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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XC



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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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

VOL. XC.—JULY, 1902.—No. DXXXVII.

ON KEEPING THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies, more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans." — DANIEL WEBSTER: *Address on July 4, 1851.*

"The assumption that the cure for the ills of Democracy is more Democracy." — JANE ADAMS: *Democracy and Social Ethics, 1902.*

THE readers of the Atlantic may remember that in the January number there was something said about the Cheerful and the Cheerless Reader. Under a harmless fiction which enabled him to speak as the Toastmaster of the monthly dinner, the editor of the magazine commented upon some of the articles which were to make up the bill of fare for the ensuing year. And July is here already; the year is half over, and the monthly feasts have been duly spread. No doubt they might have been more skillfully served. The Atlantic's modest "mahogany tree" might have been garnished in a more costly manner. But there has been wholesome fare, each month, and good company, and new voices to mingle pleasantly with the more familiar ones. Saying grace has nowadays gone somewhat out of fashion, but among the Atlantic's circle there has been at least a grateful disposition to return thanks. It is the Cheerful Reader who has been mainly in evidence since January. Perhaps the Cheerless Readers are suffering from writer's cramp.

Or are they grimly sharpening their pens for some future onslaught? At any rate, they have kept strangely, perhaps ominously silent. It has been the turn of the gayer souls to be voluble. The Toastmaster has been assured that even the business communications to the magazine, such as renewals of subscriptions and directions for summer addresses, have frequently been signed "Yours Cheerfully." It is true that this access of gayety may prove to be but temporary. In that case there is some comfort in the shrewd advice of a seasoned man of letters, who writes to the editor: "My theory is that every periodical should contain in every number something to make somebody 'cuss.' It is certainly the next best thing to making them delighted." Very possibly that is just what the unlucky Toastmaster is now proceeding to do, in offering, by way of introduction to the contents of the present number, some considerations On Keeping the Fourth of July.

It should be said, in the first place, that few readers of the Atlantic are likely to accuse it of a lack of patriotism. An intelligent devotion to the highest interests of America is the chief article in its creed. It endeavors to secure, month by month, the opinions of competent observers of our national life, and to encourage perfect freedom in the expression of those opinions. While it is not committed to the support of any partisan platform or policy, it believes that the men who have been chosen to carry for-

ward the present administration of the government are honest, able, and high-minded, and that they deserve the fullest possible coöperation of their fellow citizens in maintaining American interests at home and abroad. Whatever criticism of national policy may appear from time to time in these pages is due to the fact that in a government like ours, based upon freely voiced public opinion, men of knowledge and conviction are bound to differ in their interpretation of current issues. It is the aim of the Atlantic to present views based upon both knowledge and conviction. Such has been the spirit of Mr. Nelson's review of the opening months of President Roosevelt's administration; of Lieutenant Hanna's and Superintendent Atkinson's accounts of educational work in Cuba and the Philippines; of Mr. Villard's paper on *The New Army of the United States*. This last article, together with one shortly to appear, on *The New Navy*, will perhaps serve better than the others to illustrate the attitude of this magazine. Many of its readers deplore, as its editor certainly does, that present glorification of brute force which would measure national greatness by the size of national armaments. We may properly wish for and work for the day when the Disarmament Trust — so agreeably pictured by Mr. Rollo Ogden — shall be a reality. But even while we are supporting schools and churches and every other means for promoting good will among men, we keep a policeman at the crossing, in the interests of that very decency which will ultimately make the policeman unnecessary. The world's cross-roads will have to be policed for a long time yet, until men learn to hate one another less, and our own country's share in the world's police service should be efficient and ample. The good citizen of the United States ought to know something about this department of his country's activities, and the Atlantic believes in offering him the information, whatever may be his — or the edi-

tor's — personal views as to the essential folly and wickedness of militarism.

The current number of the magazine, for example, contains several of these articles devoted to fundamental problems of our national life, issues that should not be forgotten on Independence Day. Mr. Sedgwick's interpretation of *Certain Aspects of America* is characterized by the frank analysis, the insistence upon the subordination of material to spiritual values, for which he has so often made the readers of the Atlantic his debtors. Mr. Willoughby, the Treasurer of Porto Rico, gives a résumé of the legislation already enacted in that island, where American "expansion" is apparently accomplishing some of its most beneficent results. Mr. Le Roy, who has lately returned from two years' service with the Philippine Commission, calls attention to the grave consequences of perpetuating our American race prejudices in dealing with the Filipinos. He shows that the "nigger" theory of proceeding with the natives has already proved a serious obstacle to the pacification of the islands. How deep rooted this theory is, and how far reaching are the moral and political penalties of African slavery in America, can be traced in Mr. Andrew Sledd's illuminating discussion of the negro problem in the South.

Indeed, profitable argument concerning the behavior of our soldiers and civilians in the Orient must begin with this sort of scrutiny into what we really feel and think at home. Self-examination, reflection upon the actual organization of our American society, and upon the attempts we are making to impose that organization by force upon Asiatic peoples, — this is surely a useful occupation for some portion of the Fourth of July. It happens that the Toastmaster is quite ignorant of the political affiliations of the authors of those four articles to which allusion has been made. But men of all parties and creeds have shared and will continue to share in the Atlantic's hospi-

tality, and on Independence Day in particular, questions of party politics should be tacitly dismissed. "On other days of the year we may be party men. . . . But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans."

Do they sound rather grandiloquent, these orotund Websterian phrases of half a century ago? Have we grown superior to spread-eagleism, to barbecues and buncombe, to the early fire-cracker and the long-awaited sky-rocket, and all the pomp and circumstance of the Glorious Fourth? The Toastmaster, for one, confesses to a boyish fondness for the old-fashioned, reckless, noisy day. He is willing to be awakened at an unseemly hour, if only for the memory of dewy-wet dawns of long ago, and the imminent deadly breach of the trusty cannon under the windows of irascible old gentlemen, of real battle-flags waving, and perspiring bands pounding out The Star-Spangled Banner, and impassioned orators who twisted the British Lion's tail until it looked like a corkscrew. The day we celebrate, ladies and gentlemen! And may there ever be American boys to celebrate the day!

In the schooling of the twentieth century we have learned something, of course. Twisting the Lion's tail already seems a rather silly amusement, especially when it is likely to lessen the income from our investments. "We deeply sympathize with the brave burghers," announces a New Orleans paper, "but we cannot afford to miss selling a single mule." It seems provincial now to repeat the old self-satisfied "What have we got to do with abroad?" We have a great deal to do with abroad. We have been buying geographies, and have grown suddenly conscious of the world's life. And new occasions teach new duties. Here is a fighting parson in Boston who insists that we shall "take the Golden Rule and make it militant," and a doughty Captain of Infantry in Buffalo who preaches that "the currents

of civilization flow from the throne of God, and lead through ways sometimes contrary to one's will, but it seems to me that our civilization of steel and steam must be laid over all the world, even though its foundations be cemented with the blood of every black race that strives to thwart us in our policy of benevolent assimilation." Thus is the Websterian doctrine of "Americans all; and all nothing but Americans" brought up to date in 1902.

And yet looking back to the Fourth of July oratory preceding and immediately following the Civil War it is difficult to avoid the feeling that we have lost something too. Beneath all the rhodomontade there was a real generosity of sentiment. There was boasting enough and to spare, but it was a boasting of principles, of liberal political theory, of the blessings of liberty itself. The politicians of that day were not so frankly materialistic as their successors, not such keen computers of the profits of commercial supremacy. It is true that they had less temptation. It is likewise true that they failed, in more than one section of the country, to carry the principles of the Declaration to their logical conclusion. But they were at least proud of the Declaration; it did not occur to them to doubt its logic, although here and there they may have forgotten to practice it. But ever since Rufus Choate set the bad example of sneering at its "glittering generalities," there have not been lacking clever young students of history and politics who have been eager to demonstrate its fallacies. One may suspect that some of the Americans who have just attended King Edward's coronation, and many more who have stayed at home and read about it, are at heart a trifle ashamed of the provincial earnestness of Jefferson's indictment of King George. And we are told that in one portion of the American dominions, a year ago, it was a crime to read the Declaration aloud.

But it is no crime to read it here, and one may venture to say that a good many inconspicuous Americans, who have not recently refreshed their memory of the immortal document, will this year hunt around until they find it, — in some humble Appendix to a School History, very likely, — and take the trouble to read it through. For there has been a good deal said about the Declaration lately, and much more is likely to be said before our Philippine troubles are ended. The past three months have thrown more light upon the essential character of our occupation of the Archipelago than the preceding three years have done. The Atlantic argued many months ago that the first duty of the Administration and Congress was to give the country the facts, that it was impossible to decide upon our future course in the islands until we knew more about what was actually happening there. We have found out something at last. The knowledge is not very pleasant, but it sticks in the memory, and not all the fire-crackers and fun of the Glorious Fourth will keep American citizens from reflecting that we are engaged, on that anniversary, in subjugating a weaker people who are struggling, however blindly and cruelly, for that independence which we once claimed as an "inalienable right" for ourselves.

For subjugation is the topic of the day; it is no longer a question of "expansion," or even of "imperialism." It is plain enough now that we are holding the Philippines by physical force only, and that the brave and unselfish men we have sent there have been assigned to a task which is not only repellent to Americans, but bitterly resented by the supposed beneficiaries of our action. To risk the life of a soldier like Lawton or a civilian like Governor Taft in order to carry the blessings of a Christian civilization to benighted Malays seemed, in the opinion of a majority of Americans in 1899, a generous and heroic enterprise. It was a dream that did the

kindly American heart infinite credit. But now that we have learned how the thing must be done, if it is to be done successfully, the conscience of the country is ill at ease. It is neither necessary nor desirable to dwell on the fact that some of our soldiers have disgraced their uniform. Such men have shown the pitiable weakness of human nature under distressing conditions which they did not create; but the story is a shamefully old one; it has been told for three hundred years in the history of tropical colonization. Lincoln put the whole moral of it, with homely finality, into his phrase about no man being good enough to govern another man without the other man's consent. Not "strong enough," nor "smart enough," nor "Anglo-Saxon enough;" simply not good enough. Upon that point, at least, there is nothing more to be said.

Rude as this awakening to the actual nature of the Philippine campaign has been, it is far less disheartening to the lover of republican institutions than the period of moral indifference which preceded it. It is a lesser evil to see war in its nakedness and be shocked by it, than to be so absorbed in material interests as to be willing to sacrifice a gallant Lawton in order that some sleek trader should win a fortune. Any bitter truth is preferable to

"The common, loveless lust of territory;
The lips that only babble of their mart
While to the night the shrieking hamlets blaze;
The bought allegiance and the purchased praise,
False honor and shameful glory."

With the passing of this good-natured, easy-going indifference to suffering and struggle, we are distinctly nearer a solution of the Philippine problem. President Roosevelt declared last December, with characteristic generosity, that the aim of our endeavors was to "make them free after the fashion of the really self-governing peoples." If he were now, in the light of the additional evidence as to the attitude of the Filipinos and the

changed sentiment here, to send a message to Congress embodying a definite programme leading not merely to Filipino "self-government" but to ultimate national independence, he would have behind him a substantial majority, not only of his own party, but of the citizens of the United States. To promise the Filipinos ultimate independence, — upon any reasonable conditions, — meaning to keep that promise, as we have already kept our word to Cuba, would be honor enough for any administration. President Roosevelt's administration inherited the Philippine "burden." The islands came to us partly through force of circumstances, partly through national vanity and thirst for power, but mainly through our ignorance. Now that we have learned what we were really bargaining for, it becomes possible to give over the burden to those to whom it belongs. It cannot be transferred in a day, it is true, but a day is long enough to make a resolve to rid ourselves

of it at the earliest practicable moment. And the Fourth of July is a good day for such a resolution. To leave the Philippine Islands, under some amicable arrangement, to the Philippine people may be called "scuttling," — if critics like that word, — but it will be a return to American modes of procedure, to that fuller measure of Democracy which is the only cure for the evils of Democracy. For the chief obstacle to the subjugation of an Asiatic people by Americans lies in human nature itself. The baser side of human nature may always be depended upon to strip such conquest of its tinsel and betray its essential hideousness; while the nobler side of human nature protests against the forcible annexation of a weaker people by the countrymen of Washington. This protest, in the Toastmaster's opinion, will never be more instinctive or more certain of final victory than on the day sacred to the memory of our own national independence.

B. P.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF AMERICA.

Gulliver. (Aside.) What is Lilliput doing?

Lilliputian. (In *Gulliver's snuff-box.*) The life of this Giant is very dark and snuffy.

I.

THERE is an opinion, at least a saying, current among us, that a great man steps forth when a nation needs him. This theory is very comfortable, especially in those parts of the world where great men are rare, for it follows that ordinary men behave themselves so wisely and so well that they have no need of a great man. It is a theory, however, that bristles with difficulties. Ancient nations have decayed and fallen to ruin; did not they need great men? Some nations to-day are losing vigor and vitality; do not they need great men? Has a

nation ever been so great as it might have been, so noble as it might have been, so honorable as it might have been, or so rich and comfortable that it might not have been still more rich and yet more comfortable? Nevertheless there is some truth in the saying, for certain needs do create great men. Our human nature is such that if its most sensitive children hear the cry of human needs, their faculties pass, as it were, through a fire, become purged, hardened, and of a temper to do those deeds which we call great. It is not every human need, unfortunately, that has that creative power. Mere barrenness and want cannot create great men; neither can corporeal needs, they are too easily satisfied. Since Prometheus

struck the first spark, neither corporeal needs, nor their derivatives, — ease, comfort, luxury, — have required great service. It is not a common need, but a penitential need, that brings forth the great man. Washington rose up, not because our forefathers needed to gain battles, but because they needed “a standard to which the wise and the just could repair;” Lincoln arose, not because our fathers needed statecraft, but because they needed “malice towards none; with charity for all.” When a nation’s want is deepened to desire, and desire is intensified into need, then that nation may hope that its need will create a great man. The fructifying need must be a yearning and a conscious need. In America we have no men whom we call great, not because we have no needs, for we have profound needs, but because we are not conscious of them. We walk about as in a hypnotic spell, all unaware of our destitution. When we shall open our minds to our needs, we shall do the first act toward ministering to them.

What is there to open our minds? Nature has provided a means through our affections. For ourselves, we are too old to perceive that which we lack, our habits are adjusted to privation, we are unconscious of the great needs of life; but if we let our thoughts dwell on those things which we desire for our children, then by constant brooding, by intense thinking, out of vague notions, out of uncertain hopes, out of dim ambitions, definite wants will take shape, grow hungrier and leaner, till they starve into needs that must be satisfied. What is a son to a father’s hope, — “in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!”

Hamlet gives our clue: our manners and behavior should be express and admirable; our actions should be like the angels’, just and dutiful; our apprehension should be like the gods’, seeing the values of things as they truly are. Thus

through affection we discover our real needs. But as they are only creations of imaginative insight, they are very placid. They do not disquiet us; they do not make us wriggle on our chairs, nor lie awake at night; nor do they take from cakes and ale their pristine interest. What can we do to nurse these Barmecide wants, to convert these embryonic desires into organic needs? Is not the first thing to speak out, and give them at least an existence in words; and having put them into words, is not the second thing to speculate as to how they are affected, whether for health or for disappearance, by our American civilization? There is nothing unpatriotic in sociological inquiry. Civilization is organized effort to satisfy conscious needs, and we may naturally be curious to see how our American civilization affects unconscious needs, how it tends to make our manners gracious and admirable, to render our actions just and dutiful, to clarify our apprehension so that it shall behold life as it really is.

Yet there is a certain elementary feeling, akin to filial piety, which would naturally deter a right-minded man from any attempt at expressing even the adumbration of his opinions concerning his country. If a friend were about to tumble into such a pitfall, — properly set for foreigners, — one would buttonhole him, urge him to desist, explain that his project was temerarious, or, if need were, make use of still more violent means. One would catch at everything from superstition to coat-tails to prevent such a display of sentimental deficiency. But every man is wiser for his friends than for himself. We seldom listen to the modest voice of self-criticism; we charge it with opportunism, cowardice, conservatism, and retrogression, and go on our own way.

The very difficulties and risks lend a zest to rashness. The America which I think I see may have been produced by applying a microscope to the street in

which I live, till that be magnified to the requisite bulk; or it may be merely my own shadow cast on the clouds of my imagination by the simple machinery of ignorance and self-complacency. But when I consider my friend Brown, the manufacturer, and find that in his opinion America is the most magnificent of department stores; or Jones, of the militia, who conceives her as a Lady Bountiful presenting liberty and democracy to Asia and Polynesia; or Robinson, the ship-builder, who beholds her, robed in oilskins, glorious queen of the seas, I reflect that perhaps to me, as well as to them, a little of the truth has been vouchsafed, and I am encouraged to use the American prerogative of looking with my own eyes to see what I can see.

II.

The aims to which we would aspire for our sons are various and require a various civilization, a manifold education. It is obvious, however, that our national life is not manifold but single. The nation embodies to an astonishing degree the motto, *E Pluribus Unum*. Our civilization is single, it centres about the conception of life as a matter of industrial energy. This conception, at first hazily understood and imperfectly mastered, has now been firmly grasped, and is incorporated in our national civilization. Its final triumph is due to the generation which has been educated since the Civil War. Under that guidance material prosperity has dug the main channel for the torrent of our activities, and the current of our life pours down, dragging even with the whiff and wind of its impetuosity the reluctance and sluggishness of conservatism. The combinations of business, the centralization of power, the growth of cities, the facility of locomotion, have decreed uniformity. Individuality, the creation of race and place, is wrenched from its home. The orange-grower from Florida keeps shop in Seattle, the school-

ma'am from Maine marries a cow-puncher. All of us, under the assimilating influences of common ends, assume the composite type. The days of diversity are numbered. The Genius of industrial civilization defies the old rules by which life passed from homogeneity to heterogeneity: she takes men from all parts of Europe, — Latin, Teuton, Celt, and Slav, — trims, lops, and pinches, till she can squeeze them into the American mould. Miss Wilkins's New Englanders, Bret Harte's miners, Owen Wister's ranchmen, are passing away. The variegated surface of the earth has lost its power over us. Mountain, prairie, and ocean no longer mark their sons, no longer breed into them the sap of pine, the honey of clover, the savor of salt. This moulding influence does its work thoroughly and well; it acts like that great process of nature in the insect world, which M. Maeterlinck calls *l'esprit de la ruche*. The typical American becomes a power house of force, of will, of determination. He dissipates no energy; as a drill bites into the rock, so he bores into his task.

This mighty burst of American industry is as magnificent in its way as Elizabethan poetry, or *Cinquecento* painting; no wonder it excites admiration and enthusiasm. What brilliant manifestation of energy, of will, of courage, of devotion! Willy nilly we shout hurrah. There stands America, bare-armed, deep-chested, with neck like a tower, engaged in this superb struggle to dominate Nature and put the elements in bondage to man. It is not strange that this spectacle is the greatest of influences, drawing the young like fishes in a net. Involuntarily all talents apply themselves to material production. No wonder that men of science no longer study Nature for Nature's sake, they must perforce put her powers into harness; no wonder that professors no longer teach knowledge for the sake of knowledge, they must make their stu-

dents efficient factors in the industrial world; no wonder that clergymen no longer preach repentance for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, they must turn churches into prosperous corporations, multiplying communicants, and distributing Christmas presents by the gross. Industrial civilization has decreed that statesmanship shall consist of schemes to make the nation richer, that presidents shall be elected with a view to the stock market, that literature shall keep close to the life of the average man, and that art shall become national by means of a protective tariff.

The process of this civilization is simple; the industrial habit of thought moulds the opinion of the majority which rolls along, abstract and impersonal, gathering bulk, till its giant figure is saluted as the national conscience. As in an ecclesiastical state of society, decrees of a council become articles of private faith, and men die for *homoiousian* or *election*, so, in America, the opinions of the majority once pronounced become primary rules of conduct. Take, for example, the central ethical doctrine of industrial thought, namely, that material production is the chief duty of man. That and other industrial dogmas, marshaled and systematized, supported by vigorous men whose interest is identical with that of the dogmas, grow and develop; they harden and petrify; they attack dissent and criticism. This is no outward habit, but an inward plasticity of mind; the nervous American organism draws sunshine and health from each new decree of public opinion. This appears in what is called our respect for law, — the recorded opinion of the majority, — in our submission to fashion, in the individual's indecision and impassivity until the round-robin reaches him, in the way that private judgment waits upon the critics and the press, while these hurriedly count noses.

Such a society, such educating forces, produce men of great vigor, virility, and

capacity, but do not tend to make manners and behavior gracious and admirable, nor actions just and dutiful, nor apprehensions which see life in its reality.

III.

If we pursue our examination of the educational tendencies of our industrial civilization, we perceive not only that they are single while the ends which we seek are multiple, but also that industrial civilization, so far as it is not with us, is against us. For, according to the measure in which industrial interests absorb the vital forces of the nation, other interests of necessity are neglected. This neglect betrays itself in feebleness, in monotony, in lack of individuality. Let us consider matters which concern the emotions, religion or poetry; matters which in order to attain the highest excellence require passion. Now, passion is only possible when vital energy is thrown into emotion, and as we have other uses for our vital energy, we find ourselves face to face with a dilemma; either to make up our minds to let our religion and our poetry — and all our emotional life — be without passion, or else to use a makeshift in its stead. What course have we chosen? Look at our religion, read our poetry; witness our national joy, expressed in *papier-maché* arches and Dewey celebrations, our national grief vented in proclamations and exaggeration. We have not boldness enough to fling overboard our inherited respect for passion, and to proclaim it unnecessary in religion and poetry, in grief and joy; and so we cast about for a makeshift, and adopt a conventional sentimentality, which apes the expressions of passion, — as in tableaux an actor poses for *Laocoön*, — and combines a sincere desire to ape accurately with an honest enjoyment in the occupation. Our conventional sentimentality is the consequence of economy of vital energy in our emotional life in order that we may concentrate all our powers in our industrial life.

Or let us look at our spiritual life, to see how that has been affected by this diversion of vital energy. Spiritual sturdiness shows itself in a close union between spiritual life and the ordinary business of living, while spiritual feebleness shows itself in the separation of spiritual life from the ordinary business of living. We get an inkling of the closeness of that union in this country by considering, for instance, our conception of a nation. In our hearts we believe that a nation consists of a multitude of men, joined in a corporate bond for the increase of material well-being, for the multiplication of luxury, for the free play of energy, at the expense, if need be, of the rest of the world. In countries which spare enough vital energy from industrial life to vivify spiritual life, other conceptions prevail. Mazzini defined a nation as a people united in a common duty toward the world; he even asserted that a nation has a right to exist only because it helps men to work together for the good of humanity. Our conception shows how our spiritual life holds itself aloof from this workaday world, and denies all concern with so terrestrial a thing as a nation. One cause of this spiritual feebleness is our irregularly developed morality, for spiritual life thrives on a complete and curious morality which essays all tasks, which claims jurisdiction over all things; but our morality, shaped and moulded for industrial purposes, is uneven and lopsided, and, as industrial civilization has but a limited use for morality, asserts but a limited jurisdiction. It has certain great qualities, for industrial civilization exacts severe, if limited, service from it; it has resolution, perseverance, courage. Subject our morality to difficulty or danger, and it comes out triumphant; but seek of it service, such as some form of self-abnegation, some devotion to idealism, which it does not understand, and it fails. Cribbed and confined by a narrow morality, our spir-

itual life sits like an absentee landlord, far from the turmoil and sweat of the day's work, enjoying the pleasures of rigid respectability.

Another proof of the lack of vitality in the parts and organs remote from the national heart is our formlessness. An industrial society is loath to spare the efforts necessary to produce form. The nice excellences which constitute form require an immense amount of work. The nearer the approach to perfection, the more intense is the labor, the less obvious the result, and to us who enjoy obvious results, who delight in the application of power to obvious physical purposes, the greater seems the waste of effort. The struggles of the artist to bridge the gap between his work and his idea look like fantastic writhings. We stare in troubled amazement at the idealist.

"Alas, how is 't with you ?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse ?"

Read poetry, as the material in which form is readily perceived; if we pass from the verse of Stephen Phillips, of Rostand, or of Carducci, to that of some American poet of to-day, we experience a sensation of tepidity and lassitude. Or, consider the formlessness of our manners, which share the general debility of non-industrial life. Our morality is too cramped to refine them, our sense of art too rough to polish them, our emotional life too feeble to endow them with grace. The cause is not any native deficiency. "We ought," as Lowell said fifty years ago, "to have produced the finest race of gentlemen in the world," nor is it lack of that cultivation which comes from books, but of that education which comes from looking on life as a whole, which a man acquires by regarding himself, not as an implement or tool to achieve this or that particular thing, but as a human being facing a threefold task, physical, intellectual, and spiritual.

IV.

The unequal development in this rapid evolution of the industrial type appears also in the contrast between different sets of our ideas. Those ideas which are used by industrial civilization are clear, definite, and exact; they show rigorous training and education, whereas ideas which have no industrial function to perform, being commonly out of work, degenerate into slatterns. Industrial civilization is like a schoolmaster with a hobby: it throws its pedagogical energies into the instruction which it approves, and slurs the rest; in one part of the affairs of life, the reason, the understanding, the intelligence are kept on the alert, in another part no faculty except the memory is used. The result is frequent discrepancy between ideas expressed in action and ideas expressed in language.

This discrepancy appears in our political life. We have all learned by heart the Declaration of Independence, snatches from old speeches, — "give me liberty, or give me death;" tags from the Latin

"*Victrix causa diis placuit sed victa Catoni;*"

and maxims concerning inalienable rights, natural justice, God's will, — maxims whose use is confined to speech, — come from the memory trippingly to the tongue. Put us to action, make us do some political act, such as to adjust our relations with Cuba, and we uncover another set of maxims, those whose use is confined to action: "the industrially fit ought to survive," "the elect of God are revealed by economic superiority," "Success is justified of her children," "the commandments of the majority are pure and holy." If we are taxed with the discrepancy, we stare, and repeat the contrasted formulæ, one set in words, the other in actions; we are conscious of no inconsistency, we will give up neither. This is not a case of hypocrisy. We believe what we say;

for belief with us is not necessarily a state of mind which compels action to accord with it, but often an heirloom to be treated with respect. Look at our Christianity: we honor riches, oppress our neighbors, keep a pecuniary account with righteousness, nor could even St. Paul persuade us to be crucified, and yet we honestly insist upon calling ourselves Christians.

It is the same with our social ideas. The American believes that all men are born free and equal, that they possess an inalienable right to pursue their own happiness, but if one questions his neighbor in the smoking-car on the way to Chicago as to his views on Socialism, he will reply, "Socialism, sir, is the curse of this country. Czolgosz and Guiteau are enough for me; the Socialists must be suppressed. If they ever set up anarchy in these United States, I will emigrate, I'll go to Europe." To which you reply, "Certainly; but may there not be something in their notions, that the accident of birth is unjust, that opportunities should be equal, that every man should receive pay according to his labor?" Then he will answer, "In this country, sir, all men *are* equal; but if you think that my partner and me are to be treated equal to Herr Most or the late lamented Altgeld, or some of those Anarchists, I say no, not if I know it."

Take our practice in ethics. We believe in "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;" nevertheless, as directors or stockholders of a corporation, we buy immunity from hostile legislation. We believe in the brotherhood of man, but we use any means to save our corporate purse from removing stoves from our cars, from putting electric power to use in our tunnels, from providing seats for our shopgirls. Even in science it is not beyond the mental elasticity of the American to harbor in one compartment of his mind the conclusions of biological evolution, and in another the texts of the Old Testament.

This capacity for self-deception extends far and wide, it honeycombs our thoughts and theories. We call our lack of manners liberty, our lack of distinction fraternity, our formless homogeneity equality. We think that industrial society with its *carrière ouverte aux talents* is democracy; in fact, it bears the relation to democracy which the Napoleonic empire bore to the ideals of the French Revolution. We are none the less honest, we are a people with a native love of phrases. Phraseology is that form of art which we understand the best. We cling to a phrase made by one of our patriot fathers, — a phrase of the best period, — and no more dream of parting with it because it does not represent any living idea, than a man would part with a Gainsborough portrait of his great-great-grandfather. It is like an ancestral chair in the parlor, not to be sat upon. We are justly proud of our heroic maxims; we shall teach them to negroes, Filipinos, Cubans, perhaps to the Chinese; we shall contribute them as our fine art to the world. Who can blame us? We have had our Revolution, our struggle with slavery; we have had Washington and Lincoln; we have had noble enthusiasms which have bequeathed to us a phraseology: and if we make parade of it, if we sentimentally cling to it, who shall find fault?

v.

One has moods, and as they shift, the image of America shifts too. At one time it appears, like Frankenstein's monster, to move its great joints and irresistible muscles under the influence of ambitions and purposes that seem incomprehensible, as Hamlet's words about man drift through one's mind. At another time it appears young, brilliant, powerful, flushed with hope, full of great projects, flinging all its abounding energy into its tasks, which to-day are physical, but to-morrow shall be intellectual, and thereafter spiritual. Now it looks the danger, and now the liberator, of the world.

But whichever view be correct, whether America shall fulfill our hopes or our fears, we are bound to do those humble and commonplace acts which may help our sons to meet the difficulties that lie between them and our aspirations for them.

We see that absorption of our energies in material labor leaves great domains of human interest uncared for; we find that our emotional life is thin, that our sentimentality is ubiquitous; we find that our intelligence, when not devoted to business, is slovenly and trips us into self-deceit. The dangers are plain; how can we help ourselves? Surely with such an inexhaustible reservoir of will and energy, America might spare a little to free her from sentimentality and save her from self-deceit.

We accept sentimentality, because we do not stop to consider whether our emotional life is worth an infusion of blood and vigor, rather than that we have deliberately decided that it is not. We neglect religion, because we cannot spare time to think what religion means, rather than that we judge it only worthy conventionality and lip service. We think poetry effeminate, because we do not read it, rather than that we believe its effect to be injurious. We have been swept off our feet by the brilliant success of our industrial civilization, and, blinded by vanity, we enumerate the list of our exports, we measure the swelling tide of our material prosperity, but we do not stop even to repeat to ourselves the names of other things. If we were to stop, and reckon the values of idealism, of religion, of literature, if we were to weigh them in the balance against comfort, luxury, ease, we should begin to deliberate, and after deliberation some of us would be converted, for the difficulty confronting the typical American is not love of material things, but pride of power. He deems that will, force, energy, resolution, perseverance, in the nature of things must be put to material ends, and that whatever may be the qualities and capacities put

to use in science, philosophy, literature, religion, they are not those. Once persuade him that will, energy, and their fellow virtues will find full scope in those seemingly effeminate matters, and he will give them a share, if not a fair share, of his attention; for the American is little, if at all, more devoted to luxury, ease, and comfort than other men. But how is he to be buttonholed, and held long enough for arguments to be slipped into his ear? There is at hand the old, old helper, "the Cherub Contemplation." By its help man — for it takes him upon an eminence — sees all the great panorama of life at once, and discovers that it is a whole. Since the first conception of monotheism there has been no spiritual idea equal to that of the unity of life, for it asserts that spiritual things and material things are one and indivisible. Contemplation also teaches that action is not a substitute for virtue, that will, resolution, and energy take rank according to their aims; it leads man little by little to fix his mind upon the notion that he ought to have a philosophy of life, and to live not unmindful of that philosophy, for a philosophy however imperfect is not likely to teach him that happiness and the meaning of life are to be found only in industrial matters, and if it should, well and good, for the aim of Contemplation is not to teach a man this belief or that, but to rescue him from the clutch of blind social forces, and let him choose his own path in life.

As our sentimentality is a sign that we have neglected great interests connected with the emotions, so our self-deceit is a sign that we have neglected great interests connected with the intellect. If our minds were used to study not merely material things, but also all other ideas that surround and vivify life, we should not be able to lead this amphibious existence of self-deceit, — half in words and half in deeds. As Contemplation is our help to see life as a whole, and our guide to-

ward ripeness and completeness, so we may discover a help against self-deceit in the observance of Discipline. Discipline is the constant endeavor to understand, the continual grapple with all ideas, the study of unfamiliar things, the search for unity and truth; it is the spirit which calls nothing common, which compels that deep respect for this seemingly infinite universe which the Bible calls the fear of the Lord. Discipline turns to account all labor, all experience, all pain; it is the path up the mountain of purgatory from the top of which Contemplation shows man life as a whole. On the intellectual side Discipline teaches us to keep distinct and separate the permanent and the transitory; on the moral side Discipline teaches us that right and wrong are not matters of sentimentality, that will and energy are untrustworthy guides. Discipline lies less in wooing success than in marriage to unsuccessful causes, unpopular aims, unflattering ends. Discipline is devotion to form; it teaches that everything from clay to the thought of man is capable of perfect form, and that the highest purpose of labor is to approach that form. Discipline will not let us narrow life to one or two ideas; it will not let us deceive ourselves, or put on the semblance of joy or grief like a Sunday coat.

"For the holy Spirit of Discipline will flee deceit,
And remove from thoughts that are without understanding,
And will not abide when unrighteousness cometh in."

Discipline and Contemplation bring life to that ripeness which is the foundation of happiness, of righteousness, of great achievement; they are the means by which, while we wait for the inspiration and leadership of great men, we may hope to piece out the brilliant but imperfect education provided by our industrial civilization, and help our sons to become, in Lowell's proud words, "the finest race of gentlemen in the world."

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES.

PROLOGUE OF LETTERS.

LETTER I.

IN A BEECH FOREST, *April 7.*

DEAR PESSIMIST, — I have read your book through three times; my copy has grown very shabby; the covers are stained, — I dropped it in a brook; the margins are covered with penciled notes. In a word, I love the book. Does this justify my writing to you, an absolute stranger? By no means, I should say; and yet, safe among my beeches, I am not afraid of doing so. I don't know who you are, nor you who I may be, and if you should choose to ignore my letter, that is an easy way of making an end of it. The direct reason for my writing is this: —

The little pointed shadows of the new beech leaves, dancing over the ground, have reminded me of your shadow theory, and I have been wondering whether you really believe in that theory, or whether it is merely a poetic idea belonging to your pose as "The Pessimist." Do you really think that no life can be judged alone, "without consideration of the shadows of other lives that overlap it"?

This theory, sincerely believed in, would lead to a very comfortable philosophy of irresponsibility, and the more I study the Breviary, the more I wonder whether it is sincere, or merely an artistic point of view assumed for the occasion. Your chapter on Hamlet is delicious; Hamlet as a neurasthenic, treated in a way that tempts me strongly to the belief that you are a physician. I wonder! Is n't it Balzac who says, "Les drames de la vie ne sont pas dans les circonstances, — ils sont dans le cœur"?

I have been sitting here, like Mr. Leo Hunter's expiring frog, "on a

log," trying to think over this theory in connection with yours of the shadows. I say *trying* to think, because, whatever other women may find their brains capable of, I much doubt whether my own ever gets further than musing — or even dreaming.

You say that if Hamlet had not been a nervous invalid, the trifling shock of his father's murder and his mother's marriage would not have been fatal to him, — such events being quite everyday in his age and country. Then you apply your shadow theory to him, the shadows, on his poor dazed brain, of his mother, of Ophelia, etc., — and go off into incomprehensibilities that make *my* poor dazed brain whirl.

I have read and re-read the abstruser parts of the book, trying to understand with I fear little success, but against one thing I protest. You speak of nature, and yet you avow that your studies are made in a laboratory! Wise as you are and ignorant though I am, I am nearer nature here in my forest than you in your laboratory. The things that fall away from one, leaving one almost a child, when one is alone with trees!

The tone of your book is a curious one. It is not despairing, it is intellectual, it is charming, and yet — what is the use of being wise if it brings no more than it has brought you!

Another thing. Why do you say that you do not know German? You do, for your translations from poor Nietzsche are original. Chapter 5, paragraph 2: "Great people have in their very greatness great virtues, and do not need the small goodnesses of the small-brained." Let it go at that. You are a great man, and do not need the bourgeois virtue of truth-telling. The last remark is rather impertinent, but it

is one of those spring days when one grows expansive and daring, and, after all, the luxury of saying what one likes is rare.

So, good-by, Pessimist. Greetings from my beech forest and from myself. The small brook, much interested in the greenness of the valley, is rushing down over the stones with the noisy haste of things youthful, and I see one cowslip in a hollow. I wonder if even Pessimists love Spring!

