaching stallion must trot two miles and two fifths at the rate of a mile in three minutes, and this on a turf track. They are also, as a rule, more gentle and docile than the English carriage horses, but a little inferior to the latter in point of "quality," and not possessed of so proud a carriage. Very few French coach horses have been imported to the Eastern States, but there are many in the West.

But is there no family of American coachers? Good horses having been raised in this country for at least one hundred and fifty years, is it possible that in all that time we have not produced a typical carriage horse of our own? Alas, no, although we have ample material for the purpose. One of the most brilliant performers that appeared on the trotting course during the season of 1890 was Pamlico, a five-year-old stallion, owned in North Carolina, but bred in Vermont. Pamlico won many races, obtained a record of 2.16 $\frac{2}{3}$ in a fourth heat, and proved himself to be a very enduring and speedy trotter. But, besides being a trotter, Pamlico, except for some want of height, is almost an ideal coach horse. He is of a rich bay color, with black points; his back is short, his shape round and smooth, with neither the angularities nor the high rump that are associated with the trotting model; his neck inclines to arch; he has a handsome head, with small ears, large eyes, broad between; and, race horse though he is, Pamlico possesses the bold, proud action of a coaching stallion.

Now, Pamlico, though an unusual, is not an exceptional type, and the same element from which he derives his coaching appearance is found in a large proportion of our trotting stock. Pamlico's grandsire, and our most famous trotting stallion, was Rysdyck's Hambletonian,

who died about fourteen years ago. He was descended in the paternal line from Mambrino, one of the best and stoutest thoroughbreds that ever ran in England; but his dam was by Bellfounder, and Bellfounder was a Norfolk trotter of the purest stamp. Here, then, we have the same element upon which the English hackney is based. Rysdyck's Hambletonian was a peculiar horse, endowed with an extraordinary capacity for transmitting his peculiarities. He was a rich bay in color, with great muscular development, fine action, and the strongest and soundest of legs and feet. But his long back, his dull spirit, his coarse, heavy head and mulish ears, are the very characteristics that a carriage or driving horse ought not to have; and the great vogue that the Hambletonians have enjoyed in this country has been, on the whole, an injury to the character of our horseflesh. Still, the Hambletonian family possesses a wonderful aptitude for retaining its own and assimilating other good qualities; and when united with strains possessing the nervous energy and the "quality" in which it is deficient, it rises to a high degree of excellence, as in the Volunteers, the Almonts, and many others. Thus far, that craze for raising fast trotters, which keeps a hundred men poor where it enriches one, has prevented the development of an American coacher; but the Hambletonian carriage horse is an easy potentiality. Other trotting families, notably the Mambrino Patchens and some of the Clays, contain similar material.

Carriage horses thus bred would have unusual speed. They would be a race of trotting coachers, and those individuals that lacked the fineness of a carriage horse would nevertheless be strong, serviceable animals, easily sold at a fair price; whereas the strictly trotting-bred horse, like the strictly running-bred horse, is apt to prove good for nothing if not good for racing.

Nor would any great difficulty be ex-

perienced in obtaining with trotting-bred horses, carefully selected, the proper action of a coacher. Many of them, such as Pamlico, have it already, and the career of the trotting stallion Shepherd F. Knapp (not to be blighted even by that unfortunate name) is instructive in this regard. Knapp, a Maine-bred horse, of Messenger and Morgan descent, was exported to England nearly fifty years ago, and made a great reputation there as a hackney. He won many prizes in the show ring, and is spoken of by one authority as "unsurpassed for pace and action." His descendants, moreover, and those of his son Washington, rank with the very best hackneys in England for style, action, and "quality," and also, it need not be said, for speed. The action of a carriage horse should be bold and free; but excessively high action, being incompatible with speed or endurance, is a fault in the true coacher.

High-steppers, or park or sensation horses, as they are sometimes called, stand by themselves, — in a small, select, and very expensive class. Their gait is not merely, or even chiefly, a means of locomotion, — it is an end in itself; and very pretty is the effect of their peculiar up-and-down step, especially when they are driven at a slow trot, with all the accessories of a fine equipage. They travel as if they had springs in their hoofs, their knees at the upward stroke seeming almost to touch those musical, well-burnished pole chains with which they are often and most suitably harnessed. The high-stepper expresses, so far as a horse can do it, the insolence of wealth. In his prime he would furnish a good text for a sermon, and in his decay he might point the moral of a pathetic tale.

These horses are distinctly for show, not for use. "You may drive your step-pers," one authority remarks, "very slowly for the most part, and fast a short distance, if they shine in a fast trot, for two hours or so every day; but

if you want to go ten miles out of town and back, you must fall back on a useful pair, or hire post horses."

Shepherd F. Knapp, whose action was so much admired in England, was bred in Maine, as I have said; and the best of our "sensation" horses come from that State, probably because its stony pastures tend to make the horses that run in them step high. Ten years ago a really high-stepping carriage horse was almost unknown in this country, but we raise many of them now; the demand partly causing the supply to exist, and partly calling it forth from its hiding-place where it existed before. A "down East" farmer raises a colt or two from good stock, which, being turned out for several years on a rocky hillside, and having also, it may be, a tendency in that direction, get in the habit of lifting their feet high when they trot. The owner looks upon this action as a defect rather than a merit, but fashionable people in New York and Boston think otherwise: it soon becomes known that the dealers who go from farm to farm will pay a good price for horses with excessively high action, and accordingly such horses are bred.

Beside carriage horses proper, which range from the tall, hunter-like barouche horse to the small, nimble animals that are now often used for broughams and victorias, and beside the high-stepper or sensation horse, we have the cob. "Cob" is so ambiguous a word that many stanch horsemen absolutely exclude it from their categories. Any smallish, chunky horse, especially if his tail be cut short, is a cob. But there are cobs and cobs. The well-bred modern hackney sometimes comes within this category; but few and far between, especially in this country, are such cobs as that. The ordinary cob is fat and faint-hearted, well fitted to draw a village cart gently about a village, but likely to go to pieces if put to any severe task. He has the bulkiness of a small cart horse, but lacks the

nervous energy needed to make him a good roadster or a good saddle horse. He shines at horse shows, his broad back being admirably adapted for the display of trappings and caparisons; and he is a source of wealth to fashionable dealers. A small, "blocky," undersized horse, with a rather pretty head, weak legs perhaps, and no speed, will go a-begging in the country for \$125 or \$150; but in the hands of the dealer, clipped, docked, and hogged, he easily brings \$250 or \$300.

But as we might, if we took the trouble, have a race of American-bred coachers, so we had, and in a lesser degree still have, a breed of incomparable cobs. The old Morgan horse was a perfect cob, small, powerful, speedy, docile, enduring, and possessed of great style. The Morgans, as I have mentioned in a previous article, were always in demand by captains of the militia when a "muster" was to be had, for what they lacked in size they more than made up by their proud and spirited carriage. This race, unhappily, fell into neglect as the Hambletonian star came into the ascendant; and although it has lately been revived, the object is to produce trotters, not cobs, and to increase the size of the horse. This purpose is a laudable one, and yet the Morgan cob should also be preserved.

Within a few weeks I came by chance, in a small New England village, upon a perfect specimen of this kind. It was a little bay mare, with a rather long body and round barrel. She stood on short legs, and must have been less than 15 hands high, but she had the strength, in all the moving parts, of a 16-hand horse; her neck was thick, but not coarse, her head small and Arabian in shape, with fine, aristocratic, intelligent ears, and an eye flashing with spirit and courage. She was nineteen years old when I saw her, and hollow-backed, but still so spirited as to require a man's hand upon the reins. A cob

of this kind is capable of an immense amount of work, and will perform it upon exactly half the food required by a big horse.

The modern fashion of using cobs and small horses generally for carriage purposes is an improvement in several ways, and chiefly because it is more humane; the wear and tear of their feet upon the pavements being considerably less than it is in the case of a large horse. Formerly the London job-masters had no horses in their stables under 16 hands high; now they have many, chiefly for single brougham use, from 15 hands upward, and the same tendency prevails in this country. In fact, the use of small carriage horses followed the introduction of those less bulky and lighter vehicles that are due chiefly to the skill and originality of American builders; but it is doubtful if heavy carriages, even, are not drawn more easily, as a rule, by horses that weigh from nine hundred to ten hundred than by those that weigh from ten hundred to twelve hundred pounds. Such, I have found, is the common opinion of American horsemen, and such seems to be the experience of English coach drivers.

"In these days," writes the Duke of Beaufort, "when the road coaches only carry passengers, and no luggage to speak of, even if there is any at all, we should prefer, for all sorts of roads, short-stepping and small, though thick, horses. They are infinitely pleasanter to drive. Anybody who has had the experience of taking off a big lolling team of rather underbred horses, who are very tired, and have been hanging on the coachman's hands for the last two or three miles of the stage, will understand what a pleasure and relief it is to feel the quick, sharp trot of a little team of fresh horses."

When, however, it is a question of hauling a heavy load, such as an omnibus, at a jog trot on level ground, then

the big horse is required. There must be a good weight to throw into the collar. Moreover, when horses are well bred and well shaped, neither beefy nor leggy, but bony and muscular, they can hardly be too big. "A pair of 15-hand horses," an English authority writes, "will always have to be pulling at an ordinary phaeton; whereas the same carriage seems to roll after a pair of 15.2½'s of its own motion, leaving them light in hand, well collected, and with full play for their action."

This statement, however, is not, as it might be thought, at all inconsistent with the opinion just expressed concerning the superiority of small horses as fast weight-pullers. They are better for this purpose, not because they are small, but because they usually have the relative shortness of limb and of stride which are mechanically adapted for pulling a moderate load at a brisk pace. When these characteristics are found in larger horses, as, for example, they often are in the Percheron family, you have animals that are capable of great tasks. A span of Percherons are said to have drawn an omnibus around a mile track in four minutes; and the gray Norman-Percheron stallions that drew the diligence from Calais to Paris in pre-railway days trotted and galloped at the rate of eleven miles an hour, equaling the speed of their better bred English contemporaries, but not, it is true, keeping it up so long; their stages being but five miles in length, whereas the English stages were ten miles.

But whatever the size of the carriage horse, and whatever the use for which he is intended: whether he is to be a big, showy coacher, or a fast-stepping barouche horse, or a useful, medium-sized animal, or a stout one for a brougham, or a showy one for a phaeton, or an all-day nag for a comparatively light carriage and long drives; whether he is to be a horse, a cob, or a pony, let him have the inward energy,

the outward grace, and the fineness of larity of the racer and the dumpiness
bone and muscle that only a dash of of the cart horse — are not only the
thoroughbred or Arab blood can supply. most useful, but the most beautiful, the
Half-bred horses — avoiding the angu- world over.

H. C. Merwin.

BUT ONE TALENT.

YE who yourselves of larger worth esteem
Than common mortals, listen to my dream,
And learn the lesson of life's cozening cheat,
The coinage of conceit.

— The angel, guardian of my youth and age,
Spread out before me an account-book's page,
Saying, "This column marks what thou dost owe, —
The gain thou hast to show."

"Spirit," I said, "I know, alas! too well
How poor the tale thy record has to tell.
Much I received, — the little I have brought
Seems by its side as naught.

"Five talents, all of Ophir's purest gold,
These five fair caskets ranged before thee hold;
The first can show a few poor shekels' gain,
The rest unchanged remain.

"Bringing my scanty tribute, overawed,
To Him who reapeth where He hath not strawed,
I tremble like a culprit when I count
My whole vast debt's amount.

"What will He say to one from whom were due
Ten talents, when he comes with less than two?
What can I do but shudder and await
The slothful servant's fate?"

— As looks a mother on an erring child,
The angel looked me in the face and smiled:
"How couldst thou, reckoning with thyself, contrive
To count thy talents five?"

"These caskets which thy flattering fancies gild
Not all with Ophir's precious ore are filled;
Thy debt is slender, for thy gift was small:
One talent, — that was all.

“This second casket, with its grave pretence,
Is weighty with thine IGNORANCE, dark and dense,
Save for a single glowworm’s glimmering light
To mock its murky night.

“The third conceals the DULNESS that was thine.
How could thy mind its lack of wit divine?
Let not what Heaven assigned thee bring thee blame;
Thy want is not thy shame.