And if you will be indulgent toward this feminine curiosity about your book, which has charmed a woman not easily charmed, let me know just this much: whether the Breviary expresses your real convictions, or is written as it were by a fictitious character.

If you will tell me this I shall be very grateful to you, and in any case let me thank you for having charmed away for me a great many hours. Address:

MADAME ANNETTE BONNET,

4 bis, rue Tambour, Paris.

Madame Bonnet being an old servant, who will forward your note, if you are kind enough to write one, to me here in my forest.

LETTER II.

IN A LABORATORY, *May 7.*

TO MY UNKNOWN CRITIC, — Should I explain, excuse, give a thousand and one reasons why four weeks have been allowed to pass without my acknowledging the kindly meant letter of a gracious critic? A "gentle" one, too, as the polite men of a hundred years ago used to say.

But why should I answer? And why do I?

From a beech forest to a laboratory is a wide leap, a rude transition, one, my critic, that, if you could make it, would cause you to rub your eyes, and stare, and blink (forgive the unromantic picture that I draw), and cry, "Wait till I collect my senses."

It is no wonder that you would be dizzy, for a moment at least, and think that some rude hand had roughly called you back from a land of dreams, beautiful dreams, and dragged you into a dazzling light of stern, hard, unromantic facts. It is all very well to lie in your beautiful forest, and watch the lights and shadows play, and dream that you know the truth.

Truth is not found in dreams, dear lady. It is found, if ever, in laborious observation of facts, in patient, drudging study of nature. What do you know of truth? Do you not see that it is absurd, your calling me to account for my book? You are idling with the emotions that nature stirs within you, and I have studied that nature for years. Not the nature only of trees and flowers, but the nature that is everything, — the spring of the universe. You watch a cowslip and fancy yourself close to the heart of the world, while we scientists crush every emotion that the real naked facts of nature may not be obscured. There is no passion in the soul of the scientist.

But I am rude, and after all it is only a difference in the point of view. You in your beech forest watch the effect of nature on the human heart, — not on the soul, as you imagine! We in our laboratories see the warring and antagonizing force of nature; the world as it is, not as man loves to picture it to himself. Why, then, dreamer, do you ask me whether I really believe in my own theories? Pardon me that I forgot myself for the moment, and became too earnest, perhaps impatient, but — you "wonder whether I am really in earnest!"

If there is one exasperating thing in the world to a man who has spent his best years looking down, deep down, into the recesses of life, seen things as they are, and detected their false coloring as well as the deceit practiced on the senses of this jabbering, stupid flock of sheep called mankind, — it is to be

told that he does not really believe in what he has learned by years of hard work.

Why should I pretend to believe something which I do not? Is it to enjoy the fancies excited by — But I forget. You live in a beech forest.

After all, everything is only a question of the vibration of one's cerebral molecules. They vibrate transversely and one is displeased, — yours will vibrate transversely, no doubt, in reading this answer to your charming letter; and though I am bearish, I will admit that mine vibrated perpendicularly on reading your kind words of appreciation.

About my theories, dear lady, the little book you have read is only the forerunner of a much more comprehensive, and much duller, volume which is to come out soon; may I refer you to that? I will only say now, in two words, that I do believe that everything in the world is relative, and that every life is a resultant, as physicists say, of all the forces of its environment. No life could be what it is if isolated from all others, — surely even a dreamer in a forest must know that?

Only a small fraction of the knowledge of any human being can be credited to himself. Ninety-nine per cent is the result of the accumulated knowledge of the generations which have preceded him, and of his contemporaries. So his personality is in part the inherited characteristics of his ancestors, in part the traits engrafted upon the soil by suggestions (subtle and unconscious often) from the lives about him. Upon him is impressed the composite individuality of many lives.

But I am talking too much, and I doubt not you will think me garrulous, as well as unappreciative! I admit the lie about the German, the reason being that my incognito must be kept, on account of the new book. As a rule, what you call the "bourgeois virtue" of truth-telling is mine. Forgive my

roughness. Perhaps to-morrow — who knows? — might find me in a milder mood, when I would tear up this ungrateful letter. But then, would I write another?

Who are you? I wonder what you are like, whether — But it does n't matter.

LETTER III.

May 8.

TO THE FOREST DREAMER, — Since writing you I have re-read your letter, and I am struck with two things.

The first, that I should have written as I did to an utter stranger; that to this stranger, who carefully conceals every trace of her identity, I, of all men, should have orated and scolded through ten pages or more!

The second point that astonishes me is that this unknown has told me absolutely nothing of herself beyond the fact that she once sat on a log like an expiring frog, and that she wrote from a beech forest.

Do you take my amazement amiss? If so, I must in defense offer half a hundred or more of letters — all unanswered — sent me by as many daughters of Eve, of many nations, for you do not appear to know that the Breviary has been translated into both French and German.

Some of these dear creatures have sent me pages of heart-history, and one or two their photographs. It is an irony of fate that you, the one whose letter irritated or charmed me into a reply, should be she who tells me nothing of herself! May I not know something? Your incog. is at least as safe as mine. Even from the shadowy indication I can glean from your writing, your mode of expression, etc., I think I have made a picture from them not wholly unlike the original: you are not, I am sure, more than twenty-seven, you are married, you are — But — from the security of your forest, will you not tell me a little of yourself?

LETTER IV.

IN THE BEECHWOOD, May 28.

To the laboratory from the beechwood, all hail! And you should see the grace with which every bough sways downward, while the glossy leaves quiver with pleasure, and the shadows — my shadows — chase each other across the moss, and the cuckoo calls.

So I am a dreamer? A dreamer in a forest! Since writing to you, O Pessimist, this dreamer has been far from her dear trees. She has been at a court, she has walked a quadrille with a King and supped with an Emperor.

She has worn satin gowns and jewels that contrasted oddly with her wind-browned face; she has flirted lazily with tight-waisted youths in uniform; she has learned something of a certain great Power's China Policy that President McKinley would love to know, — and she has been bored to death, — poor dreamer!

Last night, near to-day, after a long journey and a two hours' drive through a silvery world, she reached the old house among the trees that she loves; and now here she is again, high on the hill in the mottled shadows at which you laugh. The lilies of the valley have come, and the brook is shrinking in the heat.

Just as she reached this corner of the world where she idles away so much time, a cuckoo called to her, — the first, mind you, that she had heard this year!

Instead of turning money in her pocket, she paused, poor dreamer, to find a happiness in her heart to turn! The servant's explanation would be incomprehensible to you, if quoted, but what he brought were your two letters, arrived during the tarrying at courts, and forgotten in the hurry of arrival.

Thank you. Thank you for telling me that you really do believe in your book. Do you know, Pessimist, that

in spite of the tone of the book, your theories are merciful? If every life is the result of its environments, and every character the result of heredity and surroundings, then people should judge each other more tenderly. Without knowing it, are you one of those who have pessimism in their mouths, optimism in their hearts?

Do not be angry with me, a mere dreamer in a beech forest (do you *particularly* despise beeches?), for daring to suggest thus a sort of unconscious insincerity in what you profess to believe. Remember, opinions are merely points of view, and what I think comes to me partly from my grandfather the bishop, partly from my great-great-great-uncle the pirate!

Joking aside, why must my dreams in a forest be of a necessity less profitable to me personally than are to you what after all are only your dreams in a laboratory? God — and I mean the universal Master, not the prejudiced president of any narrow sect — gave us nature as a guide, or at least as a help. Do you, among your crucibles and tests, find the peace and rest that I do here under my great, quiet, understanding trees?

And I am not a child — nor even an elderly child — of nature. I may be a dreamer, but I am a woman of the world with open eyes, and I know that what I see in the world I learn to understand *here*, far from its din and hurry.

The wood is full of cuckoo-clocks, striking all sorts of impossible hours, — dream-hours, dream-clocks, — despise them as much as you like, for you have n't them, poor scientist! Now the nearest dream-clock has struck twenty-three, which is time for lilies-of-the-valley-picking, so good-by.

Thank you for your letter. I say for your *letter*, because the second was simply a burst of graceful inconsistency. If I am only a bundle of molecules,

cerebral and otherwise, why should you wish to know what I look like, and who I am?

Believe me, your desire is — let us say — nothing but an irregular vibration of cerebral molecules! and I am “as other men (*sic!*) are,” I am just “Snaug the Joiner.”

This is a leaf from the biggest, wisest, and dearest of my beeches. It has just fluttered down to me, and I think wishes to go to you. Good-by.

LETTER V.

June 10.

And so you are still to be a myth to me, my Fair Unknown? Well, — it does not matter. Thank you for your letter. You are a poet. I like you, I like your forest, I like your brook and your cuckoos. Won't you tell me more of them?

So you find my questions, my curiosity, inconsistent with devotion to science? Why? There is a type of New England woman who thinks that when a man marries he becomes a monk. Do you think that because a man takes the study of nature as his life-work, he becomes a monk? Rather, is not a woman part of nature? And because I have written a somewhat dry book, am I to have no interest in things charming? I rather think my cerebral molecules are jingling and tingling over your letter as would those of any one of your tight-waisted lieutenants. However, to-morrow comes work again, and you will be forgotten.

So my forest dreamer has been to court, and danced with kings and emperors, and — been bored to death withal. I wonder whether she felt like Alice, when she told her Wonderland kings, “You are nothing but a pack of cards”?

At all events, I am glad that my dreamer is a woman of the world, and *because* of being that, fond of her beech forest. This all tells me much. And so you are “as other *men* are”! When

a woman is as other men are, she has developed much that other women do not know. She is a woman of whom a man may make a friend. They speak the same language, think the same thoughts, — and each knows that the other can understand. Good-night. Write me again.

LETTER VI.

June 26.

After being called a “Fair Unknown” it is painful to be obliged to undeceive you. However, I must do this, for though my cerebral molecules may be charming, I am outwardly not attractive. I was born with slightly crossed eyes and large red ears, which misfortune many tears have failed to remedy.

I notice a startling amount of worldliness in your last letter, and as I fear you will no longer care to hear from a person afflicted as I am, I will take time by the forelock and bid you good-by now.

Ainsi, adieu.

LETTER VII.

July 10.

It is not true! Do you think that science is a study so unprofitable that I have devoted myself to it for years without having learned something of cause and effect?

No woman with crossed eyes and (Heaven save the mark) “large red ears” could ever have written the letters you have written me!

You are not only charming, but you are beautiful. I'd stake my professional reputation on this. Your forest, your kings and emperors, your cuckoos and cowslips, may be all a pose; you may be old, you may be Madame Annette Bonnet yourself for all I know, but you are, or have been, beautiful; men have loved you, women have envied you, you have known power.

Deny this, if you dare, on your word of honor!

LETTER VIII.

August 10, THE LABORATORY.

Are you never going to write me again?

LETTER IX.

August 25, BERLIN.

No.

LETTER X.

September 17.

DEAR PESSIMIST, — Did you think me very horrid? Did your cerebral molecules rub each other into shreds, — transverse shreds?

It was not nice of me, but I was not in a letter-writing frame of mind, and I could n't write, even to you whom I don't know. I was away from home, amid crowds of people, — people I don't like; I was worried and irritated in more ways than one.

And now!

Here I am again by my brook, which is rushing noisily in frantic haste, swollen by recent rain; the birches, dear butterfly trees, are losing their poor wings; there are coppery lights on the beech leaves; the ferns are drying, and here and there the duskiess of autumn is lit by the scarlet of a poisonous fungus. Quite near me is a lizard's hole, and out of it peers a small bright eye. I like lizards. One of my happinesses is that of being free from little fears — fears of bats; of poor wee snakes; of blundering winged things. The only thing of the kind of which I have a horror is the creature called a "black beetle," and as I have never seen one, and know it chiefly through a translation of *Le Petit Chose* that I read when almost a child, I cannot say that the horror is very vivid. But this is absurd, my writing you about black beetles!

Your last letter, or last but one, was amusing. I neither affirm nor deny the truth of what you say in it, but it amused me. You say, O Wise Man, that men have loved, women envied me. And have I loved any man, and

envied any woman? You see, I am in a sentimental September mood.

I have been learning how I missed my trees during the hot, hot days, and how my trees missed me, — the days when a blue mist softens the distance, when the pine smell is the strongest, the shadows the blackest of the year, when no place on earth is bearable except the depths of a thick-knit wood. Don't snub me by calling this poetical, for you know you wrote that you wished to hear about my trees and my brook, — which was crafty of you!

To-day I have visited all my deserted friends; the dream tree, the wisdom tree, — a great beech, the butterfly tree, and they all looked sadly at me, and I at them. The face in the wisdom tree, a combination of knots and branches, cowed in summer by leaves, frowns at me to-day in evident disapproval of my wasted midsummer. A bird has built her nest in one of the eyes, which somehow gives it the air of the sternest of monkish confessors. Only the cedars and pines and firs are unchanged. They are tonic, but a wee bit unsympathetic. One great fir has a wound in his side as large as my hand, but he holds his head as erect as ever, and does not seem to notice his heart's blood oozing down his rough bark. I should not dare pity him, which is fatal to a true sympathy. I found a mushroom, and ate it. Perhaps it was a toadstool.

You will think me mad, you will snub me.

I don't mind being thought mad, for I am used to it, and rather agree with the theory in my heart of hearts; but I object to being snubbed. So, to avoid that, let me hasten to snub you first. I saw in *Amiel's Journal*, the other day, a most fitting sentiment, which please accept with my compliments: "Science is a lucid madness, occupied in tabulating its own hallucinations."

Think me crazy, "tabulate" me, and go on making nasty messes in cru-

cibles, — or are crucibles the soap-bubbly things that explode? — but if your laboratory holds one single object as consoling to you on blue days as is one of my trees to me, even on a wet September evening, I'll eat that object!

The sun is going down the hill, and so must I. Good-night.

LETTER XI.

IN THE WILDS OF MAINE, *October 2.*

Bonjour, l'Inconnue! Your letter has just been brought to me, and though Heaven knows you don't deserve it, I sit down at once by the lake, to answer. I missed you, cross-grained though I am, and though I fully recognize the way in which you, Our Lady of the Beeches, intend to use this humble devotee, I am glad to hear from you once more, and put myself at your disposition.

Your kings and queens, your people whom you "don't like," know nothing of the dreamer. They know the slightly mocking writer of your letter of June 26, — they know nothing of the beech forest, nothing of the impetuous, natural, warm-hearted woman that the *Primo Facto* meant you to be.

And I, insignificant scientific worm, am to be your safety valve. Did you think I did not realize all this? As you never intend to tell me who you are, you feel safe. You are safe. No one shall ever see one of your letters, and I shall make no effort to find you out.

Dear lady, will your crossed eyes twinkle with amusement when I tell you that your letters have been the means of sending me up here, away from the haunts of woman, to rest an over-tired nervous system? Without the small packet in my writing-table I should have betaken myself to the comparative simplicity of Bar Harbor; *with* the small packet I came here, — three weeks ago. I am alone, but for my guide. There are little beech trees here, too, — a few, — many pines, a small lake, birds, and quiet. In spite

of these charming things, however, I am not happy. The quiet gets on my nerves, and if your letter had not come to-day, I should probably have been off to-morrow.

Solitude is bad, I see, for me. My sins loom great among the rusty pine stems, my neglected opportunities stare me in the face, my utter insignificance is brought home to me in a way I do not like. You are too young to feel the reproach of wasted years, or you could not love your forest as you do.

May I know your age? And — do not snub me — if you have troubles small enough to be talked about, and choose to do so, tell me them. Advice helps no mortal, but it *suggests* self-help.

Now good-by. I must go and make coffee. I suppose you do not know the smell of coffee rising among sunbaked pines?

LETTER XII.

LONDON, *October 25.*

So you will be my confessor, my patient safety valve? Are you not afraid of being overwhelmed by an avalanche of sentimental semi-woes? What if I should write you that I am that most appalling creature, une femme incomprise? Or that I am pining with love for a man not my husband? Or that I adore my husband, while he wastes his time in greenrooms? Or — or — or — Pessimist, where is thy pessimism, that thou riskest such a fate?

However, as it happens, I have no woes to pour into even your sympathetic and invisible ear. I am quite as happy as my neighbors, and even of a rather cheerful disposition. Bored at times, of course, — who is n't? That is all.

In a few days I go to Paris, after a very charming visit in England, where I have met many very interesting and delightful people, among others the Great Man.

He is a great man, the Napoleon of the eye-glass, though I have heard that he is not Napoleonic, in that he has a

conscience, whose existence he carefully hides behind a mask of expediency. It amused me, while stopping in the house with this man and studying in a humble way his face and his manners, to read certain European papers describing him as slyness and unscrupulousness in person!

Do you like gossip? I love it myself, and here is a good story. A certain R. H. told a lady of his acquaintance that she might choose for herself a certain gift, — say a tiara of diamonds, costing £2000. The lady, seeing a very beautiful one for £4000, bought it and had it sent with the bill for £2000 to the royal giver, and paid the extra two thousand herself. So far, good. But was n't it one of life's little ironies that the gift, greatly admired by H. R. H., should have been sent by him to a younger and fairer friend, and that the poor fading one should have had to pay for half of it!

England rings with such tales. It is a curiously anomalous country, Respectability is its God, yet it readily, almost admiringly, forgives the little slips of the smart set. One woman, Lady X, told me, "Oh yes, Lord Y is my aunt Lady F's lover." On seeing my expression, she added, with a laugh, "Everybody has known it for years, so some one else would have told you if I had n't. Besides, she is received *everywhere*." So she is. An awful old woman with a yellow wig, — poor soul.

So you do not love solitude? And you miss people. Possibly I love my beeches so, because I can never be alone with them more than a few hours at a time. Possibly, but I don't believe it.

My portrait has just been done by a great English painter, and I was much pleased that he himself suggested doing it out of doors! The background is a laurel hedge, glistening and gleaming in the sun. The picture is good, but it flatters me.

I have been trying again to under-

stand the more scientific parts of the book, but I can't! This will probably reach you in your beloved laboratory. Are your fingers brown and purple? Do you wear an apron when you work? If so, I will make you one!

Good-by, and a pleasant winter to you. Thanks for the kindness in your letter.

LETTER XIII.

THE LABORATORY, *November 11.*

Please make me an apron! Could it have a beech-leaf pattern?

Thanks for your charming letter, which I will answer soon. I am just off to Paris, — *affaire de Sorbonne*. Don't mock at my laboratory, dear Our Lady of the Beeches! I have been as happy as a child ever since I got back to it. Forests may be all very well for the young, — I am too old for them and need hard work. Good-by!

LETTER XIV.

December 13, THE LABORATORY.

DEAR LADY, — I sit by my table. The "soap-bubbly things that explode" are pushed aside, to make room for an electric lamp; I am beautiful to behold in the beech-leaf pattern apron!

I landed yesterday, to find the package awaiting me, and the contents exceeded my wildest, most sanguine expectations! Did you yourself put in all those wee stitches? I notice that the border is sewed on extra, — did you do it? It took me some time to solve the mystery of the strings, — it is years since I wore a bib, — but now, they are neatly tied around my waist and about my neck. It falls in graceful folds, — it is perfect.

There is only one drawback to my happiness in my new possession, — the well-founded fear of making a spot on it, or burning a hole in it! By the way, speaking of burning holes in things, I burnt a large one, the other day, in my thumb, — luckily my left one. It hurt like mad, kept me awake two or three nights, and did no good to my temper.

Once I got up (it was in Paris, you know) and went out for a tramp. You don't know the Paris of two o'clock in the morning. It had rained, there was a ragged mist, the lights reflected their rays in ruts and pools; the abomination of desolation is Paris at two o'clock in the morning, — to cross-grained foot passengers. You were in Paris that night, probably dancing at some ball — “lazily flirting with a tight-waisted” somebody.

I thought of you as I plodded through the dreary streets and laughed at the remembrance of my first letter to you, — a pedantic outpouring of heavy-handed indignation. Our Lady of the Beeches must have smiled at it. Will she smile again at what I'm going to tell her now? A carriage passed me at a corner of the rue Royale, and the lights flashed over the face of its occupant; a woman wrapped in a dark furred coat. The idea came to me that it was — *you*. I wonder! She had lightish, brilliant hair and a rather tired face.

If I had been — well — several years younger, I should have followed the carriage; but I remembered my promise, and let it pass without hailing the hansom near by. The horses were grays, the carriage dark green — I did n't notice the livery.

Rue Tambour, 4 bis — it was n't breaking my word to drive to rue Tambour, was it? I walked in a pouring rain (good for a feverish thumb!) the length of the deserted street to 4 bis. Six stories high, respectable, dull, with a red light in the hall. And there dwells Madame Annette Bonnet, sweet sleep to her.

Where are you now? Lady without troubles, in what part of the world are you smiling away the winter in cheerful content?

Write me again when the spirit moveth you.

The night I visited rue Tambour was November 26.

LETTER XV

RUE TAMBOUR, 4 bis, PARIS,
Christmas Day.

The night you visited rue Tambour I sat high up in 4 bis, watching a sick woman.

My poor old nurse was taken ill a few days before, and as she has only me in the world, I moved from my hotel here, and have been with her ever since. I leave to-morrow, but have a fancy for writing to you from here, so forgive this paper, which I could n't wound her by refusing, and try to admire the gilt edges.

How curious that you should have been *rodering* about underneath our windows that night. It was her worst one, and I sat up till dawn. Several times I went to the window and looked out at the rain. I was very anxious and very sad. I love old Annette; she gave me all the mothering I ever had, and one does n't forget that.

The young doctor, hastily called in when she fainted, was unsatisfactory, being too busy trying to show me, in delicate nuances, his full appreciation of the strangeness of the presence in that house of such a woman as I; the nurse, a stupid Sister of Charity, made me very nervous; if I had known you were below, who knows whether I would not have rushed down for a word of sympathy? But now I am happier again, the dear old woman is nearly well, and her sweet taking-for-granted of my kindness to her, better than all the gratitude in the world.

Thanks for your letter. I am glad that you like the apron. I did make it myself, — every stitch, and a terrible time I had finding the famous beech-leaf pattern! Only please wear it, burn holes in it (instead of your poor thumb) and really use it. Then, when it is worn out, I'll make you another. Did I tell you how old I am? I am twenty-nine.

By the way, olive oil and lime water is a very good remedy for burns. Re-

member this, as you will doubtless go on burning yourself from time to time! Good-by.

LETTER XVI.

January 14, THE LABORATORY.

DEAR LADY, — What, in your wisdom, do you think of this story? A woman, whom I have known for more years than she would care to remember, has just enlivened us by running away from her husband with a man whom every one knows and nearly every one dislikes. The town has been agog with the tale for the past week; it has been the occasion of much excited conversation at two or three dinners where I was, and the different view-points of different people have interested me greatly. The retrospective keenness of observation of almost all those men and women is delightful; but as for myself, though I have known many men and some women, and flattered myself that I knew more than a little about human nature, this case has floored me. Listen, and then tell me what you think.

She is a woman of forty-two or three, handsome, fairly clever, masterful, with a faint idea of metaphysics and some knowledge of archaeology. Her husband is a good sort, with plenty of money, who let her do about as she liked, — even to the extent of blackening her eyebrows. The other man is thirty-four, with padded shoulders and a lisp. He wears opal shirt-studs, and was formerly suspected of a bracelet. He has no money, no profession, no prospects. Off they went one moonlight night, and as Mr. — will divorce her, they will marry, and live on — love, in New Jersey. Do you think it possible for two rational beings to live on love, in New Jersey? And yet they must love each other, or they would n't have done it.

The question and the collateral ones suggested by it have been distracting me greatly. When I was twenty — or even twenty-five, I could — in fact *did* — believe in the sufficiency of one

man and one woman to each other. I no longer do, however, and know few people who could swear to such a belief. My sister-in-law, a clever woman, with whom I have discussed the affair, seems inclined to envy them, — she herself has been a widow for years, and shows no disposition to change her estate; but I am conscious of pitying them both. Are n't they going to wake up in a few weeks at most, and loathe each other? Tell me what you think?

Even assuming that Browning is right in his Soul-Sides theory, must not two people, as isolated as they must be, be bored to death by each other's soul-sides after a time? People rarely tell each other the whole truth in the discussion of such questions, chiefly because every one has a certain amount of pose; but you, woman of the world, from your forest, could tell me fearlessly your inmost thoughts about the matter. If you wish to!

I like to think of you caring for your old nurse, and I am glad you were in the house that night when the spirit in my feet led me to it.

This disembodied friendship has a great charm for me, and I like knowing of you all that you will allow me to, though I grant you that did we know each other personally much of the interest would be lost. You are wise in telling me nothing of your outside personality, your name, your home, your looks, etc., but let me know what you can of your character, your thoughts, your feelings.

I would willingly tell you my name, but it would not interest you, and would change the whole attitude of things, perhaps disastrously to me. We would be friends if we met, you and I, but each would keep from the other something that he or she would tell the next comer. Our view-points would influence, not the character of each other, but what each would be willing to show the other.

Would there not be a great charm in

being absolutely truthful to each other by letter? In showing each other — you know what I mean. The idea is not original, but we have drifted unconsciously into the beginning of an original exposition of it.

I am over forty years old. I have never had any especial fondness for women as a whole; I am a busy man, with an engrossing life-work that, even were my temperament other, would prevent my ever trying to penetrate your incognito.

You are a young and (I insist) beautiful woman, living in the world, occupied with the million interests of the woman of the world; consoled on the other hand for the inevitable slings and arrows of life by a curiously strong love of nature and a certain intelligent curiosity as to things abstruse.

Granted, then, that I am (alas!) no impetuous boy, to fall in love with you and rush across the world to find you out, — that you are no lonely sentimentalist with a soul-hunger, — why not be friends?

You say you have no troubles. Good! Then tell me your joys. What I will be able to give you, Heaven knows! I am asking much, and can probably give little — or nothing, though one thing I can do. I can send you books, if you will let me, books that would never come in your way, probably, and that you will love.

And you will — do! — give me many pleasant thoughts, instantaneous day-dreams, so to say, gleams of sunshine that brighten my hours of hard work.

This has grown to be a volume, and if, after all, you only laugh at me, O dreamer? I'll only say, if you must snub, snub gently!

There is a heart-breaking hole burnt in the front breadth (!) of the apron, and a terrible tear at the root of one of the bib-strings. I forgot I had an apron on, and nearly hanged myself getting down from a ladder on which I'd been standing driving some nails in the wall.

My sister-in-law mended it, and offered even to make me another, but I would n't have it.

I hope you've not forgotten your promise?

Dear Lady of the Beeches, good-by.

LETTER XVII.

February 1,

In a small room high in a tower.

Why should I snub you? On the contrary I am pleased — flattered, possibly — by your letter. Another thing, — you have put into words something that I have felt for years. The influence of the character of another person, not on one's own character, but on the choice of the side of one's character that one is willing to show that person.

If I have a virtue (besides that of modesty, you see!) it is that of frankness. I think I may honestly say that I know no woman with less of conscious pose. Yet even when striving with somewhat untoward circumstances to be perfectly natural, I am conscious of something more than mere justifiable reserve.

The side I show to one person is never, do what I will, the same side I show to another, and, as the French say, that afflicts me, in morbid moments. "Each life casts a shadow, be it ever so slight, on the lives about it, and is shadowed by those lives. The sun showing through a combination of blue and green, though the same sun, throws a light different from that it throws when it shines through blue and red."

You will remember this quotation, though it is not exact.

In moments of self-confidence, which are more frequent than the morbid ones, I tell myself that one must respect one's moods, which are a part of one's self after all. Am I right? Is this a bit of what you, O Wise Man, call so gently "an intelligent interest in things abstruse"?

This interest in one's self, in one's motives, is of course a kind of vanity,

but surely if one honestly tries, one can learn to know one's self better than any other person's self, and one's self belongs to humanity as much as does one's neighbor.

So we are to be friends. I am glad. I am glad you are not young, I am glad you are a busy man. And you must indeed be busy between your laboratory and your metaphysics. I like busy men, and I am glad you understand so well the advantages of our not knowing each other personally.

Frankly, I should be terribly influenced by external things. It could never be the same. If your eyes happened to be blue instead of brown, or brown instead of gray, I should be disappointed. Also, if you had a certain kind of mouth I should be quite unable to like you. Observe how gracefully I ignore the possibility of *your* being influenced by such trifles. Your great mind being sternly bent on molecules, you no doubt would not even notice whether I am tall or short, bony or baggy! But you will think this very foolish babbling, after the profundity of my beginnings.

About your story. I agree with you in pitying her. In such cases I am always inclined to pity the woman. And this woman has put everything into the scale against the love of a man years younger than she, as well as having taken from him, at least for a time, the companionship of other men and women, his club, all his menus.

As a merciful Providence in the mystery of his wisdom has created man polygamous, woman monogamous (by instinct, which is, after all, what counts), every man, unless his love for a woman is backed and braced by a lot of other things, the respect of his kind, amusement, occupation, etc., is bound to tire of her after a time.

Even backed by these things, how many a perfectly sincere love wanes with time!

Poor soul! I hope her husband will divorce her soon, and at least give her the legal possession of the lisp and the opals, before the charm of her position, her house, her friendships with other people, in a word, before his love — under the removal of the host of gracious "shadows" chased away by the stern sun of solitude — has begun its absolutely inevitable waning.

There is my opinion; take it for what it's worth.

I have just been out for a walk through softly melting snow, on which all shadows are blue, into the beechwood. The snow was so deep that I could not go far, but I stood under a big, knobby old fellow near the edge, and looked up the slope, up which the blue shadows slanted.

A wood in winter is very beautiful. The white quiet was not yet broken by the thaw, though the branches gleamed black in the moist air; all little twigs seemed sketched in ink against the snow. The sun behind me threw a red glow for a second over it all, edging the shriveled leaves clinging here and there with fire.

The snow will soon be gone, leaving the ground an untidy mass of slippery red soil, and I will put on rubber boots, take a stick, and pay a round of visits on the slope. The winter has been hard, and some of my friends will have suffered.

There is a pastel portrait hanging opposite me as I write, and I think you must be like it. I don't mean as to features, but in a certain air of quiet determination and knowing what you are about.

I forgot to tell you that the other day, in a certain old university town, I was taken to see a chemical laboratory. It made me think of you, dear Pessimist, and I admit that the retorts and crucibles have a certain charm, to say nothing of all the other things, nameless to me.

I shall be glad to have the books. Don't forget to send them.

Since my walk, by the way, I am less fearful for the poor woman with the blackened eyebrows. Possibly she has great charm, and possibly he is too completely under her sway to tire of her. I hope so, and I have seen it, only in my case the woman was greatly the social superior of the man. At all events, they interest me, and she was certainly better and more courageous in running off with him than she would have been in doing what nine women out of ten — over here, at least — would have done.

It is late; I must dress for dinner. Shall I wear yellow or pink?

Good-night, *amigo di mi alma*.

LETTER XVIII.

March 16.

Thank you. I can write you only a few words, dear lady, as I have had pneumonia, and am still almost helpless. Your letter was given me to-day, and Heaven knows how often I have re-read it. I suppose that by this time you are busy hunting the first violets? Send me one.

It is an infernal thing to be ill; a worse thing to be ill and alone. It is just as well, perhaps, that I can't write, for I am in a state approaching the fearful.

If I had married the girl whom I once loved, my eldest child might have been nineteen, and, if a girl, sitting there in the big chair with the firelight on her hair. I am growing old; I drivel. If I were even ten years younger I should want you awfully. It is hard to feel that one is too old for falling in love with the most charming woman in the world, — and you are she, of that I am sure.

Have you dimples, and blue veins in your temples? My nurse has come, and is scolding me for disobeying her. She has no dimples; she has an imperial instead.

Write me soon, and forgive all this idiocy. I am to have a poached egg. If it is slippery, I won't eat it. Would you?
C. R. S.

LETTER XIX.

March 30.

Poor dear! I am so sorry that you have been ill. Are you better now? Here is the violet, poor wee thing! bringing a most cordial and sincere greeting from me to you.

It is awful to be ill, and it is worse to be ill and alone. A nurse with an imperial would hardly improve matters, I suppose, though, all things considered, perhaps the imperial was a blessing in disguise.

You were, despite your potential daughter of nineteen, in a dangerous state of mind when you wrote that note, Mr. Pessimist! But now, no doubt, you are back at work, at least no longer shut in your room, and all is well.

This last month has been an anxious one for me. My poor Annette, fired with ambition as to window-cleaning, fell off a chest of drawers and broke her leg, a few days after I wrote you. She was in Paris; I — far from there. She is the embodiment of health as a rule, but she is over sixty, and to make matters worse, fell to fretting for her husband, a creature charming in his way, but with whom she had never been able to live in peace, and whom she left twenty years ago and more.

Her letters to me have been very touching. Years ago they had a child, a poor little thing born lame, and it seems that Père Bonnet's one good quality, beyond great charm of manner, and a tenor voice fit for the heavenly choir, was his utter devotion to Le Mioche. I know no other name for him. Le Mioche lived only four years, but those four years, looked back on, through the kindly mist of something over thirty, have grown to be of paramount importance to the poor old woman. Her man, she wrote me, used to carry Le Mioche in a sort of hammock on his back, and

then, while he worked, Le Mioche sat in a heap of sawdust covered with her man's coat, and looked on. Le père Bonnet was working in a lumber camp at that time, — indeed, they lived in a log hut built by his own hands. Le Mioche had a precocious fondness for mushrooms, and many times "mon homme" brought a hatful home with him, and tenderly fed them to the poor child — raw! The grave is somewhere there in the Maine woods, and several times, of late, Annette has expressed to me her longing to visit it once more with the recreant Bonnet, who, "after all," was the father of Le Mioche.

It would be a pitiful pilgrimage, would it not? She was a high-spirited, handsome woman, as I first remember her. Now she is old and bent, this very longing for the husband she hated in her youth being a pathetic indication of her weakness. He, I gather, for I remember him very faintly, was a handsome, light-hearted creature who simply could n't understand her mental attitudes, and whom her ideas of faithfulness and honor bored to death. Think of the meeting, drawn together over the grave of Le Mioche!

I suspect her of having written to him, poor soul! Does this bore you? I hope not, for it really is "being friends," as children say. My mind is full of Annette and her troubles, so I tell you of them. It is at least a suggestive story enough. I hope your friend who ran away with the man with the opals had no Mioche!

To-morrow I go south on a yachting trip. We leave Italy about April 15, and I don't know where we shall go, so do not hurry about writing, though I am always glad to have your letters.

Has not your book come out?

I will write you some time from the yacht, and in the meantime, behüt' dich Gott.

You signed your initials to your note, do you remember?

LETTER XX.

ON BOARD THE YACHT X—, *May 3.*

Just five minutes in which to beg a great favor of you. Le père Bonnet needs money, and I cannot get ashore to send it him. Will you send him \$200 at once, with the inclosed note?

We shall be in England next week en route for home, and I will of course send you the money at once. I know that this is very dreadful, but I have no one in America to do it for me, and Annette writes, urging me to send it at once, as a miracle has come to pass, and he wishes to go to France to see her.

You see, I trust you, in giving you the address of this man who would tell you all about me. I will send you the money in English banknotes, registered, care Harper Brothers.

Thanking you a thousand times in advance, believe me to be sincerely your friend,
W. Z.

LETTER XXI.

May 20, THE LABORATORY.

Thank you for trusting me. Père Bonnet has his money, and as I sent no address he could not write to acknowledge it, and I know no more of you, dear Lady of the Beeches, than I did before. That is — do I not? Am I not learning to know so much that it is more than just as well that I know no more? Thank you for signing the initials of your name, and thank you again for trusting me.

I am tormented by an insane desire to tell you my name, but I dare not. I know you would snub me, and possibly you might never write me again. So good-by. I have been writing to you for hours with this result.

C. R. S.

Bettina von Hutten.

(*To be continued.*)

WALKS WITH ELLERY CHANNING.

THE following extracts from the MS. diaries of Ralph Waldo Emerson are here for the first time offered to the public, with the consent of his children. They describe with utter frankness his walks, talks, and excursions with his younger neighbor and friend, the late William Ellery Channing, usually known as Ellery Channing, to distinguish him from his uncle and godfather, the eminent divine. The younger Channing resided for the greater part of his life in Concord, and clearly inspired in Emerson much admiration for his rare gifts, as well as a warm affection for his wayward and recluse temperament. This combination of feeling shows Emerson in a light almost wholly new to the general reader, exhibiting him, not merely as a warm and even tender friend, but as one fully able to recognize the limitations and even defects of the man he loved and to extend to him, when needful, the frankest criticism. With all our previous knowledge of Emerson, it may yet be truly said that he has nowhere been revealed in so sweet and lovable a light as in these detached fragments. His relations with Thoreau may have come nearest to this friendship with Channing; but in dealing with the self-reliant Thoreau, he had not to face a nature so complex, so shy, or so difficult to reach. It might well be of this friendship that Emerson wrote, in his essay bearing that title, "Let it be an alliance of two large formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath these disparities unites them."

T. W. H.

Probably 1841. 10 December. A good visit to Boston, saw S. G. W. [Ward] and Ellery [Channing] to advantage. E. has such an affectionate

speech and a tone that is tremulous with emotion, that he is a flower in the wind.

Ellery said his poems were proper love poems; and they were really genuine fruits of a fine, light, gentle, happy intercourse with his friends. C.'s [Channing's] eyes are a compliment to the human race; that steady look from year to year makes Phidian Sculpture and Poussin landscape still real and contemporary, and a poet might well dedicate himself to the fine task of expressing their genius in verse.

1843. Ellery, who hopes there will be no cows in heaven, has discovered what cows are for, namely, it was twofold, (1) to make easy walking where they had fed, and (2) to give the farmers something to do in summer-time. All this haying comes at midsummer between planting and harvest when all hands would be idle but for this cow and ox which must be fed and mowed for; and thus intemperance and the progress of crime are prevented.

20 May. Walked with Ellery. In the landscape felt the magic of color; the world is all opal, and those ethereal tints the mountains wear have the finest effects of music upon us. Mountains are great poets, and one glance at this fine cliff scene undoes a great deal of prose and reinstates us wronged men in our rights.

Ellery thinks that very few men carry the world in their thoughts. But the actual of it is thus, that every man of mediocre health stands there for the support of fourteen or fifteen sick; and though it were easy to get his own bread with little labor, yet the other fourteen damn him to toil.

Ellery said the village [of Concord] did not look so very bad from our point; the three churches looked like geese swimming about in a pond.

W. E. C. railed an hour in good set terms at the usurpation of the past, at the great hoaxes of the Homers and Shakespeares, hindering the books and the men of to-day of their just meed. Oh, certainly! I assure him that the oaks and the horse-chestnuts are entirely obsolete, that the Horticultural Society are about to recommend the introduction of cabbage as a shade tree, so much more convenient and every way comprehensible; all grown from the seed upward to its most generous crumpled extremity within one's own short memory, past contradiction the ornament of the world, and then so good to eat, as acorns and horse-chestnuts are not. Shade trees for breakfast.

Ellery's poetry shows the art, though the poems are imperfect; as the first daguerres are grim things, yet show that a great engine has been invented.

Ellery's verses should be called poetry for poets. They touch the fine pulses of thought and will be the cause of more poetry and of verses more finished and better turned than themselves; but I cannot blame the N. Americans [N. A. Reviews] and Knickerbockers if they should not suspect his genius. When the rudder is invented for balloons, railroads will be superseded, and when Ellery's muse finds an aim, whether some passion, or some fast faith, and kind of string on which all these wild and sometimes brilliant beads can be strung, we shall have a poet. Now he fantasizes merely, as dilettante in music. He breaks faith continually with the intellect. The sonnet has merits, fine lines, gleams of deep thought, well worth sounding, well worth studying, if only I could confide that he had any steady meaning before him, that he kept faith with himself; but I fear that he changed his purpose with every verse, was led up and down to this or that with the exigencies of the rhyme, and only wanted to write and rhyme somewhat, careless how or what, and stopped when he came to the end of the paper.

He breaks faith with the reader, wants integrity. Yet, for poets, it will be a better book than whole volumes of Bryant and Campbell.

A man of genius is privileged only as far as he is a genius. His dullness is as insupportable as any other dullness. Only success will justify a departure and a license. But Ellery has freaks which are entitled to no more charity than the dullness or madness of others, which he despises. He uses a license continually which would be just in oral improvisation, but is not pardonable in written verses. He fantasizes on his piano.

Elizabeth Hoar said that he was a wood-elf which one of the maids in a story fell in love with and then grew uneasy, desiring that he might be baptized. Margaret [Fuller?] said he reminded one of a great Genius with a wretched little boy trotting before him.

1846. Channing thinks life looks great and inaccessible and constantly attacks us, and notwithstanding all our struggles is eating us up.

Sunday, September 20. Suffices Ellery Channing a mood for a poem. "There, I have sketched more or less in that color and style. You have a sample of it, what more would you get if I worked on forever?" He has no proposition to affirm or support, he scorns it. He has, first of all Americans, a natural flow, and can say what he will. I say to him, if I could write as well as you, I would write a good deal better.

No man deserves a patron until first he has been his own. What do you bring us slipshod verses for? no occasional delicacy of expression or music of rhythm can atone for stupidities. Here are lame verses, false rhymes, absurd images, which you indulge yourself in, which is as if a handsome person should come into a company with foul hands or face. Read Collins! Collins would have cut his hand off before he would have left, from a weak self-esteem, a shabby line in his ode.

1847. Channing wished we had a better word than Nature to express this fine picture which the river gave us in our boat, yesterday. "Kind" was the old word which, however, only filled half the range of our fine Latin word. But nothing expresses that power which seems to work for beauty alone, as C. said, whilst man works only for use. The *Mikania scandens*, the steel-blue berries of the cornel, the eupatoriums enriched now and then by a well-placed cardinal adorned the fine shrubbery with what Channing called judicious modest colors, suited to the climate, nothing extravagant, etc.

1848. I find W. E. C. always in cunning contraries. He denies the books he reads, denies the friends he has just visited; denies his own acts and purposes: "By God, I do not know them," and instantly the cock crows. The perpetual *non sequitur* in his speeches is irresistibly comic.

Ellery affirms, that "James Adams, the cabinet maker, has a true artistic eye; for he is always measuring the man he talks with for his coffin."

He says that Hawthorne agrees with him about Washington, that he is the extreme of well-dressed mediocrity.

If he was Mr. Bowditch [President of the Life Insurance Company] he would never insure any life that had any infirmity of goodness in it. It is Goodwin who will catch pickerel; if he had any moral traits, he'd never get a bite.

He says writers never do anything; some of them seem to do, but do not. H. T. [Thoreau] will never be a writer; he is as active as a shoemaker. The merit of Irving's Life of Goldsmith is that he has not had the egotism to put in a single new sentence; 't is agreeable repetition of Boswell, Johnson & Company; and Montaigne is good, because there is nothing that has not already been cured in books. A good book being a Damascus blade, made by welding old nails and horseshoes. Everything

has seen service, and had wear and tear of the world for centuries, and now the article is brand-new. So Pope had but one good line, and that he got from Dryden, and therefore Pope is the best and only readable English poet.

Channing has a painter's eye, an admirable appreciation of form and especially of color. But when he bought pigments and brushes, and painted a landscape with fervor on a barrel-head, he could not draw a tree so that his wife could surely know it was a tree. So Alcott, the philosopher, has not an opinion or an apothegm to produce.

Ellery C. declared that wealth is necessary to every woman, for then she won't ask you when you go out whether you will call a hack. Every woman has a design on you — all, all — if it is only just a little message. But Mrs. H. rings for her black servant.

Ellery was witty on Xantippe and the philosophers old and new; and compared one to a rocket with two or three millstones tied to it, or to a colt tethered to a barn.

He celebrates Herrick as the best of English poets, a true Greek in England; a great deal better poet than Milton who, he says, is too much like Dr. Channing.

Yesterday, 28 October. Another walk with Ellery well worth commemoration, if that were possible; but no pen could write what we saw. It needs the pencils of all the painters to aid the description.

November 19. Yesterday, a cold fine ride with Ellery to Sudbury Inn and mounted the side of Nobscot. 'T is a pretty revolution effected in the landscape by turning your head upside down; an infinite softness and loveliness is added to the picture. Ellery declared it made Campagna of it at once; so, he said, Massachusetts is Italy upside down.

26 November. Yesterday walked over Lincoln hills with Ellery and saw golden willows, savins with two foliages, old chestnuts, apples as ever.

"What fine weather is this," said El-

lery, as we rode to Acton, "nothing of immortality here!"

"Life is so short," said he, "that I should think that everybody would steal."

"I like Stow. He is a very good character. There is only a spoonful of wit, and ten thousand feet of sandstone."

He told Edmund Hosmer that he "did not see but trouble was as good as anything else if you only had enough of it."

He says "Humour is unlaughed fun."

He said of Stow's poor Irishman that he "died of too much perspiration."

He thinks our Thurston's disease is "a paralysis of talent."

Of H. D. T. [Thoreau] he said, "Why, yes, he has come home, but now he has got to maximize the minimum, and that will take him some days." [This irresistibly suggests Thoreau's noted sentence, "I have traveled a great deal — in Concord."]

[Apparently a quotation from Ellery Channing's talk.] "Drive a donkey and beat him with a pole with both hands — that's action; but poetry is revolution on its own axis."

He says he has an immense dispersive power.

"How well they [the stars] wear!" He thought a man could still get along with them, who was considerably reduced in his circumstances; they are a kind of bread and cheese which never fail.

1849, November 17. Yesterday saw the fields covered with cobwebs in every direction, on which the wake of the setting sun appeared as on water. Walked over hill and dale with Channing, who found wonders of color and landscape everywhere, but complained of the want of invention: "Why, they had frozen water last year; why should they do it again? Therefore it was so easy to be an artist, because they do the same thing always, and therefore he only wants time to make him perfect in the imitation; and I believe, too, that pounding is one of the secrets." All summer he gets

water *au naturel*, and in winter they serve it up artistically in this crystal johnny-cake; and he had observed the same thing at the confectioners' shops, that he could never get but one thing there, though [they] had two ways of making it up.

14 December. Every day shows a new thing to veteran walkers. Yesterday, reflections of trees in the ice; snow-flakes, perfect, on the ice; beautiful groups of icicles all along the eastern shore of Flint's Pond, in which, especially where encrusting the bough of a tree, you have the union of the most flowing with the most fixed. Ellery all the way squandering his jewels as if they were icicles, sometimes not comprehended by me, sometimes not heard. "How many days can Methusalem go abroad and see somewhat new? When will he have counted the changes of the kaleidoscope?"

1850. Then came the difference between American and English scholars. H. said the English were all bred in one way, to one thing, they went to Eton, they went to college, they went to London, they all knew each other and never did not feel [*i. e.*, never doubted] the ability of each. But here Channing is obscure, Newcomb is obscure, and so all the scholars are in a more natural, healthful, and independent condition.

W. E. C. said A. [Alcott] is made of earth and fire; he wants air and water. How fast all this magnetism would lick up water! He discharges himself in volleys. Can you not hear him snap when you are near him?

1852. Walk with Ellery to Lincoln; benzoin, laurus, rich beautiful plant in this dried-up country; parti-colored warbler. E. laughed at Nuttall's description of birds, "On the top of a high tree the bird pours all day the lays of affection," etc. Affection! Why, what is it? A few feathers, with a hole at one end, and a point at the other, and a pair of wings; Affection! Why, just as much

affection as there is in that lump of peat. We went to Bear Hill, and had a fine outlook. Descending, E. got sight of some laborers in the field below. Look at them, he said, those four! four demoniacs scratching in their cell of pain! Live for the hour! Just as much as any man has done or laid up in any way, unfits him for conversation. He has done something, makes him good for boys, but spoils him for the hour. That's the good of Thoreau, that he puts his whole sublunary capital into the last quarter of an hour; carries his whole stock under his arm. At home I found H. T. [Thoreau] himself who complained of Clough or somebody that he or they recited to every one at table, the paragraph just read by him or them in the last newspaper, and studiously avoided everything private. I should think he was complaining of one H. D. T. [Thoreau himself].

1853. Yesterday a ride to Bedford with Ellery along the "Bedford Levels" and walked all over the premises of the Old Mill, King Philip's mill, — on the Shawsheen River; old mill, with sundry nondescript wooden antiquities. Boys with bare legs were fishing on the little islet in the stream; we crossed and recrossed, saw the fine stumps of trees, rocks and groves, and many Collet views of the bare legs; beautiful pastoral country, but needs sunshine. There were millions of light to-day, so all went well (all but the dismal tidings which knelled a funeral bell through the whole afternoon, in the death of S. S.).

Rich democratic land of Massachusetts, in every house well-dressed women with air of town ladies; in every house a *clavecin* [harpsichord] and a copy of the Spectator; and some young lady a reader of Willis. Channing did not like the landscape; too many leaves — one leaf is like another and apt to be agitated by east wind, on the other hand "Professor" (Ellery's dog) strode gravely as a bear through all the sentimental parts and fitted equally well the grave and

the gay scenes. He has a stroke of humor in his eye, as if he enjoyed his master's jokes — Ellery "thinks England a flash in the pan;" as English people in 1848 had agreed that Egypt was humbug. I am to put down among the monomaniacs the English agriculturist, who only knows one revolution in political history, the rape-culture. But as we rode, one thing was clear, as oft before, that is favorable to sanity — the occasional change of landscape. If a girl is mad to marry, let her take a ride of ten miles, and see meadows, and mountains, she never saw before, two villages and an old mansion house and the odds are, it will change all her resolutions. World is full of fools, who get a-going and never stop; set them off on another tack, and they are half-cured. From Shawsheen we went to Burlington; and E. reiterated his conviction, that the only art in the world is landscape-painting. The boys held up their fish to us from far; a broad new placard on the walls announced to us that the Shawsheen mill was for sale; but we bought neither the fish nor the mill.

1854. Delicious summer stroll through the endless pastures of Barrett, Buttrick, and Esterbrook farms, yesterday, with Ellery; the glory of summer, what magnificence! yet one night of frost will kill it all. E. was witty on the Biographie Universelle — *de soi-même*. H. D. T. had been made to print his house into his title-page, in order that A. might have that to stick into one volume of the B. U. [Probably referring to Alcott's voluminous journals.]

1856. November 15. Walk with Ellery, who finds in Nature or man that whatever is done for beauty or in sport is excellent; but the moment there is any use in it, or any kind of talent, 't is very bad and stupid. The fox-sparrows and the blue snow-birds pleased him, and the water-cresses which we saw in the brook, but which he said were not in any botany.

When I said of Ellery's new verses

that they were as good as the old ones, "Yes," said Ward, "but those were excellent promise and now he does no more." He has a more poetic temperament than any other in America, but the artistic executive power of completing a design he has not. His poetry is like the artless warbling of a vireo, which whistles prettily all day and all summer on the elm, but never rounds a tune, nor can increase the value of melody by the power of composition and cuneiform [*sic*] determination. He must have construction also.

As Linnæus delighted in a new flower which alone gave him a seventh class, or filled a gap in his system, so I know a man who served as intermediate between two notable acquaintances of mine, not else to be approximated, and W. E. C. served as a companion of H. D. T., and T. of C. [Thoreau of Channing].

In answer to evidences of immortality, Ellery said, "There is a great deal of self-importance, and the good Oriental who cuts such a figure was bit by this fly."

He said of Boston, "There is a city of 130,000 people, and not a chair in which I can sit."

There often seems so little affinity between him and his works that it seems as if the wind must have written the book and not he.

1859. Secondary men and primary men. These travelers to Europe, these readers of books, these youths rushing into counting-rooms of successful merchants, are all imitators, and we get only the same product weaker. But the man who never so slowly and patiently works out his native thoughts is a primary person.

Ellery said, looking at a golden-rod, "Ah! here they are. These things consume a great deal of time. I don't know but they are of more importance than any other of our investments."

Glad of Ellery's cordial praise of Carlyle's history, which he thinks well entitled to be called a "Work," far su-

perior to his early books; wondered at his imagination which can invest with such interest to himself these (one would think) hopeless details of German story. He is the only man who knows. What a reader, such as abound in New England, enwreathed by the thoughts they suggest to a contemplative pilgrim.

"Unsleeping truths by which wheels on Heaven's prime."

There is a neglect of superficial correctness which looks a little studied, as if perhaps the poet challenged notice to his subtler melody, and strokes of skill which recall the great masters. There is nothing conventional in the thought or the illustration, but "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers," and pictures seen by an instructed eye.

Channing, who writes a poem for our fields, begins to help us. That is construction, and better than running to Charlemagne and Alfred for subjects.

W. E. C.'s poetry is wanting in clear statement. Rembrandt makes effects without details, gives you the effect of a sharp nose or a gazing eye, when, if you look close, there is no point to the nose, and no eye is drawn. W. M. Hunt admires this, and in his own painting puts his eye in deep shadow; but I miss the eye, and the face seems to nod for want of it. And Ellery makes a hazy, indefinite expression, as of miscellaneous music without any theme or tune. Still it is an autumnal air, and like the smell of the herb, Life Everlasting and syngenesious flowers. Near Home is a poem which would delight the heart of Wordsworth, though genuinely original and with a simplicity of plan which allows the writer to leave out all the prose. 'T is a series of sketches of natural objects.

W. E. C., the model of opinionists, or weather painters. He has it his own way. People whose watches go faster than their neighbors'.

1861. March 26. Yesterday wrote to F. G. Tuckerman to thank him for his book [Poems. Boston: 1860], and

praised Rhotruda [a poem]. Ellery C. finds two or three good lines and metres in the book; thinks it refined and delicate, but says the young people run on a notion that they must name the flowers, talk about an orchis, and say something about Indians; but he says, "I prefer passion and sense and genius to botany."

Ellery says of Tennyson, "What is best is the things he does not say."

He thinks these frogs at Walden are very curious but final facts; that they will never be disappointed by finding themselves raised to a higher state of intelligence.

Here is a right bit of Ellery C.: "Helps's book, called Friends in Council, is inexpressibly dull." "In this manufacture the modern English excel. Witness their Taylors, Wordsworths, Arnolds and Scotts (not Walter). Wise, elegant, moderate, and cultivated, yet unreadable."

Ellery says of Thoreau: "His effects can all be produced by cork and sand; but the substance that produces them is godlike and divine." And of C. [Curtis?], "Yes, he would make a very good draughtsman, if he had any talent for it."

October 24. A ride yesterday to Marlborough, though projected for years, was no good use of the day. That town has a most rich appearance of rural plenty, and comfort; ample farms, good houses, profusion of apples, pumpkins, etc. Yellow apple heaps in every enclosure, whole orchards left ungathered, and in the Grecian piazzas of houses, pumpkins ripening between the columns. At Gates's, where Dr. Channing and Mr. Jonas Phillips used to resort, they no longer keep a public house, closed it to the public last spring. At Cutting's, though there were oats for the horse, there was no dinner for men, — so we repaired to the chestnut woods and an old orchard, for ours. Ellery, who is a perpetual holiday, and ought only to be used like an oriflamme or a garland for

May-days and parliaments of wit and love, was no better to-day nor half so good as in some walks.

Ellery says: "What a climate! one day they take the cover off the sun, and all the Irishmen die of drinking cold water; and the next day you are up to your knees in snow."

He admires, as ever, the greatness in Wilhelm Meister. "It is no matter what Goethe writes about. There is no trifle; much superior to Shakespeare in this elevation."

A. B. A. [Alcott] said of W. E. C. that he had the keen appetite for society with extreme repulsion, so that it came to a kind of commerce of cats, love and hate, embrace and fighting.

Ellery thinks that he is the lucky man who can write in bulk, forty pages on a hiccough, ten pages on a man's sitting down in a chair (like Hawthorne, etc.) that will go. [Evidently referring to the marvelous chapter in the House of the Seven Gables, where Governor Pyncheon sits dead in the lonely room.]

Ellery thinks that these waterside cottagers of Nahant and Chelsea, and so on, never see the sea. There, it is all dead water, and a place for dead horses, and the smell of Mr. Kip's omnibus stable. But go to Truro, and go to the beach there, on the Atlantic side, and you will have every stroke of the sea like the cannon of the "sea-fencibles" [old-fashioned military companies for coast defense]. There is a solitude which you cannot stand more than ten minutes.

He thinks the fine art of Goethe and company very dubious, and 't is doubtful whether Sam Ward is quite in his senses in his value of that book of prints of old Italian school, Giotto and the rest. It may do for very idle gentlemen, etc., etc. I reply, There are a few giants who gave the thing vogue by their realism, Michel Angelo and Ribiera and Salvator Rosa, and the man who made the old Torso Hercules and the Phidias — man or men who made the Parthenon

reliefs — had a drastic style which a blacksmith or a stone-mason would say was starker than their own. And I adhere to [Van Waagen's?] belief, that there is a pleasure from works of art which nothing else can yield.

1862. Matthew Arnold writes well of "the grand style," but the secret of that is a finer moral sentiment. 'T is very easy for Alcott to talk grandly, he will make no mistake. 'T is certain that the poetic temperament of W. E. C. will utter lines and passages inimitable by any talent; 't is wood-thrush and cat-bird.

His talk is criss-cross, humorsome, humorous. I tormented my memory

just now in vain to restore a witty criticism of his, yesterday, on a book.

1864. On the 24th of September Ellery and I walked through Becky Stow's hole-dry-shod; hitherto a feat for a muskrat alone.

This year the river meadows all dry and permeable to the walker. But why should Nature always be on the gallop? Look now, and instantly, or you shall never see it. Not ten minutes' repose allowed. Incessant whirl? And 't is the same, I thought, with my companion's genius. You must carry a stenographic press in your pocket if you would have his commentaries on things and men or they are irrecoverable.

TWO YEARS' LEGISLATION IN PORTO RICO.

THE WORK OF THE FIRST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF PORTO RICO, 1900-1902.

THE problem of endowing our newly acquired insular possessions with political institutions and systems of law at once conforming to American ideals of individual liberty and political justice, and yet adapted to the peculiar conditions in each island and the character of its inhabitants, constitutes one of the greatest of the many responsibilities now resting upon the American people. Of the various possessions to which this problem relates Porto Rico occupies an unique position from the fact that it is the first of the possessions coming to us from Spain to be granted a civil government and a considerable measure of local autonomy. It is in this island, then, that the United States is really making its first essay in the field of governing a dependency. The capacity of the United States to govern another people may be said there to be on trial. More than this, it is certain that the re-

sults there actually accomplished will exercise a profound influence upon the management of affairs in our other possessions. If the policies pursued in Porto Rico meet with success, they will undoubtedly be used as a guide for action elsewhere. Everything, therefore, that is done in Porto Rico in the way of working out the problem of government and administration assumes an interest and importance to the whole United States almost as great as to Porto Rico itself.

Civil government was organized in Porto Rico on May 1, 1900. Its constitution is found in the so-called "Foraker Act," approved by Congress April 12, 1900, which provides the Organic Act under which civil government is established on the island. This act did little more than set forth the bare outlines of a scheme of central government, leaving to the Porto Ricans its subsequent elaboration. Briefly, the act provided

that the government of the island should be administered by a Governor and six chiefs of executive departments known as the Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Treasurer, the Auditor, the Commissioner of the Interior, and the Commissioner of Education, all appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. The exercise of legislative powers was vested in a Legislative Assembly consisting of an Executive Council, or upper house, and a House of Delegates, or lower house. The Executive Council was composed of eleven members, — the six chiefs of executive departments already named, and five others, citizens of Porto Rico, appointed by the President. The House of Delegates was made to consist of thirty-five members, to be elected by the people of Porto Rico. The Governor was given the usual power of veto of legislation, while Congress remained the final authority with full power to legislate regarding the affairs of the island in any particular.

While Congress thus provided for a form of insular government, it made almost no provision regarding the fundamental laws that should regulate Porto Rican affairs. The greatest freedom was given to the newly constituted government to work out the great problems of revenue, of education, of public works, of local government, and, in fact, of practically every question requiring the exercise of governmental authority. A great responsibility was thus thrown upon the persons entrusted with the administration of affairs in the island. Whether the bestowal of so large a measure of independent government was or was not a wise act would be determined according to the way in which the great powers entrusted to those in authority were exercised by them. The two sessions of the first Legislative Assembly have now been held, the first sitting for sixty days in the months of December, 1900, and January, 1901,

and the second during the months of January and February, 1902, and it is a matter of no little interest to attempt to sum up the manner in which it has performed its novel duties and the extent to which it has met the great responsibilities thrown upon it.

Properly to appreciate the work of these two sessions it is necessary to understand something of the conditions under which the law-makers worked. As the Legislative Assembly of Porto Rico is organized, the American members of the government, constituting a majority of the Executive Council, are able to control the action of that body. The lower house is composed entirely of representatives elected by the people of Porto Rico, and, therefore, represents the will of the island in respect to all matters. The consequence of this condition of affairs is that though the Executive Council and the Governor through his power of veto can prevent legislation which they believe to be undesirable, they cannot secure legislation that they may desire without the consent of the lower house. Any measure to become a law must, therefore, meet with the approval of both the representatives of the United States and of Porto Rico.

Generally speaking, the essential point of difference between the two bodies is that of location of power in the central or insular government, or in the local or municipal governments. The American representatives feel the necessity for exercising a considerable degree of control for some years to come, and this control they can only exercise through the insular government. The Porto Ricans, however, almost without exception, are demanding a greater voice in affairs, and as they absolutely control local government in the island they desire to have governmental duties and functions as far as possible made municipal functions. This essential difference in the positions of the American and the Porto Rican representatives in

the Assembly must always be borne in mind in the framing of any policy affecting the political institutions of the country. Not a measure can be brought forward, whether regarding the organization of a system of taxation, of a public health service, of the regulation of industry, or what not, but that it is subjected to the closest scrutiny of the House of Delegates with a view to determining if its administration cannot be entrusted to the local authorities.

When the first Legislative Assembly convened on December 1, 1900, it had before it several imperative tasks for accomplishment. The first and most important of these was probably that of providing a revenue law. The system for the raising of revenue which had existed under the Spanish régime had been slightly modified by certain general orders issued by the military authorities, but even in its modified form, was of a character so inequitable to individual taxpayers, and so inefficient in the methods of its administration, that its continuance could not for a moment be contemplated. The urgency of devising a new revenue system for the island had already been recognized by the War Department, and the President had sent a special commissioner, Dr. J. H. Hollander, a trained economist, to visit the island and report upon the steps that should be taken for reorganizing its finances. Upon the inauguration of civil government the wise step was taken by the President of appointing this special commissioner to the important office of Treasurer of the island. The man best fitted for the task was thus put in a position where he could exercise a direct influence in having the plans which he deemed desirable adopted. Dr. Hollander, before the meeting of the legislature, had carefully drawn up a revenue act providing for a fiscal system closely following American practice in taxation. This system was embodied in a bill and promptly introduced into the legislature. It immediately met with

intense hostility on the part of the Porto Ricans, because it contemplated the shifting of the burdens of taxation to the owners of property, — to whom such burdens properly belong. In spite of this hostility the act was finally passed, with slight modifications, and became the law under which the insular government now obtains its revenue.

Though this act has been in operation but little over a year, it has vindicated the claims of its author, and those who were its strongest opponents are now among its greatest admirers. It provided that the insular revenue should be obtained from the following sources: (1) excise and license taxes upon the manufacture and sale of liquors and tobacco in their various forms, and upon certain classes of commercial papers; (2) a general property tax upon all real and personal property, with certain liberal exemptions, of one half of one per cent; (3) a tax upon inheritances; and (4) certain miscellaneous imposts of minor importance. In addition to the proceeds of these taxes, it should be stated that Congress had provided with great liberality that the net receipts from all customs duties collected in Porto Rico on foreign importations should be turned over to the insular treasury. The act, furthermore, made elaborate provision for carrying out the assessment of property on the island for purposes of taxation. This in itself was a stupendous task, and, considering the short time that was available for its performance, was in the main successfully carried through. This was the first great accomplishment of the first session of the legislature.

The reputation of this assembly for ability to transact business does not, however, rest wholly upon the enactment of this law. One of the distinct pledges of the American government was to provide an adequate system of public schools. This work had already been begun and notable results accomplished under the administration of the military

authorities. That this work, however, might be systematized and made a permanent undertaking there was required a fundamental school law. A bill providing for such a law was drafted by the Commissioner of Education, and was duly enacted. It outlines a scheme of public instruction comparable to that which exists in many of the American states, and its workings thus far have given great satisfaction. Under it local school boards have been created all over the island; the municipalities have been required to devote a certain percentage of their income to school purposes; schools have been established in all important centres, and their work has been received with great enthusiasm by all classes of the population. In addition to this general educational law special acts were passed providing for the sending of twenty young men and women to the United States at the expense of the insular government, — to be educated in the various arts and trades best qualifying them to assist in the improvement of conditions in Porto Rico, — and a further number of young men to pursue advanced studies, for a period not to exceed five years, in such subjects as the Legislative Assembly and the Commissioner of Education should determine. An annual appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars was made for carrying out the provisions of these two acts.

Among other laws going to the very basis of the legal constitution of the island that met with successful action at this first session was a law introducing trial by jury. This act was drawn with great care by the present Governor of Porto Rico, Honorable William H. Hunt, who then held the office of Secretary. Another law provided for the creation and maintenance of an insular police force. This was an imperative necessity, as many of the municipalities did not possess financial resources permitting them to maintain a police force on a proper basis. It also gave to the insular au-

thorities a body of men through whom order could be maintained throughout the island, of which there was great need.

Other important acts were those providing for the organization of police courts throughout the island of Porto Rico, for the abolition of the board of charities, and the creation of the new office of director of charities, the creation of the office of director of prisons and the determination of his powers and duties, the establishment of a penitentiary, the condemnation and use of lands for cemetery purposes, and, finally, an act authorizing the larger municipalities of the island to incur bonded indebtedness to an extent not exceeding in any one case seven per cent of the total value of the property of such municipalities for purposes of taxation, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the making of urgent public improvements. Under this act a number of the municipalities have already successfully floated issues of bonds at or above par, and a beginning in the application of the sums thus realized has been made.

The second session of the legislature was productive of even more important results. It assembled with the great advantage of the experience gained in the preceding session. The members of both houses had become familiar with parliamentary procedure, committee work, and the drafting of bills, and it was thus able to accomplish within the sixty days, which constitutes the maximum length of the session permitted under the Organic Act, a much greater volume of work.

While the first session accomplished the fundamental task of providing a revenue and a school system for the island, the second session performed the equally important work of definitely adopting a series of codes covering the more important branches of law, and of thoroughly reorganizing the entire system of local government. In addition to this work a large number of very important laws were also enacted.

Prior to the organization of civil government on the island, the Secretary of War had appointed a special commission to prepare codes relating to these different branches of law. This commission went out of existence with the organization of civil government, but one of the first acts of the first Legislative Assembly was to provide for a new commission to continue the work of the old. This commission completed its labors shortly before the assembling of the second session of the Legislative Assembly, and promptly upon the convening of the latter laid before it drafts of a penal code, a code of criminal procedure, a civil code, and a political code. Both houses of the legislature went over these proposed codes with great care, examining each feature in detail, and as a result made important changes, most or all of which were undoubtedly in the line of betterment. The improvement that will be brought about by the adoption of these codes cannot well be overestimated. Owing to the change of government, — first from the Spanish to the United States military authorities, and then from the military to the civil authorities, — there had inevitably arisen uncertainty regarding the laws in force, and many of the laws that the civil government received as a legacy from prior governments were framed on principles so contrary to American practice that the substitution of other laws for them was extremely desirable. With these four codes duly enacted Porto Rico will now be able to continue her advancement under a system of law closely in accord with American practice and principle.

Second only in far-reaching effect to the enactment of these codes should be reckoned the important action taken by the Legislative Assembly for the reorganization of the whole system of local government upon the island. The Organic Act related only to the provision of a scheme of central government for the island, and contained no provision what-

ever regarding municipal affairs, local government being thus allowed to continue in practically the same form as under the Spanish régime. Without entering into details, it may be said that this system presented almost every defect that it would seem a local government could well present. Authority and responsibility were not definitely located; the form of government was on a scale far more expensive than the resources of the municipalities could afford; public office was administered as a means of gratifying private ends rather than the public good; extravagance and misdirection in the expenditure of municipal funds were prevalent, but a small part of the public revenues being spent for public improvements, while the majority went for the payment of excessive salaries, or for the salaries of useless officers; the obligations of the municipalities were persistently disregarded, and many of them were burdened with obligations the results of deficits running back a number of years, and which they were wholly unable to pay; discriminations of the most unfair character were made between taxpayers, some being greatly overburdened, while others standing in the favor of those in authority were practically exempt from taxation; and, finally, there existed a hopelessly complicated system for regulating the relations that existed between the insular government and the local governments.

The defects of this system were both in organization and in administration. As regards organization the chief points of criticism were: the excessive number of local divisions into which the island was divided; the unsatisfactory relations which existed between the governments of these districts and the central government; and the entrusting of both legislative and executive powers to the same set of individuals within the municipality, thus making it possible in certain cases for one man or a few men absolutely to control the government.

This small island was divided into sixty-six local divisions called municipalities, each of which was endowed with a scheme of government fitted for a large city, though many comprehended only sparsely settled rural districts. An obvious measure of reform, therefore, consisted in the reduction of the number of these municipalities. This was accomplished by a special act, which provided for the consolidation of twenty-one of the weaker municipalities with the remaining stronger ones, leaving the island divided into forty-five instead of sixty-six separate local divisions. It is doubtful whether this consolidation went far enough, but it was believed to be as radical a measure as was advisable at the present time.

Nothing short of a complete reorganization of the scheme of government could meet the other two evils. A bill was therefore carefully prepared providing a new scheme of local government for the island, and after receiving some amendment was duly enacted. The general principles upon which this act is framed are the following:—

In the first place a complete change is made from the old system—whereby, as has been said, legislative and executive powers were exercised by the same parties—to one where they are rigidly divorced. This is accomplished by providing that the mayor of a municipality shall no longer be the president of the municipal council, as under the old system, and by providing that all appointments with the exception of that of comptroller, whose essential functions are those of checking the administration of finances by the executive, shall be taken away from the council, where they formerly rested, and be given to the mayor.

There is an equally complete change in the manner in which the insular government will exercise its control over the administration of affairs in the municipalities. The old system required the local authorities to get an authorization

or permit before they could take any step of importance. This, while apparently giving to the central government a very great power over local affairs, in practice resulted frequently only in vexatious interference. The central government was utterly unable to pass upon the wisdom of every proposal brought before it, and the fact that the local authorities had to secure such authorization weakened to a very great extent their own sense of responsibility. The new system is framed upon the theory of frankly entrusting to the local authorities original power to act within their jurisdiction regarding local affairs without intervention on the part of the central government so long as they act in a legal and just manner. Should, however, the local authorities be guilty of action contrary to law or working injustice between individual citizens, the central government has then full power to intervene on appeal being made to it, or on the matter coming to its attention in any way. Considerable apprehension has been expressed regarding the wisdom of thus entrusting the management of affairs to the local authorities, but it is evident that if a beginning is ever to be made in the building up of responsible local self-government in Porto Rico it must be by giving to the local authorities the power of independent action so long as this power is not abused.

The third important principle involved in the new law is that in respect to the authority of the insular government as exercised through the Treasurer over the management of the financial affairs by the municipalities. The act as framed gives to the Treasurer full power to prescribe the manner and form in which municipalities shall keep their accounts, deposit all moneys, audit all claims, et cetera; to require such reports from municipal treasurers and comptrollers as he deems fit; and, finally, and most important of all, to have their accounts inspected at any time by examiners especially appointed by him for this purpose. Un-

der these provisions it will now be possible for the Treasurer of the island to require all of the municipalities to keep their books according to an uniform system and in accordance with the most approved rules of public accounting. He will also be able to keep himself informed of exactly how the affairs are being administered, whether irregularity or dishonesty exists, and to bring about the prompt removal and punishment of offenders. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the tremendous significance of these powers in bringing good local government to the island.

Another very important feature of the bill relating to municipal finances is that which provides that if any municipality fails to make adequate provision in its budget for any fiscal year for the meeting of any deficit resulting from the operation of prior years, or of expenditures for which it is obligated in consequence of contracts already entered into, or of all payments imposed upon it by the laws of Porto Rico, or of all payments on account of final judgments rendered against it by any competent tribunal, its budget for the next fiscal year shall not become effective until it has been submitted to and duly approved by the Treasurer of Porto Rico, and that officer is given full power to make such changes in the budget in the way of eliminating or reducing items of expenditure, or in raising the rates of the proposed taxes, that he deems necessary. It will be observed that according to this provision municipalities are to be treated exactly as are ordinary corporations. Within the limits of their charters they are allowed full freedom of action as long as they meet all of their legal obligations, but as soon as they default in any respect the state steps in — in one case by the intervention of the Treasurer, and in the other by the appointment of a receiver under the authority of the courts — to manage the affairs of the defaulting corporation until all legal requirements have been complied with.