“The fourth, so light to lift, so fair to see,
Is filled to bursting with thy VANITY,
The vaporous breath that kept thy hopes alive
By counting one as five.

“These held but little, but the fifth held less,—
Only blank vacuum, naked nothingness,
An idiot’s portion. He who gave it knows
Its claimant nothing owes.

“Thrice happy pauper he whose last account
Shows on the debtor side the least amount!
The more thy gifts, the more thou needs must pay
On life’s dread reckoning day.”

—Humbled, not grieving to be undeceived,
I woke, from fears of hopeless debt relieved:
For sparing gifts but small returns are due,—
Thank Heaven I had so few!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE almost universal homage paid to Cardinal Newman at his death by all sorts and classes of persons is a striking phenomenon. There is no reason to suppose that the mass of English and English-speaking people is more inclined than it was forty-five years ago to adopt the ecclesiastical position of the teacher whom now they honor. Doubtless, in these years, many prejudices formerly entertained towards the Roman Catholic Church and faith have been dissipated, partly by Newman’s own writings, partly by the influence of the

school which he so largely formed within the Church of England, which has popularized many tenets and practices once commonly supposed to be exclusively and distinctively Romish.

To a certain small extent, the honor paid to Newman in his death may have been dictated by a sense of the unfairness with which he and his friends were treated in the early days of the Oxford movement, when, first as Newmanites, and afterwards as Puseyites, their name was cast out as symbolical of all that was evil. But while this half-uncon-

scious desire to offer reparation to a school formerly treated with abuse and scorn, but whose services in quickening and transforming the English Church have since been recognized, may not have been absent, we suspect that any such feeling was balanced, in the ordinary British mind, by a desire to show respect for one who had, in the popular estimation, honestly followed his premises to their legitimate conclusion, not without a sly slap at those who remained behind, apparently less logical or less honest in following out their convictions. But whatever subordinate feelings of this sort may have served to swell the flood of praise, reverence, and admiration which has poured in from all quarters since Newman's death, its chief source was, without doubt, a recognition of the greatness and nobility of the man, as preëminent for saintly character as for intellectual gifts. In a sense, as has been pointed out, in the strange irony of history the homage paid to the deceased cardinal was an evidence of the triumph of that liberalism in religion which he most dreaded. To quote the words of Dean Plumptre, "Dogmatic differences embodied in Anglican formularies and Protestant traditions have sunk into the background as compared with the unworldliness, the saintliness, the genius, which all could recognize and value."

Above all else, probably, that contributed to this general outburst of respect was a feeling of admiration, and in a way of affection, for one who in his *Apologia* had bared his own mind and heart to the public scrutiny, that he might clear himself, and by implication his religion, from the charge or suspicion of dishonesty. People at large cared little for the various steps by which Newman passed from Calvinism to Anglicanism, and from Anglicanism to Romanism; but they delighted in

tracing his perfect truthfulness and sincerity in taking each step, in following the light which seemed to lead him on. Others, who had no thought of following his steps, when the light seemed to be leading in quite another direction, could make their own the prayer of his hymn, *Lead, Kindly Light*. To many there would be a shade of meaning, unthought of, probably, by himself, in the motto he adopted when appointed a cardinal, *Cor ad cor loquitur*. In spite of doctrinal and ecclesiastical differences, all felt the beauty of his character, the strength of his devotion, the witness of his life.

A more striking proof of this could hardly be found than in the selection of Newman's name for the first of the series of *English Leaders of Religion* in this and the last century (to be followed by Keble, Simeon, Bishop Wilberforce, Wesley, Maurice, Chalmers), edited by Mr. Stedman, and the writing of Newman's biography by the editor of the *Spectator*,¹ who, valuing most highly Newman's defense of the great fundamental truths of Christianity, would be one of the last to adopt in any sense his Roman point of view.

Agreeably to what has been said, it will be noted that it is by his comparatively uncontroversial and more personal works that Newman is most widely known. His *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, his hymns, his *Apologia*, are familiar where the *Tracts*, the *Grammar of Assent*, the *Essay on Development*, are but names.

Having mentioned Newman's *Sermons*, it may be worth while to point out a fact that is commonly missed: that all the sermons in the well-known eight volumes were preached by Newman as Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, to which is attached a very small parish, at the ordinary parochial services, which are quite distinct from the *University Sermons*, preached at different hours in the

¹ *Cardinal Newman*. By RICHARD H. HUTTON. [*English Leaders of Religion*.] Edited

by A. M. M. STEDMAN, M. A. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

same edifice in its character of the University Church. But such was the attraction of Newman's personality and ministry that members of the university, old and young, flocked to these services; and thus it was, in great measure, that Newman exercised so great a moulding, religious influence over the mind of Oxford, and, through Oxford, of England. There is but one volume of University Sermons proper preached by Newman, all bearing on the relation of Faith to Reason, the great point chiefly insisted on being the aid given to the intellectual by the moral faculties in the apprehension of religious truth.

Mr. Hutton dwells at some length on the excellences of the Parochial Sermons, giving many choice extracts to illustrate their extraordinary reality, their remarkable freedom from exaggeration, combined with their uncompromising severity in urging the claims of spiritual truth and in probing the human heart. At the same time, we are glad to note that he calls attention to the singular force of Newman's Roman Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations, as containing, as we have long felt, "the most eloquent and elaborate specimens of his eloquence as a preacher." If, as is said, they have not quite the delicate charm of the reserve of his Oxford Sermons, they represent the full-blown blossom of his genius, while the former show it only in bud.

Mr. Hutton, as he says in his preface, devotes the main part of his book "to the study of Dr. Newman's life before leaving the Anglican Church; in other words, to the course of thought which led him to the Church of Rome." This study is carefully and fairly pursued, the partiality of a personal friend and admirer being combined with the impartiality of, to a certain extent, a theological opponent. But it naturally suggests the question, at which we have already hinted, and which it lay outside of Mr. Hutton's purpose to discuss, as to the

course of thought which led others, in great degree sympathizing with Newman, to refuse to follow him to the Church of Rome. Because he was honest, were they dishonest? If we grant that he was logical, must we regard as wanting in either intellectual or moral perspicacity such men, for instance, as Dr. Pusey, less brilliant, certainly, than Newman, but assuredly no less profound a scholar; or the great preacher at Oxford and St. Paul's Cathedral, removed since Newman's death, a sharer in the cardinal's brilliancy of intellectual gifts, while much more widely read in modern philosophy, and to whom we should be inclined to apply Mr. Hutton's words concerning Newman, that "he has influenced the world more deeply, though perhaps not more widely, than it has fallen to any Englishman of our time to influence it through the instrumentality of the pulpit"? Dr. Liddon's profound personal veneration for Dr. Newman, and his sympathy with so large a portion of his teaching, would have made his deliberate review of Newman's course and his criticism of Newman's later writings by no means the least interesting part of his biography of Dr. Pusey.

For ourselves, we should be inclined to say that there was always a difference between the point of view of the Newmanites and that of the Puseyites. We use the terms, not historically, but as standing for different sections of the same Oxford school, — for those who, as we believe, logically became Roman Catholics, and for those who equally logically remained in the English Church. Both appealed to authority, the authority of the Church as distinct from the private judgment of the individual, which common Protestantism professes to regard as by itself sufficient and alone entitled to determine (from the Bible, at any rate) its creed. Now, as we understand the matter, there are two really distinct views of authority, which are nevertheless commonly confounded: one that

regards the voice of the Church (for it is of ecclesiastical authority that we are speaking) as in and by itself decisive,—as giving, in fact, a *judicial* sentence, to which the individual must of necessity bow, or be a rebel; the other that regards the voice of the Church as *evidence* of an extremely valuable kind, which will go far towards forming the verdict of the individual mind and conscience, but which will have to be correlated with other lines of evidence. Where the former view is adopted, the natural tendency will be to desire an absolutely infallible present authority, to whose decision all questions of sufficient magnitude and importance may be referred. The desire for such an authority will tend to its creation. The wish will be father to the thought. Now, this we conceive to be the process of reasoning by which Newman was led to the Church of Rome. His was a soul that yearned for authority. At first he thought that he found an absolute and infallible guide in the Scriptures. When the insufficiency of the Bible alone—each man his own interpreter, and after a while each forming his own canon—was realized, and he had learned from Dr. Hawkins the value of tradition, first the Anglican Church and then the Primitive Church became Newman's infallible authority, if only the judgment of one or the other on any disputed point could be definitely ascertained. The difficulty, amid the divergent views of apparently equally reputable divines, of getting any clear determination on a variety of points seemed to render this position also untenable. There must be somewhere, argued Newman, a living authority to whom man can bow in simple obedience, or there can be no security at all as to revelation. Rome claims to satisfy this yearning of the heart for an absolute authority on which to lean. It was in the rest thus offered that the great attraction of the Roman Church, we imagine, consisted for Newman, as for many others.

It was the thought that in her he found the realization of his ideal, more than any facts which the study of ecclesiastical history presented, that decided Newman to renounce Anglicanism and submit to Rome.

Newman was throughout an idealist. He pictured to himself an ideal Church, "the Church of the New Testament," such as never really existed. This perfect or worthy representative of the Most High he had not found in his Anglican experience. The English Church fell miserably short of the ideal he had imagined, whether as regards her witness to the faith, the strictness of her discipline, or the standard of holiness set before them by her members. In the Roman Church, of which he had no experience, he hoped to find the ideal realized. At least she claimed to fulfill it; and was not that a presumption in her favor, since somewhere (it was assumed) the ideal must be realized? When once Rome's claims had been accepted, all Newman's intellectual subtlety, no longer needed to construct a theory (the *Via Media* or any other), was exercised in defending that which had been adopted, in explaining away all that seemed inconsistent with her pretensions.

Newman was a monarchist. His hatred of republicanism, shown by his refusal, in 1833, to go out into the streets of Paris, or to look upon the tricolor at Algiers, as associated with the French Revolution, had its counterpart in matters ecclesiastical and religious. "My Bishop is my Pope," he said in his Anglican days; and so, when, largely under the influence of a temporary panic, the bishops charged against him, he threw up as hopeless in the English Church the contest for what he considered Catholic principles. Others continued the contest, and by patience succeeded, if not in winning the authorities to their side, at least, to a very great extent, in leavening the body of the English Church and people with their principles.

Dr. Pusey's was not a simply obstinate persistence. His was a more patient spirit, less sensitive, more practical. Consequently, he was neither overwhelmed by immediate rebuffs, nor did he set before him an imaginary ideal, of which he was bound somewhere to find, or to think he found, the realization. The authority to which he appealed was that of the universal Church, throughout the world and throughout the ages, as bearing witness to the teaching of the one indwelling Spirit. Newman and his followers looked for a present living authority, as a continuous organ of fresh revelation, a central oracle, ready and easy of access, ready and easy of pronouncement. Pusey and the Anglicans appealed to the Church as a witness continually applying truth once for all revealed. In the former case, the more centralized the authority, the more perfectly will its functions be fulfilled; in the latter case, the strength of witness lies in the consent of independent and diverse testimony; its value will be the greater the wider the range from which it is gathered. That this was the position of the early Christian Church there can be no doubt. When contending, in the second century, against Manichean dualism for the central truth of the Divine unity, or, two centuries later, for the divinity of Christ, it was by a complex method that the truth was arrived at. There was no such quick and easy method of settling the question as by an appeal to a central Divine oracle. Slowly and painfully the Church had to collect and weigh evidence. And thus a far more satisfactory conclusion was reached, not only more sure in itself, but of far more lasting effect on the faithful, who knew that the question had been threshed out. The Roman idea of authority is much simpler. But simple processes are not those which harmonize most exactly with what we recognize to be the law of God's dealings with the world. As Dr. Mozley says in his criti-

cism of Newman's *Essay on Development*: "If we are to go at all by the actual course of Providence before us, it is most natural to suppose that God would, after such a revelation [as that given by Christ], leave men, with the additional light of truth and all the other advantages of every kind which may be part of it in their possession, to carry it out with more or less abuse or perversion if they will," rather than to expect a Divine revelation continually going on.