There are a great many other features of this bill which are of interest, but limitations of space prevent us from entering into further details.

Mention has been made that one of the defects of the old system was that municipalities utterly failed to perform a number of the most important duties properly falling to local governments, the revenues instead being expended upon extravagant salaries or the remuneration of useless officers. This failure was especially apparent in respect to the maintenance of public schools and the opening and improvement of local highways. To correct this evil two special laws were passed: the one provides that each municipality shall devote a certain proportion of its income to the constitution of a school fund, to be used in promoting public education in conjunction with the expenditures for the same purpose made by the insular government; the other divides the island into a number of road districts, and provides that not less than twenty-five per cent of the income derived from the tax upon real estate situated in the rural districts shall be carried to a road improvement fund, to be exclusively expended for the betterment of local roads. The insular government, as is well known, has already done a great deal in the way of the construction of main thoroughfares, and is still devoting large sums to the working out of a comprehensive system of public trunk highways. This work would fail of accomplishing the results desired unless improved local roads, to act as feeders, were constructed by the municipal authorities. With this act in practical operation Porto Rico will in time be given a system of improved highways of which many states in the Union might well be envious.

Another matter in respect to the municipalities urgently requiring action was that of making some provision regarding the heavy floating debt with which they were burdened. An act was accordingly passed which provides that each municipi-

pality having a floating indebtedness may issue certificates of indebtedness in liquidation of all claims against it due and unpaid on July 1, 1902, which certificates shall bear interest at the rate of three per cent and be retired in five annual installments.

All of these acts that have been mentioned go in force on July 1, 1902, and on that date, therefore, the new forty-five municipalities will start upon a new life under a new form of government with their old obligations definitely adjusted, and with new services to look after two of their most important functions: that of providing for public education, and for road improvement. Only time can tell how this new system will work, but it at least represents a step that had to be taken sooner or later, and permits the people of Porto Rico to make the essay of local government under more favorable conditions than they have ever heretofore enjoyed, while at the same time leaving to the insular government full power to intervene wherever failure results.

A great deal of attention has been given to this subject of local government, as it is one of such fundamental importance. The second session of the legislature, however, found time to take important action in a number of other directions. A law was thus passed vastly simplifying and improving the system for the assessment of property on the island for purposes of taxation; while another act corrected features of the revenue system passed by the first session that had been found to work badly in practice. The most important of these changes introduced were the more definite separation of the sources from which the incomes of the insular and municipal governments, respectively, should be derived: in raising slightly the license taxes upon saloons, restaurants, merchants, and others selling liquor and tobacco; in providing that each piece of real property should be separately listed, assessed, and taxed, instead of the hold-

ings of each individual being assessed as a whole, — a matter which often made it impossible to determine whether a particular property was encumbered by a lien on account of unpaid taxes or not; in making the corporation tax strictly an insular tax; and in correcting an omission in the first law which failed to state specifically the method to be followed in assessing foreign corporations.

Another act that will have the most beneficial effect upon the industrial development of the island was that putting upon the statute books a general corporation law. This law is modeled closely after that of the state of New Jersey, which possesses features especially desirable in the case of a new country awaiting development. Under it the investment of capital in the island under the corporate form of management will be much stimulated, and one of the obstacles that have stood in the way of the influx of foreign capital will be removed.

To attempt to comment at any length upon other important measures becoming law would require an examination of almost every department of public affairs. Thus, the whole system of the protection of public health and the duties of the insular and local authorities in respect to sanitation and prevention of disease was put upon a more definite and satisfactory basis by a general law providing for the appointment of a director of public health and a superior board of health, and defining their respective duties. An act was passed for the regulation and government of the insular police force of Porto Rico and permitting its extension throughout the island of Porto Rico. The political system of the island was improved by the enactment of a general election law embodying the chief features of the Australian ballot and regulating in detail the manner of holding elections. The organization of building and loan associations and their regulation were provided for by a law modeled closely

after the Massachusetts statute though incorporating several of the good features of other acts. Thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for the representation of Porto Rico at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1903. The Governor was authorized to coöperate with the United States Geological Survey in having a topographical survey and map of the island prepared, and an adequate sum of money was placed at his disposal for this purpose. The purchase of land for the use of the new United States Agricultural Experiment Station was authorized. A conservative employers' liability law was enacted. Provision was made for the establishment and maintenance of an asylum for the indigent blind. The carrying of firearms and concealed weapons was regulated. Gaming was prohibited. Cruelty to animals was made a misdemeanor. The judicial system of the island was modified in various ways so as to introduce needful changes and make it conform to American practice. Finally must be mentioned the passage at each session of that most important of laws, the general appropriation act. These acts, carrying each between two and two and a quarter million dollars, determined the whole programme of the government for the ensuing fiscal years. Inevitably there existed much difference of opinion regarding the wisdom of certain items that were included and of the failure to include others. The demand for appropriations for certain works was very great, and the final passage of the acts carrying total appropriations well within the financial resources of the treasury constitute not the least claim of the first Legislative Assembly as a conservative and public-spirited body.

In conclusion, when the facts are taken into consideration that each session of the legislature was limited by law to a duration of sixty days; that one of its houses, at least, was composed

of members exercising for the first time legislative functions, and were, consequently, wholly unfamiliar with parliamentary procedure; that there was an essential difference between the two houses in respect to the extent to which power should be conferred upon the people of Porto Rico acting through their local governments; that many of the measures proposed represented radical changes from existing customs; that the patriotic purposes of the United States were still questioned by a portion of the population, — when these and numerous other difficulties are appreciated, this record of the first genuine legislative body that the island has ever enjoyed cannot but be considered as a remarkably creditable one. Yet this is but the beginning of the real work of endowing Porto Rico with institutions and laws conforming to Anglo-Saxon ideals. The problems that confront the United States cannot be solved by a few months of legislative activity. The great questions are questions of administration rather than of legislation. Whether the laws that have been passed will prove successful or not will depend wholly upon the manner in which they are administered, and the tact and ability with which the American representatives exercise their delicate functions of control and supervision. Years will be required before the difficulties involved in the political problem will be brought under control, the new system of local government perfected, and the thousand and one details of the administrative machinery satisfactorily worked out. Only the most conscientious and sustained activity on the part of those entrusted with authority in our insular possessions will bring about the full realization of the high aims that the American people have set before them in respect to the government of the countries that have lately come under the protection of the American flag.

William F. Willoughby.

SAILING.

FAR back beyond the shadowy years in which the Egyptian traders were wafted across the Mare Internum to the shores of Greece, before the Phœnician galleys carried the crystals and purples of Sidon to the barbarians of Gaul, or took homeward the ivory and gold of Ophir, the incense and spices of Arabia, or the pearls of the Persian Gulf, there blazed in the insatiable heart of man a burning desire to cross great waters, to master the might and mystery of the sea. Byron, wresting truth to poetic ecstasy, sang,

“Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore.”

But man has never rested content upon the shore. Somewhere in the dim ages beyond the furthest backward glance of peering History, he embarked in a quivering, infant shallop, and ferried himself over some appalling rivulet. Thirty centuries before Christ there were tolerably fashioned sailing ships, and commerce had taken its place among the activities of the world. Furthermore there were luxurious yachts in the early days of Greek history, for even then man sailed not for gain or necessity alone, but for his lordly pleasure.

The story of the distant times is the story of to-day. For the mastery of the seas man still strives. Though the power of steam has revolutionized commerce, and huge steel leviathans have made the ocean safer than a New England railway, the brave spirit of old yet lives, and it delights men to adventure upon the waters in light sailing craft, not immune from the furies of wind and wave. It is this spirit which preserves the sport of sailing, in all its forms, from the impudent challenge of foamy windrows by the cedar canoe to the triumphant progress over crested hills of the sea-going schooner yacht.

In this favored land of ours the general history of the practice of sailing has been obscured by the brilliant annals of yacht racing. Our long series of triumphs in the defense of the America's Cup has monopolized our attention, and in looking at ourselves as adepts of the flying start and connoisseurs of balloon canvas, we have forgotten how much of the true sea hawk's blood flows in our veins. The spirit of the Saxon and Danish and Norman invaders, who harried the hosts of Britain, and of their descendants, Drake and his followers, who swept the coasts of the West Indies and southern America, has never died out in the land which produced Lawrence and Perry, Farragut and Dewey. But in Great Britain a greater proportion of the people is familiar with sailing than in our country. This is not the place nor the occasion for a discussion of political policies which bear upon this matter. We may safely confine ourselves to a brief consideration of the work of natural causes.

In the creation of the differences in the seafaring proclivities of the two nations the vast extent of our interior as compared with our coast line is a primary factor. Our shores measure many more miles than Britain's, but our territory measures still more, and thus the ratio of sailors to non-sailors becomes smaller in our population. In England, the shore is scalloped by innumerable harbors, and the heart of the land is touched by rivers that have not far to flow to reach the sea. A thousand sails woo the breezes of these streams, while here the river sailing craft is almost a stranger except in tidewaters. In too many of our rivers sailing except for business is neglected, because tides race swiftly, or high shores cut the breezes into alternate streaks of calm and sud-

den squall. One may watch the paddles of a hundred steamers churn the waters of the Mississippi or the Ohio, but seldom see the tower of a white sail, while the lordly Hudson is ploughed by only a few patient strugglers against pitiless tides and baffling winds. As for the inland lakes, only in recent years has the spirit of sailing adventure reached them, though they have long borne upon their bosoms a race of hardy and skillful seamen of commerce.

Not only have the lakes and the inland rivers lacked the physical advantages of salt water, but they have also wanted the stimulus of yacht racing, and the great cruises of the leading yacht clubs. Sailing as a sport is nurtured by the racing and the cruising spirit. The great regattas and the monster cruises of fleets belong to the eastern coast. And the eastern coast has these things largely because of its eastward outlook. To face the western ocean is to bask in the sunlight of four centuries of maritime glory. It is to sit continually before the glittering page on which Columbus and Raleigh, Hudson and John Smith, wrote their deeds with the stylus of the streaming prow. It is to breathe inspiration from the breezes that brought to our shores the first adventurous caravels of Spain laden with their precious freight of futurity. It is to smell the odor of the distant gales that sent Tyng and Pepperell to take Louisburg, Paul Jones to find the Serapis, and Hull and Decatur to make the American frigate the terror of the seas. It is to look out upon the waters over which, in fair weather or foul, with the winds roaring out of their crescent canvas and acres of smoking foam under their thundering bows, the American clippers and packets scored records of speed only to be obliterated by the black smoke of the Atlantic greyhound. It is to front the ocean over which royal Sammy Samuels drove the clipper *Dreadnaught* from New York to Liverpool in 13 days and 15

hours, and the schooner yacht *Henrietta* from Sandy Hook to Daunt's Rock in 13 days and 21 hours.

And to face that eastern outlook is to fix the eyes upon a sea whose power is still subject to the mastery of seamanship. Though the record-breaking tonnage giant, hurling herself over vainly opposing combers, never pausing for gale or lying helpless in calm, has superseded the clipper and the packet as a carrier of both freight and humanity, the Atlantic is not bare of canvas. Even yet the

"stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,"

for the splendid four-masters of Liverpool and Glasgow stem the tides of the Gedney and Hypocrite channels, and the barkentines come swimming up from the south with the odor of the northeast trades yet in their sails. And it's

"O, well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!"

for the schooners of Chatham and Gloucester still scatter their dories above the mighty submarine pasturage that spreads from the southernmost limit of the ice northward to where the swells quiver around the Virgin Rock.

Where man goes for his necessities, he goes for his pleasure. Sordid and filled with the thirst of gain as we all are, we have dared more from curiosity than from hope of wealth. Men have faced the deadly cold and eternal snows of Nome for gold, but there are no diamonds away yonder in the north where lie the bones of Franklin, and where Peary yet struggles to wrest the secret of the Pole. Men have toiled over the Rockies in search of the yellow dust, but there are no diadems of precious stones upon the brows of Mont Blanc and Everest. If only the insatiable curiosity of the human intellect has sent men to their fates on the sands of Sahara, in the jungles of India, and in the hills of South Africa, a lordly scorn of danger in the pursuit of pleasure has been the first

page of many a story of missing craft, and in the wake of the streaming hull of commerce always floats the gilded pinnacle of pastime. The yacht ensign has circled the world; it has flown to the gales of the North Atlantic and the monsoons of the Indian Ocean. And the great majority of sea-going yachts which make long voyages lift their anchors in the harbors of our eastern seaboard, for the storied waters of the western ocean invite with the irresistible witchery of recorded daring.

But prosaic and practical considerations play no less important a part in making the eastern seaboard the sailing front of our country. The geographical features of the coast offer advantages or impose limitations which guide the operations of the human will and fancy. The essentials of a sailing country are an extensive coast line with numerous bays of considerable extent and depth. These bays should be well sheltered by land from the swifter winds and rougher seas to be found on the open waters outside. Within the bays small craft, unsuited to the outer waters, could find abundant room to spread their little wings, and in days of light winds and smooth waters could venture outside and rock themselves upon the deep-chested breathing of summer swells. The generous depth of water in these bays would afford riding ground for large sea-going yachts, thus bringing together all types of pleasure craft.

If now we add to these large, deep, landlocked bays some shallows, of mingled fresh and salt water, with openings into the bays or the sea, such shining veneers of water as the Shrewsbury River and Barnegat Bay, we have a sailing country which offers every conceivable advantage. Perhaps the man who loves to solve small problems with tiller and sheet may ask for one thing more, — a narrow tidewater creek, winding its devious path among salt grass and wiry reeds, far up into the bosom of some

marshy flat where ages ago a broad river flowed, and where now the bittern broods and the kingfisher chatters in the idle sun of the summer afternoon. A most enticing ribbon of water is the tidewater creek, and its elusive waters woo the brown and ragged urchin of the countryside to launch his rickety bateau, flat-bottomed and sprit-sailed, upon voyages of conquest or adventure, not infrequently ended by ignominious stranding upon the unsuspected mud-bank.

A country combining all these features will produce pleasure sailors as surely as salt meadows produce mosquitoes. The number of the sailors, however, will be greatly increased if large cities and rich yacht clubs are in this country and operating to stimulate in the surrounding population the sailing spirit. The country boy who goes out in his dirty skiff to get clams enjoys no longer his pristine peace of mind when once he has seen the thirty-footer of some "city chap," with her white sides gleaming with new paint, her brass flashing back the refulgence of the sun, her rigging all a-taut, and her ensign snapping in the breeze. For him the line between the working and the pleasure craft is now drawn, and he rests no more till the ancient bateau gets a coat of green paint and the old sprit is scraped, if not varnished.

Such a land as this lies along the eastern seaboard of the United States. The deep, landlocked bays, the shallow broads, the tidewater rivers and creeks stretch along almost the entire length of our Atlantic coast, and even follow the line around into the Gulf, where Tampa Bay, at least, invites the sailor with no little charm. But the Gulf has no yachting waters to compare with the Atlantic shore, while the Great Lakes require of the sailor a large amount of hardihood and ready skill. Though landlocked, these bodies of water are too large to resemble bays, and they are subject to sudden and fierce squalls. The west

coast of our country is almost destitute of waters favorable to yachting. San Francisco Bay stands almost alone as a sailing centre. Once outside the Golden Gate, the sailor must face the iron coast of the Pacific, which is not at all what its name implies.

Let us look at these matters more closely. Boats are sailed on the coast of Maine. The natives of the region sail strictly for business, for they are not gifted with large quantities of this world's goods, and they cannot afford to loiter on the waters for their amusement. If they venture, as they often must, into open water, they meet with stiff breezes and lumpy seas. Wherefore one finds along this coast a race of raw-boned, slab-sided fishermen, who squint to windward with an especial solemnity, and go down to the sea in craft of sturdy patterns and sound timbers. Up in the northern islands sailing is more comfortable, but even here the native is a professional. A professional he is with a world-wide reputation, for who has not heard of the Deer Island sailors of Defender and Columbia? Nowhere on the American coast are there better seamen than these sons of Maine, and out of their rock-bound harbors come the great five and six masted schooners, leviathans of pure American breed, not born in other lands. Up among these same Maine islands are thousands of summer homes, owned by people from Boston and New York; even from as far west as Cleveland. These people have their pleasure craft almost literally tied up to their front gate-posts. Small sloops and catboats are the favorite types, but all are broad of beam, fairly deep, and high-sided; for the sea will get up occasionally and the boat must be able. These are not the only pleasure craft, for the cruising yachts sail up from the south, and the magnificent floating palaces of Boston and New York magnates often lave their shining sides in the cold waters of Bar Harbor.

But sailing on the Maine coast as a sport is purely exotic. The people there sail, as has been said, too much for business to care about doing it for pleasure. To them the sea is a hunting ground and a burial place, a vast, mysterious expanse from which a precarious livelihood is wrung by daring, in the face of cruel danger, and where the bones of many a sound vessel and good man lie fathoms deep among swaying grasses and indescribable crawling things.

As one slips slowly down the eastern coast, however, he comes upon a land of boats and boatmen, a land where every boy has some sort of craft to sail, and where the waters whiten on Saturday and Sunday with the foam of a thousand driven keels. Spreading away to the northward in the swelling neck of Marblehead, the kind lagoons of Salem and Lynn, and the broad bight of Nahant Bay, to the southward in the streaming stretches of Nantasket Roads, the sheltering circle of Hingham Bay, the tortuous channels of Cohasset Harbor, and the pygmy cranny of Scituate, it is the lovely land that lies round about the hub of the world. It is a land of channels and reefs, tideways and tiderips, rocks and islands, with its Graves and its Roaring Bulls, its Devil's Back and its Shag Rocks, its Thieves' Ledge and its Centurions, its score of scattered islands, and in the centre of all the wise old eye of Boston Light gazing in benignant refulgence over all.

Boston Harbor is confessedly a "mean" place for sailing, but Boston Bay, out to the northward and eastward of Deer Island, down to the southward and eastward of Boston Light, is a paradise, while in Marblehead Harbor there is the sweetest anchorage imaginable for craft of high and low degree. With such waters, it is not at all astonishing that Boston is the most enthusiastic yachting port in the United States, and that in every nook and corner of the surrounding waters are to

be found boat sailors of all kinds. Racing runs rampant. Even the fishermen have schooners built by yacht designers, and meet in stirring competition for substantial prizes. The Eastern Yacht Club leads in the luxury of the sport, while the Corinthian and the Hull-Massachusetts, and a score of others, supply the demands of sailors of small boats.

The small boats used around Boston Bay are a demonstration in themselves of the hold the sport of sailing has on all classes. Even young men of small means associate and raise money enough to purchase some old-fashioned sloop of small tonnage, discarded by her owner for a newer type. Such out-of-date craft one may see any summer Saturday fighting for supremacy off Marblehead Rock with the newest designs in "knockabouts" and "raceabouts," and not infrequently, through superior skill and the inventiveness which comes of necessity, winning the prizes. But this is not all. The numerous contests among small boat sailors in and around Boston have developed the fastest, stanchest, and soundest types of small craft known to the eastern seaboard. There is plenty of water all around Boston Bay, and the typical small yacht of that country has what the seamen call a "long leg." This means that she is built with a healthy body going well down into the water, giving her a deep draught, placing her ballast and her centre of gravity low, and making her uncapizable. These characteristics have been found in a dozen types of Boston small craft, which have set the pattern for the rest of America.

Deep keel sloops of the old type were more popular around Boston than elsewhere. Who forgets the famous Burgess thirties of a dozen or fifteen years ago, Saracen, Rosalind, and their companions? I never sailed a sweeter ship than one of these, twenty-nine feet seven inches on the water line, thirty-five feet over all, with six feet of head room in the cabin, and berthing space for six

persons forward and aft. And she had a sound lead keel going six feet toward the bottom. Fin keels abounded in Boston waters in the days when these sword-fish of the sailing world were the fashion, and the sneak-box bow and elongated overhang were familiar around Marblehead before they were at Newport. In short, there is no kind of sailing craft that is used for pleasure and sailed by an amateur that is not to be found in the waters around Boston.

Who sails boats in that part of the world? Why, every one! From the "Adams Boys," the smartest yacht racers of the East, down to the Marblehead street boy, every one takes pride in his skill in getting the best work out of some sort of sailing boat. Those who do not sail talk about it, and on a summer day in the drowsy atmosphere of a Boston club, or in the shadow of some tall pile in Washington Street, you shall hear more racing seaman's lore than anywhere else in this country except on the cruising ground of the Rocking-Chair fleet at the Larchmont Yacht Club. Boston's claim to be the hub of the universe may be disputed perhaps when you consider the steel industry or the unimportant matter of freight tonnage; but when you come to talk about sailing, you must admit that Boston is the greatest yachting port in this country. Even the little children there know the history of the America's Cup, and the public school boy can sail a dory with a leg-of-mutton sail for driving power and an oar for steering gear.

The New England coast from Provincetown down to the entrance to the Vineyard Sound is not favorable to the sport of sailing, and little is done except for the business of fishing. Nantucket is no place for small craft, though a few hardy catboats do take out fishing parties. The same is true of Cottage City. The tides race swiftly east and west through the Sound, and fresh breezes kick up a choppy sea. It is a

wet and uncertain sailing ground. But it has a sound type of catboat, broad of beam, deep of draught, high-sided, strongly sheered, and not over-sparred. All sorts of craft are seen in Vineyard Haven and even at Edgartown, for here is the eastern limit of the cruising grounds for the great fleets of small sailing craft from Newport, New London, New Haven, and New York. But on the other side of the northern shore of the Vineyard Sound, and connected with it by those captivating little passages, Wood's Hole, Quick's Hole, and Robinson's Hole, lies the broad, inviting bosom of Buzzard's Bay, landlocked on all sides, filled with a thousand nooks and corners of placid shoal water, a very paradise for small boat sailing, and the sailing grounds of a truly amphibious race. If the boys of Boston are nautical, those of the heel of the Cape are pure salt, and when the summer heat sends the Boston boy down to join the Cape boy for the months of July and August, all that man knows of the art of sailing small craft is explored and revised.

Westward from where the barrens of Cuttyhunk front the Joseph's Coat of Gay Head the gliding keel moves through enchanted waters of translucent blue, till the rising of the lighthouse at West Island warns of the approach to Newport. Here is the summer haven of all that is opulent and luxurious in the world of the sailor. It is the riding ground, too, of the humblest; for as a cat may look at a king, so may the homely single-handed cruiser of some New York boy lie within the shadow of the boom of the railroad magnate's palatial schooner. For west of Newport lies the most inviting stretch of yachting water in all America, water ploughed by every type of sailing craft known to the United States, from the Herreshoff cup defender to the cruiser that "looks as if some fellow had built her himself." Deep keels, skimming

dishes, centreboards, fins, schooners, sloops, yawls, knockabouts, half-raters, auxiliaries, and a thousand weird patterns of small craft improvised out of old ships' boats or cut down fishing smacks, — all these may be seen of a summer's day on the welcoming bosom of old Long Island Sound.

A wondrous and beneficent gift of nature to New York is that Sound. The Hudson River is not favorable to sailing; the bay is rough and torn to shreds by the iron prow of restless Commerce; the East River is a roaring tideway beset with ferry-boats and tows. But once past the treacherous swirls of Hell Gate, the world is open to the New York sailor, and as he sets his face eastward, he knows that as far as Nantucket he may thrash the foamy windrows with his little vessel almost certain of a comfortable harbor every night. True, the tide does set east and west through the Sound with perceptible force, but the prevailing winds are such that almost any sailing craft can beat the tides. Seriously rough weather is not often encountered in the summer season, though a smoky south-wester does sometimes make a bad lee shore of Connecticut. But the weather-wise sailor is seldom on the lee shore, and if he is, there are plenty of harbors. The most frequent winds have some southing in them, and the north shore is dotted with islands and scalloped with bays. The south shore has fewer, but deeper harbors, and in such shelters as Glen Cove a mighty fleet could lie at anchor.

At the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound one passes out into a stretch of open water, but here he may pick his weather for the run around to Newport, and while waiting may lie peacefully in the placid waters of New London Harbor, or in the still more sequestered anchorage of Stonington. Or he may slip across to the south shore, and threading the narrows of Plum Gut, swim into the broad lagoon of Gardiner's Bay, or

hurry on to the slimmer avenues opposite Greenport and the enticing hotels at Shelter Island. Biting deep into the heart of Long Island at this end lies Peconic Bay, but although I have gone over its shores and its shallows with compass and sounding line making a naval militia reconnaissance, I have seen little use of its waters by pleasure craft. It lacks objective, — there is no place to go. That is the secret of the idleness of many an otherwise attractive piece of water.

Who sails the alluring waters to the eastward of New York? For pure sport one may take it for granted that the dwellers along their shores do not. These sail for business. There is a fine fishing fleet at Larchmont, and the Larchmont Yacht Club gets one race a year out of it by offering good prizes; but this race is a gentle bribe to prevent the fishermen from removing course marks and buoys planted out in the Sound by the club. From every bay and harbor of these waters oystermen or fishermen go out to seek for food products beneath the surface, but the pleasure sailing is done almost wholly by summer visitors or city people who have made country homes along the shores. As a cruising ground for the New York youths of moderate means the Sound is most popular, and many a badly built, badly manned, and badly sailed craft, with a crew and a cook of the lowest amateur standing, staggers out past Execution Light, finding her nightly anchorage by good luck rather than good navigation. Yet it is the nautical spirit that sends her out, and an added store of nautical experience that brings her back. From such beginnings grow up the crack yachtsmen of New York, men who almost hold their own with the professional skippers, who fill pages of the racing annals of great years, and who sometimes become even managers of cup defenders.

Long Island Sound is the scene of the big annual cruises of the yacht clubs of New York, but the history of these is

known of all men. Let me pause here only to say that there never was a more interesting popular error than that which regards the yachtsmen of the New York, Larchmont, Atlantic, and Seawanhaka yacht clubs as so many gilded ornaments on the decks of their own yachts. It is true that these clubs contain a good many dilettante sailors, but the representative men are masters of their art, and command even the patronizing admiration of their own sailing masters.

On the south side of Long Island lies the Great South Bay, and here is the real nursery of New York yacht sailors. In this broad, shallow sheet, where four feet are a deep draught, and where a forty-foot water line is the foundation of a leviathan, has been bred a race of expert small boat sailors, capable of handling the omnipresent catboat or the jib-and-mainsail yacht as well as any others in the world. Along the shores dwells a hardy race of seafarers, who venture out through the treacherous waters of Fire Island Inlet into the open sea in search of fish. These sailors never sail for pleasure, but all summer long they carry on the business of taking out visitors for hire in all sorts of craft, from the twenty-foot catboat of Amityville to the high-sided, broad-bodied, forty-foot jib-and-mainsail that plies between Sayville and Water Island. These sailor men are the instructors of thousands of youngsters from the cities, and the dean of them all is that splendid old racing master, Captain "Hank" Haff of Islip.

Again, to the southward of New York lie the great summer resorts of the New Jersey coast, with the Shrewsbury and Navesink rivers and Barnegat Bay within easy reach. Shallow broads are these where the skimming-dish catboat and the half-rater are sailed daily, but again chiefly by the boys from the cities. The native sails for gain in the summer; in the winter — on the Shrewsbury at least — he finds his sport in racing the swift ice-boat. But in all these wonder-

ful stretches of water that lie around New York there are sailors of all classes, and he who imagines that yachting is a sport exclusively for the rich has not seen the young adventurers of Gotham. From the poor clerks who band together in groups of four or five and hire a New Haven sharpie, long, squat, and uncomfortable, for a two weeks' vacation cruise, and the hard-fisted Brooklyn boys who spend Saturday afternoon in thrashing down the Bay against the southerly wind that they may lie over Sunday in the racing tides of the Shrewsbury near the Atlantic Highlands drawbridge and bathe with the excursionists at Highland Beach, to the owner of the big schooner that reels off her ten knots as she flies eastward through the Sound, or of the steamer that drops her anchor off Sea Gate and lolls lazily in the summer sea, all conditions of men are represented in the army of pleasure sailors in and about New York. They form a smaller percentage of the population than the sailing fraternity of Boston and its vicinity, and there is probably no other seaport, except London, where there is such a vast and overpowering ignorance of nautical matters as there is in New York. Yet the love for sailing and the appreciation and understanding of it grow every year, and there is a very considerable influence of that spirit which made the War of 1812, the clipper ship, and the America's Cup all ours.

What has been said of sailing on the northern part of the Atlantic coast of the United States embodies what might be said in a general way of sailing in the Southern states. The use of the boat among the natives is almost invariably fathered by necessity. To find a coast dweller going out "for a sail" is, indeed, a rare thing. If he goes, he uses his boat as a means of conveyance. He goes to fish, or perchance to shoot ducks, or to set lobster pots — but not just to sail. On the other hand there is hardly a bay or a river mouth on the entire coast without

its group of summer homes, and the dwellers in these homes use boats for their pleasure. Men do not build cottages beside the water without the desire to float. These summer visitors carry with them the racing spirit, and with it they stimulate the native to look upon his boat as something more than a mere vehicle. Thus sailing as a sport makes its way among the toilers of the sea, and the fishing craft learns to jockey for position at the start and to fly kites. All the way down the Atlantic coast one finds the sport of sailing and flourishing yacht clubs. The cruising yachts of various ports find their way along the coast line, and some of them creep through the sheltered waters of the various sounds. The government a few years ago sent a torpedo boat through the tortuous channels of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, solely for the purpose of demonstrating their usefulness. While these waters have long been ploughed by light-draught vessels of the types familiar to the eastern coast, they now not infrequently carry on their kindly bosoms the larger and deeper sea-going craft from distant ports. And so you may follow the sportsman of the water all the way round into Tampa Bay, where you will be welcomed by the members of a lively little yacht club, and will find at anchor as pretty a "mosquito" fleet as you would in Larchmont Harbor.

On the west coast of the United States sailing as a sport is almost wholly confined to San Francisco, for the simple reason that the requirements of a yachting country are to be found only there. Outside cruising is little practiced for reasons already given. Winds are heavy, seas rough, harbors scarce. Almost singular in western sailing annals stands the cruise of the *Casco*, schooner yacht, ninety-four feet long, which went down into the South Seas. It was a memorable cruise, a never-to-be-forgotten schooner, for one of the passengers was Robert Louis Stevenson. When the San Fran-

cisco yachtsman does venture outside the Golden Gate, it is for a run down to Monterey. Owing to the prevalent winds, it is literally a run down and a beat back. Usually the owner of the yacht leaves the windward "thrash" to his sailing master and goes home by train. If he stays on his yacht, he has much patience or no engagements. In the summer the sailor's worst enemy, fog, is frequently found outside, and consequently most of the sailing is done inside the Bay. Here, indeed, is a magnificent body of water. The Bay proper is 290 square miles in extent, and with all its branches it reaches the size of 480 square miles. Hundreds of miles of river and creek open into this splendid inland sea and offer irresistible allurements to the sailor of the light-draught vessel. Chiefly because the masters of this Bay issue out of these creeks and rivers the deep-keel yacht is scarce in San Francisco waters. The typical craft is a centreboard, fore-and-aft rigged yacht, of wide beam and short spars. The yawl rig is very popular, and balloon canvas is rare.

Of course there are reasons for these peculiarities. When it blows, it blows a fresh breeze, and it comes on quickly. It is more comfortable to have a yacht with a small rig than to be continually reefing. Owing to the regularity with which the wind rises in the afternoon, when the sailor men wish to reach their home ports, balloon canvas is seldom carried, because at the time when it would be most desired it would be superfluous. The favor of the yawl rig is due to the ease and celerity with which it admits of the shortening of sail. Yachting in San Francisco Bay is all done in the summer season, for the excellent reason that in the winter there are no winds and a good deal too much rain. In the summer, however, there is enough sailing to delight the eye of the most enthusiastic lover of the sport, and the waters north and south and east and west are ploughed by a great fleet of high-sided, short-bodied, and

low-rigged craft which get their stability chiefly from their wide, squat hulls, and which, though not especially fast, are safe, weatherly, and comfortable.

There was a time when the fresh water sailor was not taken into account, but that time has passed. The Great Lakes are, as I have already said, not encouraging to the sport of pleasure sailing, yet it is not absent from them. One of the greatest drawbacks to the pastime is the want of places to visit. When a man goes out sailing he likes to run into some inviting place to dine or eat a light luncheon. Such resorts are rare on the Great Lakes. When you go out to sail, you sail and you go home again. But the racing spirit again comes to the front, and incites the amateur of the helm and sheet to drive his craft over the blue waters of our inland seas. The history of the international races between American and Canadian yachts on the lakes is yet young, but it is inspiring. These races have done much to evolve sound and swift types of sailing craft for lake sailing, and they will do a great deal more in the future. On Ontario, for instance, there has been for years a racing circuit, which embraces Big Sodus Bay, Oswego, Sackett's Harbor, Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, and Toronto. The fleet cruises around this circuit, sailing races at each port, and the sailors gain a large amount of valuable experience.

The lakes are squally waters, and the yachts and sailors are both fashioned to suit their needs. The trading schooners, for example, all have short lower masts and long topmasts, so that by clewing up topsails they are immediately put under snug canvas and made fit for any ordinary squall. So one finds that the pleasure yachts are mostly able-bodied craft, with ample freeboard and low rigs. They are just the sort of sailing boats to contend with fresh winds and choppy seas. Plenty of modern designs are to be found on the Great Lakes now, and the eastern designers send many of the pro-

ducts of their boards to fight for the supremacy of the inland seas. The working seamen of the lakes are splendid sailors, and the amateurs are a handy, hardy lot, who compare very favorably with the best Corinthians of the salt water clubs.

Even the smaller lakes of the Northwest have their sailor men and their racing craft. The twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul can turn you out some of the liveliest handlers of the good old "sand-bagger" to be found anywhere outside of Larchmont. Minneapolis people sail on Minnetonka Lake, while the St. Paul yachtsman finds his sea on White Bear Lake. But the sand-bagger with outriggers is rapidly going out of fashion, if, indeed, it has not already quite gone; and now one finds in these waters half-raters, one-raters, and the omnipresent catboat.

This cursory glance at the sport of sailing as practiced in the United States should suffice to demonstrate at least one thing, namely, that it is chiefly in the hands of amateurs, most of whom are dwellers in cities and towns. The rural population does little sailing for pleasure. From it, however, comes the great body of professional seamen, who teach the amateurs all they know. The nautical spirit of the country is fairly divided between the two classes; for, if the city yachtsman races from Sandy Hook to Daunt's Rock or defends the America's Cup, he has the aid of the best professional talent in the land; and when the American flag is to be carried to the uttermost ends of the earth, it is the professional seaman who takes the helm, who cons the ship, and who shapes the course. The traditions of the American merchant marine, except in the matter of the treatment of men by officers, are all glorious, and they go far toward inspiring the amateur with courage to adventure upon the sea. If to the professional belongs the desire to master the ocean for utili-

tarian purposes, the amateur seeks to master it for the sheer joy of the game.

Out of the endeavors of the two classes have grown the American ship and the American yacht. The former now shows a diminished glory, but her past is imperishable. The records of the Dreadnaught, the Flying Cloud, the Comet, and the Sovereign of the Seas are graven in letters of gold on the pages of sea annals. The achievements of American skill in yacht building and handling are known to all the world. For a time the nautical spirit seemed not to penetrate deeper than the skin of the land. It lay along the coasts. But with the advent of the specially designed defenders of the America's Cup, beginning with the Puritan in 1885, there came a revival of nautical enthusiasm, and a spread of it into the interior. Doubtless this had not a little influence in the passage of certain appropriation bills by Congress looking toward the beginnings of our new navy. In the War of 1812 the American frigate was the terror of the seas, and the American seaman the monarch of the deep. The spirit which made that seaman and that frigate living actualities has returned, and it has given us our new navy, with its unsurpassed ships and its unequalled personnel.

The nurture of that spirit in its broadest relations to the national life begins with the boat sailor, who learns to feel the thrill of conquest of the elements even when steering his little catboat across some landlocked bay. His act, his thought, his emotion are the seedlings from which grow the splendid plant. Yet in nine cases out of ten he but follows in the wake of the large yacht, and strives to imitate the yachtsman of the club. We owe a big debt to our leading yacht clubs. They are the propagators of the true nautical spirit among the lovers of sport. Their membership is a very small percentage of the myriad of sailors they give to the country.