There can be no doubt, as has been said, as to Newman's absolutely loyal acceptance of the Roman position. To imagine him restless or restive under the authority he had chosen would be to misunderstand both the character of the man and the chain of reasoning which led him to Rome.

How far the Church of his adoption trusted her illustrious convert, or used as she might have done his wonderful gifts, is a question. Certain it is that he was never the power in the Roman Church that he was in the Church of England; and that he was thwarted in two cherished schemes, — the preparation of a new English translation of the Bible for the use of Roman Catholics, to supersede the wretched Douay version, and the establishment of a Roman Catholic college at Oxford. Certain it also is that Dr. Newman was not summoned as a theologian to the Vatican Council, and that his strongly expressed opinion as to the inexpediency of defining the papal infallibility was disregarded. In fact, during the reign of Pius IX., as was natural, Newman was treated with scant appreciation by the authorities of the Roman Church.

We have refrained from quoting Mr. Hutton at all freely, trusting that his book will be widely read, as one worthy alike of its subject and of its author, and as giving in an easy and convenient form the history of one of the most remarkable figures of this century, whose influence has been both wide and deep.

One quotation, however, we desire to make, touching that which was the centre and core of Newman's teaching, and in which we are disposed to think the layman gives to the teaching of the divine a useful limitation. Speaking of Newman's intensely dogmatic creed, Mr. Hutton says: "I suppose that all clear-headed men will agree with Cardinal Newman in admitting that, without the confession of certain intellectual truths, and without a careful sifting of what these truths are, there is no possibility of the safe preservation of any divine revelation. But surely he a little confuses between the intellectual conceptions which are necessarily implied in the fact of revelation and the life and character which are the subjects of revelation. . . . It is perfectly easy to

conceive that a multitude of Christians may have had right feelings towards God without having had the most accurate and clearly defined thoughts concerning his essential being. Dogma is essential in order to display and safeguard the revelation, but dogma is not itself the revelation. And it is conceivable that, in drawing out and safeguarding the revelation, the Church may not infrequently have laid even too much stress on right conceptions, and too little on right attitudes of will and emotion. Dogma is only subsidiary to that unveiling of God to man which is the single aim of revelation, and instead of being made subsidiary it is sometimes made to stand in the place of that to which it ought to be purely instrumental."

ANCIENT ATHENS FOR MODERN READERS.

THERE were many ancient manuals describing Athens, her local traditions and her monuments. Of them all, one only, and that by no means the best, has descended to us. It nearly fills the first book in the description of Greece by Pausanias, "the traveler." This work is based on an extended tour through Greek lands in the time of the Antonines, supplemented by liberal but somewhat uncritical use of good earlier accounts, and of classic Greek literature generally. The reëditing of Pausanias, in the light of recent excavations and discoveries, is probably the most important task remaining in the whole domain of classical studies. It is well known that the Germans who excavated Olympia were guided, almost at every step, by Pausanias' detailed accounts of temples and monuments standing in his time. Whoever shall have the glory of laying bare what may yet remain of the Delphic

sanctuary will be almost equally dependent upon every word of the much-abused Periegete.

His first book, however, is decidedly the least satisfactory of the entire ten, being overloaded with tiresome historical and biographical digressions, and no less remarkable for tantalizing omissions just where the reader is most eager for full information. There is also a striking lack of literary form and scientific observation of details, which is much less painfully felt in later books. Still, even for Athens, in the absence of Polemon's famous work, and of the other competent guides which have perished, Pausanias must without doubt always furnish the chief clue. Any descriptive work on Athens for scholars and students will naturally take the form of a more or less literal version of his Attika, supplemented by an account of the buildings and ruins now visible,

and their identification so far as may be possible. Even the guidebooks for the ordinary tourist, like the excellent German and English Baedeker for Greece in general, and the still more exhaustive French Guide Joanne for Athens alone, have necessarily depended to a large extent upon the information afforded by this ancient traveler. The best work on Athens in English for classical students has been, until recently, the rather heavy and unimaginative book of Dr. Thomas Dyer. There can be no doubt that his work, and indeed all others upon Athens, must be considered as superseded, to a great extent, at any rate for the moment, by the scholarly volume of two English ladies, which has been published this year.¹

The dual nature of this work goes much deeper than title and authorship. Mrs. Verrall's task, indeed, though not altogether easy, was comparatively small and definitely limited. It has apparently been executed in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

Miss Harrison, the real authoress, is best known, and prefers to be known, as a special student of mythology. She has, in fact, like so many before her, discovered a key which explains some famous myths most neatly and ingeniously; and she is in danger of carrying its use too far. Her theory is, in a word, that the discordant or irrelevant additions to a simpler earlier myth were usually suggested by, and were invented to account for, some traditional rite, whose real origin and purport were no longer known to the classic priest or worshiper, — though they may be rediscovered by keener modern eyes. Her preliminary essay of one hundred and fifty-six pages, discussing the principal Attic legends, is offered merely as "pro-

¹ *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*. Being a Translation of a Portion of the *Attica* of Pausanias by MARGARET DE G. VERRALL; with Introductory Essay and Archæological Commentary by JANE E. HARRISON.

legomena to a more systematic study." It is interesting, certainly, and full of suggestion; and neither this dissertation itself, nor the numerous digressions into the same field throughout the body of the volume, can fairly be criticised as prolix.

Yet undoubtedly it is true that most students will turn eagerly to this volume, not for a new theory upon the origin and growth of myths, but rather for a full and authoritative statement concerning the excavations and the brilliant discoveries of the last few years within the limits of Athens. And while such readers will find here a great wealth of information on these subjects, they will often feel that they are having to stem a strong cross-current in the effort to reach what they seek. Indeed, Miss Harrison avows at once, in title and preface, that her own first and heartiest interest is aroused rather by myth and ritual than by the visible remains of antiquity.

In one important instance, at least, we think we have good ground for discontent on this account. Perhaps the most surprising and widely known discovery of recent years was the "find" of some twenty archaic female figures in Parian marble, to the northwest of the Erechtheion, during the excavations upon the Acropolis in May, 1886. Mr. Russell Sturgis has just published a valuable essay on the coloring of Greek statues,² which is almost wholly illustrated from these precious discoveries; and Professor Alfred Emerson, in his review of the progress in classical archæology during the last decade,³ properly devotes three pages out of forty-seven to "the greatest archæological event of this epoch."

Miss Harrison summarily decides that these figures cannot be statues of the London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

² Harper's Magazine, September, 1890, pages 535-550.

³ Archæological Institute of America, Tenth Annual Report, Appendix.

goddess Athene herself, as they lack her essential attributes. This decision — which is by no means undisputed — seemingly destroys all interest in them on the part of our authoress in her chief character as mythographer. At any rate, we get no word as to their number, size, or material; no description of them collectively, nor of any one singly. Hardly a half page, in a volume of eight hundred pages, is given to the subject; and of Miss Harrison's two hundred and fifty illustrations, *one*, of the smallest, is devoted to one of these statues, — because it may possibly resemble an old priestess, who is casually mentioned by Pausanias!

On the whole, we think Miss Harrison would have laid us under still greater obligations if she had decided to publish two distinct works, — one setting forth her theories on ritual and myth, the other devoted to the topography and monuments of Athens; and some such bisection will, we imagine, actually force itself upon the authoress, if she undertakes a revision of the present volume.

It is no discourtesy to these ladies, nor any disparagement of their work, to say that the element in this book which makes it indispensable to all students, even the most advanced, of Athenian topography is not contributed by either of them. Miss Harrison states most frankly her obligations to and dependence upon Dr. Dörpfeld. Any writer on the same subject at this time should feel compelled to acknowledge an equally heavy debt to this most remarkable archæologist. Entering the archæological field with the training and the tastes of an architect rather than of the traditional classical philologist, his almost infallible acuteness and insight have thrown a fresh light on nearly every vexed problem of Attic topography. It is a most happy chance that has developed such a genius during these last years, which have been so full of fruitful excavations and important discoveries.

But the brilliant German scholar displays another characteristic of true genius in the prodigality, the utter lack of selfishness or jealousy, with which he imparts his ideas to all his fellow-workers and disciples.

There are many subjects in which Miss Harrison puts forth revolutionary theories, and sustains them by ingenious proof, or by calling attention to remains hitherto unnoticed. In all or nearly all these cases, not only has she been Dr. Dörpfeld's pupil, but he has revised and completed her work, both in manuscript and in the proof-sheets. It is not easy to mention another archæologist, living or dead, who would thus cheerfully permit the first publication of many among his own most notable discoveries by another hand, and in a foreign language. Perhaps this generous example may be hardly less helpful to the scholars of the world than the technical results of Dörpfeld's studies, great as these are.

Of course some of the illustrious German's most revolutionary views are already well known, through his own essays in learned periodicals, or from the publication of them by others. In particular, Dörpfeld's famous thesis — that the Greek theatres in the fifth century B. C. had no stage whatever higher than the level of the orchestra — divides the scholarly world at the present moment into two hostile camps. Yet even in these cases he has enriched Miss Harrison's pages at every turn with the latest results of his investigations. In other matters, such as the new location of the Athenian market-place and of the buildings known to have been near it, the views here set forth, as well as the evidence by which they are defended, will be new to nearly all readers.

There really is only one point of any importance in the entire book at which the authoress ventures, though not without serious misgiving, to part company with her Mentor. Even this is a liter-

ary rather than a topographical question, namely, whether a certain passage of Pausanias is to be understood as referring to the Erechtheion, or to the "old temple" of Athena on the Acropolis, — the existence of such a temple having been demonstrated, and its remains identified, by Dr. Dörpfeld, some years ago.

This is, however, only one, though the most striking, example of the diligent and judicious effort made by the authoress to record the latest results attained by the most eminent special investigators in their several fields. In the explanation of the figures in the pediments of the Parthenon, for instance, full acknowledgment is made to our own director, Dr. Waldstein, for his "severe and studied application" of the true method to be followed in the interpretation of such sculptures. American readers will be gratified also by the hearty praise accorded to Professor J. R. Wheeler's essay on the Dionysiac theatre, written while its author was a member of the American School. Miss Harrison remarks, "The whole account is the best existing in English." Every such word is a welcome reminder that the new generation of American students have found their way to the sources, and that the second-hand scholarship of the past will satisfy us no more.

There are certain defects in this volume, to which we are the more fully justified in calling attention because the abundance and freshness of its information make it a necessity to every student of the subject. To begin with, the least important, or the most pedantic, of our grievances, Greek words, even quite familiar ones, are very inaccurately accented. Perhaps we have no right to demand exactness in this nicety from our English cousins so long as they ignore, in pronouncing Greek, the very accents which they print and write. In fact, their best known writer on Greek composition, after the twenty-fifth exer-

cise of his book for beginners in that delightful art, makes a first allusion to "accents, to which the learner had better not attend at present"! Miss Harrison and her proof-reader seem, at times, to be docile pupils of Professor Sidgwick. There are, indeed, too many other indications of haste or insufficient pains in final revision. The English text also abounds in printer's mistakes, and erroneous or insufficient references occur to baffle the conscientious student. These blemishes will, we trust, be effaced in a second edition, and no doubt Miss Harrison would fully appreciate any corrections by her readers. The work is of a kind which makes perfection in such matters almost unattainable, save by the aid of many co-workers.

The translations of the poetical quotations are chiefly credited to D. S. MacColl, and are executed with a freedom which makes them unsafe to accept as equivalents of the Greek. The present writer deliberately believes that the use of rhyme in translation from the classic poets inevitably brings with it so many modern associations and such constant temptation to stray away from one's text that it can be approved only in great artists like Fitzgerald, from whom we gladly accept something equally beautiful with the original, however diverse from it. This conviction is certainly not shaken by such rollicking jingles as, —

"In a myrtle bough shall my sword be hid.
So Harmodios and Aristogeiton did,
When, on the day of the offering,
They slew Hipparchos the tyrant king."

There is a great wealth of illustrations throughout the book. Many of these, especially the drawings from vase-paintings not elsewhere accessible, are extremely helpful. It would, perhaps, be ungrateful to complain of the injury many of them have suffered in the processes of reproduction and reduction. Yet in some cases, especially where views of confused ruins are presented,

very little can be distinguished, even by those readers who are familiar with the objects illustrated. Students will, in many cases, wish to supplement this book by a collection of photographs, — such, for instance, as the admirable series of the (English) Hellenic Society.