W. J. Henderson.

THE WATCH BELOW.

His childhood's longings are come true
In all their widest, wildest range;
This is the picture fancy drew;
How real, yet how strange!

The braces snap; the storm sails rip;
The fettered gales have struggled free;
The straining greyhound is the ship,
The foaming wolves, the sea.

Their glistening fangs are wide to strike;
Their famished eyes are flakes of fire;
Hunger and surfeit whet alike
Their immemorial ire.

But fleetier than the fleeing hound,
And surer than the ruthless foe,
On rushes to its fated bound
The midnight watch below.

The watch is called; he never heeds;
Let the sweet feast his longing cloy;
On nectar and ambrosia feeds
The sleeping sailor boy.

The fo'castle, the deck, the spars,
The swollen sea, the lowering skies,
The drowning sun, the dripping stars
Have faded from his eyes.

The mast is creaking by his berth,
The lantern smokes above his head,
But sleepless potentates of earth
Might envy him his bed.

His yearning gaze is on the past:
Through their red gates the hot tears flow:
That this swift hour will be his last
Ah, well he does not know!

His sister's prattle charms his ear;
His mother's silence stirs his soul:
What matters now the exile's tear,
The vessel's plunging roll?

The Watch Below.

All in the revel of his dream
 He loiters down the leafy lane ;
 He plashes in the pebbly stream ;
 Above the storm's refrain

He hears the oriole's sweet clang ;
 He sees the swinging apple spray ;
 The same call through the orchard rang .
 The morn he came away.

The age-long malady of grief
 No earthly remedy can mend :
 Alas, that only joy is brief,
 That fairest visions end !

He wakes at rush of trampling feet,
 And shouts, and oaths that stay his prayer,
 To join, at halyard and at sheet,
 The seamen swaying there.

With these he lines the lurching deck
 And mans the yards that skim the seas :
 He fears nor wind, nor wave, nor wreck,
 Nor destiny's decrees.

In all his wrath the storm is on ;
 Deep calls to deep in travail-moan :
 Down to the waste the boy has gone —
 The weltering waste — alone.

The horror of the downward sweep !
 The struggle of the smothering brine !
 My guardian angel, thou wouldst weep
 If such a fate were mine !

Did ghostly forms about him flit
 In the vast void of rolling foam ?
 Did all the demons of the pit
 To mock his anguish come ?

Stay, weak lament ! He fared not ill ;
 My life-dream too will soon go by.
 It is his watch below ; be still :
 Let the wet sea boy lie !

Edward N. Pomeroy.

THE GENIUS OF RETTA ROMANY TOMPKINS.

IF Penangton had been in England instead of in Missouri, the relative superiority of the Tompkins family would have come to stunted blossom in the title of squire; but the advantage of living in Missouri over living in England is suggested by the aphorism that to title superiority is to limit it. To be heralded a squire is to be heralded as better than a yeoman, but it is also to be heralded as not so good as a lord. Nobody in Missouri could stand that. Instead of being squires, the Tompkins family for three generations had been prosperous citizens; and for three generations they had been the kind of citizens to whom a Western town can most safely allow success. Whatever the degree of success attained by a Tompkins, the stress of it had never yet carried him beyond the claim of Penangton; there had been no lifting him out of the Missouri soil; he had been warm and rich with Missouri, and he had lived and died in Missouri.

Going back three generations, the first Tompkins out from Kentucky was Thousand-acre. He came with the rush in 1816, and on the banks of Big Snibble Creek he took up so much government land and "pitched" his crops so successfully that being a Tompkins came easier ever after. The son of Thousand-acre was State Rights Tompkins, one of the elect few called down to St. Louis in 1861 to help determine which way Missouri should go. It was Frank Blair, with that great mailed hand of his immediately on the throat of the caucus, who jumped to his feet on the side of the Union in the very fever of the St. Louis discussion, and shouted: "Gentlemen, we waste time! Let us have a country first, and talk politics later!" And it was old State Rights Tompkins who jumped to his feet next, and caught Blair on the re-

bound, as though Blair had been a rubber ball. "In God's name, sir," State Rights bellowed, "what better country do you want than Missourah?"

And then, continuing in the inevitable Missouri sequence of those days, with gouge of spur and hemp-tied, rotting boots, there dashed to the front State Rights' son Elmer, Colonel Barehead Tompkins, who rode into Penangton one September evening, hatless, blood-dabbled, and laughing like a lunatic. "The Lyon's whelps 'most got me, boys!" he called to the gray-faced men who came hobbling from the Court House steps. "But I said I'd bring those dispatches through from Jackson, did n't I?" Elmer was not the sort of man to have thrown away his hat for the sake of riding into Penangton with his yellow hair streaking out behind, but it would have been plain to a baby, if there had been any babies that September, that since the hat was gone the gentleman knew how to make the most of himself without a hat. He made his mare leap forward, he rose in his stirrups, and he yelled over his shoulder: "Well, I guess I got 'em! They got my hat, but I got the dockyments. Er-r-aw for Pap Price 'n' the State Guard!" Bareheaded, with the hair blowing back from his gay, thin face, he thundered on toward Academy Hill where Price lay encamped.

State Rights' daughter, Miss Muriel "Murmur," was a Tompkins whose talents were essentially and delicately preservative. In the first blush of those talents she compiled a volume of poems from the works of Missouri's best poets, and styling the compilation Missouri's Murmurings, the title's gentle meanderings through happy hearts, winter winds, soft sighs, and rippling rivers finally brought it to rest upon the gifted lady's own head in an encircling climax

not unlike laurel. It also fell to Miss Muriel's lot, after the finish of Elmer in the wild hours at Bloody Hill and the death of Elmer's heart-broken father and wife, to supervise his orphan children, and prod them up to what was expected of them as Tompkinses.

During the childhood of Elmer's son and daughter it was Miss Muriel's habit, as it was all Penangton's habit, to dwell with a certain high-headedness upon the characteristics of the Tompkins girl. "Her father's own child, you may say," was Miss Muriel's and Penangton's way of labeling the girl's energy, vitality, and tricks of face and gesture, until the child herself took up the song, and got around in front of her brother with it. "I'm a Tompkins all over, ain't I, Marmaduke? And you are like mother, ain't you, Marmaduke?" she would say. And the boy would say yes, with a strange, old feeling of locking arms with his mother, and so standing, white and ineffectual, before a capable world of Tompkinses. Then he would probably lift the girl from some fence to a lower and safer place, or pull her back from the brink of Little Snibble, or in some other way look out for her and take care of her.

It was not until the girl was fifteen, and had twice run away from the Central Missouri Female Boarding School in St. Louis, that Miss Muriel and Penangton began to see that the Tompkins energy and vitality might prove disturbing elements in a woman, and to set about doing their best by the Tompkins boy, and showing him that since his father had been cut down in the very heat and sweat of accomplishment, and since his sister was n't a man, he was expected to finish that father's record. Having set about this, Penangton and Miss Muriel did it so well that all through his youth Marmaduke had to carry about with him a digging sensation that he ought to do something or other, or be something or other; and all through his youth life presented dark,

unsatisfactory spots where the Penangtonians buttonholed him and tried to help him toward a big career.

Perhaps it was General Tom Whittington, his father's one-time crony, and now deputy United States marshal: "Marmaduke, see here a minute. Would you care for that West Point place? Seems like a pity to put you in the off-color clothes; but what's past help's past grief, Marmaduke, and if you can be half as good a fighter as your daddy, seems like a pity not to put you where you can fight."

Perhaps it was his aunt Muriel herself, with her transparent hand on his shoulder, prodding him poetically: "Whither now, young aspirant? Under which queen? Scientia? Justitia? Martia?"

Meantime Marmaduke was growing up the more helpless to do because the more appreciative of what ought to be done. The boy realized, if the town did n't, that it was not to be allowed to him, as it had been allowed to his ancestors, to be a pillar of state without ever leaving the porch of Thousand-acre. Missouri was too big for that now, and his father had already brought the family name too close to the outer boundaries of Missouri. If the Tompkins record was to be continued, the banner must next, and inevitably, be carried on beyond Missouri. Marmaduke did not want to get beyond Missouri, under no matter how good a banner. It was not only that he had n't the capacity for that sort of progression; he did n't want it. He had accepted the family feeling for Missouri just as it had been handed to him; then, as his town was a good place, something Southern and something Western, and as he was susceptible to the influence of old landmarks, well-known faces, the fair, wide roll of the land, the crunching bite of the river, and the sweep of the wind in the wheat, the feeling had grown as he grew into an immeasurable devotion to his state and to his

town. He saw things as his town saw them; he was accustomed to what his town was accustomed to, and he was convinced, as his town was convinced, that everybody ought to be a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Baptist, or a Campbellite, and eat supper at night instead of dinner.

It was on a fine June day, close to his twenty-second birthday, that he came home from Chicago, after one last effort at the university somehow to get himself ready to do what was expected of him. When he left the train at the Penangton depot, he doubled straight back into the Thousand-acre land, jumped Little Snibble Creek, climbed a fence into the Red Haw Pasture, fared across that, struck the Fair Ground Road at Big Snibble Bridge, and so up to the great Thousand-acre gate. There he stooped down and patted the earth. "Good old ground," he said. Once in his old room, he lost no time in getting out of his pepper-and-salt suit, got his stiff shirt up over his head, and flapped his arms vigorously. "Because," he crowed, "I'm done. Before I'd squeeze up my soul in kid, before I'd forget the smell of the ground where the reaper's run over, I'd — well, I don't squeeze and I don't forget. That's all. As I am, after this, not as I ought by family rights to be. Can't be a lawyer, can't be a soldier; going to be a farmer — and a damn good one almost surely," he said, while his eyes rioted outside in the young glory of his fields.

For a few months he lay back easy and fanned himself in the relief his decision had brought him. Miss Muriel had closed Thousand-acre that last winter, because the Fair Ground Road got so bad, and had moved in to the Tompkins town house to live; but it did n't take Marmaduke very long to marshal the old force of Tompkins darkies back into the kitchen, to the tubs, and into the fields; and he was so well satisfied to be about it, and got so busy selling

his wheat and keeping his fences up, that cold weather had fairly come before he saw that the tragedy which his decision had entailed upon the town had worked to the surface and had frozen over Penangton like a great tear. By Christmas time he was having to stand the knowledge that Penangton was saying soberly, "Oh, 't is n't as though Marmaduke had taken after his father's side."

Two years is a good while to work against the disappointment of your town, against its patiently silent reproach, but it was all of two years — years of close-mouthed effort on Marmaduke's part to lift some of the results of the war from Thousand-acre — before General Tom Whittington found occasion to say: "Talk to Marmaduke about the farmers' body militant or the mistakes of the Grangers, and you won't get him to do nothing but bat his eyes; but harkee," — the general cleared a permanent way for the revised opinion by spitting far up the cottonwood tree in front of the Commercial Hotel: "Marmaduke can pitch the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section seven in township leben of range thirteeun in chicory beans and reap a mighty good article of wheat off the forty."

That ought to have meant a good deal to Marmaduke, and undoubtedly would have, had it not been that just at this time he was too absorbed in his sister Retta's future to care much about his own present, or what Penangton thought or said about it. Retta had gone from the school in St. Louis to a school in New York, and she had now written from the New York school that, please God, she was done with schools, and was going to visit a friend in the city. She said she would stay at the friend's house until she could think up another place. "And the place won't be Penangton," she said.

As the girl had moved restlessly farther and farther from Marmaduke and Thousand-acre, it had followed, as one

of the results of his nature, that Marmaduke had all the more braced himself, ready and waiting, for whatever she might by and by require of him. Almost unconsciously, the religious feeling that was his by inheritance came to be doubly his by necessity, in the matter of Retta's future. He had grown to feel that the only thing to do was to turn the matter over to God; that it was too much for him. But long after Penangton had given Retta up, and long after Miss Muriel had ceased to speak of her except with a frightened sigh, Marmaduke kept hoping that all that fanfare of childish ability in Retta might yet mean something, that she might some day do something that would pull both her and him to a fair level with the dead-and-gone Tompkinses, even while he kept fearing that she might some day do something so terrible that she would pull both her and him down too low for the shadow Tompkinses on the heights ever to recognize them. There was a cheerfulness in his conviction that he would go up or down with Retta that gave it the free dignity of a determination, and there was enough of a haunting prescience that the journey would be down to give the conviction the set face of courage.

It was out in the wheat at Thousand-acre, one day, that he lifted up his eyes and saw a boy coming toward him, waving something that was flat and white; and though the boy was little he was accurate, and he landed fair at Marmaduke's feet. In another flash the special letter was open and Marmaduke was reading:—

"MARMADUKE, DEAR, — You see I have n't been telling you all I've been up to these last few weeks. I've been meeting some people and pulling some strings, and now such a splendid thing has happened. I'm going on the stage. And right in the beginning, don't you get the idea that you or anybody can stop me. It means too much to me. It's a great thing for me, even if I do

have to begin at the bottom. I don't care where I begin. I don't care how I begin. The thing is to begin — begin — begin" —

The letter blurred under Marmaduke's eyes, and he stared about him. The post-office boy was cutting along the fence path, slashing at the fluffy-headed wheat as he went. The darky on the reaper had turned on the upsweep, and only his back was visible, a round, sweat-stained back, which soon disappeared through the barn gate. Down on Snibble a bird crinkled her timid toes in the shallows, gave a cheep of terror, and careened into the air toward some distant nest. Every man and bird and beast on Thousand-acre, just at that hour, was bound for home, where the niche of shelter was. Would all of them find the way? The man would: he rooted close to earth, where there is room. The boy would: a boy can always squeeze in. But the bird yonder, already far up in the tremulous air, — would it find the way? It was flying to the north now, where the town stretched out as calm and cocksure as though no baneful news ever seeped into it. In a little while the town must know. Then the talk.

"Ah, God!" cried Marmaduke, "the talk!" He turned to the letter again.

"Oh, Marmaduke, I know I'm a silly to believe them, but they say it is n't just talent: they say it's genius; they say I owe it to the world as well as to myself to go on the stage" —

"They!" snarled Marmaduke, — "they! And who may they be? Some yellow-skinned, thick-lipped son of a pawnbroker; some lying, hump-nosed scoundrel who knows of the girl's money; some — Ah, God!" cried Marmaduke again, dropping crazily down into the wheat. "Why do you let it happen? Why did n't you protect her? I trusted you, I trusted." The letter rustled waitingly on the wheat heads while he dug at his eyes.

"They say there is no question about

my career, that I'm sure of a great future" —

"Oh yes, great — of sin and suffering," choked Marmaduke.

"Of course I've got to start almost at the bottom. At first I thought I should have to start at the very bottom, and when the extras were called for the Far From Home Company I went down to the theatre to take my medicine with the rest; but Goldberg happened to be there, and seemed to notice me, for I saw him go over to Silbermann, who is staging the play, and say something, and directly I was singled out for a little business part. Oh, Marmaduke, ever since then the world's been turned upside down, and I've been walking with my feet inside heaven. Be glad. I don't stop now till I get to the top. I want you to come a little later to see my success. It's not to be a little success, not just a Penangton, Tompkins success. The whole wide world is to ring with it. Poor old Marmaduke, are you very afraid for me? Of course you are. You were always afraid for me; afraid I'd fall off things or get too close to things, — scare-for-nothings all, Marmaduke. I'm all right. I'm not so awful just because I'm going to be an actress. But I tell you what, if it was the most awful thing on earth, I'd still be one; I've got to. Only I wish one thing, — I wish you did n't have to hear Penangton talk about me. I know it'll hurt. Take my side, Marmaduke, take my side. Also send me a lot of money."

She wrote just enough more to remind him that she was of age; that he could come after her now if he wanted to, but that he would n't get her; that she had found a good place to board; and that New York was not as dark a place to get around in at night as Penangton. Then she closed in order to add a postscript: "My! oh, won't they talk!"

Ay, would n't they? Penangtonians are as kind as the exigencies of conversation permit anybody to be, but when

a girl reared in the first Presbyterian Church of Penangton goes on the stage, there is a great deal to be said. It began to be plain to Marmaduke that the town's very kindness, the close intimacy, the interest, must pour out in a tide of talk that would menace the Tompkins family root and branch. All about him, across miles of pasture land, timber, and cereal, spread the honor and the glory of his family. He looked, as his ancestors had looked, at the stretch of it, and off across Snibble Bridge he saw, as his ancestors had seen, the town that was at once his vassal and his mistress.

That bird had closed in again, and straight up over his head was circling dizzily. Off to the left was the Fair Ground Road, crawling like a strip of gold back into his childhood, where a little hot hand had often lain in his, throbbing, twitching, burning.

Take my side, Marmaduke.

In front of him lay the big house, bare, lonely, stripped down to a ridiculous bachelor stiffness inside, yet as full to-day as it had been all these sixty years of his sagacious great-grandfather, of his assertive grandfather, of his gay, daring father, — all of them forceful still, even as ghosts, and all of them demanding their dues from their posterity.

Take my side, Marmaduke.

He lay flat down in the wheat, dry-eyed again, and stared at the sky. The bird in the high, white air was going rickety; she teetered; and little by little she descended, batting the air with a helpless flutter, until she settled plaintively back into the shallows of Little Snibble. Marmaduke wondered what she had hoped to find up there that she had not found.

Take my side, Marmaduke.

He got up then, and went around the wheat to the house. A half hour later he came down from his room, and passed through the dining-room without so much as a glance at the portraits on the wall. He had taken off his corduroys for a blue serge suit, and he looked trim

and strong and young in spite of the blue, beaten places under his eyes.

"Shan't want any supper, Dilse," he said to the negress in the kitchen. "I'm going in to the town house. I'll take supper with aunt Muriel."

Dilsey shuffled lazily on her flat feet; then cried out in half fright: "Namer-gawd, Mist' Mommyduke, what matter yeh face? Look like yeh been stompin' on yehse'f."

He remembered afterward that he laughed at Dilsey, and that he whistled as he went out the kitchen door to take the reins from the stable hand who had just brought his buggy up. He remembered because that was where the laugh and the whistle first came to his aid, and because he used both afterward till the laugh sounded like the Penangton firebell and the whistle seemed to take the asthma. Ten minutes later he drove around the corner below the town house, and saw Miss Muriel in the grape arbor at the rear of the house. By the time he had let the mare's head down and had drawn her rein through the hitching ring Miss Muriel was on her way to him across the short, tough Missouri grass, and the very air had curled on itself and was bugging the command: Place for the granddaughter of Thousand-acre Tompkins! Place for the daughter of State Rights Tompkins! Place for the sister of Barehead Tompkins! And also, place for the Preserver of Poetry!

"Good-evening, Marmaduke," she said cordially. "Hess was just this minute wishing you would drive in. There's to be flour cakes for supper. Come right in."

He came in, with a terrible distaste for flour cakes, supper, everything that a man has to swallow when his throat is dry, springing up within him. Ever since his return from Chicago the town house had seemed to Marmaduke like a great frame for the Tompkinses' past. Miss Muriel had gathered between its four walls all the horsehair sofas, all

the dragon-legged tables, all the silver soup ladles, and all the chandeliers with dangling prisms that had checked off the prosperity of the family from generation to generation. If the difference between Retta and Retta's forbears was pronounced at Thousand-acre, it was appalling here in the town house. Marmaduke put his hat on the antlered rack, — his great-grandfather had killed the deer which furnished the antlers, — sat down in an armchair which had been his grandfather's special delight, and stared at his father's old rattletrap gun which hung above the rack.

"Well, what news from Retta?" Miss Muriel was getting a glass of crab-apple jelly from the closet under the stairway, and she put her question with some physical difficulty because of the strained position of her body, and some hesitation because of the strained position her mind was always in about Retta.

With his eyes on the gun barrel, Marmaduke replied quite steadily: "The best of news. Retta — Retta, aunt Murey, is going to be a great success. What would you think, now, if you were some day to be pointed out as the aunt of a great — well, say of a great actress?"

Miss Muriel backed out of the closet, and unscrewed the top from the jelly-glass. "Why," she said, trying to support herself on a laugh that trembled, "why don't you ask me how I should like to be a great actress myself?" She fished off the cap of white paper from the top of the jelly and said sombrely: "I should n't like it. I guess you know that, Marmaduke."

Marmaduke got up from his chair, and began again, straight and even as the gun barrel above him: "I mean a great one, aunt Murey. I mean one of the actresses who sink all questions of family position and convention by the very weight of their genius. I mean one who will make the whole wide world ring with her success. I don't mean a

Penangton success, I don't mean a Missouri success. I mean world-wide" —

"Wait, Marmaduke, — wait, child."

As they stood there, the flower-like delicacy of Miss Muriel's own achievement drifted between them like the fragrance of a past day. "I know what's coming. I've always known it would come, or that something like it would come. It's that Retta's going on the stage."

"It's that she's gone on the stage! And why not?" cried Marmaduke. "Why not the stage? 'T is as good a way as any. For genius, mind you. If 't were talent, now, there might be a question; but there's no question for genius, is there? That's what it is in Retta, — genius! Let her go. 'T would be a shame to keep her back. 'T would be wrong to her, wrong to the world." He had the matter well in hand now. He had already carefully figured out just what he had to do. Back of his aunt Muriel stretched the phalanxes of tradition, religion, and unworldliness, stern and jealous. He dared not take Retta into their midst; he felt that he must somehow project her over them, he must give her wings. "You want to get you some smoked glasses and watch the flight of that girl, aunt Murey. Ho! there's a Tompkins that'll count. You've always been nagging at me to take up the Tompkins banner where my father dropped it. Watch that girl. There's a Tompkins that'll do it for you. She'll have it waving high and steady soon" —

"Yes," cried Miss Muriel at last, bringing up her words with a cog-wheel catch, "yes, the Tompkins banner — from the stage — with a device of the devil on it — in letters of red" —

Then Marmaduke: "From the stage! With Genius on it in letters that you'll never wash out with your tears, aunt Murey" — He came over and faced his aunt, and there was suddenly something overpowering in the great hulking reach of his young body. "See

here, aunt Murey, you got to quit taking this thing this way before you begin it. You shan't do it. You can ruin Retta by it. You can make the town take her as a runaway girl, set over against her family; you can make her cheap. But if you're going to do it," — he leveled his long brown hand at her with loose, supple force, — "if you're going to do it, I'm a pretty good person not to have around when you do it."

It was the sort of voice that wipes away tears as with a scrubbing brush, and he began to ring in that short, sharp laugh he had just picked up. "The plain truth," he said, "the plain truth is that just because it's your own niece you are n't getting it into your head how big a matter this is. This is no ordinary question of a young girl going on the stage, no question of morals and paint and disgrace. Those things fall away, they flatten out, under the feet of Genius. You know that, and you'd better take my word for it that Retta's a genius." His lips stayed parted even when he stopped for breath, and his eyes had a peculiar hard brightness.

"When did you hear?" asked the poor, unconvinced, but overwhelmed lady in front of him, driven like a hapless leaf in the swirl of his zeal.

"Just got the letter. It's like this: she's already attracted the attention of the New York managers, and I'm to go on to New York myself pretty soon to help arrange with 'em about her — her career, you know." He came up close to his aunt, the wistful sadness of an honest nature betrayed by itself in his eyes. "'T is n't all thought out yet," he said meaningly. "What I'm going to try to do is to let her know that we are with her, — that I am, at least; to let her know that she can't get so far away but what I'll be with her; to let this town know it; to let everybody know that she does n't have to stand alone nor to fight alone. D'you see what I mean?"

There was a long pause in the hall.

Through the open door came the soft, mystifying rays of the evening sun, and the intermittent murmur of the town's life as it went, quiet and satisfied, up and down the street in front of the house. Miss Muriel, with her thin knuckles against her mouth, seemed to be pushing herself through some substratum of thought. "I guess I do see what you mean, Marmaduke," she said by and by. Her mouth was still rigid, but her eyes rippled in light. "That is n't all: whatever you mean, I'm with you, Marmaduke. We'll stand shoulder to shoulder with Retta, Tompkins with Tompkins. That's it, is n't it? Now see here, now don't, Marmaduke, — now don't give way." Defrauded of anything further on the outside to fight down and trample under, his emotion had turned inward and undone him, and he sobbed miserably before her. "Marmaduke," she said, with a fitting and beautiful assumption of the rôle of comforter, "you are right about it. It's getting plainer to me. It's getting as plain as day. And it's a good way, Marmaduke, and we'll work it out just that way. What a girl she is, Marmaduke, so fearless and so ready-witted! And, Marmaduke, I certainly do wish you would come on in and try the cakes."

He laughed full and clear now, because he could never help laughing at the Tompkins women for expecting a man to eat his way through trouble. "No, I think not, aunt Murey. I could n't get the cakes down, this trip. I want to cut back to Thousand-acre and think it out, but I'll survive overnight on the comfort you've been to me."

She watched him go over the grass a moment later, and unhitch the mare, and she saw how for one second man's head and mare's head rested together in his dumb cry for further comfort, and how with a leap he was in his buggy and off again to Thousand-acre.

For the next three months, while he waited, full of anxious foreboding, for

Retta to summon him to New York, it was Marmaduke's self-imposed task to trumpet his sister's genius to Penangton. In his way of putting the matter before his aunt he had shown that he knew the town's point of view; that he realized that the only way to save Retta in the town's eyes would be to get her before it in such a white electrification of genius that the town could think of her only as a sort of diaphanous, depersonalized glory, too big and remote to bother about, as it thought of the United States Senator who got his first growth in Penangton, or as it thought of Mark Twain, who once went to school at Penangton Academy. In his effort to establish Retta in this goodly company he soon threw Penangton into a peculiarly disagreeable state of perplexity. If there is one thing a Missourian likes better than another, it is to be forehanded in belief in the right thing; and if there is one thing he hates worse than another, it is to be gulled into belief in the wrong thing. Perhaps, if Marmaduke had gone a little slower in his argument, Penangton would have joined him a little earlier in his conclusion; but Marmaduke was far from being able to go slow; he was enfevered with anxiety, and because he had to argue not only against the town, but against his own fear, he became over-vehement, and soon irritated the town into jeering opposition.

"Marmaduke," General Whittington would say, "you ought to stop this gold-darned ballooning of your sister, and get on a train and go bring her home. What that girl needs is an apron round her waist and a tea-towel in her hands. I guess that's about what she needs."

"General," Marmaduke would reply, with bitter politeness, "you used to be a good guess with a gun, but nowadays your guesses don't come knee-high to a puddle duck."

"And another thing, Marmaduke," the general would continue irascibly, "you forget that Retta is a professor.

You can't build a theatre big enough for a stage and a pulpit. They won't house together and they can't house together."

"Then I'll tell you what," Marmaduke would cry, goaded to fury and laughing that harsh, snorting laugh of his, — "I'll tell you what: if it comes to a choice, genius will have to have the stage! It's got to act, it's got to sing, it's got to paint, it's got to discover, it's got to get itself expressed. That's the great thing with genius, religion or no religion."

Sometimes he sat on his back porch out at Thousand-acre, his face pulled and thoughtful, and read over the last letter from Retta, trying to find in it something like willingness to give up the struggle, something like the first stirring of a desire to get out of the glare and the scorch, something like homesickness for the sweet, cool life at Thousand-acre; but he always put the letter back in his pocket with a deep and burdened sigh. For the letter only said: —

"MARMADUKE, DEAR, — Well, I did n't pass up on a line last night. Did n't have but one to pass up on! I'm to get something better next time. Trouble is I'm so everlastingly young. They're afraid of me. They say it is n't often that a girl gets even as much of a start as I've had. Try to believe in me. Mr. Goldberg stands right up for me; he says I'm to have a chance in centre before the season is over, whether I get any older or not. Marmaduke, I'll tell you a secret: it's slow work and hard as nails. I'll tell you another: I would n't give it up if it were ten times harder and I knew that I was never to succeed in it. Are they still talking? Course they are. Better send me some money pretty generally when you write."

After such a letter he was always more taciturn out at Thousand-acre and more vehement in town, bringing into his arguments with Penangton an added

fire and discursiveness, an uncompromising assurance, that were as disconcerting to the town as they were exhausting to Marmaduke.

"What's your feeling in regard to Retta's course, Miss Murmur?" Penangton would ask, in despair over Marmaduke.

"Oh, I agree with Marmaduke," Miss Muriel would answer, as true as steel.

It was well that this sort of thing did not have to go on forever. When Marmaduke had had three months of it he was limp. He drove down to one of his farms near Weaver for a few days, to get away from it; but as he turned into the Fair Ground Road, coming home, one crisp fall morning, he found that he had not gotten away from it at all. It made him irritable to see Thousand-acre piling off before him in a great spreading protection that had yet fallen lamentably short of protecting the girl who had the best claim on it. It exasperated him, as he came on around the house, to see Miss Muriel with her nose deep in some newspapers before the sitting-room fire, safe, comfortable. She so emphasized to him the difference between the woman who stays at home and gets old without ever running any danger from anything and the woman who fares forth and runs the gamut of every danger in the world, that he made a point of staying at the barn as long as he could find any excuse for doing so. When he did at last turn toward the house, it was because Miss Muriel had come to the cistern platform outside the kitchen and was shaking a paper at him.

"You, Marmaduke! I've been waiting for you! Come to the house this minute!"

He had put himself between the shafts, and was backing his buggy into the buggy-house as the long shake in her voice smote him. With a sick feeling of crisis he stopped, his hands still on the shafts, and tried to steady himself.

"Marmaduke, why don't you come

on? Or if you won't come, listen. This'll bring you" — and she raised the paper and shrieked across the yard to him: "Missouri has reason to be proud of the success achieved in New York a few nights ago by the actress Retta Romany, a Missouri girl." She flapped the paper with her hand. "St. Louis Republic!" she screamed. "And there's a telegram come for you two days ago, and New York papers. Why, Marmaduke, what in the name of crazy-ness are you bringing that buggy for?"

With his hands still on the buggy shafts he had started on a leaping run to the cistern platform. "Well, I guess I won't take it any further," he said, abashed. "'T won't go through the kitchen door, will it? Quit your laughing at me, aunt Murey, and give me that telegram." He bounded on into the sitting-room, snatched a yellow envelope from the table, tore it open, and read: —

"I send papers to-day now will you believe in me come as soon as you can."

His aunt was beaming at him from across a table piled with newspapers. "You went to Weaver the wrong time," she said gayly; "these came yesterday. Did you ever hear of a young lady named Retta Romany? I'm told her last name is Tompkins. Listen." She picked out one of the papers and began to read: "The success of the evening was made by Miss Retta Romany, a young actress of little or no experience, but who last night gave evidence of the higher dramatic ability which we are wont to name, not talent, but genius.' And here's another of the best: 'Retta Romany is the name of the young person of whom Mr. Goldberg has been predicting glory all season, once he could get her before the public in a suited part. The astuteness of Mr. Goldberg's judgment was made manifest last night when a large audience of accustomed first-nighters clapped its hands and stamped its feet for Miss Romany. She is one of the notable comédiennes of the future.'"

Under Miss Muriel's guidance, Marmaduke cut his way, like a pair of clipping scissors, through one marked place after another; then took all the papers, rolled them into a neat bundle, slipped a rubber band around them, and started for the front door. "I've got to go to the office of the Progress," he said. "The town must have the facts."

At the Thousand-acre gate he stood a moment to let the enlightening sun blaze away at him from the eastern sky.

"So that's Retta," he said, "and it's all true, all my lies. And I have n't even done her justice. I bet the next time I lie I do it a-plenty."

A little later he had left the papers at the office of the Penangton Progress; a little later still he was sauntering into the post office. The post office was full of men and women; at the pen-and-ink desk stood General Tom Whittington.

"Yes," the general was saying, "she's a genius. Oh, well, she always showed it as a child. I always said — Hi! that you, Marmaduke?" The general, a trifle uneasily, held out his hand. "You've heard from Retta?"

"Yes, I've heard from Retta," said Marmaduke carelessly, though his heart was trailing blood-red wattles and strutting like a turkey gobbler. "Heard same thing I've always heard, — heard she's a genius. You all are pretty deaf around Penangton, general, but I reckon you are beginning to hear it too about now, are n't you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Marmaduke," said the general, drowning the words as much as he could in a stream of tobacco juice, "we will have to admit that you know what's what in theatricals better 'n we do."

"I should think it," said Marmaduke, with that damnable assurance that had made him so distasteful to Penangton for the past three months. "If," continued the young man mercilessly, "I could n't tell genius any better 'n you all, I'd never go out by daylight."

R. E. Young.

THE NEGRO: ANOTHER VIEW.

So much has appeared in the public prints touching the various phases of the negro problem in the South that it is perhaps presumptuous to attempt any further contribution to the literature on that subject. Previous discussion, however, seems open to two very serious criticisms, — it has been largely *sectional*; and, by consequence, it has been for the most part *partisan*.

Northern writers, with practically no knowledge or experience of actual conditions, have theorized to meet a condition that they did not understand. Since emancipation, the negro has been regarded as the rightful protégé of the section that wrought his freedom; and his cause has been championed with a bitter and indiscriminating zeal as earnest as it is misguided. Southern writers, on the contrary, remembering the negro as the slave, consider him and his rights from a position of proud and contemptuous superiority, and would deal with him on the ante-bellum basis of his servile state.

The North, with many things in the Southern treatment of the negro justly open to impeachment, by a general indictment at once weakens its own case and fortifies the evils it seeks to overthrow. The South, in answer to what is unjust in the charge of the North, recalls former days, persuades herself of the righteousness of her cause, and continually recommits herself to an antiquated and unsound policy.

Such partisan and sectional discussion cannot fail to be alike bitter and unfruitful. While it may, indeed, have been natural at the close of the Civil War that the hostile sections should align themselves on opposite sides, and carry on by the pen, and with a more virulent because impotent animosity, the discussion that had been fought out with

the sword, yet now, surely, the time for such recrimination is past. If we are, indeed, one people, *United States* in more than name only, the problems, perplexities, and interests of every section appertain in no slight or trivial measure to the country as a whole. It is true that each section and state and county and township has its own problems, — but the particular problems of the part are the general problems of the whole; and the nation, as a nation, is interested in the administration and concerns of the most insignificant members of the body politic.

It would be trite and old-fashioned to apply to ourselves the old fable of the body and its members; but we surely lie open to its application in our treatment of the negro question. The South has regarded it as a local and not a national matter; has refused to receive any light upon it from outside sources; and has met any suggestions and offers of outside help with a surly invitation to "mind your own business." The North, on the other hand, considering the question in its wider bearings, has approached it from the side of preformed theories, rather than of actual facts; in a spirit of tearful or indignant sentimentality, rather than of calm, unbiassed reason; and has therefore proposed remedies that must, in the very nature of things, be at once undesirable and impossible. As is usual in such cases, the truth lies between the two extremes.

The negro question is a national one; as much so as the question of tariff, of immigration, of subsidies, or any such issue that is universally recognized as touching the interests of the whole people. It is but right, therefore, that the solution of the question should command the attention and enlist the interest of the people as a people, regardless of sec-

tion or party or ante-bellum attitude; and the South has no right to take offense at any well-meant and kindly effort to relieve the situation.

But, at the same time, the fact must be recognized that the negro question is not different from all other questions, does not occupy a place apart, unique, and cannot be dealt with in any other way than the common, rational method applicable to the commonest social and political problem. Ignorance of the facts cannot take the place of knowledge here any more than elsewhere. Sentiment cannot safely here or elsewhere usurp the place of reason. Blindness, prejudice, uncharitableness, vilification, have the same value here as elsewhere, and are as likely to lead to a fair and satisfactory solution of the negro problem as of any other, — just as likely and no more. We must, as a whole people, candidly and honestly recognize a certain set of underlying facts, which may or may not differ from our theories, cross our sympathies, or contravene our wishes. Then we shall be in a position to deal with the question.

Now, the fundamental facts to be recognized in the case are these: —

(1.) *The negro belongs to an inferior race.*

And this not by reason of any previous condition of servitude or brutal repression on the part of his former master, whether in the days of slavery or since; not on account of his color or his past or present poverty, ignorance, and degradation. These, to be sure, must be reckoned with; but they do not touch the fundamental proposition.