We venture to hope that in a subsequent edition the notes will be either set at the foot of each page, or else at least collected in one place at the end of the volume, instead of being massed at five irregular intervals in the body of the work, reminding us of the depots of provisions, etc., on the great Persian highways.

Miss Harrison tells us most frankly at the outset that her own competence, at first hand, is confined to the realm of the myths. We have repeatedly expressed our gratitude for the diligence and good judgment with which she follows the best guides in other fields. Of course no student will, in every case, agree with her choice of an authority or with her own conclusions. We must protest here, however, in particular, against her apparent acceptance of the modern Greek pronunciation as the nearest practicable approach to the ancient utterance. The classical orthography was at least approximately rational. The three vowels and four diphthongs to which the modern Romaic gives one value, *ēē*, were written originally for the express purpose of representing seven distinct sounds.

There are, naturally, many portions of this work which show distinctly its real character as in great part a compilation. This is, perhaps, nowhere so evident as in the historical explanations, which have a somewhat perfunctory character. There is one long paragraph (page 60) which we have read repeatedly, and can make nothing of on any other theory than the utterly incredible one that Miss Harrison supposes *Ægina* and *Salamis* to be alternative names for the same island! But enough, and too much, already, of

this thankless carping over details. The few things which the critic cannot approve inevitably demand far more space than he can occupy in expressing his appreciation of the many that have instructed and delighted him.

In closing these remarks on a book that, by its character and its very authorship, is peculiarly significant of the great and encouraging changes which classical studies are now undergoing, we wish to express our most hearty enjoyment of one characteristic not common to the great mass of archæological publications. Miss Harrison is, happily, not one of that race of scholars who regard the mere accumulation of accurate knowledge as an all-sufficient end in itself. This volume contains frequent and successful appeals to the imaginative faculty. Everywhere the authoress shows that sensitiveness to the beautiful elements in nature and art which is, we trust, to be more effectively stimulated as women come to their rightful share in the studies and in the creative work of men. One of the most delightful digressions of the book is the description of the little river *Ilissos*, included in which is the famous bit of dialogue from Plato's *Phaidros*. We venture to quote here in full, however, a paragraph from the preface, which illustrates most happily the spirit of the entire work: —

“The task before me is touched with inevitable sadness. The record we have to read is the record of what we have lost. That loss, but for Pausanias, we should never have realized. He, and he only, gives us the real live picture of what the art of ancient Athens was. Even the well-furnished classical scholar pictures the *Acropolis* as a stately hill approached by the *Propylæa*, crowned by the austere beauty of the *Parthenon*, and adds to his picture perhaps the remembrance of some manner of *Erechtheion*, a vision of colorless marble, of awe, restraint, severe selection. Only

Pausanias tells him of the color and life, the realism, the quaintness, the forest of votive statues, the gold, the ivory, the bronze, the paintings on the walls, the golden lamps, the brazen palm-tree, the strange old Hermes hidden in myrtle leaves, the ancient stone on which Silenus sat, the smoke-grimed images of Athene, Diitrephes all pierced with arrows, Kleoitias with his silver nails, the

heroes peeping from the Trojan horse, Anacreon singing in his cups: all these, if we would picture the truth, and not our own imaginations, we must learn of, and learn of from Pausanias.

"But if the record of our loss is a sad one, it has its meed of sober joy; it is the record also of what — if it be even a little — in these latter days we have refund."

TWO BOOKS OF VERSE.

"TRUTH of substance in union with distinction of style." Arnold's summary of the characteristics of the best poetry is a formula on the whole so satisfying that one returns to it again and again. The simple words, not one more than is needed, are, like those of Chaucer's earlier Oxford scholar, "of high sentence;" and they seem a fit praise to bestow upon a recent addition to the best poetry of our own day and country, Miss Thomas's little book, significantly named *The Inverted Torch*.¹ The stanzas whence the title is drawn embody an idea which forms the climax of the connected poem, and are naturally placed on the final page. With gracious transformation, the ancient sign of death becomes to the poet's vision, purged by pain, a luminous symbol of immortality. The wind-blown taper being reversed,

"Up climbed the lovely flower of light again!

"Thou Kindler of the spark of life divine!
Be henceforth the Inverted Torch a sign
That, though the flame beloved thou dost
depress,
Thou wilt not speed it into nothingness;
But out of nether gloom wilt reinspire,
And homeward lift the keen empyreal fire!"

Seldom has the motive of a lyrical se-

¹ *The Inverted Torch*. By EDITH M. THOMAS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

quence been stated with so complete a felicity, in a single image so elemental and impressive. We are reminded of the diverse beauty of the overture to *Sonnets from the Portuguese*; nor is it strange, in spite of the contrast in subject, that we should associate Miss Thomas's threnody with that pæan of love triumphant, since each sets forth with perfect sincerity an individual experience which is yet universal.

The analogy with *In Memoriam*, which suggests itself in the opening lines, —

"I dreamed that in thy hollowed palm

Thou heldst some measure of gray sand," —

is presently seen to be somewhat remote. The grief herein expressed is in its nature other than that which built itself a lordly monument in the Laureate's verse. It is an intimate and household sorrow that here speaks to us, with an accent now and again most piercing. Moreover, while there runs through the entire poem that development idea which is a note of modern poetry, and without which no elegiac pomp could satisfy a reader of to-day, it marks the excellent truthfulness of the poet that this progression extends only to a certain point. Only so far as she herself has learned it will she record the lore to be learned of loss. The conclusion is a strenuous prayer, contrasted with the solemn af-

firmation of Tennyson's first and last stanzas. His thought widens gradually and surely to the sea; the singer of *The Inverted Torch* remains "closed in human life's defile," waiting solution. Once, it is true, she sees above the straight rock-wall a joyful fire of dawn: —

"Thou against all this shadow-world!
Thou between whom and me were hurled
Figments that mourning Fancy rears —
Thou against all that thus appears —
Thou, and the Life to be, 'gainst all
I dream and fear, and Life miscall!"

Here, indeed, is something of that clear faith which is a golden cordial in the work of Browning. Where this is absent, however, the effect is not void of cheer; virtue goes forth from the courageous soul even in its hour of struggle, even at its moment of deepest dismay. Contact with a nature capable of entering into the noble and rare relation portrayed in this poem is in itself a heartening inspiration, — a nature

"peer of the kingliest stone,
Lucid by day, and braving the dark with its
luminous freight."

The Inverted Torch might almost be called a sonnet-sequence with interludes; for its sonnets not only outnumber the other lyrics, but, as a rule, outweigh them in value. The sonnet is certainly, as a prince of sonnet-makers has called it, the true coin: —

"Whether for tribute to the angust appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, mid the dark wharf's cavernous
breath,
In Charon's hand it pay the toll to Death."

This couplet-conclusion, unusual with Rossetti, leads us to the mention of a peculiarity to be noted in the sonnets of Miss Thomas. She invariably follows the Italian model, with but one deviation, which is infrequent, — a terminal alexandrine; but it may be observed that many of these sonnets, if read aloud, leave lingering in the ear the effect of the Shakespearean form. This illusion is due not alone to a diction shaped by companionship with the Eliz-

abethans, but to a singular fluency of movement, very seldom attained within the strict Italian bonds, though common in the sonnets of Shakespeare. How to combine the advantages of both forms is a master secret. Nowhere is the distinction which stamps the best verse in this volume more striking than in the freely moulded first lines of certain of the sonnets; take, for instance, the direct

"I know not why henceforward I should fear,
Once having felt the master stroke of fate,"

or the sonorous

"Two powers the passive giant deep control."

Such lines are "captain jewels in the carcanet," but every bead is finely cut and instinct with sober light.

Miss Thomas appreciates fully and uses fitly that heritage of rich and picturesque words handed down to us from the days of the Renaissance, when words took on life from the vivid time, and were made more precious, being passed from lip to lip of that great company who became poets because the air was fame. We do not speak of a servile and studied imitation, but of the free usage of any true inheritor who knows his own. It may be seen in the following quotations how much is gained by the choice of words enriched through tradition: —

"The other, as with bell of sphyry toll,
Whether the wind be loosed or chain'd be,
To tidal orisons draws holily
The mighty water."

"Here, here, and there, I pageant things discern,

Once idly named My Griefs."

"Death grows with all my days past all control,

And nearer brings oblivion — or dream —
Or boon awakening of the lifted soul."

This is the handling of language that gives us lines good to dwell with, haunting the chambers of Memory with serene and melodious presence.

Popularity is so often a limitation that it is a pleasure to find a singer who has caught the ear of the public still advancing in his art. A poet who has already found many to dance to his piping, and who yet goes down to the reeds by the river to cut himself a new and better flute, is in earnest, and merits a smile from Apollo. The first thing that strikes the reader of *Lyrics for a Lute*¹ is the marked growth of the writer since the publication of his widely read *Madrigals and Catches*. His Muse moved feately enough in the French forms, and nimbly danced to the jingling metre of *Praed*; but now she has learned a truer grace, and trips in time with the "silvery feet" of Herrick's maidens. Mr. Sherman's sound and saving love for the sunny lyrist of the *Hesperides* is quite evident. Herrick is for him "my happy poet;" might we but give to our modern verses

"That subtle touch to make them live,
Like Herrick's, after we are gone"!

His poetic creed appears in a finished little quatrain:—

"In Nature's open book
An epic is the sea;
A lyric is the brook:
Lyrics for me!"

He is an apprehensive pupil of the gallant singers of the early Stuart time; and one can fancy the pleasure of Lamb, who so enjoyed Wither's fine turn,—

"Thoughts too deep to be exprest,
And too strong to be suppress,"—

could that genial critic read the last lines of the farewell *To His Book*:—

"Her praise is inspiration's breath;
Her scorn were aspiration's death!
Go, then, and if she welcome you
I care not what the world may do!"

The old-time felicity is again found in the love lines *On a Clock*,—obstinate "slave of Time," not heeding the entreaty of the lover,—and the old-time

¹ *Lyrics for a Lute*. By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

quaintness in *The Fly-Leaf to the Reader*. Somewhat more individual, perhaps, is *The Harbor of Dreams*, which has a delicate charm of cadence:—

"This is the margin of sleep;
Here let the anchor be cast;
Here in forgetfulness deep,
Now that the journey is past,
Lower the sails from the mast.
Here is the bay of content,
Heaven and earth interblent;
Here is the haven that lies
Close to the gates of surprise."

A swift, victorious movement and abundance of color characterize *A Greeting for Spring*, and in *Winter Starlight* the spell of a magic hour is perfectly crystallized. A growing sympathy with the world's life and beauty is apparent throughout the book; and one of its divisions is sacred to Nature, the other three being devoted to Fancy, Love, and Books. We note not only a sounder choice, but a greater variety of measures, than in the earlier volume; uniform lucidity of expression and a fastidious correctness of rhymes. A high reverence for the function of the poet is displayed, frankly and without self-consciousness:—

"Sing on, nor heed what lips are murmuring
To scorn your art: one perfect song shall live
For love and you long after they are mute."

This theme, the perpetuity of song, frequently recurs. Types of the mysterious birth of poetry surround the singer; all nature is vocal concerning the great secret whereon his hope and endeavor are set. This promises much; the Muse, whatever her caprice, will never stoop to a half-hearted lover, one skeptical of his call and claim. The other characteristic which remains most impressed upon the reader is a healthful joyousness, native as the note of a bird. In *Lyrics for a Lute* there is no morbid verse, and two of the lines might stand as a poetical frontispiece:—

"No melancholy strain he knew;
His skies were always bright and blue."

MR. WOODBERRY'S CRITICISM.

It is a commonplace that literature is to be apprehended by a direct appeal to it, and not by the diligent study of books about literature. Criticism, as a form of literary art, is no exception to this rule. If we would know the force of critical power, our business is to place ourselves under the direct critical rays. The difficulty in doing this arises in part from the double action of the mind when engaged in this exercise. Supposing we have immediate acquaintance with a piece of literature, — and it is only then that we derive the greatest advantage of criticism upon such a piece, — we are embarrassed by our effort to exercise the judicial function ourselves. While we are listening to the judgment, we are aware of another voice appealing to us from the work under trial. We find ourselves sitting in judgment, as a sort of court of final appeal, and this consciousness of ultimate authority has a tendency to make us undervalue the judgment of the lower court.