The negro is lower in the scale of development than the white man. His inferiority is radical and inherent, a physiological and racial inequality that may, indeed, be modified by environment, but cannot be erased without the indefinite continuance of favorable surroundings and the lapse of indefinite time. But what the negro race may become in the

remote future by process of development and selection is not a matter for present consideration. The fact remains that now the negro race is an inferior race.

There can hardly be any need to defend this proposition in these days of the boasted universal supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon. Occasionally we hear hysterical utterances by negroes or by well-meaning, but misguided friends of the race to the effect that the negro is the equal of any white man anywhere. But in general such ill-advised cant is being laid aside, and the inferiority of the race is coming to be recognized.

This is a hopeful sign. And the general recognition of the proper place of the freedman will go far toward adjusting conflicting theories and removing lingering sectional misunderstanding and bitterness. It will do away at once with all those schemes that used to find favor in the North, and are still at times most unwisely advocated, for the establishment of social equality and the amalgamation of the races.

Probably no scheme advanced for the solution of this problem has given more lasting offense to the people of the South, or done more to embitter sectional feeling than this of amalgamation. It has been received in the same spirit, and has engendered the same feelings, as a proposition to bring about equality and a union between some cultured New England belle and the public scavenger of her city, with all the filth and foulness of his calling on his person and in his blood. The very words are sickening. And the idea, so coarse and repugnant to every finer feeling, could have originated only in the brain of the wildest theorist, ignorant of conditions, and hurried by his negrophile propensities and desire to do justice to the black man into entire forgetfulness of the rights and feelings of the Southern white man.

There seems to be no essential condition of causality between the previous

bondage and suffering of the negro and the assumption by him or for him, on emancipation, of any equality with his former master other than the grand and fundamental equality of man to man before God and the national law. Emancipation could not eradicate the essential inferiority of the negro. No such conditions existed as in other states of slavery, — in Greece or Rome, for example, where the slave was often of kindred blood, and even higher born, better educated, and of finer tastes and feelings than his master. Emancipation there might naturally be followed by an approximate equality between the ex-slave and his former master. But the negro when enslaved was — a negro; and the emancipated negro was a negro still. Freedom had not made him a new creature. He was, indeed, better than when he entered slavery; but his emancipation had not changed, and could not change, the fundamental features, the natural inferiority of his race.

(2.) *But the negro has inalienable rights.*

While the North has erred in approaching the negro question with the assertion of the equality of the races, and seeking to solve it on that unsound postulate, the South has, much more grievously, erred in precisely the opposite direction. For our section has carried the idea of the negro's inferiority almost, if not quite, to the point of dehumanizing him. This is an unpalatable truth; but that it is the truth, few intelligent and candid white men, even of the South, would care to deny. Blatant demagogues, political shysters, courting favor with the mob; news sheets, flattering the prejudices, and pandering to the passions of their constituency; ignorant youths and loud-voiced men who receive their information at second hand, and either do not or cannot see, — these, and their followers, assert with frothing vehemence that the negro is fairly and kindly treated in the South,

that the Southern white man is the negro's friend, and gives him even more than his just desert.

But, if we care to investigate, evidences of our brutal estimate of the black man are not far to seek. The hardest to define is perhaps the most impressive, — the general tacit attitude and feeling of the average Southern community toward the negro. He is either nothing more than the beast that perishes, unnoticed and uncared for so long as he goes quietly about his menial toil (as a young man recently said to the writer, "The farmer regards his nigger in the same light as his mule," but this puts the matter far too favorably for the negro); or, if he happen to offend, he is punished as a beast with a curse or a kick, and with tortures that even the beast is spared; or, if he is thought of at all in a general way, it is with the most absolute loathing and contempt. He is either unnoticed or despised. As for his feelings, he has n't any. How few — alas how few — words of gentleness and courtesy ever come to the black man's ear! But harsh and imperious words, coarseness and cursing, how they come upon him, whether with excuse or in the frenzy of unjust and unreasoning passion! And his rights of person, property, and sanctity of home, — who ever heard of the "rights" of a "nigger"? This is the general sentiment, in the air, intangible, but strongly felt; and it is, in a large measure, this sentiment that creates and perpetuates the negro problem.

If the negro could be made to feel that his *fundamental* rights and privileges are recognized and respected equally with those of the white man, that he is not discriminated against both publicly and privately simply and solely because of his color, that he is regarded and dealt with as a responsible, if humble, member of society, the most perplexing features of his problem would be at once simplified, and would shortly, in normal

course, disappear. But the negro cannot entertain such feelings while the evidence of their groundlessness and folly is constantly thrust upon him. We do not now speak of the utterly worthless and depraved. There are many such; but we whose skins are white need to remember that our color too has its numbers of the ignorant, lecherous, and wholly bad. But take a good negro, — well educated, courteous, God-fearing. There are many such; and they are, in everything save color, superior to many white men. But what is their life? As they walk our streets, they lift their hats in passing the aged or the prominent, whether man or woman; yet no man so returns their salutation. They would go away; at the depot they may not enter the room of the whites, and on the train they must occupy their own separate and second-class car. Reaching their destination, they may not eat at the restaurant of the whites, or rest at the white hotel. If they make purchases, shop ladies and messenger gentlemen look down upon them with manifest contempt, and treat them with open brusqueness and contumely. And if, on a Sabbath, they would worship in a white man's church, they are bidden to call upon God, the maker of the black man as well as of the white, and invoke the Christ, who died for black and white alike, from a place apart. And so, from the cradle to the grave, the negro is made, in Southern phrase, "to know and keep his place."

In the case we are considering, these distinctions are not based on this negro's ignorance, on his viciousness, on his offensiveness of person or of manner; for he is educated, good, cleanly, and courteous. They are based solely on the fact that he is a negro. They do not so operate in the case of a white man. But the black man, *because of his blackness*, is put in this lowest place in public esteem and treatment.

Lynching, again, is but a more in-

flamed and conspicuous expression of this same general sentiment. An investigation of the statistics of this practice in the United States will bring to light several interesting and startling facts.

1. In the last decade of the last century of Christian grace and civilization, more men met their death by violence at the hands of lynchers than were executed by due process of law. And this holds true, with possibly one exception, for each year in the decade. The total number thus hurried untried and unshriven into eternity during these ten unholy years approximated seventeen hundred souls.

2. The lynching habit is largely sectional. Seventy to eighty per cent of all these lynchings occur in the Southern states.

3. The lynchings are largely racial. About three quarters of those thus done to death are negroes.

4. The lynching penalty does not attend any single particular crime, which, by its peculiar nature and heinousness, seems to demand such violent and lawless punishment. But murder, rape, arson, barn-burning, theft, — or suspicion of any of these, — may and do furnish the ground for mob violence.

These facts, especially the second, third, and fourth items, are bitterly controverted in the section which they most concern. But they are as demonstrable as any other facts, and demand the assent of every candid mind.

The world is familiar with the usual Southern defense of lynching. Passing by the number, place, and race of the victims, the defense centres on the fourth statement above made; and our public men and our writers have long insisted that this terrible and lawless vengeance is visited upon the defilers of our homes, who should be as ruthlessly destroyed as they have destroyed our domestic purity and peace. This is the regular plea put forth in defense of this brutal practice,

warmly maintained by hot-blooded and misinformed people in private and in the public prints. No less a person than a former Judge Advocate-General of Virginia, in a recent issue of the North American Review, reiterates these threadbare statements.

He says: "It is unnecessary to shock the sensibilities of the public by calling attention to the repulsive details of those crimes for which lynching, in some form, has been the almost invariable penalty. They have always been, however, of a nature so brutal that no pen can describe and no imagination picture them." "Lynchings in the South are mainly caused by the peculiar nature of the crimes for which lynching is a penalty;" and, more explicitly, "The crime itself, however, is more responsible for mob violence than all other causes combined." "No right thinking man or woman, white or black, ought to have, or can have, any sympathy for such criminals as those who suffer death for the crime described, nor can they believe that any punishment, however cruel or severe, is undeserved." This is a fair type of the usual plea of the Southern advocate. For such a statement as the last quoted to be possible is sufficient evidence of the general sentiment of the section.

But, now, if it were strictly the fact that violent rape is the cause of most of our lynchings; if it were true, moreover, that the man were suddenly and violently slain by the husband, lover, father, brother, of the dishonored one, in quick tempest of wrath and agony unspeakable, — while we must still condemn, we might, in sympathy and sorrow, condone the deed of hurried vengeance. *But neither of these things is true.*

It has been repeatedly shown, in the first place, that only a very small proportion (in some years *one tenth*) of Southern lynchings are due to rape, either actual or suspected. Statistics on the subject may be had for the asking; and

in their light it seems about time for our apologists to drop this stock and entirely false pleading. "But the writer in the Review cites a case where this plea held good." Granted; but this is advocacy: and for every case so cited from five to ten cases can be cited where it not only did not hold good, but was not even pretended by the workers of mob violence. So, in a recent issue of a noted and rabid Southern daily a case of lynching for rape is indicated by large headlines; and just beneath it is a short and insignificant paragraph noting the lynching of *two* negroes for *suspected* barn-burning. But these latter cases are not mentioned by our advocates; or, if mentioned, are minified by those who feel that our section must be defended at any cost, and so plead.

On the contrary, a frank consideration of all the facts, with no other desire than to find the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, however contrary to our wishes and humiliating to our section the truth may be, will show that by far the most of our Southern lynchings are carried through in sheer, unqualified, and increasing brutality. In nearly every case, neither the sentiment that prompts them nor the spirit of their execution deserves anything less than the most bitter arraignment. We do, indeed, hear from time to time of an "orderly body of leading citizens" conducting a lynching. But, while the writer knows of certainly one instance where this took place, — the accused being, however, a white man known as guilty, and put to death in the most painless possible way with chloroform by those nearest and dearest to his victim, — it is fortunately a much rarer occurrence than our newspapers would have us believe. Our lynchings are the work of our lower and lowest classes. What these classes are is hardly comprehensible to one who has not lived among them and dealt with them.

One adult white man in the South in

every six or eight can neither read nor write; and if the standard be put above the level of most rudimentary literacy the disproportion rapidly increases. A generation before our Civil War, George Bourne charged the Southern slaveholders with "self-conceit," "marble-hearted insensibility," total lack of "correct views of equity," and "violence in cruelty." Whether applicable, as used by Mr. Bourne, or not, this terrible indictment at once intimates the origin of our present views and treatment of the negro, and may be applied to-day, in every term, to the classes that supply our lynchers. Wholly ignorant, absolutely without culture, apparently without even the capacity to appreciate the nicer feelings or higher sense, yet conceited on account of the white skin which they continually dishonor, they make up, when aroused, as wild and brutal a mob as ever disgraced the face of the earth. For them, lynching is not "justice," however rude; it is a wild and diabolic carnival of blood.

No candid man who has seen the average lynching mob, or talked with the average lyncher, can deceive himself for a moment with the idea that this is the expression of a public sentiment righteously indignant over the violation of the law and its impotence or delay. This, too, is a common Southern plea; but it is pure pretense. The lyncher is not, even under ordinary circumstances, overzealous for the law; and in this case he is not its custodian, but himself its violator. As for the law's delay or inefficiency, the lyncher does not wait to see what the law will do; and yet it is a well-known fact in the South that in the case of a negro, where violent rape is proven, the punishment of the law is both swift and sure. And in other crimes as well, it is known that the negro will receive at the hands of the constituted authorities the same, perhaps even a little sharper justice than is meted out to the white man. But as the lyncher

sees it, the case stands thus: A negro has committed or is supposed to have committed a crime. A negro, — and the rest follows. There may be some maudlin talk about the "dreadful crime," about "upholding the majesty of the law," about "teaching the niggers a lesson;" yet the lyncher is but little concerned with the crime, less with the law. As for "teaching the niggers a lesson," that catch phrase of the lynching mob betrays its whole attitude and temper. It would teach the negro the lesson of abject and eternal servility, would burn into his quivering flesh the consciousness that he has not, and cannot have, the rights of a free citizen or even of a fellow human creature. And so the lyncher seizes his opportunity at once to teach this lesson and to gratify the brute in his own soul, which the thin veneer of his elemental civilization has not been able effectually to conceal.

A recent experience of the writer's may serve to illustrate. A murder had been committed in one of our Southern states. On a night train, returning to the capital of the state, were a marshal and several deputies. Word had gone before that these officers had in charge a negro, *suspected* of being the murderer; and at four stations in less than forty miles, as many mobs were gathered to mete out summary vengeance to the merely suspected black. Fortunately, the negro was not on the train. Had he been, his life were not worth the asking; and he would have been most fortunate to find a speedy end on the nearest tree. It cannot be supposed that these mobs were composed of friends and kinsmen of the murdered man. Probably not one quarter of them had ever heard of him previous to the murder, and fewer knew him. They were not orderly bodies of leading citizens, nor of the class in which one would usually find the upholders of the law; but they were coarse, and beastly, and drunk, mad with the terrible blood-lust

that wild beasts know, and hunting a human prey.

Take another instance. The burning of Sam Hose took place on a Sabbath day. One of our enterprising railroads ran two special trains to the scene. And two train-loads of men and *boys*, crowding from cow-catcher to the tops of the coaches, were found to go to see the indescribable and sickening torture and writhing of a fellow human being. And souvenirs of such scenes are sought, — knee caps, and finger bones, and bloody ears. It is the purest savagery.

The utter shallowness and hypocrisy of this Southern plea that this is a righteous public sentiment, aroused and administering a rude but terrible justice, is patent and undeniable, and can be shown in the clearest light by a single simple proposition. White men commit the same crimes, and worse, against the black man, for which the black man pays this terrible and ungodly penalty. Can any sane man, white or black, North or South, suppose for a single instant that a Southern community would either permit a black mob to lynch a white man, whether merely suspected or known as guilty of his crime, or that a white mob would lynch one of its own color for any crime against a black? The idea is inconceivable. The color of the victim's skin is the determining factor in most of our lynchings.

And yet, the home of the negro is as sacred as that of the white man; his right to live as truly God-given. If the negro can be kicked and cuffed and cursed rightly, so can the white man. If there is no wrong in dishonoring a negro's home, there is no more wrong in dishonoring the white man's. If the negro criminal may be burned at the stake with the usual accompaniments of fiendish cruelty, a white man guilty of the same crime deserves, and should suffer, the same penalty. There is nothing in a white skin, or a *black*, to nullify the essential rights of man as man.

And yet to the average Southern white man this manifestly just view seems both disloyal and absurd.

It is useless to speak of any solution of the negro question while the condition of public sentiment above described continues to exist. The negro's poverty is, in the main, the result of the regular operation of economic laws; his ignorance is the result of several, but, in general, very natural causes; his social position is, aside from general sentiment, the result of a manifest inferiority and antipathy of race; so that any effort satisfactorily to solve his problem on any of these lines, not touching the root of the matter, cannot hope to meet with any large success. The radical difficulty is not with the negro, but with the white man! So long as the negro is popularly regarded and dealt with as he is to-day, his problem will remain unsolved, and any views as to its solution or "passing" under present conditions are optimistic in the extreme. Indeed, it may be fairly said that, as things now are, the educational, financial, or social advancement of the negro will only serve to render more acute the situation in the South.

It is not necessary, nor desired, that the negro should be the social equal of the white man. His political privileges may be curtailed, and without injustice or offense, provided the curtailment work impartially among blacks and whites alike. If fifty per cent of the negroes are deprived of the right of suffrage by reason of illiteracy, and the same legislation is fairly permitted to work the disenfranchisement of all whites (fifteen to twenty per cent of our voting population) of the same class, no injustice is done, and there is no ground for complaint. His economic and educational condition may be left to the operation of natural and statute laws, fairly administered. For it is certainly most unwise in any case to surround him with artificial conditions, and to create in him artificial ideas, ideals, or desires.

The development of a free people is a process of law, — the gradual unfolding and expansion of the inherent potentialities of the race. If they are capable of advancement, they will inevitably advance; if not, they will as inevitably fail and fall out; and no artificial conditions, temporarily created, can permanently affect the operation of this law.

Yet it will not do, on this principle, to say, as is so often said in the South, that the negro has had his chance and has failed. He is but a generation from servitude and almost complete illiteracy. During that time he has lived under the cloud of his former state, and in the miasmatic atmosphere of unfriendliness and repression. That he has made any progress is strange; that he has made the progress that he has is little short of wonderful. For the development of a servile people cannot be measured by the standards of the free. But freedom is not a matter of form and statute only. No people is free whose simple human privileges and possibilities are curtailed or denied by the public sentiment that surrounds them. No people is free that is dominated and terrorized by a more numerous and powerful class. No people is free whose inherent rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, how much soever guaranteed by the organic law, are, in practice and in fact, held on sufferance, and constantly at the mercy of a lawless mob.

Freedom does not, indeed, imply social, intellectual, or moral equality; but its very essence is the equality of the fundamental rights of human creatures before God and the law. Such freedom is not a human institution; and no man or men have any right inhering in their birth, color, or traditions, to tamper with or curtail such freedom at their arbitrary pleasure, or in accordance with the dictates of their frenzied passions. Such men are violators of the law, both human and divine.

And here lies the remedy for the con-

dition of things as existing in the South. The white man who wrongs a black and the white mob that lynches a negro have, by that act and to that extent, become criminals in the eyes of the law, and should be dealt with unsparingly as such. It should no longer be a notable thing, to be chronicled in the news columns and elicit editorial comment, that several white men should be punished for the brutal murder of one inoffensive negro. It should be the rule. And as for lynching, — let all the officers of the law, with all the powers of the law, defend the rights and life of every prisoner. Surely we who can revel in the burning of a fellow human being, and a section some of whose prominent men can soberly defend such a bloody proceeding, ought not to have any over-sensitive scruples at the shedding of a little additional blood, and that too of criminals caught in the very act of crime. So let our marshals have instructions, failure to obey which shall result in criminal prosecution, to protect at any cost the accused who come into their care.

If this seems bloody, is it more bloody than the lyncher's purpose? Or is he any the more a murderer who, in silence and alone, takes the life of a fellow man, than every member of a mob which, without the process of the law, takes a human life? And if the mob calls murder a justification for its course of vengeance, does it not, by its own act and attitude, condemn itself to a like penalty? At any rate, this is the only restraining influence that our lynchers can comprehend, and this, together with the most rigid administration of the law in the case of every wrong done to a negro, is the only available remedy for conditions as they now exist. Our lower classes must be *made* to realize, by whatever means, that the black man has rights which they are *bound* to respect.

This is the heart of the Southern problem of the negro. If we call upon the people of the North to give over

their mistaken ideas of the equality of the races in superficial and accidental things, we are called upon by the louder voice of simple humanity to give over our much more vicious idea of the inequality of the races in the fundamental rights of human creatures. If we call upon them to lay aside sentiment, we must lay aside cruelty. If they are not to elevate the negro above his proper sphere, we are not to debase him to

the level of the brute. But in mutual understanding, a frank (if sorrowful) recognition of all the facts, — of the limitations of the race on the one hand, and of its inalienable rights on the other, with charity and good will between North and South, and of both toward the black man, — let us give him fair and favorable conditions, and suffer him to work out, unhampered, his destiny among us.

Andrew Sledd.

THE BO'S'N HILL GROUND.

LYING upon its side on a little shelf containing the few books owned by Miss Mercy Gaskett was an ancient and much thumbed copy of the *American Coast Pilot*, dog-eared and dirty, and stained by countless soakings in fog, rain, and salt water. For thirty odd seasons Skipper Reuben Gaskett carried the book with him to the coast of Labrador in the old pinky schooner *Good Intent*, and when in a memorable gale over half a century ago the stout little vessel at last laid her bones on the desolate Magdalens, the old book was one of the very few articles saved from the wreck. All those sturdy mariners who eagerly scanned its pages in fog and storm for so many years have long slept either with the skipper behind the weather-beaten meeting-house on the hill at the Cove, or fathoms deep in the ocean. As a pilot the old book has entirely outlived its usefulness, since owing to variation of the compass, the courses given in it would speedily lead to disaster if followed to-day, while so many changes have taken place in the appearance of the coast since it was compiled that the sailing directions are also wholly untrustworthy.

Miss Mercy was herself aware that the book had now no practical value, and was therefore somewhat surprised when

one morning Jason Fairway came shambling up her path in his red fishing boots, and asked leave to look it over for a few moments.

“Look at it!” she exclaimed. “Why to be sure you can look at it all you want, an’ welcome, Jase, but it ain’t the least mite o’ good to you aboard your bo’t, now I can tell you that! Brother Pel’tiah I know, he set out one time to run a course outen her, an’ like to have got cast away there to the Mussel Ridges too. He allus has told how they had a dretful close shave of it, an’ I guess likely ’t was that much ’s anything made him quit goin’, an’ stop ashore same ’s he has sence.”

“Wal, Miss Mercy,” said Jason, “I ain’t cal’latin’ to take no chances runnin’ ary course outen the book, for I don’t doubt a mite but that it’s jes’ you say, she’s pooty nigh bein’ a back number at this day o’ the world, but what I’m comin’ at is this here. Your brother Pelly was tellin’ of me only the very last time I was to his store there, how there was a writin’ somewheres into that ole book that give the marks for the Bo’s’n Hill Ground. He ’lowed ’t was years sence he see it, but he says, ’s ’e, ‘It’s there somewheres into that ole book right in black an’ white, an’ in my father’s own han’ writin’, too.’”

"Well, well," said Miss Mercy, "pro'bly it's so, then! Bo's'n Hill Ground! Land's sakes, ef that don't carry me clean way back to the time I was a little gal a-pickin' oakum stormy days up in the ole attic there to home! You take an' set down in the cheer there back o' the laylocks, where it's good an' shady, Jase, an' I'll fetch her right out to ye."

So saying, Miss Mercy went into the house, and soon returned with the venerable leather-covered book.

"You would n't b'lieve," she continued, "you would n't scursely b'lieve how kind o' queer it doos seem to hear tell about the Bo's'n Hill Ground ag'in! Why, when I was growin' up, 't was nothin' but Bo's'n Hill Ground, an' the Spring Gardin, an' Betty Moody's Ten Acre Lot, an' a sight more I clean forgit the names of now. How comes it we don't never hear tell about them ole fishin' grounds now'days, Jase?"

"Wal," replied he, taking the old book in his lap, "come to that, there's some that doos fish on the Spring Gardin by spells now'days, but I can't say's ever I knowed jes' the marks would put ye onto Betty Moody's Lot, there, though I would n't wonder but that there's folks here to the Cove that's got 'em yit, but you come to take the Bo's'n Hill, an' seem's ef the marks was gone from here clip an' clean! That is, there's jes' one man knows 'em, fur's I can make out, an' he's so blame' mean he won't tell 'em to nobody, so there we be hung up, ye see."

"Who is it knows 'em?" cried Miss Mercy. "Guess I can think, though, who it must be!" she added.

"You would n't have to travel fur to run foul on him!" said Jason, as he clumsily turned the old book's yellow pages. "Oho!" he soon exclaimed. "Here we have it, so quick! Here's the whole bus'niss wrote on a piece o' paper, an' pasted in here plain's can be! 'Marks for the Boatswain's Hill Ground. Brandon's Cove, November 5,

1822. Scant eight fathoms at low water. Hard bottom.' See, Miss Mercy?"

"No," she said. "Can't make out a word without my specs, but you take an' read it out loud, Jase."

"Wal, 't ain't so ter'ble plain's what I thought for, come to look right at it," said he. "The ink's eat chock through the paper in spots, so 's 't the words kind o' run together like; then here's 'nother place where it seem's though somebody 'd spilt fire outen his pipe, from the looks on 't. Beginn' starts off consid'ble plain though, ef only a feller could make out to git holt o' the res' part. Lemme see now, how doos she read, anyways? 'Bring the steeple of Ole York meetin'-house to bear eggsac'ly over the sou'west dry ledge o' the Hue an' Cry,' — that's plain 'nough so fur, but 't ain't right, I know! Never was so in God's world! That range would fetch ye clean away to the east'ard, way off here on the Big Bumpo, I sh'd cal'late!"

"Well, but Jase!" interrupted Miss Mercy, "pro'bly it means the big ole yaller meetin'-house use to set there on the post ro'd 'most up to the Corners, you rec'lec', or was that 'fore your time, though? Burnt chock to the ground she was, one time when ole Elder Roundturn was preachin' into her, oh, years ago."

"I jes' barely rec'lec' her, an' that's all," said Jason, "but ef that's the style, we're all adrift ag'in on gittin' them marks! Le's see, though, what it goes on to say 'bout t'other range. 'Bring the dark strake in the woods on the no'therly side of Bo's'n Hill to bear in range' — Wal, it jes' happens there don't make out to be no woods up there, not a blamed stick! Stripped ri' down to the bare rock, she is! Now where was I to? Oh, here, I guess! 'To bear in range with the eastern c-h' — What in blazes is it? C-h-i-oh, chimbly, that's it! The eastern chimbly on the — what house? Set-fire ef I can make that out, nowadays! The ink's eat the paper all to flinders right here! Now don't

that make out to be some aggravatin', you!

"Still, I dunno 's it makes no great odds, neither, for I cal'late 't would puzzle the ole boy hisself to take an' put a bo't on the Bo's'n Hill Ground from them marks to - day, 'lowin' we could make out to spell 'em out! 'S too bad, I swan to man! Jes' much obliged to you, though, Miss Mercy, o' course, for the trouble."

"Not a mite o' trouble, Jase! Not a speck! Sorry you can't git no sense out o' the thing, I'm sure! It doos seem 's ef there'd ought to be some ways to git holt o' them marks though, as many years as what folks has been fishin' on that Bo's'n Hill Ground!"

"Wal," replied Jason, "the thing of it is, the Bo's'n Hill ain't been fished o' late years, an' that 's jes' where the trouble comes in. 'Cordin' to tell, them ole fellers used to git the biggest kind o' fishin' out there in the spring an' fall o' the year, but nigh 's I can make out, it fin'ly come to be fished pooty much dry, ye see, an' folks got in the way o' goin' funder to the west'ard, or else out to them grounds way off shore there, till bimeby 'most the whole o' them ole fellers that knowed the Bo's'n Hill marks was un'neath the sod, or else drowned, so come to take it at this day o' the world, seem 's ef the only man left here to this Cove that 's got 'em yit is ole Loop-eye Kentall, an' you know what *he* is, prob'ly!"

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Miss Mercy. "It's likely we ain't lived next door neighbors all these years for nothin'! I guess if 't depends on him, — but there! He's all the nigh neighbor I've got, an' I s'pose it don't look jes' right my sayin' no great, anyways. Don't he never go out there fishin' into his bo't, so 's 't you could kind o' watch him like, or else make out to foller him some-ways?"

"Oh, he 's fishin' there right along, this spring," answered Jason. "It's

seldom ever he 'll miss ary decent chance to git onto the ground now'days, for there 's fish there ag'in an' no mistake! Commenced goin' out there some time last fall, the fust I knowed on 't, but it's no sense tryin' to foller him, 'cause you might jes' soon try trackin' a blame' loon to her nest as to ketch that ole rat on the Bo's'n Hill! Ye see he won't never leggo his killick out there at all ef there 's ary one o' the other bo'ts 'round anywheres, an' you come to take it after he doos git hisself settled on the ground, quick 's - ever ary other bo't shows up 'most anywheres in sight he 'll up killick an' put sail on her for all he 's wuth! Seem 's ef you can't rig it so 's to ketch him nappin' noways, for there 's quite a few on us this spring has tried to work it all manner o' ways to git the marks for the Bo's'n Hill outen him, but set-fire ef he ain't made out to beat us so fur, ev'ry dog-gone time!

"One thing, you see, there ain't no size to the ground anyways; it's nothin' only a little mite of a shoal spot, the Bo's'n Hill ain't, with consid'ble deep water chock up to her on ev'ry side, so 's 't you might liken her to a sort o' chimbly-shaped rock that them big overgrewed steakers loves to play round, an' feed off'n, but you can see for yourself, without a feller 's extry well posted, it's a ter'ble blind job tryin' to git on to the thing.

"Brother Sam he did make out one time to stumble right atop on 't into his drag-bo't, but as luck would have it, 't was so thick an' hazy like, he could n't see the main to git holt on ary marks at all. He took an' stopped right out there till past sundown hopin' she'd scale so 's 't he'd be able to see sumpin', but the way it worked, in room o' scalin', it jes' turned to an' shet in thick o' fog on him, an' the wind breezened up out here to the east'ard so spiteful that fin'ly it growed so dinged hubbly he had to give it up, an' p'int her for the turf! But he 'lowed how the whole

bus'niss wa'n't much bigger over 'n the Odd Fellers' Hall there to the Cove, anyways, an' right atop on 't you 'd have 'bout eight fathom o' water at half tide, but he said come to shift your berth not more 'n mebbe a couple o' bo't's lengths, an' like 's not the lead would run out thirty odd fathom o' line so quick 't would make your head swim!"

"For the land's sakes!" exclaimed Miss Mercy. "You don't tell! Why, 't is a reg'lar-built chimbly-rock, ain't it though! I do r'ally hope you 'll make out to git them marks so 's to find it ag'in, declare I do! 'T ain't I wish no hurt to my neighbor here, but it doos kind o' seem 's though an ole man that 's got as much of it laid by as what he has, an' all soul alone in the world, too, I must say it doos 'pear as if he might quit goin' bo't-fishin', an' sort o' lay back a little for the rest part o' the time he 's got to stop 'round here yit!"

"There! That 's me too, ev'ry time!" cried Jason Fairway. "That 's jes' eggsac'ly how I look at it, Miss Mercy! Why, ef only I was quarter part 's well heeled as what ole Loop-eye Kentall is, do you cal'late I 'd ever bother to set 'nother gang o' lobster-traps, or bait up 'nother tub o' trawls long 's I lived? Guess not, no great! I sh'd jes' turn to an' buy me a nice snug little place up back here somewheres, an' git me a good cow, an' a couple dozen hens, an' then I sh'd figger on takin' of it good an' easy! Prob'ly 'nough I sh'd want me a fresh haddick now an' then, an' when I done so, I sh'd slip off here in my bo't an' ketch me one without sayin' by your leaf to nobody, but this here actin' same 's a tormented ole hog" —

"S-h! Jase!" sibilated Miss Mercy. "Remember he 's" —

"Can't help it!" persisted Jason. "Sich works as them he 's up to is fit to turn a feller's poke, swan ef they hain't! Why, ef I was to set to an' go into the snide tricks ole Loop-eye allus an' forever 's been a-tryin' on, I dunno,

but seem 's though I sh'd be skeered to turn in when it come night-time, for fear God A'mighty 'd up an' shet off my wind afore mornin'!"

"Why Jason Fairway, you!" began Miss Mercy again.

"He 's went to work an' got a mortgage on half the places to the Cove, I was goin' to say," continued Jason, "an' 't wa'n't but only last week he turned to an' took away the bo't from pore ole Uncle Isr'il Spurshoe way down on the Neck there! Did n't you never hear tell o' that yit? Wal, that 's what he done, an' them two was boys together, mind ye; went to the Bay together, an' growed right up together you may say, but Uncle Isr'il there, he 'd up an' slat the clo'es off'n his back any day ef he seen a man needed 'em wuss 'n what he done; that 's Isr'il Spurshoe all over, that is, but you take ole Loop-eye, an' he 'd allus rob ye in room o' givin' ye nothin' ef he see a chance to git in his work unbeknownst, an' as for lyin', why I would n't b'lieve him no furdur 'n what I could take an' sling a four year ole bull by the tail!"

"There! There, Jase!" cried Miss Mercy once more. "Don't take on so, son! Ole Loop-eye, — er, that is, ole Mr. Kentall here is jest what the Lord made him" —

"Got my doubts 'bout the Lord's havin' ary hand in the job 't all!" interrupted Jason, with a grin. "But I must be joggin' down 'long. Do drop in an' see us, Miss Mercy, won't ye, when you 're our ways?"

Not long after this talk between Jason Fairway and Miss Mercy, the dogfish "struck" on the coast, and as was expected, almost at the same time, summer boarders "struck" in the Cove. Now however beneficial these latter may be accounted in other places, in the Cove the question of which were the greater nuisance, dogfish or boarders, was often discussed. According to the popular idea, both were to be looked for

at about the same date, and while dogfish were certain to drive all other fish from the shore during their stay, so the boarders were credited with driving all business from the Cove, and were even accused of attempting to drive the native population back into the woods.

At any rate, after dogfish and boarders were in full possession, fishing as a business was abandoned outright, and though occasionally a party of boarders was taken out and afforded the mild excitement of hooking a beggarly scrod or two from among the kelps at the harbor's mouth, yet the regular boat-fishermen as a rule laid their craft on the moorings for a season, and began preparing their gear for the fall fishing.

After this was well under way, Loop-eye Kentall, though sorely beset by rheumatism, started in, as he said, to get his winter's fish, but his leaky old lapstreak boat was almost daily to be seen discharging its trip of fish at the wharf in the village, while the few that found their way to the moss-grown flakes in his own yard were invariably of a sort that could not be disposed of on any terms.

Fish were scarce this fall, and as a rule the boats were obliged to go a long distance offshore to find them, starting away from the Cove long before daylight, and frequently not returning until far into the night.

But this state of things was exactly to the mind of Loop-eye Kentall, and he improved the opportunity by making use of his secret marks to the utmost. Judging from the number of great "steak" cod repeatedly landed from his crazy old craft, there was no dearth of fish on the Bo's'n Hill Ground this season at any rate, and Jason Fairway soon determined to make still another effort at getting a share of them; so one clear morning, instead of running his boat broad offshore toward the distant grounds he and the others had lately been compelled to seek, he headed her several

miles to the eastward, and then hove to until sunrise.

It proved just such a day as he had hoped for. There was no haze to dim the sun's brightness, and the sea was ruffled by a brisk morning breeze, so that to a person looking eastward toward the sun, its blaze upon the dancing waters was almost blinding.

By aid of the old canvas-covered spy-glass Jason had brought with him, Loop-eye Kentall was presently discovered stealing out from under the high land in his black-sailed old boat, and in course of time dropping killick upon what was presumably the Bo's'n Hill Ground.

Then Jason put his tiller up, and keeping as nearly as he could judge directly in the wake of the dazzling sun blaze, attempted to put to the test his latest plan for stealing a march upon the foxy old fisherman.

Half an hour passed, and under the freshening breeze he was then at a distance when Loop-eye Kentall would commonly have taken the alarm and left posthaste, for he usually allowed no boat to approach within a mile or two. Nearer and nearer drew the trim little jigger, and the dark object ahead rapidly grew larger, till Jason chuckled to himself at the apparent success of his scheme.

"Ef our bird won't rise for another five minutes," said he to his boy, "I'll resk but that we'll be able to sound out that ground 'fore noontime, anyways!"

Five minutes, ten minutes more, and still no movement of the lone figure in the boat ahead.

"Guess he must be gaftin' 'em in solid this mornin'!" said the boy. "Can't see him movin' no great, though, neither. 'Pears to be settin' there takin' his comfort!"

"I see he doos," said his father. "Prob'ly cal'lates ev'ry blessed hooker to the Cove's chock out on the Sou'-west Ridge by this time o' day! It

looks to me as ef we 'd scored on him at last! Ef he's on the Bo's'n Hill, I'll have the marks this mornin' sure, for it never made out to be no clearer!"

"What you goin' to do, dad?" asked the boy. "Goin' to hail him, or jes' let her go clean down onto him, till he looks 'round?"

"Guess we might's well run down to loo'ard a grain, an' shoot her up 'long-side, ef he don't twig us fust. What you s'pose ails the ole divil that makes him set there humped up sideways, so fashion? Would n't wonder but that he's sick, or sumpin!"

The next moment Jason's boat shot up close to the side of the other, and a quick look at its silent occupant showed unmistakably that he had dropped his killick for the last time. In the boat's

bottom lay an immense cod wound up in a snarl of wet line, and as yet hardly through its gasping.

"My God! Elishy Kentall!" muttered Jason Fairway. "Ef you hain't made out to git snubbed up some short!"

Without another word he reached for the sounding lead, and let it run the line swiftly over the boat's side. Then he began hauling it up again, measuring the fathoms with his arms as he did so.

"Is it the Bo's'n Hill Ground, dad?" asked the white-faced boy anxiously.

"Six — seven — eight fathom, an' rocky bottom. It lacks an hour to low water yit. Yas, son, I sh'd say 't was!"

In this way Loop-eye Kentall gave away his cherished secret, and the Bo's'n Hill Ground again became common property of the fishermen at the Cove.

George S. Wasson.

SPIDER-WEB.