Nothing, therefore, sets the mind so free to enjoy criticism as a quick apprehension of the judicial temper in the critic. If, upon early inquiry, we note the large elements of fairness, honesty, sanity of temper, freedom from prejudice, absence of quibbling, we lay aside our own judicial robes and step down from the bench, leaving our other selves in full possession of the power to enjoy the insight, the discrimination, the breadth of view, the learning, which the judge who is speaking may have to display.

It will not take the reader of Mr. Woodberry's volume of essays¹ long to settle himself into this attitude. The subjects treated are mainly literary, but,

¹ *Studies in Letters and Life.* By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

in the discussion of literary art, Mr. Woodberry is never out of sight of personality. Nothing impresses us more, in the general view which he takes of literature and men of letters, than his refusal to regard the subject as dis severed from vital relations. With him literary art is not an air plant, detached from visible connection with this too solid earth; and when he sets himself the task of determining the sources of a man's literary power, he looks for them less in the influence of other literary art, or even in the general impression produced by the man's environment, than in the original constitution of the man himself, and in so doing he gets farthest into the secrets of the man's being. His article on Browning, called out by the poet's death, is an excellent example of this humane criticism, and the special application of the principle of choice, which inheres in a man's nature, to the form of art in which he is at his best is well set forth in the following passage: —

“There is a compensation for these deficiencies of power in that the preference of his mind for a single passion, or mood, or crisis, at its main moment, opens to him the plain and unobstructed way to lyrical expression. His dramatic feeling of the passion and the situation supplies an intensity which finds its natural course in lyrical exaltation. It may well be thought, if it were deemed necessary to decide upon the best in Browning's work, that his genius is most nobly manifest in those lyrics and romances which he called dramatic. The scale rises from his argumentative and moralizing verse, however employed through those monologues which obey the necessity for greater concentration as the dramatic element enters into them, up to those most powerful and direct poems in which the intensity of feeling

enforces a lyrical movement and lift; and akin to these last are the songs of love or heroism, into which the dramatic element does not enter."

In the more direct studies of human life, where the question of art does not present itself, the peculiar strength of Mr. Woodberry's critical power is distinctly seen. The paper on Darwin, especially, brings into prominence that power of grasping wholes which is, one may say, the final test of a man's critical ability. The simplicity of treatment in this paper makes it easy for one to perceive the masterly manner in which the subject is handled. Scarcely less intelligible are the papers on Landor and Shelley; and here, the subjects on which these men expended their force, the forms which they employed, bring the men themselves more directly within the range of Mr. Woodberry's own tastes and interests. The temptation is all the greater to temper judgment with favor, and possibly the reader may detect a slight disposition to give Shelley the benefit of doubt; but the

evenness of mind displayed in the treatment, the fine sense of proportion in the measure of the man, especially in the Landor paper, are so manifest that one is well aware that he is listening to a judge, and not to an advocate.

The absence of rhetorical splendor or of epigrammatic decisions will disappoint those who like to take their criticism hot and well spiced; but such absence is symptomatic of a criticism which is, in the long run, most serviceable and most to be depended on. The direction in which Mr. Woodberry's critical power tends is toward that comprehensive judgment which not only regards a life or a work of art as a whole, but brings to the test a comparison of the life or the work with the ideal to which it aspires. This can be had only when one's mind is catholic, and refuses to take a merely contemporary view of life and art. Under these conditions, criticism, upon whatever expended, becomes, if couched in clear, melodious English, itself a work of art, to be enjoyed for its own sake as well as for the interpretation which it offers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"Thou Spell, I WAS once honored by the
avaunt!"
friendship of a man of explosive prejudices. He was a proof-reader, and worthy to be coupled with Alexander the Corrector. Amenity itself in the commerce of private life, in his office he was immitigable. His honesty was aggressive; his frankness had the inhuman innocence of childhood. Like some other zealous magistrates, he made incursions beyond the legitimate boundary of his province. No misquotation but he set it in the pillory; no mixed metaphor but he pursued it through all its windings like a ferret; he was a killing frost to every over-venturesome flower

of speech; none such could take *his* winds of March with its beauty; a faulty construction quailed before him like a prevaricating witness before Jeffries, and every solecism found in him a Torquemada. His were, indeed, bloody assizes, and on the margin of a proof-sheet his red pencil left a calamitously sanguine trail behind it. He would have dealt as unmercifully with his own epitaph, could he have had the chance, and I trust there is no misplaced comma therein to disturb his well-earned rest. But, above all, his bile was blackened by any indecency in spelling. The kindest hearted of men (he would have made

me say "the most kind hearted"), to young authors he seemed a very Ogre. The Muse of accuracy rent her garments with a feeling of irrecoverable loss when he died. *Si quis piorum manibus locus*, I fancy him haunting now the English alcoves of

"The beatific Bodley of the Deity,"

to whose shelves no volume is admitted that has not passed the censorship of impeccable orthoepy.

I had occasion to visit this Rhadamanthus one day, where he sat in chambers at the printing-house. Ordinarily his good-mornings were ceremonious, and one approached business by a gentle slope through health and weather; but now he turned upon me with a glare in his spectacles as of personal wrong, and without preliminary greeting blared forth: "Mr. X, when I come down to my office in the morning, it is my habit to begin the duties of the day by reading a chapter of the New Testament. But if by any chance it should happen that I found the words of my Blessed Redeemer printed in the Websterian cacography, I'd hurl them behind the backlog!" All this in a single jet, and with an absence of punctuation that would never have escaped him in a proof-sheet. Recovering himself with a courteous apology for his abruptness, he explained that he had been correcting a manuscript polluted with those heresies of spelling.

I confess that I share these orthodox antipathies and resentments, that I too glow with these sacred heats. Are they the less grateful that they are unreasonable? They are peremptory as instincts, and will not be denied. The ancient leading case of *Martialis v. Sabidium* settled the matter once for all without appeal. I cheerfully admit that Webster was right nine times out of ten in the reforms he proposed; that he has logic, analogy, simplicity, and oftentimes etymology on his side. But what are all these against habit and prepossession?

You will say, perhaps, that the meaning is the main thing, and, provided that be clear, the spelling may go hang. But stay; since we have but twenty-six letters to spend upon our literature, since Shakespeare had no more for his all-potent incantations, should there not be method and frugality in the administering of so small a patrimony? Not that a seemly superfluity should not be indulged on occasion. Does not "honour" lose something of its state and "favour" of its benevolence when the *u* in each has been economized? A cynic will scowl at this as a trifling ceremonial, but such niceties are the thin partitions that divide us from barbarism. Nay, the mere misplacing of a letter or an accent may vulgarize a fine sentiment, or make a harmlessly erroneous statement offensive. If a man write that he was standing in the centre of the street when he means the middle, does not his crime call for sterner discipline if he call his impossible whereabouts the "center"? I am willing that my gas or my water should be measured by a "meter," though I may have misgivings as to the scrupulous impartiality of the contrivance, but I challenge peremptorily the competence of his ear who should offer to instruct me in the "meter" of Milton. Are these things merely nugatory? The Homoousians and Homoiousians took a more serious view of them, cheerfully inflicting and enduring martyrdom for a vowel more or less. Ask the first beggar you meet whether he feel not an inhuman change in the word "altruism" where the *Y* is dropped and the *I* left unsocially alone, as usually it is in their hurry by those who use it oftenest?

And yet, though a purist of the strictest sect, I sometimes look backwards with a sigh of regret to those happier days when every man did his spelling for himself. Then could some prodigal son beguile the grapple avarice of the alphabet and squander in the debauch of a single period letters enough to have

fed a page. Thus dealt a lay brother of Greenwich Priory nearly three centuries ago with the word "susspissyou" giving it that sibilancy of the Old Serpent which should have put Eve on her guard. These were their *épanchements*. But they could be niggard also at a pinch, and the sister of Henry VIII., herself a queen, makes "marvellously" cringe to "merwously" at much sacrifice of backbone in her service. What freshness must there have been in language when every word was a very Proteus at taking new shapes! Even more than a hundred years later, though dictionaries had begun to do their deadly work, the pen could still expatiate in the pigeon-wing of a flourish now and then. There is still a pleasant suggestion of gentleman-like leisure and of a roomier world in such forms as "musique" and "physique;" and one may easily believe that when these, like tadpoles, had to sacrifice their tails at the bidding of evolution, there were men who no longer found pleasure in the quavers of Cuzzoni or efficacy in the drugs of Dr. Mead. I suppose that I prefer the old-fashioned switch-tailed "cheque" to the docked form my countrymen have adopted. To me this has the air of a disrespectful nickname for that species of literature which has the supreme art of conveying the most pleasure in the least space. Not that I am fanatical, for the editor would not find me implacable who should write to me that he "enclosed his check" for double the amount I expected. Yet there are outrages in the like kind which it would be pusillanimous to endure meekly. Such is the Revised Version of the Scriptures, for example. It may be more true to the letter that killeth, but does it not prosaically evaporate that aroma of association at once the subtlest and the most potent gramarye of Imagination? Does it not make the Almighty speak like a spruce writer of leaders?

At last Dr. Johnson's folio was laid heavily over the springing shoots of our

language, like the traditional tile over the acanthus. In England it seems to have done its work of flattening and repressing effectually, but when the same feat was attempted on this offshoot transplanted to our virginly vigorous soil, the uncontrollable plant sprang up on every side, and, if it could not transform its incubus into a Corinthian capital, at least wreathed it with an arabesque of foliage not its own. Or did the original stock perish, and was this adventitious greenery but the pushing insolence of native weeds? To drop figures of speech for those of arithmetic, I believe that the American vocabularies contain more words than the British; but in spite of this victory of superior numbers, it is becoming in us to be merciful, and to admit that the English have some rights in their mother tongue which an American is bound to respect. When our cousins are in good humor, they talk of our common language; when they are not, they tax us with an uncommon language, and spice their abhorrence of it with modes of speech in which I am quite willing to renounce any share whatever.

I was put upon these reflections by seeing, in *Notes and Queries*, the copy of a letter from Mr. W. E. Norris to the editor of the *London Times*, protesting against any complicity in the spelling used in a book of his printed in England from plates made in America. *Notes and Queries* is a useful and even excellent periodical, whose more serious labors are mitigated by communications every week from every Q in a corner who wishes to inform the world that there is anything he does not know,—an inexhaustibly prolific theme. The querulous voice of the doddypoll, elsewhere extinct as the dodo, may be heard in its thickets. Mr. W. E. Norris is the author of several entertaining novels, written in a very comfortable English, as times go. He tells us that he wrote his letter "with tears running down his pen," and it would be easy to turn the

tables upon him by hinting that a careful analysis could detect no salt in the water which he mixes with his ink. But this were a cheap advantage to take, especially in the case of one to whom I am a debtor for much wholesome and innocent entertainment. Besides, it is not with Mr. Norris that I have a crow to pluck, and I have said enough to show that I entirely sympathize with his feeling of the indignity that has been put upon him. No; what I protest against is that his letter should be printed under the heading of "Americanisms," — a heading under which certain contributors to Notes and Queries seem eager to show how easy it is to trip over ignorance into ill manners. They write about the English and American language without knowing the rudiments of either. To drop the *u* out of "honour" or to write "plow" for "plough" may be archaisms, if you will, but they are not Americanisms. Formerly, all English words derived from French originals ending in *eur* changed it to *our*; and properly enough, since the accent fell on the last syllable, as may be seen in Chaucer. The accent had been shifted to the first syllable as early as Elizabeth's time, though some poets who Chaucerized, as it was called, occasionally followed the archaic accentuation even during the reign of James. "Plow" was a common spelling in English books for a century at least. Do Englishmen never read their older literature in the original editions, as Charles Lamb loved to do? Such spellings are not Americanisms, but survivals. True Americanisms are self-cocking phrases or words that are wholly of our own make, and do their work shortly and sharply at a pinch. Of the former we have invented many so bewitching for their quaintness or brevity, their humor or their fancy, that our English cousins have not been squeamish in corroborating the urbanely languid ranks of their diction with these backwoods recruits. Of the latter we have

coined too many that are refused admission to the higher society of the vocabulary because they are unidiomatic or vulgar, or both. Of acceptable and sure-to-be-accepted words I cite "shadow" and "stage" as active verbs, both in unassailable analogy with "coach," "floor," "ship," and so many others. "To voice," which is laid at our door, is an inheritance, and though I cannot now lay my hand on the reference that would prove it, I feel sure that "to shadow" will yet prove its Elizabethan origin, as its features seem to warrant. These and their like spare us cumbersome periphrases, and are sure of adoption because they chime in with that instinct for short cuts which connotes English as the language that, beyond all others, means business and the hurry implied in it.