A SLENDER filament is yon
Bright bit of gossamer whereon
The sunlit spider swings — what if he fall?
A couch of grass is all.

A daring architect, he lays
His skillful courses on my ways —
But see how idly! For with one light blow
I lay his rafters low.

Yet he'll go building still, as I,
Whose castles oft in ruins lie,
Begin and spin anew my filament
By some vast Being rent.

Mayhap, because I choose to lay
My daring rafters 'on His way,
He sweeps His vexèd forehead with a frown
And strikes my castles down!

James Herbert Morse.

THE PLAYS OF EUGÈNE BRIEUX.

A DOZEN years ago, when M. Eugène Brieux was plying the managers of Paris theatres of all grades with his plays, most of them were not even read. In 1879, Bernard Palissy, a one-act play in verse written in collaboration with M. Gaston Salandri, had had a hearing at one of the experimental performances then and now so common at certain small theatres of Paris, but between that first night and the acceptance of *Ménages d'Artistes* by M. Antoine of the Théâtre Libre lay eleven years. In 1892, two years later, M. Antoine produced *Blanchette*, a genuine success that has become one of the stock pieces of the Théâtre Antoine, the successor of the Théâtre Libre. After the favorable reception of this comedy, plays of M. Brieux appeared in rapid succession: *L'Engrenage*, *La Rose Bleue*, *L'Evasion*, *Les Bienfaiteurs*, *Le Berceau*, *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*, *L'Ecole des Belles-Mères*, *Le Résultat des Courses*, *La Robe Rouge*, *Les Remplacantes*, and *Les Avariés*. To these should be added *Monsieur de Réboval*, which has not been printed. These plays have had their first nights at the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, the Porte St. Martin, the Antoine, and the Français, that is, at the leading Paris theatres; several, when published, have gone into a number of editions and are still selling; and two, *L'Evasion* and *La Robe Rouge*, have been crowned by the Academy. Surely, plays which could produce within a decade so marked a change toward their author must have unusual merit.

Two of them, *La Rose Bleue* and *L'Ecole des Belles-Mères*, are one-act ingenious trifles, but all the others are for one reason or another of decided interest, and three or four are masterly studies of French life to-day. *Ménages d'Artistes* treats, with much amusing satire on the affectations of would be

literary people, the selfishness of the type of artist whose ambition much exceeds his powers. *Blanchette* paints the misery that may result from giving a peasant girl an education which, even if not elaborate, puts her completely out of sympathy with the home to which she must return when her studies are finished and her chance to teach does not come promptly. *L'Engrenage* satirizes the wheels within wheels of modern French political life. Of course, the subject is not new even to the stage, and, as a whole, *L'Engrenage* cannot be classed among the best plays of M. Brieux. *Les Bienfaiteurs* mocks at modern systematized charity and the pretended interest in it of the fashionable world. The conflicts in authority, the petty jealousies, the blindness to facts in absorption in theories, the frequent cruelty of this systematized charity, are treated with indignant irony. *L'Evasion* has a double purpose: to gird with almost Molièresque intensity at the self-sufficiency of fashionable physicians and modern medical science; and to represent the tragedy sure to result if young men and women come into maturity believing themselves as unalterably doomed by the acts of their forbears as, in the Greek tragedy, were the heroes whom the gods had banned. *Le Berceau* treats the powerlessness of human theoretical law when it conflicts with human natural law. Raymond and Laurence, estranged by the folly of Raymond, have been divorced. Laurence, thinking herself perfectly free, has yielded to her father's entreaties and married again. But when Raymond and Laurence meet over the cradle of the dangerously ill boy whom they both love passionately, they come to realize that, whatever the laws of man may say, nature provides a bond in their common love for the child which makes it impos-

sible for their lives to be wholly separate. *Les Trois Filles* de M. Dupont shows the tragedies of three lives caused by the absolute control of French parents over their daughters. *Le Résultat des Courses* is a very varied study of the life of the men employed in the large workshop of a caster in bronze, and finds its tragedy in the evil effects on this class of the betting mania. Two of the best of M. Brieux's plays follow: *La Robe Rouge* and *Les Remplaçantes*. The first, with a breadth of human sympathy, a keenness of insight, and a mercilessness of satire which again remind one of Molière, exposes the way in which personal ambition, and politics interfering with law, may blind and deprave French justice. *Les Remplaçantes*, probably M. Brieux's masterpiece thus far, paints, with evident complete knowledge of the conditions used, the gradual depraving of certain French districts because their chief support has come to be supplying wet nurses for the babies of Parisian women of fashion. Just before the last play, *Les Avariés*, was to have its first night at the Antoine last autumn, the Censure refused to allow it to be given. The logic of the Censor is a little hard to follow: apparently a French dramatist may treat what he likes so long as he is suggestively nasty or wrings from his material every bit of impropriety there is in it; but when he treats a subject, undoubtedly scabrous, with intention to make his public cry out against the conditions shown, modesty forbids — in the Censor's office. However, though one must be grateful to M. Brieux for the insight with which he has discerned the exact causes of the evils he treats, and for the courage with which he says what should be more generally understood, one cannot say much for the play as a play. In the first place the subject — the tragedy of the introduction of disease into the family by the husband — is not fit for the stage. Secondly, so completely has the indignant student of French manners

swamped the dramatist, that *Les Avariés* is a twentieth-century morality: for, though Act II. does contain action and characterization, Act I. is but a dialogue, and Act III. is little more than a long lecture. It cannot be denied that in the plays preceding *Les Avariés* M. Brieux broadened the choice of topics for the modern drama, but here he has gone too far. It is to be hoped that in the play now in rehearsal at the Théâtre Français, *Petite Amie*, the dramatist will once more guide and control the social reformer.

From this summary it must be clear that there is no more up to date dramatist than M. Brieux: his plays of the last twelve years treat French life in those years. Nor does he seek particularly what is permanently comic or tragic: he is quite as much interested in dramatic crises which can occur only as long as conventions and habits at present deep rooted have not yielded in their hopeless struggle against more enlightened ideals and customs. The changing present is his field. Do not suppose, however, that you will find in the list only thirteen theses on social questions thinly disguised as plays. With the exception of *Les Avariés*, these plays are full of interesting dramatic situations developed by admirable characterization. Nor is the chief quality of the work brutal realism. The plays show tenderness, remarkable range of sympathy with human nature, and a strong underlying belief in the good in man when he is not blinded by convention or driven astray by the insistent theories of self-constituted leaders of society. The humor of M. Brieux, usually quiet, appears most often in swift, final touches of characterization such as mark the domino game in *Blanchette* (Act I., Sc. 13) between the suspicious, wily, and obstinate peasants, Morillon and Rousset. The portrait, in *Les Bienfaiteurs*, of Clara, the maid whom the charitable Landrecys endure because they know she will not be able, if dismissed, to get another place,

must thoroughly amuse any one who has suffered from impudent stupidity in servants. Often this humor of M. Brieux has an admixture of irony or satire, for naturally both are among his principal weapons. The following from Scene 1, Act I, of *L'Evasion* shows his gayer irony: Dr. La Belleuse asks the advice of his famous chief, Dr. Bertry, as to cases which are worrying him.

La Belleuse. There is one case that I can't succeed in relieving.

The Doctor. That will happen.

La Bell. Of course, but — he wants to go to Lourdes.

The Doc. Let him go.

La Bell. (dismayed). You don't mean that? What if he should be cured?

The Doc. You can always find a scientific explanation.

La Bell. Suggestion?

The Doc. Certainly, — it answers for everything. Anything else?

La Bell. There is Probard, the patient of whom I spoke to you. He can't last more than a week.

The Doc. Call a colleague in consultation. That will divide the responsibility.

La Bell. But Probard is almost a celebrity.

The Doc. Call in two.

La Bell. Yes. At the hospital, Number Four in the St. Theresa room is still in the same condition.

The Doc. Have you tried everything?

La Bell. Everything.

The Doc. Even doing nothing?

La Bell. Even doing nothing. Not one of us can tell what is the matter with her.

The Doc. (after a sigh). We shan't know till the autopsy. Let us wait.

La Bell. Stopping all treatment?

The Doc. No. One must never seem to lose interest in a case. That would be a mistake — a regrettable mistake. Do — no matter what, but do something. That is all?

La Bell. (consulting his memoranda). I don't see anything more.

The biting quality of the following, from *Les Bienfaiteurs*, results from its close, indignant observations of methods not confined to France. Escaudin calls on Pauline Landrecy at the office of one of the charities she has founded through the bounty of her brother, Valentin Salviat.

Pauline. We were talking, my brother and I, — this is M. Escaudin, of whom I spoke to you, — we were talking of the difficulty there is in dispensing charity. I have been robbed, M. Escaudin, I have been robbed by pretended poor.

Escaudin. Ah, that's it! You, you want to mix charity and sentiment: you will always be deceived. Now I, you see, have been for ten years the head of a charitable committee; that toughens a man, that does. I scented a fraud two miles and a half away. The time is past when they could trick me.

Pau. How do you manage?

Esc. I don't know. It's a matter of instinct. You women let yourselves feel pity. In practicing charity you must use the same common sense and the same coolness as in business. I who made my fortune in business — Look here, you have still some clients, — I call them my clients, — you have still some clients in the waiting-room. Would you like to have me receive them in your presence? Then you will see.

Pau. Most willingly.

Esc. I must place myself there (*designating the table at the left*).

Pau. Why?

Esc. You must always have a desk, — a table between you and your client, — that keeps you from contact with him and insures respect. (*Laughing.*) Ah, ah, ah! That's one of my tricks! (*He establishes himself.*) Now you can let them come in. (*Enter Rosa Magloire.*) Come forward. Your name — Christian name — your address?

Rosa. Magloire, Rosa, 14 Ménard Square.

Esc. (after writing). Married?

Rosa. Yes, sir.

Esc. What do you want?

Rosa. A little aid; I have a sick child.

Esc. Send him to the hospital. The hospitals are n't built for dogs, you know. What more?

Rosa. I am very unhappy.

Esc. Yes (insinuatingly). You have a very hard time bringing up your children?

Rosa. Yes, sir.

Esc. (False good-fellowship.) You work hard, and your husband, when he comes home drunk, beats you?

Rosa. Yes, sir.

Esc. Exactly: you can go, my good woman. We can't do anything for you. If we should give you aid, it would be the liquor dealer who would get the benefit of it. We don't foster intemperance. When your husband stops getting drunk, you can come back. The next. (*Rosa goes out.*) (Laughing.) Ah, ah! That did n't take long, eh? You saw how I sent her packing. Now for a look at this one. (*Enter Michel Moutier, neatly dressed.*)

Michel. Good-day, sir.

Esc. Come forward. Name — Christian name — address?

Mic. Moutier, Michel, 22 rue Basse.

Esc. What do you want?

Mic. Some aid.

Esc. You are a beginner, are n't you?

Mic. Sir?

Esc. You are not a professional, eh? This is the first time you have begged?

Mic. Almost.

Esc. (to *Pauline and Salviat*). You see; I am not to be fooled. (To *Michel*.) If you were a professional, you would not come in an overcoat on which you could get sixty cents from the pawnbroker, nor with a wedding-ring on which you could easily raise a dollar. We cannot aid any except the genuinely poor. Extremely sorry, sir.

Mic. But sir — that ring —

Esc. I beg your pardon, there are others waiting. Good-day, sir. The next. (*Michel goes out. Léon Chenu enters.*) Come forward. Name — Christian name — address?

Léon. Léon Chenu.

Esc. Address?

Léon. I have n't one. They can write to me at 4 Benoit Alley. My former landlord, who kept my furniture for the rent, is willing to pass on my letters.

Esc. You want aid?

Léon. No, sir, I want work.

Esc. (laugh). Ah, ah! You want work; very well, some shall be given you, my friend. Kindly take the trouble to go to this address. Good-day. (*Léon goes out.*) The next.

Pau. There is no one else.

Esc. (laugh). Ha, ha! That did n't take long, did it?

Salviat (restraining himself). My compliments! And what are you going to make that one do to whom you promised work?

Esc. Ah that, that is one of my fine little tricks. It is assistance through work — in my manner. I have sent him to my house with a special card which my man will recognize. There is a pump in my garden. The man who wants work will be invited to pump for an hour.

Sal. But what are you going to do with all that water?

Esc. Nothing; it will run off in the gutter. When the man has pumped an hour, he will be given ten cents. Will you believe it, sir, there was one of them who in return — Do you know what he did? When he had pumped his hour and had pocketed his money, he took a bucket he found there, filled it, and flung it hit or miss into the kitchen, upon the range on which the dishes for my dinner were cooking, saying to the cook, "Take that; the water I have pumped shall at least be of that use." Yes, sir, there was one who insulted me.

Sal. (from a distance). Pauline!

Paul. (going to him). What is it?

Sal. Will you politely tell that gentleman to clear out, for if I listen to him for another ten minutes, I won't answer for myself, or for him. (Act III., Sc. 6-10.)

This is severe, but it is by no means M. Brieux at his sternest. Yet his love for even erring human nature keeps him, on the one hand, from the caricature which deprived Ben Jonson's satire of moral significance, and, on the other, guards him, even when his satire is most mordant, from the savageness of Swift.

Nor is the work sordid. In the first place, M. Brieux does not, to use a phrase of Mr. Meredith, "fiddle harmonics on the strings of sensualism." His plays are far removed from the comedy of the Restoration and from the modern drama of intrigue. Sex as sex has no fascination for him: he treats it only when it must be faced in order to make clear the central idea which binds together the parts of his play. Even then there is no lingering on the scene for its own sake: he moves with the swift frankness, even with the daring of the scientific demonstrator, and for the same reason, — because the facts and their exact significance must be grasped if the truth is not to be missed. When he does treat sex, he pleads for what must win him hearty sympathy, — for less sentimentality and more honesty in initiating youth into the responsibilities of its maturing powers; for emancipation of French girls from parental absolutism in the matter of marriage, that is, for love as the best basis of selection; for a fuller recognition by the fashionable world of the beauty of fatherhood and motherhood, and of the duties of parents to their children. It is even one of M. Brieux's chief rights to consideration that, when the sex question is absorbing the attention of serious dramatists everywhere, he has made it central in few of his plays, and, while

recognizing with exactness its importance as a cause of tragedy, has found in French life many other absorbingly dramatic and genuinely tragic subjects.

The plays are not depressing. One leaves them surer that the virtues belong to no one class, and with fresh evidence that there are abidingly in life self-sacrifice, devoted love, honest men, and gentle, good women. M. Brieux is very fond of the hard-working and ill-paid country doctors who devote their lives to their patients. He may almost be called the dramatist of passionate mother love, for both *Le Berceau* and *Les Remplacantes* are full of it. He has a genius for discerning and presenting convincingly the good even in his vicious characters. He is no pessimist: he paints existing evils, not for themselves, not despairing of solution, but that he may hasten the solution. What could be more optimistic than his defiance in *L'Evasion* of the present cult of Heredity? In the story of Jean and Lucienne he insists that the greatest force in so-called heredity is the self-mesmerism of those who give themselves up as doomed. Struggle and you can break free, — if indeed you really were ever bound. Compare that attitude with Ibsen's in *A Doll's House*, or in *Ghosts*.

This, then, is no ordinary *drame à thèse*, which treats sex as the most interesting factor in life, revels in sordid realism, and argues a case to a solution or ends with a pistol shot. M. Brieux is a realist because he deals with the life about him, but he does not select realistic details for their own sake. In reading his work, one should never forget that the central idea of his play is his lodestone. Approach *La Robe Rouge* as a character study, or as a plot in the usual sense, and the interest seems to shift from the Vagret family to Mouzon, and again to Yanetta, the peasant. Consequently the play, read in either of these ways, is confusing. Read it, however, as an exemplification of the ways in

which politics and personal ambition may corrupt French justice, and each part will be seen to be in its proper place. His plays find their unity, then, not in a central character or group of characters, but in an idea. Yet M. Brieux does not first find a theory of life, and then mould his characters by it in order to exploit his theory cleverly. Instead, clear-eyed, broadly sympathetic, he watches the life about him. Complications, tragedies rivet his attention. He does not rest till he thinks he has found the causes. Then he studies minutely the people in whom these causes and results manifest themselves. By careful selection of the moments in their lives which best show these causes and results, by remarkably accurate and interpretative characterization, he puts the story before us. In reading *Le Résultat des Courses*, *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*, and *Les Avariés*, it is easy to conclude that M. Brieux finds a solution for all existing evils in forgiveness, pardon. For instance, Dr. Mossiac, in *Le Berceau* cries: "Forgive, always forgive. Not a single one of us is perfect. Therefore, each of us does some wrong. Consequently, marriage is possible only by dint of constant forgiveness on one side or the other." But M. Brieux cannot believe in either the advisability or the adequacy of a solution which exacts most from those who have already suffered most and provides no guarantee that the sinner will not fall again. M. Brieux offers a sedative, not a cure. He must intend that readers, seeing that the only present way out of the evils he portrays is so unjust and has so little finality, shall cry that the conditions making such a sedative inevitable must and shall be changed. Indeed, his work as a whole shows his conviction that not one but two plays are needed to present the solution of a problem in life: one to state the problem, the other to show the working of the solution. Therefore, he is content to arouse active sympathetic thought.

His right to serious consideration comes from four sources: his swift, accurate characterization; his remarkably judicial attitude toward his dramatis personæ; his power of discerning in the life of the day its own distinctive tragedy; and his skill in writing plays interesting not only as drama, but as suggestion and comment. The people of M. Brieux, whether they come from the fashionable world or elsewhere in the social scale, are always real. His keen sympathy for poverty is the result of his own bitter experience, for until recently he was very poor. In earlier days he has often read beneath the lamp-post outside his door because he could not afford the necessary light. A Parisian by birth, he knows the bourgeois intimately, and, as editor for some years of a Rouen newspaper, he has had a chance to study the peasant class closely. Indeed, he is at his best in painting peasants.

What, in large part, makes M. Brieux's portraiture of permanent value is his judicial fairness, his refusal to idealize. Think over the plays of the day and note that it is an axiom of the current playwright that, in order to keep an audience in sympathy with the hero or heroine, he must be to his or her faults so very kind as to put a blinder on the mind — and pretend he or she has none. One finds the fullest exemplification of this in the heroes and heroines of melodrama. In even so early a play as *Blanchette*, the heroine, though attractive, is so in spite of her petty vanity, selfishness, and sentimentality, which are plainly shown, and the obstinate, hot-tempered Rousset, father of *Blanchette*, is so painted that you cannot dismiss him with execration and centre your affections on the heroine. The finest thing in the play, indeed, is the way in which you are made to recognize sympathetically what natural developments from their different educations are Rousset and *Blanchette*, and how impossible it

is that either should understand the other. Read *Le Berceau* and see how completely you are made to understand and sympathize with M. de Girieu, the second husband, as well as with Laurence, and with Raymond the divorced husband. Most dramatists would not only be content with our sympathy for the last two, but would even fear that sympathy for M. de Girieu might lessen our esteem for the other two. Read the tremendous scene of Julie and Antonin in Act III. of *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*, and be swept on in sympathetic understanding and approval of Julie, only to realize, as Antonin answers, that he too has genuine grievances, that, as is always the case in life, but rarely in fiction, there are two sides to any wrong. How much nearer life the drama comes here, in making it difficult to take sides.

M. Brieux sees clearly that in the life of the day tragedy results, not simply from sex, but from the maladjustment of human laws and standards to the unalterable sweep of nature's laws. The century just closed has been a time of incompleated readjusting of our ideals, even of our common habitudes, to the multifold discoveries of the period. It is because men and women, instead of studying their own characters, play at being what nature never meant them to be, because they blindly follow laws and standards which are the results of theorizing, not of fearless study of nature's workings, that there is tragedy all about us. In *Blanchette*, *Le Berceau*, *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*, *La Robe Rouge*, and *Les Remplaçantes*, recognition of these facts has carried M. Brieux to tragedies specially characteristic of the period just closed. Mark the restraint, the simplicity, of this representation of the powerlessness of human law when in conflict with everlasting laws of human emotion. Laurence and Raymond, her first husband, meet by chance by the sick bed of their little boy. M. de Girieu, the second husband, who

is madly jealous of Raymond, and of Laurence's love for her boy, has just refused Raymond's request to be allowed to watch by the child till he is out of danger. Resting confidently on the control over Laurence and the boy which the laws give him, M. de Girieu is sure he can keep his wife and her former husband apart.

(Long silent scene. The door of little Julien's room opens softly. Laurence appears with a paper in her hand. The two men separate, watching her intently. She looks out for a long time, then shuts the door, taking every precaution not to make a noise. After a gesture of profound grief, she comes forward, deeply moved, but tearless. She makes no more gestures. Her face is grave. Very simply, she goes straight to Raymond.)

Raymond (very simply to Laurence).
Well?

Laurence (in the same manner). He has just dropped asleep.

Ray. The fever?

Lau. Constant.

Ray. Has the temperature been taken?

Lau. Yes.

Ray. How much?

Lau. Thirty-nine.

Ray. The cough?

Lau. Incessant. He breathes with difficulty.

Ray. His face is flushed?

Lau. Yes.

Ray. The doctor gave you a prescription?

Lau. I came to show it to you. I don't thoroughly understand this.

(They are close to each other, examining the prescription which Raymond holds.)

Ray. (reading). "Keep an even temperature in the sick room."

Lau. Yes.

Ray. "Wrap the limbs in cotton wool, and cover that with oiled silk." I am

going to do that myself as soon as he wakes. Tell them to warn me.

Lau. What ought he to have to drink? I forgot to ask that, and he is thirsty.

Ray. Mallow.

Lau. I'm sure he does n't like it.

Ray. Yes, yes. You remember when he had the measles.

Lau. Yes, yes. How anxious we were then, too!

Ray. He drank it willingly. You remember perfectly?

Lau. Yes, of course I remember. Some mallow then. Let us read the prescription again. I have n't forgotten anything? Mustard plasters. The cotton wool, you will attend to that. And I will go have the drink made. "In addition — every hour — a coffee-spoonful of the following medicine."

(The curtain falls slowly as she continues to read. M. de Girieu has gone out slowly during the last words.)

Though it must be clear from what has been said that the work of M. Brieux is less varied than that of some other dramatists of the day, it is, when at its best in its chosen field, masterly. Perhaps more than any other he may be called the scientific dramatist, for he finds his tragedies mainly in the crises resulting from the shifting in social ideals which scientific discovery has caused, and his approach to his work is that of the gentle-minded scientist. With the same broad sympathy for his fellows, he has the same passion for truth, the same judiciality, the same

fearlessness in the face of facts, and the same daring in stating them, no matter what their effect on ill-based conventions or habits. With him, when the social reformer does not prove too much for the dramatist, — and there is only one marked instance of this, *Les Avariés*, — we have a drama of ideas that is really drama.

Are there any results of all his dramatic demonstration? It is extremely difficult, of course, to trace the influence of a play so complicated as it is with other influences, but I am credibly informed that *Les Remplaçantes* has decidedly decreased the evil which it scourged. I suspect, however, that before M. Brieux wins the general recognition — especially outside France — which he deserves, he must feel the full force of Philistia in its enthusiastic acceptance of the words of his fellow dramatist, M. Paul Hervieu: "He who is not like his fellows is necessarily wrong." But M. Brieux evidently accepts, and wisely, the old French proverb, "Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre," for he could persevere through ten years of indifference to his work, and he quotes approvingly before *Les Bienfaiteurs* the words of his philosopher friend, Jean-Marie Guyot: "I am very sure that what is best in me will survive. Even, it may be, not one of my dreams will be lost; others will take them up and dream them after me until one day they shall come true. By the dying waves the sea succeeds in fashioning its shore, in shaping the vast bed in which it dies."

George P. Baker.

THE MARSH.

I.

It was a late June day whose breaking found me upon the edge of the great salt marshes which lie behind East Point Light, as the Delaware Bay lies in front of it, and which run in a wide, half-land, half-bay border down the cape.

I followed along the black sandy road which goes to the Light until close to the old Zane's Place, — the last farmhouse of the uplands, — when I turned off into the marsh toward the river. The mosquitoes rose from the damp grass at every step, swarming up around me in a cloud, and streaming off behind like a comet's tail, which hummed instead of glowed. I was the only male among them. It was a cloud of females, the nymphs of the salt marsh; and all through that day the singing, stinging, smothering swarm danced about me, rested upon me, covered me whenever I paused, so that my black leggings turned instantly to a mosquito brown, and all my dress seemed dyed alike.

Only I did not pause — not often, nor long. The sun came up blisteringly hot, yet on I walked, and wore my coat, my hands deep down in the pockets and my head in a handkerchief. At noon I was still walking, and kept on walking till I reached the bay shore, when a breeze came up, and drove the singing, stinging fairies back into the grass, and saved me.

I left the road at a point where a low bank started across the marsh like a long protecting arm reaching out around the hay meadows, dragging them away from the grasping river, and gathering them out of the vast undrained tract of coarse sedges, to hold them to the upland. Passing along the bank until beyond the weeds and scrub of the higher borders, I stood with the sky-bound, bay-bound green beneath my feet. Far

across, with sails gleaming white against the sea of sedge, was a schooner, beating slowly up the river. Laying my course by her, I began to beat slowly out into the marsh through the heavy sea of low, matted hay-grass.

There is no fresh water meadow, no inland plain, no prairie with this rainy, misty, early morning freshness so constant on the marsh; no other reach of green so green, so a-glitter with seas of briny dew, so regularly, unfailingly fed: —

“Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate chan-
nels that flow

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost
creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million
veins!”

I imagine a Western wheatfield, half-way to head, could look, in the dew of morning, somewhat like a salt marsh. It certainly would have at times the purple distance haze, that atmosphere of the sea which hangs across the marsh. The two might resemble each other as two pictures of the same theme, upon the same scale, one framed and hung, the other not. It is the framing, the setting of the marsh that gives it character, variety, tone, and its touch of mystery.

For the marsh reaches back to the higher lands of fences, fields of corn, and ragged forest blurs against the hazy horizon; it reaches down to the river of the reedy flats, coiled like a serpent through the green; it reaches away to the sky where the clouds anchor, where the moon rises, where the stars, like far-off lighthouses, gleam along the edge; and it reaches out to the bay, and on, beyond the white surf line of meeting, on, beyond the line where the bay's blue and the sky's blue touch, on, far on.

Here meet land and river, sky and sea; here they mingle and make the marsh.

A prairie rolls and billows; the marsh lies still, lies as even as a sleeping sea. Yet what moods! What changes! What constant variety of detail everywhere! In The Marshes of Glynn there was

“A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade, Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,”

but not in these Maurice River marshes. Here, to-day, the sun was blazing, kindling millions of tiny suns in the salt-wet blades; and instead of waist-high grass, there lay around me acres and acres of the fine rich hay-grass, full grown, but without a blade wider than a knitting needle or taller than my knee. It covered the marsh like a deep, thick fur, like a wonderland carpet into whose elastic, velvety pile my feet sank and sank, never quite feeling the floor. Here and there were patches of higher sedges, green, but of differing shades, which seemed spread upon the grass-carpet like long-napped rugs.

Ahead of me the even green broke suddenly over a shoal of sand into tall, tufted grasses, into rose, mallow, and stunted persimmon bushes, foaming, on nearer view, with spreading dogbane blossoms. Off toward the bay another of these shoals, mole-hill high in the distance, ran across the marsh for half a mile, bearing a single broken file of trees, — sentinels they seemed, some of them fallen, others gaunt and wind-beaten, watching against the sea.

These were the lookouts and the resting places for passing birds. During the day, whenever I turned in their direction, a crow, a hawk, or some smaller bird was seen upon their dead branches.

Naturally the variety of bird life upon the marsh is limited; but there is by no means the scarcity here which is so often noted in the forests and wild prairies of

corresponding extent. Indeed the marsh was birdy — rich in numbers if not in species. Underfoot, in spots, sang the marsh wrens; in larger patches the sharp-tailed sparrows; and almost as widespread and constant as the green was the singing of the seaside sparrows. Overhead the fishhawks crossed frequently to their castle-nest high on the top of a tall white oak along the land-edge of the marsh; in the neighborhood of the sentinel trees a pair of crows were busy trying (it seemed to me) to find an oyster, a crab, — something big enough to choke, for just one minute, the gobbling, gulping clamor of their infant brood. But the dear devouring monsters could not be choked; though once or twice I thought by their strangling cries that father crow, in sheer desperation, had brought them oysters with the shells on. Their awful gaggings died away at dusk. Beside the crows and fishhawks a harrier would now and then come skimming close along the grass. Higher up, the turkey buzzards circled all day long; and once, setting my blood leaping and the fishhawks screaming, there sailed over far away in the blue, a bald-headed eagle, his snowy neck and tail flashing in the sunlight as he careened among the clouds.

In its blended greens the marsh that morning offered one of the most satisfying drinks of color my eyes ever tasted. The areas of different grasses were often acres in extent, so that the tints, shading from the lightest pea green of the thinner sedges to the blue green of the rushes, to the deep emerald green of the hay-grass, merged across their broad bands into perfect harmony.

As fresh and vital as the color was the breath of the marsh. There is no bank of violets stealing and giving half so sweet an odor to my nostrils, outraged by a winter of city smells, as the salty, spray-laden breath of the marsh. It seems fairly to line the lungs with

ozone. I know how grass-fed cattle feel at the smell of salt. I have the concentrated thirst of a whole herd when I catch that first whiff of the marshes after a winter, a year it may be, of unsalted inland air. The smell of it stampedes me. I gallop to meet it, and drink, drink, drink deep of it, my blood running redder with every draught.

II.

I had waded out into the meadow perhaps two hundred yards, leaving a dark bruised trail in the grass, when I came upon a nest of the long-billed marsh wren. It was a bulky house, and so overburdened its frail sedge supports that it lay almost upon the ground with its little round doorway wide open to the sun and rain. They must have been a young couple who built it, and quite inexperienced. I wonder they had not abandoned it; for a crack of light into a wren's nest would certainly addle the eggs. They are such tiny, dusky, tucked away things, and their cradle is so deep and dark and hidden. There were no fatalities, I am sure, following my efforts to prop the leaning structure, though the wrens were just as sure that it was all a fatality — utterly misjudging my motives. As a rule I have never been able to help much in such extremities. Either I arrive too late, or else I blunder.

I thought, for a moment, that it was the nest of the long-billed's cousin, the short-billed marsh wren, that I had found, — which would have been a gem indeed, with pearly eggs instead of chocolate ones. Though I was out for the mere joy of being out, I had really come with a hope of discovering this mousy mite of a wren, and of watching her ways. It was like hoping to watch the ways of the "wunk." Several times I have been near these little wrens; but what chance has a pair of human eyes with a skulking four inches of brownish

streaks and bars in the middle of a marsh! Such birds are the everlasting despair of the naturalist, the salt of his earth. The belief that a pair of them dwell somewhere in this green expanse, that I might at any step come upon them, made me often forget the mosquitoes.

When I reached the ridge of rose and mallow bushes, two wrens began muttering in the grass with different notes and tones from those of the long-billed. I advanced cautiously. Soon one flashed out and whipped back among the thick stems again, exposing himself just long enough to show me *stellaris*, the little short-billed wren I was hunting.

I tried to stand still for a second glimpse and a clue to the nest; but the mosquitoes! Things have come to a bad pass with the bird-hunter, whose only gun is an opera-glass, when he cannot stand stock still for an hour. His success depends upon his ability to take root. He needs light feet, a divining mind, and many other things, but most of all he needs patience. There are few mortals however with mosquito-proof patience, — one that would stand the test here. Remembering a meadow in New England where *stellaris* nested, I concluded to wait till chance took me thither, and passed on.

This ridge of higher ground proved to be a mosquito roost, — a thousand here to one in the deeper, denser grass. As I hurried across I noted with great satisfaction that the pink-white blossoms of the spreading dogbane were covered with mosquito carcasses. It lessened my joy somewhat to find, upon examination, that all the victims were males. Either they had drunk poison from the flowers, or else, and more likely, they had been unable to free their long-haired antennæ from the sticky honey into which they had dipped their innocent beaks. Several single flowers had trapped three, and from one blossom I picked out five. If we could bring the dogbane to brew a cup which

would be fatal to the females, it might be a good plant to raise in our gardens along with the Eucalyptus and the castor-oil plants.

Everywhere as I went along, from every stake, every stout weed and topping bunch of grass trilled the seaside sparrows, — a weak, husky, monotonous song, of five or six notes, a little like the chippie's, more tuneful, perhaps, but not so strong. They are dark, dusky birds, grayish olive-green close to, with a conspicuous yellow line before the eye, and yellow upon the shoulder.

There seems to be a sparrow of some kind for every variety of land between the poles. Mountain tops, seaside marshes, inland prairies, swamps, woods, pastures, — everywhere, from Indian River to the Yukon, a sparrow nests. Yet one can hardly associate sparrows with marshes, for they seem out of place in houseless, treeless, half-submerged stretches. These are the haunts of the shyer, more secretive birds. Here the ducks, rails, bitterns, coots, — birds that can wade and swim, eat frogs and crabs, — seem naturally at home. The sparrows are perchers, grain eaters, free flyers, and singers; and they, of all birds, are the friends and neighbors of man. This is no place for them. The effect of this marsh life upon the flight and song of these two species was very marked. Both showed unmistakable vocal powers which long ago would have been developed under the stimulus of human listeners; and during all my stay (so long have they crept and skulked about through the low marsh paths) I did not see one rise a hundred feet into the air, nor fly straight away for a hundred yards. They would get up just above the grass, and flutter and drop, — a pattering, short-winded, apoplectic struggle, very unbecoming and unworthy.

By noon I had completed a circle and recrossed the lighthouse road in the direction of the bay. A thin sheet of lukewarm water lay over all this section.

The high spring tides had been reinforced by unusually heavy rains during April and May, giving a great area of pasture and hay land back, for that season, to the sea. Descending a copsy dune from the road I surprised a brood of young killdeers feeding along the drift at the edge of the wet meadow. They ran away screaming, leaving behind a pair of spotted sandpipers, "till-tops," that had been wading with them in the shallow water. The sandpipers teetered on for a few steps, then rose at my approach, scaled nervously out over the drowned grass, and, circling, alighted near where they had taken wing, continuing instantly with their hunt, and calling *tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet*, and teetering, always teetering, as they tiptoed along.

If perpetual motion is still a dream of the physicist, he might get an idea by carefully examining the way the body of till-top is balanced on its needle legs. If till-tops have not been tilting forever, and shall not go on tilting forever, it is because something is wrong with the mechanism of the world outside their little spotted bodies. Surely the easiest, least willed motion in all the universe is this sandpiper's teeter, teeter, teeter, as it hurries peering and prying along the shore.

Killdeers and sandpipers are noisy birds; and one would know, after half a day upon the marsh, even if he had never seen these birds before, that they could not have been bred here. For however

"candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free"

the marsh may seem to one coming suddenly from the wooded uplands, it will not let one enter far without the consciousness that silence and secrecy lie deeper here than in the depths of the forest glooms. The true birds of the marsh, those that feed and nest in the grass, have the spirit of the great marsh-mother. The sandpiper is not her bird. It belongs to

the shore, living almost exclusively along sandy, pebbly margins, the margins of any, of almost every water, from Delaware Bay to the tiny bubbling spring in some Minnesota pasture. Neither is the killdeer her bird. The upland claims it, plover though it be. A barren stony hillside, or even a last year's cornfield left fallow, is a better loved breast to the killdeer than the soft brooding breast of the marsh. There are no grass birds so noisy as these two. Both of them lay their eggs in pebble nests; and both depend largely for protection upon the harmony of their colors with the general tone of their surroundings.

I was still within sound of the bleating killdeers when a rather large, greenish gray bird flapped heavily but noiselessly from a muddy spot in the grass to the top of a stake and faced me. Here was a child of the marsh. Its bolt upright attitude spoke the watcher in the grass; then as it stretched its neck toward me, bringing its body parallel to the ground, how the shape of the skulker showed! This bird was not built to fly nor to perch, but to tread the low narrow paths of the marsh jungle, silent, swift, and elusive as a shadow.

It was the clapper rail, the "marsh-hen." One never finds such a combination of long legs, long toes, long neck and bill, with this long, but heavy hen-like body, outside the meadows and marshes. The grass ought to have been alive with the birds. It was breeding time; but I think the high tides must have delayed them or driven them elsewhere; for I did not find an egg, nor hear at nightfall their colony-cry, so common at dusk and dawn in the marshes just across on the coast about Townsend's Inlet. There at sunset in nesting time one of the rails will begin to call, — a loud, clapping roll; a neighbor takes it up, then another and another, the circle of cries widening and swelling until the whole marsh is a-clatter.