I believe that one of the spellings that were too much for Mr. Norris's sensibilities was "center." I do not wonder. But this again is no Americanism. It entered the language in that shape, and kept it at least so late as Defoe. The Mirror for Magistrates, Cotgrave, Minsheu, and the Glossographia Nova (1707) all spell it so. In its modern form, it makes, with half a dozen more, an exception to our general treatment of the French termination in *tre*, and to our invariable rule as regards that in *dre*. So, too, the banishing of the *u* from such words as "honour." Its presence there was once uniform; it is now an exception. But no indictment for mayhem, if such it be, will lie against us. More than two hundred years ago James Howell proposed and practised this curtailment with others like it. Most of these have been adopted. In a very few words the *u* has been obstinate. The only argument in its favor that I have seen is that, in losing it, we lose all trace of its direct adoption from the French. This is a fact of more interest to the historians than to the writers of our language, and is, moreover, secure enough in the

dictionaries. But why, then, retain the *u* in "parlour," the French original of which does not end in *eur*, but in *oir*? And if "parlour," why not "mirroure" also, as of old? I am convinced that *u*'s room, in all these cases, is better than his company; yet is old habit so strong that I shudder, and seem to hear a sad *Quid miserum laceras?* reproaching its evulsion. Dear old French friends, you of the *vieille roche*, the De Trops, as I part with you I sigh loyally, —

"God bless their pigtails though they're now cut off!"

Another imputed Americanism which has been trampled upon in Notes and Queries is the locution "come and" do this, that, or tother. Why, the first motto adopted by our emigrant ancestors was "Come over *and* help us," not "to help us," and did they get it of the redskins? Naturally not, but from the Scriptural "Come over [into Macedonia] and help us," where the construction, of course, is not in the least affected by the intervening words. The phrase is a common English idiom, and one of which Thackeray (who wrote classically colloquial English, if ever any man did) was rather fond. With other hardy perennials it came over in the Mayflower, which, naturally enough, brought also "crank," lately stigmatized as autochthonous, as if what was a boast in Athens must needs be a shame in America.

The best English commences alike with the shelf and the street. Formal logic can never be applied to language, which has a logic of its own of more than feminine nimbleness, and verbal critics should learn their own tongue before they meddle with others. As for idioms, I should advise such critics to ponder deeply what the Rev. E. Young in his Pre-Raffaellitism says of definitions: "It may be almost said of them as Confucius said of the gods: Respect them; take care not to offend them; have as little to do with them as possible." And on our side we should re-

member that we have every right in the language we have inherited which our elders and betters had, that we may enlarge, enrich, and modify, but may not deface it.

Iambic Prose and Cons. — Mr. Palmer's version from the *Odyssey*, in the October Atlantic, recalls vividly his oral translations in Sever Hall some years ago. To me, as to many of his hearers, these readings were a fresh revelation. We had never before realized that Homer is still alive. One curious testimony to the force and genuine simplicity of Mr. Palmer's renderings was this: we nearly all went away astonished that Homer was so absurdly easy, and sure that, with a little practice, we could do nearly or quite as well ourselves! This impression of unlabored simplicity Mr. Palmer has himself somewhat cruelly effaced by compelling us to listen, as we read, for his iambic rhythms. One reader, at least, is sure that his own loss is herein greater than his gain. All good prose is rhythmic, though not with the regular cadences of verse. Iambics especially are so natural, as Mr. Palmer says, in our speech that they can be used with great freedom, especially in the more impressive passages, without exciting remark. Few readers, for instance, until they are told, see how largely the story of little Nell's death has been thrown into undivided pentameter verses. We should have felt the rhythm more truly if we had not been reminded of it.

The professor's own — presumably unrhythmic — prose is so persuasive and easy-gliding that one glaring bit of sophistry is in danger of passing unnoticed. A satisfactory English version in hexameters is, as we also believe, impossible. But any such undertaking is of course a metrical experiment, an attempt to keep faithfully the form of the original. It is precisely because this form is so remote from the average prose sentence of our speech that all prolonged experiments in it break down. A prose

version is not, therefore, a second step in that direction, but a mighty leap the other way.

By the way, we do not quite agree that the accenting of each third instead of each second syllable is the rock of shipwreck for English hexameters. Young Lochinvar and Ghent to Aix are no dainty *tours de force*. There is true lifeblood in their gallop. The great burden of an hexameter is rather at the beginning, since our sentences usually open with an article, a preposition, or some word which refuses to bear the weight of an accent. Hence such trochaics as

“For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.”

It may be noted that even the Greeks had to abandon dactyls for iambs, when their article came into its full rights and prepositions had become obedient to their name. Indeed, Aristotle remarks that the iambic verse of the drama is the nearest approach to the movement of ordinary speech.

The form, therefore, which Mr. Palmer should have discussed, just before he crossed the borderland, is our “blank verse.” Indeed, we are half disposed to believe that versification like Bryant's, joined with riper scholarship, might yet produce in this metre the best English *Odyssey* attainable. The free use of “run-on” lines permitted with us makes this movement almost as varied and as unforced as prose. The great loss in such a version will probably always be the sacrifice of the unit of measure. The Homeric poets shaped, or found ready to hand, a metrical unit just about long enough for a normal sentence. Every student of the Greek learns to expect the sense to end with the line. But not even a Dante could compress an average Homeric verse into ten syllables of English.

But enough, and more, of the very kind of discussion we deprecate from our friend the translator. Let us join in

beseeking Mr. Palmer, when he publishes his book, to omit every allusion to rhythm from his title-page and his preface; we shall be glad to forget all theories of metre while surrendering ourselves to the simple pathos of the best of all the old stories, simply, directly, and forcefully retold.

— Mr. Chapman might have taken, as motto for his interesting essay in translation of the fourth canto of the *Inferno*, Dante's own testimony in the *Convito* (i. 7): “And therefore let every one be aware that nothing harmonized in service of the Muse can be changed from its own speech to another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony.” For, like every intelligent translator, Mr. Chapman has approached his task with that serious comprehension of its difficulties which is the prime step to their conquest.

To speak frankly, the opening paragraph of his article seems curiously inadequate in its judgment of Dante. Only from a foreign and a purely literary point of view could it be considered that the power of Dante lay in his use of words. To his compatriots, his power is that of the prophet of Italian unity, moral and political, and of the poet, maker of the language of his nation. Also, it is a myopic vision of the great structure of the *Commedia* that sees in it only disconnected details. Tower and arch, carven wreath and grinning gargoyle, are parts of an ordered design, and balance, even presuppose, one another. Great is the power of Dante's word, because this is the terse symbol of his scheme of life, evolved through many years of smouldering isolation.

Mr. Chapman's adoration of the word of Dante has availed him in his metrical version, which is vigorous, well cadenced, and at times surprisingly fortunate. Yet it is certain that the translator of a great poem has at best only a choice in sacrifice. Fidelity is his whole duty;

and the means to this end are somewhat dependent upon the nature of the poem. For example, the early lyrics of Dante, — entirely mediæval in tonality, — with their pearly atmosphere and pure, rather rigid outlines, are well rendered by Rossetti's kindred yet unique idiom. But the grave, intense, sharply individualized *Commedia*, in which the last word of the Middle Ages chimes with the exordium of the Renaissance, requires a different method of version. Its philosophy and diction are essential; its grace of *terza rima* only can be spared. In English poetry, rhythm is more intimately effective than rhyme; and the closely wreathed Italian measure, blossoming in threefold clusters of soft assonances, is at best poorly represented by the diffusive English, dropping from its verses monosyllables hard as nuts. Mr. Chapman notes the inadequacy of the English derivatives from the Latin to imitate the cognate Italian. This is true; and yet it may be part of the poetic office to restore these words, departed, sometimes degraded, from their prime meaning, or laid on the shelf, like formal best clothes of thought.

Surely, one is bound to convey the message of Dante as directly as may be; and it will always prove a supreme difficulty to retain the *terza rima* without offense to the tradition of his boast that rhymes never led him aside. On the whole, we may well rest content with Professor Longfellow's translation of the *Commedia*, which mirrors the thought and word of Dante in a metre peculiarly akin to the spirit of the English language. The first and elect bringer of Old World beauty to the new continent would not, without serious decision, have denied to his art the satisfaction of the *terza rima*.

Finally, Mr. Chapman is to be congratulated upon the scholarly ease of his translation. Rarely does he step quite off the path of Dante; yet these few new footprints are noticeable. The only im-

portant divergence, however, occurs in lines 115 and 116, which I should render (bound not to disturb the translator's rhymes): —

"We went aside to a place free of air
And luminous, whereto the ground made rise."

But I am not minded to put myself (as says the Italian proverb) in the place of the hare as well as of the hunter, and hasten to return to the safer ground of the critic to note that a pair of griffin's eyes have been unadvisedly thrust by Mr. Chapman into the eye-sockets of armed Cæsar. *Grifagno* means, not griffin, but gerfalcon; and from that word flashes the keen black glance of the great Roman. And finally, something is missed of the splendid tautology where the word "honor" in its various forms — *orrevol, onori, orranza, onrata, onorate* — resounds, as when "the note of a trumpet is heard from the right hand, and from the left another answers."

— Though I am inclined to agree in general with Mr. Andrews in his estimate of the different English translations of Goethe's *Faust*, I think he fails to do justice to one conspicuous quality of Bayard Taylor's version. Its shortcomings are very ably stated; but these are, to my mind, in a measure compensated for by a poetic afflatus which distinguishes the book, and shows it to be the work of a poet. Mr. Brooks is less successful in reproducing the musical key of the original, and he is far poorer in winged words which seize the spirit of the German as by inspiration. I cannot, for instance, imagine a happier rendering of the line in the dedication, "Das strenge Herz es fühlt sich mild und weich," than Taylor's,

"And the stern heart is tenderly unmanned,"

which certainly accords better with the elegiac key of the poem than Brooks's, "The rigid heart to milder mood gives way," or Miss Swanwick's,

"A tender mood my steadfast heart over-
sways."

The same observation holds good in regard to the Easter choruses, though the admirers of Taylor are here perhaps obliged to concede a liberal use of his predecessors, and particularly of Brooks. Taylor followed in this respect the example of his master, who declared (apropos of Mephisto's song, "Was machst du mir vor Liebchen's Thür," which he had adapted from Shakespeare) that he felt at liberty to use all that came in his way, provided he could improve upon it. And who will question that, considered as poetry, Taylor's version is here superior to that of Brooks? Take, for instance, the Chorus of the Disciples, which is the most difficult, and so may serve as a test of the comparative merits of the translators. How ecstatic is the swift dactylic movement of Taylor's rendering!

"Has He, victoriously,
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all gloriously
Now sits exalted?
Is He in glow of birth
Rapture creative near?
Ah! to the woe of earth
Still are we native here!
We, his aspiring
Followers, Him we miss;
Weeping, desiring,
Master, Thy bliss!"

Excepting the last four lines, which fall a trifle below the key, I regard this as one of the greatest feats of translation in the English language. The alternately rhyming lines,

"Ist er in Werdelust
Schaffender Frende nah?
Ach! an der Erde Brust
Sind wir zum Leide da,"

are rendered with a poetic felicity and vigor which throw Brooks far into the shade. Particularly, the rendering of the almost untranslatable word *Werdelust* by "glow of birth," and the producing of a dactylic rhyme, accurate both as to sense and sound, in "woe of earth," can scarcely fail to challenge the ad-

miration of all who know the difficulties which are here so triumphantly overcome. Here is the version of Brooks, and I beg the unprejudiced reader, with an ear for rhythmical effects, to pronounce if it approaches so near to the sublimity of the original:—

"Risen victorious?
Sits he, God's Holy One,
High throned and glorious?
He, in this blest new birth
Rapture creative knows;
Ah! on the breast of earth
Taste we still nature's woes.
Left here to languish,
Lone in a world like this,
Fills us with anguish,
Master, thy bliss."

Miss Swanwick's version of this is almost on the level of prose, and makes scarcely the faintest attempt to sound the trumpet note of triumph which rings in the first four lines, and which Taylor has reproduced so finely:—

"He whom we mourned as dead,
Living and glorious,
From the dark grave hath fled,
O'er death victorious.
Almost creative bliss
Waits on his growing powers.
Ah! Him on earth we miss;
Sorrow and grief are ours.
Yearning He left his own
'Mid sore annoy.
Ah! we must needs bemoan,
Master, thy joy!"

I believe I am acquainted with all translations of Faust into English, and I have, after much study, come to the conclusion that Taylor's approaches nearer to the third order, to which Mr. Andrews refers, than any of the others. If I were to state its claim to superiority in one word, I should say that, generally speaking, it is poetry, while all the others are metrical prose, rising now and then into the regions consecrated to the tuneful Nine. It is not by any means a final and fully satisfactory translation, making all others superfluous; but it gives everywhere evidence of having been written by a man of finer poetic

susceptibility and a higher poetic gift than any of his competitors.

Ibsen, a Hard Nut to crack. — While we are all talking about Ibsen, and expressing our more or less sagacious opinions of him, his strongest and most characteristic work remains buried in an idiom which few have the leisure to master. But, desirable as translations of these works are, it is greatly to be feared that we shall have to get along without them, for the difficulties in the way of their execution are enormous. Brand is written mostly, and Peer Gynt largely, in rhymed octosyllabic iambic verse, and both poems are almost as compact in thought as *The Divine Comedy*. When we look to our own literature for examples of this form, we think of *Hudibras* and the narrative poems of Scott; but the one model is too light, and the other too diffuse, to afford any really helpful suggestions. I have a vivid recollection of a certain morning when I struggled for an hour or two with the couplet,

"Tabets *alt* din vinding skabte,
Evigst ejes knn det tabte,"

and evolved nothing better than this wretchedly inadequate version: —

"What we win is ours never,
What we lose we gain forever."

If I had not been so set upon getting in the double rhyme, I might have done better, or at least saved some of the time spent in the effort; but to my mind the metrical scheme of Brand enters so distinctly into the character of the poem that I should hardly recognize Ibsen's thought in any other form. With this work, at all events, and with *Peer Gynt*, its companion or foil, there can be no question of prose translation, rhythmical or unrhythmical. Their tremendous energy finds expression in the intricately rhymed *staccato* movement of the verse quite as much as in the words considered as mere symbols of ideas. As well try to convey in prose the feeling of a chorus from *Faust*, of the

"Christ ist erstanden
Aus der Verwesung Schooss,"

for example, as to think of adequately reproducing in prose the passion of Brand's indignant outbursts.

Let me select a passage in illustration. Brand has vainly endeavored to persuade a peasant to risk his life upon an errand of mercy. As the stubborn peasant beats his retreat, the priest soliloquizes. I will first make a rough but literal prose translation of the passage, and then put as much of the thought as possible into the form of the original: —

"They homeward grope. Thou slack thrall, sprang up in thy breast a power of will, were not *that* the faculty that is lacking, I had lessened the irksomeness of the way; sore of foot and with back weary unto death, gladly and lightly I had borne thee; but help is profitless to a man who *will* not what he cannot. Hm! Life, life, — it is hard [to understand] how dear life is to the good people. Every weakling attaches to life as much importance as if the salvation of the world and the healing of the souls of all mankind were laid upon his puny shoulders."

And now for the attempt at versification: —

"Homeward they grope. Thou weakling soul,
Hadst thou a will at thy control,
Were nothing lacking thee but strength,
I might the journey's weary length
Have shortened; though my feet are sore,
Gladly I would have borne thee o'er;
But help is useless to the man
Who *will* not do more than he can.
Life, — 't is a thing beyond my wit
How the good people cling to it!
By every weakling life is weighed
As if the fortunes of the nation,
As if humanity's salvation,
Were on his puny shoulders laid."

This may, perhaps, be taken as an example of the best that it is possible to do with Brand in English. The form is absolutely reproduced (except for two double rhymes which are replaced by single ones), and the thought is substan-

tially the same in original and translation. But this passage is exceptionally amenable to treatment, and even then its translation has cost no slight effort. In short, the translation of a page of Brand even into such English as the above is something of a *tour de force*; and one would wish unlimited leisure if

he were to do much of this sort of work. It is possible to translate Brand in its original rhythmic form, just as it is possible to translate Homer in English hexameters; but either task would prove an ungrateful one, and would demand a sustained effort that is not likely to be devoted to it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Youma, the Story of a West-Indian Slave, by Lafcadio Hearn. (Harpers.) The story is a simple one in its inception, the fidelity of a slave to her young white charge as against her love for one of her own race; but it is embroidered with a good deal of description of Creole life, with a tropical profusion of color, and with an uprising of slaves and an earthquake. In fact, the simplicity of the tale is scarcely discoverable under such a covering of language. — Brushes and Chisels, by Teodoro Serrao. (Lee & Shepard.) A story of artist life in Rome, with an opening which seems to promise rose leaves, and a close which is deadly nightshade. — The Broughton House, by Bliss Perry. (Scribners.) Mr. Perry has set himself a difficult task, and apparently has restricted himself deliberately for the sake of securing artistic force and concentrated effect. He has taken four persons, — a woman and three men, — set them down, as it were, on the porch of an ordinary village inn, and watched them as they played their little drama, which, moving sluggishly at first, gains headway, and turns out to be a tragedy. An artist, who is a selfish fellow, has married a country girl with half-developed nature. A rich manufacturer, loafing at the tavern, and a country school-master, fumbling about for his destiny, complete the quartette. The artist means to slink away from his wife, whom he regards as a dead weight, and betake himself to Europe. The manufacturer means to get possession of the deserted wife for his own base ends. The school-master makes out the situation, is at first lost in the swamp of his own uncertain mind, but finally gets upon firm ground, and both receives inspiration from the woman and communicates resolution to her. She, poor woman, brave enough to resist evil, but not brave enough to live, drowns herself at the culminating point, and precipitates a horror upon the reader, who has been growing uneasy,

but is not quite prepared for this catastrophe. The general design of the book is fairly well conceived, but Mr. Perry has not sufficient skill to make his persons and scenes really significant. There is too much that is *sub-auditum*, and too many trivialities, which he fails to charge with force. As a consequence, the reader feels too strongly the contrast between the external story and the interior spiritual plot; the former does not sufficiently reveal the latter. In his attempt, also, at naturalness, Mr. Perry is often dull and uninteresting. His book goes to sleep too often. Nevertheless, his attempt, though it has failed, seems to indicate that he is on the right track. At any rate, he does not fall into the too common vice of such writers, of laying upon very ordinary incidents too solemn a responsibility. — One Man's Struggle, by George W. Gallagher. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The one man is a conscientious clergyman who left a country village to take charge of a church in a manufacturing town. He attacked the evils of intemperance, thereby alienating the wealthy members of the congregation, and, though he increased the spiritual efficiency of his church, was asked to resign, at the very moment when he was dying at home of heart disease. The book records with fidelity to easily imagined facts the history of such a man. The author has not overmuch skill as a story-teller, but his earnestness and apparently his experience enable him to give a matter-of-fact reality to his story. — Were they Sinners? by Charles J. Bellamy. (Authors' Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.) Quite so, and rather miserable sinners too. — Armored of Lyonesse, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) A romance with a very romantic heroine, who does in private life all the opportune and benevolent deeds which the fairy godmother does in the story-book. Mr. Besant has written an entertaining tale, but one has to put one's judgment in his pocket. —

How a Husband Forgave, by Edgar Fawcett. (Belford Co.) He was an adulterer, and she knew it. So she became an adulteress, and he knew it. Then he had several pages of prostration, and forgave her. They went abroad, and came back happy. That is the story. — The Lady with the Camellias, by Alexandre Dumas fils. (Belford Co.) — With the Best Intentions, a Midsummer Episode, by Marion Harland. (Scribners.) A somewhat angular piece of light writing, having for its theme the growth of a bit of scandal under the fostering care of a meddling woman or two, with a satisfactory explosion at the end, in which the cultivators of the scandal are sufficiently damaged. — Cypress Beach, by W. H. Babcock. (The Author, Washington.) An unnatural, violent story, with some slight claim to attention, but deficient in those qualities which go to make up a really strong and effective story of supernaturalism. — Lee & Shepard have begun a Good Company Series in paper covers, to contain popular books, presumably, published by them in more expensive form. The second of the series is *In Trust*, by Amanda M. Douglas.

History. Outlines of Jewish History. From B. C. 586 to C. E. 1890. With three maps. By Lady Magnus; revised by M. Friedländer. (Jewish Publication Society of America.) The reader will pause over the title-page, and note, if he has not seen it before, the formula Christian Era, in place of the customary Year of our Lord. His attention will next be directed to the author's statements regarding the Saviour, and the birth of Christianity, which, like Renan, she refers to Paul of Tarsus. It is interesting to note how an educated Jewess, living in the midst of Christians, treats such subjects, and it is not often that one has the opportunity thus to put himself by the side of the modern Jew. Again, he will read with great interest the narrative of Jewish life in North America, and the account given of the relations maintained between Jews and Christians. The body of the book is taken up, of course, with a history of the struggle of the Jew in the development of European history. The entire work is one of great interest; it is written with moderation, and yet with a fine enthusiasm for the great race which is set before the reader's mind. We notice that Lady Magnus treats of the conversion of Jews to Christianity. She records but a single instance of the reverse, and this instance was not accredited. — *The Story of Russia*, by W. R. Morfill, is an addition to *The Story of the Nations* Series. (Putnams.) A business-like, systematic, and judicious book, which ought to be received gratefully by readers who desire to bring their scattered notions of this most fascinating and

darkly understood nationality into some sort of order. Mr. Morfill frankly avows his interest in the nation and his general sympathy with its evolutionary movement, and he leaves quite untouched that chapter of Russian history over which we are now shuddering. But his book does not profess to give much of a survey of contemporaneous Russia, and is very thin and unsatisfactory in the history of the country just when it becomes especially noteworthy; we mean that which relates to Russia's intervention in modern European politics. It is so good as far as it goes that we wish it went farther. — *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, by Jacob Burckhardt; translated by S. G. C. Middlemore. (Macmillan.) One ponders a little over the title, but a survey of the contents of the book makes it clear that Dr. Burckhardt is dealing with those aspects of the period of the Renaissance which look to the condition of society. Thus, he treats first of the State as a work of art, a title which is in itself a text; then of the Development of the Individual, of the Revival of Antiquity, of the Discovery of the World and of Man, Society and Festivals, Morality and Religion. The work is possibly more learned than Symonds's book; it abounds in incisive passages and what may be called the epigrams of scholarship; and though somewhat close reading and not wholly luminous, it is a very striking presentation of the subject. A good example of learning, high and dry, tempered by unconscious humor, is the suggestion in a footnote: "A thorough history of flogging among the Germanic and Latin races, treated with some psychological power, would be worth volumes of dispatches and negotiations. A modest beginning has been made by Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften*, V. 276-283." — *The French Revolution*, by Justin H. McCarthy. In two volumes. Vol. I. (Harpers.) Mr. McCarthy, who is a son of the McCarthy, carries his narrative in this volume as far as the destruction of the Bastille. His book is part history, part essay. A good deal of it reads as if it might have been first used in the form of magazine articles, which should not tax the mind too severely, even as they did not cost the writer too close study. We confess that we do not see much historic insight in this work; little more than the easy performance of a tolerably well-educated man dealing lightly with a great subject. — *The Civil War on the Border*, by Wiley Britton. (Putnams.) The secondary title of this book describes its contents: A Narrative of Operations in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory during the Years 1861-62, based upon the Official Reports of the Federal Commanders Lyon, Sigel, Sturgis, Frémont, Halleck, Curtis, Schofield,

Blunt, Herron, and Totten, and of the Confederate Commanders McCulloch, Price, Van Dorn, Hindman, Marmaduke, and Shelby. It should be added that the author supplements his study by his personal observation, since he was in the field himself. It is almost purely a military narrative, and it is written with moderation and with evident desire for fairness and accuracy. There is little express judgment of men, but in a quiet way the author makes us feel his respect for General Lyon and his small regard for General Lane. — *The Jews under Roman Rule*, by W. D. Morrison (Putnams), is a pleasantly written volume in *The Story of the Nations Series*, covering a period of about three hundred years, from B. C. 164 to A. D. 135. The destruction of the Jews as a nation is the central fact about which the book is grouped, and the writer, who has a good eye for large movements, helps the reader greatly by not losing sight of the epochs included in his survey. The details are abundant, but they do not interfere with the perspective.

Travel. *Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa, and the Contry of the Dwarfs*, by Paul Du Chaillu. (Harpers.) This is a condensation of Du Chaillu's former books, and is brought out now to remind readers that the discoveries for which the world is cheering Stanley were already made a generation ago by this intrepid and lively traveler. It is a pity that the book has not a map, with lines to show Stanley's various routes, since in this case the comparison would have been an interesting one. Mr. Du Chaillu's powers of entertainment have been supposed to throw discredit on his veracity. We only wish all accepted truth-tellers were as entertaining. No one can read this book, besides, without discovering how genuinely humane is the vivacious traveler. — *In and Out of Central America, and Other Sketches and Studies of Travel*, by Frank Vincent. (Appleton.) Mr. Vincent's travels in Central America were rapid, but he is a trained observer, and his book gives a good notion of external features. His trip was along the Pacific coast only; other papers in the volume relate to the far east. — *A Social Departure, how Orthodocia and I went round the world by ourselves*, by Sara Jeannette Duncan. (Appleton.) A lively sketch of travel, in the East chiefly, with bright vignette illustrations. The necessity of keeping up the liveliness is something of a strain upon the author, and one murmurs to himself now and then, "Mark Twain in skirts;" but the world does look a little different to two women traveling by themselves from what it does to "others of a similar age," and this book may well be married to some of the more serious works covering the same field.

— *European Days and Ways*, by Alfred E. Lee. (Lippincott.) The writer appears to have been United States consul at Frankfort or some other German city. The earlier part of his book is a record of impressions received by a resident. Later he records impressions received when traveling in Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Austria. There is a commendable plainness in the narrative, and an intelligent appreciation of the subjects likely to attract a reader.

Books for Young People. *The Nursery Alice*, containing twenty colored enlargements from Tenniel's Illustrations to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, with text adapted to nursery readers, by Lewis Carroll. (Macmillan.) The colors may make the book more instantaneously interesting to small eyes, but Tenniel's delicate creations do not gain by the transformation. We demur a little, also, when asked to believe that the Alice of fame can be made to eat of any stalk which will minify the book satisfactorily for children of five. Some of that age will take to the original easily. Let others have the real Alice as a *bonne bouche* of the future. To tell the honest truth, Alice in Wonderland is the possession of the grown-up child. Its nonsense is his nonsense, and its fine shades of fun are extra-juvenile.

Poetry and the Drama. *London, and Other Poems*, by Slack-Davis. (J. B. Weldin & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.) A small volume of serious poems by a man of education. The spirit is reserved and thoughtful, and the lines are not unmusical, but the mind is not taken captive by the verse. — *May Blossoms*, by Lillian. (Putnams.) The verses of a child of seven. The ear of the little singer is good; she has caught poetical tunes as some children catch and repeat music in song or on the instrument. There are some happy childish phrases, also. But the wonder at the child's facility does not lessen our wonder at the indiscretion of the child's guardians. — *Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes, together with the Rhyme of the Border War*, by Thomas Brower Peacock. (Putnams.) The reader must not skip the fac-similes of the letters of Matthew Arnold, which Mr. Peacock solemnly affirms led him "to the revision and reprinting of all former publications in this book." The good-natured and conscientious critic, when asked for his opinion, may well study these documents and ponder the lesson contained therein. — *The Pleroma, a Poem of the Christ*, by Rev. E. P. Chittenden. (Putnams.) The unlearned reader may be told that the title of this book is Englished in the ninth verse of II. Colossians as the Fulness. Mr. Chittenden is a naturalist. He is also enamored of scientific and odd words, and his pages are studded with such

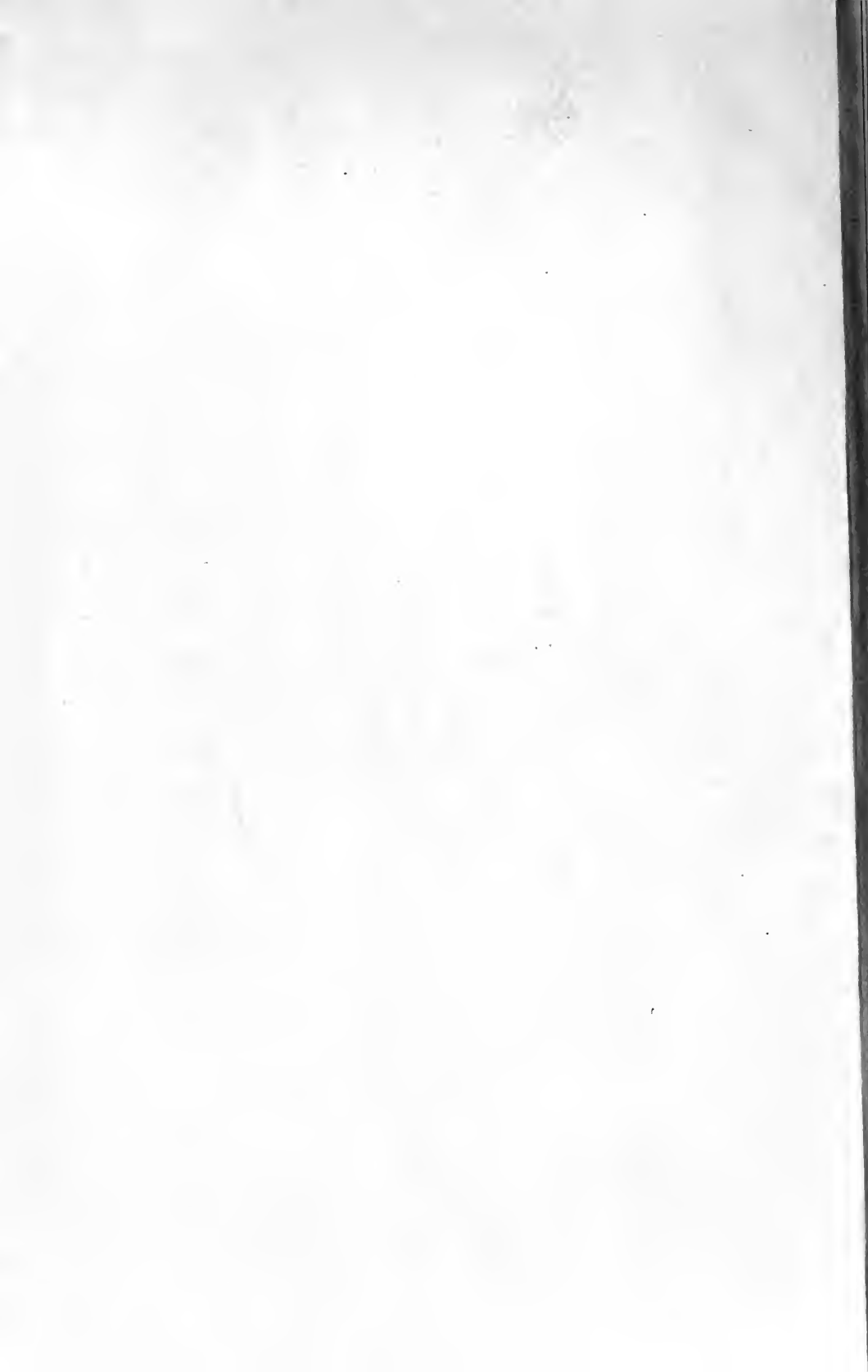
brilliant as ichthyic, imbricate, lenticle, gastropods, carpellate, sessile, quadrifurcate, and like charming dactyls and, so to speak, pterodactyls. The enthusiasm with which he chases his subject through the Bible and nature is wonderful, and as he leaps ever so many five-barred gates on the way one would think he would tire before the end; but there is no appearance of faintness to the close of this astounding book, with its insillade of italics and small capitals.

Economics and Sociology. Principles of Economics, by Alfred Marshall. Vol. I. (Macmillan.) Mr. Marshall treats the apparent intrusion of ethics into the domain of economics very cleverly when he says in his preface: "It is held that the Laws of Economics are statements of tendencies expressed in the indicative mood, and not ethical precepts in the imperative. Economic laws and reasonings, in fact, are merely a part of the material which Conscience and Common-sense have to turn to account in solving practical problems, and in laying down rules which may be a guide in life." But he admits tacitly that the position of economists has been altered by the attack from the ethical side, for he adds: "In the present book, normal action is taken to be that which may be expected, under certain conditions, from the members of an industrial group; and no attempt is made to exclude the influence of any motives, the action of which is regular, merely because they are altruistic." It is a gain when economists cease to regard man merely as a producing, or absorbing, or exchanging animal, and Mr. Marshall shows in the attitude he takes throughout his work that he is fully alive to the greater plasticity of economic laws as due to the pliability of human nature. The book is delightful reading to one who has been impatient with the more arid treatment of economics, and yet recognizes the limitations of the field, for it is made interesting by a wide inclusion of subjects perfectly apposite, yet not often taken into full account, such as the effect of systems of education on labor, the advantages and disadvantages of large firms, colonization, and similar incidental subjects. The educated man will find in the work an agreeable enlargement of his conception of many familiar themes. — Wheelbarrow: Articles and Discussions on the Labor Question. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) A number of papers signed "Wheelbarrow" have appeared in The Open Court, and are here collected into a volume, prefaced by an interesting autobiographic sketch, which tells all but the author's name. It takes little ingenuity, though, to discover that, especially

with his portrait for a frontispiece. The papers are random shots, which sometimes hit the mark and sometimes miss it. — The Conflicts of Capital and Labor, historically and economically considered; being a History and Review of the Trade Unions of Great Britain, showing their origin, progress, constitution, and objects, in their varied political, social, economical, and industrial aspects. By George Howell. (Macmillan.) This is a second, revised edition of a work which in its first form appeared twelve years ago. Electricians and mayors of Western cities are accustomed to boast of the speed with which their achievements make ancient history of a decade, but there is progress also in the movement of the great wave of labor. Trade unions are no longer regarded as the device of the worst elements in the community to secure control of wealth. Indeed, the right to combine has passed so far into a duty, in the regard of many, that the right to refrain from combination demands champions. Mr. Howell's material is almost exclusively British, and it would be interesting to compare English conditions with American. — First Mohawk Conference on the Negro Question. (George H. Ellis, Boston.) Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows has reported in full the interesting discussions which were held at this conference in June, 1890, touching such questions as Industrial Schools, Home Life of the Negroes, the Negro's View of the Race Question, the Negro Citizen in the New American Life. The earnestness and the practical character of the discussions, which were engaged in by many men and women who are experimenters, and not merely scholars, make the report very different from the customary perfunctory documents of societies.


Theology and Philosophy. Boston Unitarianism, a Study of the Life and Work of Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, by Octavius Brooks Frothingham. (Putnams.) A delightful book for all who are in any way familiar with the Boston which it preserves; for Mr. Frothingham, with a happy disregard of mere formal book-making, has filled this sketch of his father and the group to which he belonged with numberless charming details. He had so thoroughly discussed the fuller subject to which Boston Unitarianism is related in previous writings that he could afford to take his ease in this affectionate, sympathetic study. Those who have no personal association with the theme, but have an interest in the religious and literary movement which made Boston famous in the second quarter of this century will find this book throwing a good deal of oblique light.





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