Heading my way with a slow labored

stroke came one of the fishhawks. She was low down and some distance away, so that I got behind a post before she saw me. The marsh-hen spied her first, and dropped into the grass. On she came, her white breast and belly glistening, and in her talons a big glistening fish. It was a magnificent catch. "Bravo!" I should have shouted — rather I should n't; but here she was right over me, and the instinct of the boy, of the savage, had me before I knew, and leaping out, I whirled my cap and yelled to wake the marsh. The startled hawk jerked, keeled, lifted with a violent struggle, and let go her hold. Down fell the writhing, twisting fish at my feet. It was a splendid striped bass, weighing at least four pounds, and still live enough to flop.

I felt mean as I picked up the useless thing and looked far away to the great nest with its hungry young. I was no better than the bald eagle, the lazy robber-baron, who had stolen the dinner of these same young hawks the day before.

Their mother had been fishing up the river and had caught a tremendous eel. An eel can hold out to wiggle a very long time. He has no vitals. Even with talon-tipped claws he is slippery and more than a clawful; so the old hawk took a short cut home across the railroad track and the corner of the woods where stands the eagle tree.

She could barely clear the treetops, and, with the squirming of the eel about her legs, had apparently forgotten that the eagle lived along this road, or else in her struggle to get the prize home, she was risking the old dragon's being away. He was not away. I have no doubt that he had been watching her all the time from some high perch, and just as she reached the open of the railroad track, where the booty would not fall among the trees, he appeared. His first call, mocking, threatening, commanding, shot the poor hawk through

with terror. She screamed, she tried to rise and escape; but without a second's parley the great king drove down upon her. She dropped the fish, dived, and dodged the blow, and the robber, with a rushing-swoop that was glorious in its sweep, in its speed and ease, caught the eel within a wing's reach of me and the track.

I did not know what to do with my spoil. Somewhat relieved, upon looking around, to find that even the marsh-hen had not been an eye-witness to my knightly deed, I started with the fish, and my conscience, toward the distant nest, determined to climb into it and leave the catch with the helpless, dinnerless things for whom it was intended.

I am still carrying that fish. How seldom we are able to restore the bare exaction, to say nothing of the fourfold! My tree was harder to climb than *Zacchæus's*. It was an ancient white oak, with the nest set directly upon its dead top. I had stood within this very nest twelve years before; but even with the help of my conscience I could not get into it now. Not that I had grown older or larger. Twelve years do not count unless they carry one past forty. It was the nest that had grown. Gazing up at it I readily believed the old farmer in the Zane's house who said it would take a pair of mules to haul it. He thought it larger than one that blew down in the marsh the previous winter, which made three cartloads.

One thinks of *Stirling* and of the castles frowning down upon the Rhine as he comes out of the wide, flat marsh beneath this great nest, crowning this loftiest eminence in all the region. But no *château* of the Alps, no beetling crag-lodged castle of the Rhine, can match the fishhawk's nest for sheer boldness and daring. Only the eagles' nests upon the fierce dizzy pinnacles in the Yosemite surpass the home of the fishhawk in unawed boldness. The eyrie of the Yosemite eagle is the most sub-

limely defiant of things built by bird, or beast, or man.

A fishhawk will make its nest upon the ground, or a hummock, a stump, a buoy, a chimney, — upon anything near the water, that offers an adequate platform; but its choice is the dead top of some lofty tree where the pathway for its wide wings is open and the vision range is free for miles around.

How dare the bird rear such a pile upon so slight and towering a support! How dare she defy the winds, which, loosened far out on the bay, come driving across the cowering, unresisting marsh! She is too bold sometimes. I have known more than one nest to fall in a wild May gale. Many a nest, built higher and wider year after year, while all the time its dead support has been rotting and weakening, gets heavy with the wet of winter, and some night, under the weight of an ice storm, comes crashing to the earth.

Yet twelve years had gone since I scaled the walls and stood within this nest; and with patience and hardihood enough I could have done it again this time, no doubt. I remember one nest along *Maurice River*, perched so high above the gunis of *Garrens Neck* swamp as to be visible from my home across a mile of trees, that has stood a landmark for the oystermen this score of years.

The sensations of my climb into this fishhawk's nest of the marsh are vivid even now. Going up was comparatively easy. When I reached the forks holding the nest I found I was under a bulk of sticks and cornstalks which was about the size of an ordinary haycock, or an unusually large washtub. By pulling out, pushing aside, and breaking off the sticks, I worked a precarious way through the four feet or more of *débris* and scrambled over the edge. There were two eggs. Taking them in my hands, so as not to crush them, I rose carefully to my feet.

Upright in a hawk's nest! Sixty feet in the air, on the top of a gaunt old

white oak, clean and above the highest leaf, with the screaming hawks about my head, with marsh and river and bay lying far around! It was a moment of exultation; and the thrill of it has been transmitted through the years. My body has been drawn to higher places since; but my soul has never quite touched that altitude again, for I was a boy then.

Nor has it ever shot swifter, deeper into the abyss of mortal terror than followed with my turning to descend. I looked down into empty air. Feet foremost I backed over the rim, clutching the loose sticks and feeling for a foothold. They snapped with any pressure; slipped and fell if I pushed them, or stuck out into my clothing. Suddenly the sticks in my hands pulled out, my feet broke through under me, and for an instant I hung at the side of the nest in the air, impaled on a stub that caught my blouse as I slipped.

There is a special Providence busy with the boy.

This huge nest of the fishhawks was more than a nest, it was a castle in very truth, in the sheltering crevices of whose uneven walls a small community of purple grackles lived. Wedged in among the protruding sticks was nest above nest, plastering the great pile over, making it almost grassy with their loose flying ends. I remember that I counted more than twenty of these crow-blacks' nests the time I climbed the tree, and that I destroyed several in breaking my way up the face of the structure.

Do the blackbirds nest here for the protection afforded by the presence of the hawks? Do they come for the crumbs which fall from these great people's table? Or is it the excellent opportunity for social life offered by this convenient apartment house that attracts?

The purple grackles are a garrulous, gossipy set, as every one knows. They are able bodied, not particularly fond of fish, and inclined to seek the neighborhood of man, rather than to come out

here away from him. They make very good American rooks. So I am led to think it is their love of "neighboring" that brings them about the hawks' nest. If this surmise is correct, then the presence of two families of English sparrows among them might account for there being only eight nests now, where a decade ago there were twenty.

I was amused — no longer amazed — at finding the sparrows here. The seed of these birds shall possess the earth. Is there even now a spot into which the bumptious, mannerless, ubiquitous little pleb has not pushed himself? If you look for him in the rainpipes of the Fifth Avenue mansions, he is there; if you search for him in the middle of the wide, silent salt marsh, he is there; if you take — but it is vain to take the wings of the morning, or of anything else, in the hope of flying to a spot where the stumpy little wings of the English sparrow have not already carried him.

There is something really admirable in the unqualified sense of ownership, the absolute want of diffidence, the abiding self-possession and coolness of these birds. One cannot measure it in the city streets where everybody jostles and stares. It can be appreciated only in the marsh: here in the silence, the secrecy, the withdrawing, where even the formidable-looking fiddler crabs shy and sidle into their holes as you pass, here, where the sparrows may perch upon the rim of a great hawk's nest, twist their necks, ogle you out of countenance, and demand what business brought you to the marsh.

I hunted round for a stone when one of them buttonholed me. He was n't insolent, but he was impertinent. The two hawks and the blackbirds flew off as I came up; but the sparrows stayed. They were the only ones in possession as I moved away; and they will be the only ones in possession when I return. If that is next summer, then I shall find a colony of twenty sparrow families

around the hawks' nest. The purple grackles will be gone. And the fish-hawks? Only the question of another year or so when they, too, shall be dispossessed and gone. But where will they go to escape the sparrows?

III.

From a mile away I turned to look back at the "cripple" where towered the tall white oak of the hawks. Both birds were wheeling about the castle-nest, their noble flight full of the freedom, their piercing cries voicing the wildness of the marsh. And how free, how wild, how untouched by human hands the wide plain seemed! Sea-like it lay about me, circled southward from east to west with the rim of the sky.

I moved on toward the bay. The sun had dropped to the edge of the marsh, its level-lined shafts splintering into golden fire against the curtained windows of the lighthouse. It would soon be sunset. For some time there had been a quiet gurgling and lipping down in the grass, but it had meant nothing, until, of a sudden, I heard the rush of a wave along the beach: the tide was coming in. And with it came a breeze, a moving, briny, bay-cooled breeze that stirred the grass with a whisper of night.

Once more I had worked round to the road. It ran on ahead of me, up a bushy dune, and forked, one branch leading off to the lighthouse, the other straight out to the beach, out against the white of the breaking waves.

The evening purple was deepening on the bay when I mounted the dune. Bands of pink and crimson clouded the west, a thin cold wash of blue veiled the east; and overhead, bayward, landward, everywhere, the misting and the shadowing of the twilight.

Between me and the white wave bars at the end of the road gleamed a patch of silvery water—the returning tide.

As I watched, a silvery streamlet broke away and came running down the wheel track. Another streamlet, lagging a little, ran shining down the other track, stopped, rose, and creeping slowly to the middle of the road, spread into a second gleaming patch. They grew, met—and the road for a hundred feet was covered with the bay.

As the crimson paled into smoky pearl, the blue changed green and gold, and big at the edge of the marsh showed the rim of the moon.

Weird hour! Sunset, moonrise, flood-tide, and twilight together weaving the spell of the night over the wide waking marsh. Mysterious, sinister almost, seemed the swift stealthy creeping of the tide. It was surrounding and crawling in upon me. Already it stood ankle-deep in the road, and was reaching toward my knees, a warm thing, quick and moving. It slipped among the grasses and into the holes of the crabs with a smothered bubbling; it disturbed the seaside sparrows sleeping down in the sedge and kept them springing up to find new beds. How high would it rise? Behind me on the road it had crawled to the foot of the dune. Would it let me through to the mainland if I waited for the flood?

It would be high tide at nine o'clock. Finding a mound of sand on the shore that the water could hardly cover I sat down to watch the tide miracle; for here, surely, I should see the wonder worked, so wide was the open, so full, so frank the moon.

In the yellow light I could make out the line of sentinel trees across the marsh, and off on the bay, a ship looming dim in the distance coming on with wind and current. There were no sounds except the long regular wash of the waves, the stir of the breeze in the chafing sedges, and the creepy stepping of the water weaving everywhere through the hidden paths of the grass. Presently a night-hawk began, to flit about me, then an-

other and another, skimming just above the marsh as silent as the shadows. What was that? Something moved across the moon. In a moment, bat-like and huge, against the great yellow disk, appeared a marsh owl. He was coming to look at me. What was I that dared remain abroad in the marsh after the rising of the moon? that dared invade this eerie realm, this night-spread, tide-crept, half-sealand where he was king? How like a goblin he seemed! I thought of Grendel, and listened for the splash of the fen-monster's steps along the edge of the bay. But only the owl came. Down, down, down he bobbed, till I could almost feel the fanning of his

wings. How silent! His long legs hung limp, his body dangled between those soft wide wings within reach of my face. Yet I heard no sound. Mysterious creature! I was glad when he ceased his ghostly dance about me and made off.

It was nine o'clock. The waves had ceased to wash against the sand, for the beach was gone; the breeze had died away; the stir of the water in the grass was still. Only a ripple broke now and then against my little island. The bay and the marsh were one.

"How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night."

Dallas Lore Sharp.

MISS PETRIE'S AVOCATION.

NECESSITY, not choice, was primarily the cause of the adoption by Miss Petrie of the profession of teaching. Carpentry, which her father followed under the more euphonious name of contracting, was not largely remunerative in the town of Enterprise, and when Miss Petrie, robed in white swiss muslin, had declaimed with many gestures her graduating "oration" on "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow," and faced the cold world, she found herself faced in turn by the alternative of "doing something" outside, or washing dishes and darning stockings for the well-filled house of Petrie.

Either fired by ambition or stimulated by a distaste for dishwashing, Miss Petrie took her first step up the ladder of fame by choosing pedagogy as her profession. In other words, she applied to the township trustee for a country school, and asked her father for five dollars with which to pay her tuition in the summer "Normal" held in Enterprise each vacation by the county su-

perintendent and the superintendent of the Enterprise schools for the purpose of increasing their insufficient incomes.

As the county teachers had long since learned that patrons of the Normal had no difficulty in securing licenses to teach, the attendance was large, and Miss Petrie found herself shoulder to shoulder with the pedagogical talent, male and female, of every township in the county.

The road through the new country opened to Miss Petrie by this gate of instruction, while not a royal one, was at least level and easy to travel. By a study of the monthly examination questions prepared by the State Board of Education (these published each month, with answers, in the State School Educator, which thus assured itself of a bona fide circulation of as many paid subscribers as there were teachers in the state), one soon became familiar with the Board's manner of questioning and was prepared therefor. In arithmetic, for instance, the applicant was so unfailingly required to calculate the capacity of a

square cistern, that had one of the school patrons asked his teacher to tell him the capacity of his own (round) cistern, the said pedagogue would have been subjected to much embarrassment and confusion. In grammar, the only strain on the intellect was the committing to memory of the entire volume prescribed by the law for state use; and in geography, he or she who could trace the wanderings of a bushel of wheat from Duluth to Archangel, name the capital of Alaska, and bound Indiana, was assured of a grade of one hundred per cent. History was likewise simple. The dates of the four colonial wars alternated from month to month with the great battles of the Civil War; while a description of the battle of New Orleans was sure to follow a question on the Alien and Sedition Laws, and these to be followed by a list of the Presidents of the United States, in order. In reading, the most stupid teacher could make up six questions on such lines as

"I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there."

For example, "What is a porringer? What is a little porringer? Who is speaking? What did she have in her little porringer? What time in the day is it? Where is 'there'?" And a perusal of a thin volume on *The Principles and Practice of Teaching* assured moderately correct answers on the *Science of Teaching*.

The instruction in the Normal along the lines suggested by the Board of Education, and the manner and vocabulary attained by six weeks' constant association with the county teachers, so fully equipped Miss Petrie that she passed successfully the examination held on the Saturday following the close of the Normal, and received the six months' license granted to beginners.

The township school in which Miss Petrie began her labors (the township trustee was a friend of old John Petrie and had not hesitated when asked to

give the girl a school, as he and John were juggling a bridge contract in which he expected a rake-off) was the average country school in which the teacher taught twelve or more classes a day in everything from A B C's to United States history, and in which she had to look sharp, or the older boys who had "figured clear through" Ray's Higher Arithmetic for several seasons would catch her in some mistake. Miss Petrie was reasonably conscientious, and being moderately bright, her work was sufficiently successful to assure her of a school in town the next year. The town merchant had been elected a member of the School Board, and he reasoned that if the girl had a school in town she would not only be able to pay the bill old John owed him, but would see the necessity of so doing if she expected to keep her place.

As a "city" teacher, Miss Petrie began better to realize the importance of her calling. She still attended the Normal because licenses were indispensable, and she sat in the Institutes while various county and state educational lights made diagrams of "John is good" and subdivided the mind into Intellect, Sensibilities, and the Will. And having acquired a remarkable facility in computing the capacity of square cisterns, and in tracing the wanderings of a bushel of wheat over the universe, and her labors in the schoolroom (she had the primary grade under the then prevailing theory that that was the place to "break in" new teachers) being limited to teaching her pupils to print, to count to ten, to read at concert pitch from a large chart, and to sing "by ear" various simple and innocuous melodies, her evenings and Sundays were free for other amusements.

These were naturally very mild, public opinion in Enterprise not countenancing any great gayety on the part of its educators. She could not, therefore, play cards, but she might go boat riding and picnicking; and attend Sunday-school,

where she taught a class; and prayer meeting, and have beaux, of whose calls the neighbors kept account with a view toward complaining to the trustees, if they seemed too frequent.

Among these callers was the new county superintendent, an unmarried man of middle age, attracted apparently by Miss Petrie's devotion to her school work.

Miss Petrie, however, gave him little encouragement, although she accepted his attentions at the Reading Circle, recently organized, and had received from him, as presents, several volumes which the teachers of the state had been ordered by the Board of Education to "review."

This book reviewing was regarded by the State Board of Education as a step forward, a progression toward higher ideals in the noble profession of teaching, by taking which the candidate would be better fitted for leading the youth of the state into the broad fields of literature. The applicant for license was given the choice of *David Copperfield*, *The Scarlet Letter*, or *Vanity Fair*, and because reviewing was heretofore unheard of in Enterprise and vicinity, the county superintendent was soon overwhelmed with bulky manuscripts in pale ink, in which the writer endeavored to condense the whole story into several thousand words, and failed ignominiously, or had copied several chapters word for word and added the last chapter, evidently trusting that the superintendent would look only at the first page and the last. The Institute instructors who had droned away heretofore for the week on "John is good" now found a new field in talking on book reviews, and in outlining the newly prescribed Reading Circle work.

This Reading Circle work, so Miss Petrie soon learned, was not compulsory, but the teacher who took the four years' course, passing each year the examinations, received a diploma which exempted her forever from answering the questions on the Science of Teaching, when pass-

ing the examination for license. As the questions on the Science of Teaching were taken each month from some book in the Reading Circle course, those teachers who saw no escape through the loophole of matrimony perceived the wisdom of having the agony over in four years, and hastened to buy the books at prices prescribed by the Reading Circle Board, places on which were eagerly sought by "leading" state educators.

Miss Petrie, who by this time was beginning to feel some pride in the profession which seemed destined to be her life work, was giving up moonlight boat rides, picnics, and other small frivolities, and bore the distinction of being the first teacher in the county to adopt the new word method of teaching reading, plunged into the Reading Circle work with great zeal. She attended the meetings of the city circle, whose membership decreased in the course of the first year from twelve to three, in spite of the fact that the county superintendent, still unmarried, was chairman ex officio, and read in the four years *Watts's On the Mind*, *Hailman's Lectures on Education*, *Sully's Handbook of Psychology*, and *Boone's Education in the United States*, varied by such lighter works as *Green's England*, and *The Lights of Two Centuries*.

By the practice of rigid economy she was enabled to spend a few weeks at Bay View one summer, and to attend a session of a summer school at a college in the state, and this, her Reading Circle diploma, and her high standing at home, enabled her to secure a position in the schools of a neighboring city. She was further assisted to this end by her manner, which was a happy combination of the severe style of address in vogue at the time of her entrance into the work with the melting sweetness of the present day, and the correctness of her speech. Never in the most exciting discussion did Miss Petrie drop into the colloquial "have n't," "did n't," or "could n't; "

her "has nots" and her "could nots" were never elided, and her articulation and accent of the final syllable of "children" would have aroused envy even in the breast of the president of the National Association of Teachers had he chanced to hear her speak.

And now Miss Petrie, who had started out rather aimlessly, with no higher aim than to avoid dishwashing, and in whose breast were finally kindled some sparks of true ambition to succeed in her calling, was caught by the strong current of modern education and swept forward resistlessly.

At eight o'clock in the morning she must be in the schoolroom to write on the board the lessons for the day, because the superintendent's fad was to avoid the use of text-books whenever possible. After school there was more of the same work, varied by correcting papers, because the superintendent demanded that all the children's work be written. She must also find time to take country rides in search of flowers and shrubs in their season, and of rabbits, owls, and other beasts, birds, and insects, of which the children were to write their impressions.

On Saturday mornings the superintendent thoughtfully provided recreation for his teachers in the form of lectures by celebrated apostles of Child Study and Nature Study, which Miss Petrie, with the others, was required to attend. She also found it necessary to take several courses of private study in drawing, painting, music, science, and calisthenics, as the supervisors of these subjects came infrequently, and the instruction rested principally in her hands. In her spare time, there were entertainments to be prepared for, that teacher whose pupils could present portions of a Wagner opera or a Shakespearian play being considered of much higher professional rank than her fellows who confined their efforts to stereopticon lectures and recitations from the American poets.

In the summer, those teachers who could keep out of a sanitarium were expected to refresh their minds and elevate the standard of their professional work by attending the summer school of some university.

After five years of this work, Miss Petrie suddenly reappeared in Enterprise, where she spent the first entire summer with her family since the second year of her professional career. When autumn came and the bell in the old schoolhouse across the street announced the opening of the school year, she still remained at home. To the county superintendent, still unmarried, who called shortly after her return, Miss Petrie explained herself.

"I took a pride in my profession," said she, "and while many younger girls broke down, I was able to keep on, on the principle, I suppose, of the man who began to carry the calf in its infancy. I entered upon my career in the days when the work was simple, and assumed the new burdens one by one, so I was better able to bear them. If I had undertaken to lift them all at once I might have failed like some of the others. As it was, I never had to go to a sanitarium, even once!

"No, it was not that which brought me back here. I taught my primary grades carefully. I began, as you know, with the old A B C method in the country school. I taught printing first. I taught the word method and the sentence method. I taught writing, Oh, John! I taught Spencerian writing, and I taught vertical writing, and I taught reformed vertical writing, and I hear that this year they are going back to Spencerian. I taught those babies to sew, to paint in water colors, and to write compositions on the Greek gods. I had them make original nature investigations, and I never was sorry for them, not once. But when, last spring, our superintendent told us that he wanted to introduce the new object method, and

gave us preliminary instruction, and I learned that after I had written 'jump' on the blackboard, and printed it, and spelled it, I was to stand up on the platform and jump, as an illustration, I felt that the last straw had been placed on the camel's back. Maybe I had been breaking, gradually. Anyway, I have saved a little money, and I decided to come back to Enterprise to rest. It may be by the time I am rested they will have returned to the old methods, as they have in writing, and I can begin over again."

She said this resolutely, but the county superintendent was nevertheless emboldened to put the question that had for years been trembling on his lips, and Miss Petrie accepted him with a smile of satisfaction.

"I have loved you all this time," he said, "and I am sure I can make you happy. I, too, have my troubles. The examinations are becoming so severe that it is very difficult to answer the questions. You have got to use your reason these days, and work out psychological problems even in arithmetic and grammar, while the geography and history examinations are all taken out of the newspapers. 'When was Tolstoi banished?' 'Write a brief biography of Aguinardo;' 'How old is Queen Wilhelmina?' 'Give the population of Luzon.' I certainly need a helpmate, and with your advantages you can be of great assistance to me in grading the papers."

Miss Petrie smiled a wintry smile. Even in Cupid's toils she was not altogether to escape from the new education.

Kate Milner Rabb.

LOSS.

WHO that hath lost some dear-belovèd friend
 But knoweth how — when the wild grief is spent
 That tore his soul with agony, and did lend
 E'en to the splendor-beaming firmament
 The blighting darkness of his shadowed heart —
 There surely follows peace and quiet sorrow
 That lead his spirit, by divinest art,
 Past the drear present to that glorious morrow
 Where parting is not, neither grief nor fear!
 But how shall he find comfort, who sees die,
 Not the one presence that he held most dear;
 But from his heart a hope as Heaven high,
 And from his life a wish as Truth sublime,
 And from his soul a love that mocked at Time?

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

RACE PREJUDICE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

WE Americans like to call ourselves the most democratic people on earth, but the boast requires extensive qualification before it can be made applicable to our social habits. Every one recognizes the all-exclusiveness with us of the term "white man." Nor should "white" be emphasized rather than "man;" the phrase might properly be written as a hyphenated noun. Whether fetich or philosophy, it predicates to us the highest common multiple of intelligence and virtue. We make it our synonym for "civilization."

Nor is this merely an indication of our share in that theory of racial superiority which talks responsibility and thinks in terms of commercial supremacy. Americans are not proof against the flattering unction of a doctrine which sings Christianity while it means inequality. But until recently we have been comparatively untouched by this contagion, have, in fact, rather been inclined to adopt a cynical attitude with reference to it. Our social prejudices have been provincial. Excuses are readily to be found for a people so sorely tried as we have been by the negro problem. Mere intolerance of color, however, is much less noticeable than unreasoning and unrestrained impatience with any and all who do not at once acknowledge the superiority of our institutions and customs, and hasten to adopt them. We are proud of our reputation as an asylum of the oppressed, and yet it may be doubted if we should have been so tolerant of immigration from Europe had the immigrants been less ready of assimilation. Here, to be sure, prejudice may create a natural and proper national safeguard; yet, in spite of the fact that as a people we are only a blend, the native American, be his nativity but two generations strong, has for his neighbor of another country a sort of pity that es-

capas being ignorant prejudice only by its real kindness.

Our provincial assumption of superiority has been ridiculed by Mr. Kipling, but it is different in degree only, and not in kind, from that which, as the white man's poet, he exploits. There is no difference in quality between the pharisaism of a rustic and the pharisaism of a world power.

Many people find in our occupation of the Philippine Islands the threat of a radical change in American character and ideals. Even if we look only on the evil side of things, it is hard to see how American character and social ideas can thus be radically altered. That it is a step of transcendent importance, involving new and various political difficulties, is true. But it draws us into a field in which ultimately our prejudices may broaden out, and in which our provincialisms must disappear.

Meanwhile, however, it must be admitted, the prospect of such beneficent results seems spoiled by two untoward phases of our new venture: we have carried into the Philippines a petty race prejudice, the offspring of past provincialism and the inheritance of slavery with its residue of unsettled problems; and we are betraying a tendency to swagger under the "white man's burden," sometimes in the garb of commercialism, sometimes in the raiment of science.

As might be expected, the petty prejudices are first to exhibit themselves, and are also, just at present, the more serious obstacles to a general good understanding in the Philippines. Relying upon the common sense of the reader not to draw any hysterical conclusions of general "oppression" in the Philippines, it may be worth while to cite instances and facts to show how race prejudice has been doing us harm in the islands. Only

instances for which I can personally vouch will be employed.

That the color line would be drawn by some Americans who had to do with affairs in the islands could readily have been predicted. The extent to which it has been held in veneration is, however, far from complimentary either to the intelligence and general information or to the breadth and charity of Americans. This tendency to shy at a darker skin, no matter who or what the wearer, is doubtless a minor reason for English cynicism at our talk of Philippine self-government. But we need not go to India, nor learn that there are dark-skinned branches of the Caucasian family, to appreciate how small is the significance of color alone in connection with mankind. Without in the least justifying the prejudice against the negroes in the United States, what possible excuse does that afford for proceeding on the "nigger" theory among a people largely Malayan? The typical Filipino is every whit as distinct from the Negro as he is from the European. Yet it is the usual thing among Americans who have been in the Philippines, and imbibed a contempt or dislike for the people, to betray in their conversation the fact that their theories of the situation are based upon popular notions at home as to negro shortcomings and incapacity. They prejudice the people before they have even seen them, and they come away without ever having made a single honest effort to find out what they really are like.

Before the arrival of the second Philippine Commission at Manila and the inauguration by Judge Taft and its other members of social gatherings in which the natives were in the majority, practically nothing had been done in the way of providing an informal meeting ground for representative Filipinos and Americans. The first Philippine Commission had given a ball in 1899, which was a landmark for Filipino matrons and belles in their discussions and misappre-

hensions as to what Americans were like socially. With two or three very notable exceptions, officers whose wives had joined them did not think of meeting any residents but some of the wealthy Spanish "left-overs" on anything like terms of social equality. Eight months after Judge Taft and his colleagues had begun a new policy in this respect, General MacArthur gave a distinctly successful reception in the governor's palace in Malacañan. Of course, it is not intended to imply that it was incumbent upon army officers to incur the expense and trouble incident to such affairs, nor that those charged with the burden of military administration in the islands could or should have spared time in the midst of active fighting to inaugurate a social campaign in Manila. What it is desired to point out is that some cultivation of the social amenities, some willingness to meet the natives halfway, was quite worth the while. When it is considered that there are in Manila many wealthy and well-educated mestizos, some of whom have polished their minds and manners in Madrid and Paris, who hold themselves quite as good as any man, and who, in fact, were imbued with some of the Latin-European contempt for Americans as uncultured money-makers, the folly of such aloofness is doubly evident. That most of this class had formerly sought to identify themselves socially with the Spaniards, and had been virtually of the Spanish contingent, did not alter the fact that nearly all had their following among the people; nor did our knowledge of their contributions to the insurgent cause, whether made voluntarily or through prudence, render it either politic or patriotic to assume an air of superiority.

Force of circumstances has from the first, through the necessarily closer contact and the lack of other society, brought about more social mingling in the provincial towns. In general, however, the attitude of the army women in the

islands is typified by that one in Manila who, in discussing affairs in her first call on the wife of a member of the Commission, exclaimed in horror: "Why, surely you don't propose to visit these people and invite them to your own home just the same as you would white people!" Time has perhaps brought a little more catholicity, at any rate the custom of entertaining natives has come to be received without a shock; but few army women in Manila have Filipinas on their calling list, and in the provinces they often take it on themselves to caution American women sent out as teachers against mingling with the people of their towns. This attitude is also that of the great majority of officers in the army, though the men, like men everywhere, are less formal about a social rule and less rigid in their likes and dislikes of persons.

An instance of this attitude was the attempt to exclude from the Woman's Hospital at Manila (founded by a donation of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid) all Filipinos as patients, as well as to keep off the list of patronesses the names of Filipino women. At about the same time the board of ladies to whose energy the American Library of Manila was due asked to have it made a public library, to be helped out by funds from the Philippine treasury, and made very strenuous protests against having it also thrown open to Filipinos for a share in its management and use. They contended that it had been established as a monument to American soldiers who lost their lives in the Philippines, and that it was unfitting that Filipinos should have anything to do with it, though Philippine taxes might support it.

At a ball given to various American authorities by the native residents of a provincial capital, an American officer stopped the band after it began a dance at the direction of the Filipino who was master of ceremonies, and ordered it to start a two-step. When interrogated, he

announced that the military were in command of that town, thus insulting the Filipino who had charge of affairs, and incidentally also a number of American ladies whose partners had brought them on the floor for the Philippine quadrille. The American officer was a graduate of one of our leading universities, and formerly occupied a responsible position in one of the largest American cities. The Filipino, as perhaps the officer knew, had finished his education in Madrid and Paris, had resided for some years in the latter city, had published a number of scientific treatises, and was a member of various learned societies of Europe.

This and the other instances do not, of course, reveal a prejudice grounded entirely on color, yet this is the chief factor. It may be worth while remarking that, judging by one man's personal observation, this attitude of contempt is less noticeable among officers from the South than among those from the North. Doubtless this is due to their having had closer contact with people of another color, and to a greater tolerance through the staling of custom, although the conviction of the other's inferiority may yet be deeper bred.

On the other hand, an experience to be remembered was hearing some Southern as well as Northern officers rate the Filipino higher than the American negro, greatly to the indignation of a colored chaplain of the army who overheard them. And these officers were rather more tolerant of the presence among the first-class passengers of an army transport of a Filipino mestizo from the Visayan islands than of the same chaplain, who was finally given a seat by himself because some very important young lieutenants would not sit next him.

Something more than mere color prejudice must be invoked to explain the actions of a major who put sentries out under unprecedentedly strict orders in the capital of a province where civil government had lately been established, and

then backed them against the civil authorities in overriding the rights of natives and in shooting down a peaceable citizen in the streets. Again, an ex-insurgent general, whom many of our officers denounced as having been responsible for assassinations by the men under him, was set at liberty by General Chaffee, but a young lieutenant who happened at the time to be in command of the military prison where he was confined ignored the order of release till compelled by appeal to recognize it. Meanwhile he set the ex-insurgent officer, a man of standing and education, to cleaning out stables. One has to appeal to a strain of meanness and to a brutal pleasure in the exercise of the power over one's fellows that circumstances have temporarily conferred, to explain these and similar instances. The details of the China campaign, not really well known, show how such instances might be multiplied, and our national pride suffers when we find that, after all, they were not all confined to Russians, Germans, and Frenchmen.

The writer was one of a group of American civilians halted in the street of a Philippine town by an ugly sentinel and ordered, in gruff terms at the bayonet's point, to salute a minute American flag on the top of a fifty-foot pole. Not one, of course, had seen it. The pole had purposely been set some hundreds of feet from the barracks, almost in the street itself, and the order was enforced against every one who passed. A protest to the officer in command, a gray-haired captain, brought the reply that he was "teaching the niggers a lesson." This province was a leader in the revolt against Spain, first because of the friars, and second because of the abuses suffered at the hands of the Spanish civil guard. One need not add that the hatred felt toward our troops is intense. One of our young officers there had acquired the genial habit of imbibing to the point of mischief, then ordering out a corporal's guard and raiding Filipino

houses at all hours of the night. He finally raided the house where the Filipino judge of that circuit was staying, which put an end to this particular form of amusement for him. When this same judge, a Filipino educated in Paris, of unusually solid character and attainments, opened court in this town, the provincial capital, he was obliged to begin by requesting that an American officer — not a youngster either — remove his hat from his head and his feet from the table. The province is under civil government, and the officer took this means of expressing his contempt of the civil government idea in general and of this Filipino's court in particular. No fighting has occurred in the province for some months, yet so sure were high military authorities of trouble brewing that they saw rifles in their sleep, and the Chinese rival in business of an ex-insurgent officer was able to get him into jail by dropping in the street a letter purporting to contain the latter's plans for an uprising. This method of denunciation of one's enemies became very common after Spain began her deportations on suspicion.

The ex-insurgent-appointed governor of a neighboring province did not see fit to salute the officers of the garrison in a town under his jurisdiction, and the latter started a newspaper campaign against him in Manila, charging him with all sorts of treachery and plotting. Similarly, the garrisoning force at Cebú was put in such a state of mind by the restoration of civil control there that even the privates felt called upon to stop the officers of the native police in the streets and make them salute. Abuses of a rather more serious nature led a Spanish newspaper in Manila to recall to the Americans that the people of Cebú never really turned against Spain until the latter power had let some Moro troops loose in their streets to run things to their liking.

These instances do not afford ground

for a general indictment of the army in the Philippines. Like other organizations, the army has its share of all sorts of men; and, were it in point here, the testimony of various Filipinos themselves to utterly unexpected generosity at the hands of officers and privates, and examples of unselfish efforts to get into touch with the people and to better their condition, could readily be adduced. Recent revelations have focused attention on the conduct of the army in the Philippines, and some have tried to make out that downright brutality was the rule of campaign there. Cases of actual inhumanity have been, I am convinced, the exceptional ones. It must be admitted, however, by any one who really knows things as they now are in the islands, that at least three fourths of the army, rank and file, entertain a more or less violent dislike for the Filipinos and a contempt for their capacity, moral and intellectual. This feeling in the army has grown during the past two years. Perhaps it may be dated back to the early days of 1900, when guerrilla warfare had begun, and our troops had to contend with ambushes and a foe who was an excellent masquerader, and who practiced the art of assassination on his own fellow countrymen in forms of the most refined cruelty. The American soldier has something of the mediæval warrior's love of an out and out, decisive test of strength, and wants his opponent to come out into the open and slay or be slain. He is disposed to underrate the bravery and the capacity of a foe whose very circumstances drove him to employ methods which nature and his talents gave him, while secret assassination can find excuse with none of us.

Then, too, the loss of power through the merging of military into civil government has increased the hostility of narrow-minded army officers to the native. The atmosphere of army life is undemocratic. It was sometimes amazing to find how large some ordinary American citizens could become in their own eyes,

when, thousands of miles from home, they gained absolute control over five to twenty thousand or more people, with no white man at hand who could venture to question their dictates. Such men — and some were in high place and some in low — let go of a newly tasted power with ill grace, and promptly became convinced that civil government was a mistake. One present in the Philippines during this transfer of governing power could see a bitterness against the natives crop out that had not been expressed, and often not felt before.

This contempt and ill feeling grew apace, as one following the American press of Manila could note, until many would not concede to the native the possession of a single good quality. Officers stationed in pacified provinces might often have been judged by their actions as being really desirous of provoking another outbreak, while in the main their conduct was due to mere thoughtless prejudice, spurred into activity by the constant iteration in the mouths of all around them of charges against the native inhabitants. An illustrative case is that of a young lieutenant, whom I once overheard telling an American lady how he and a fellow officer used to go up and down the streets of a Cavite town shooting water buckets out of the hands of startled natives and otherwise keeping up revolver practice. It was done to "keep the gugus in a proper frame of mind," he commented. This was in a province for some time pacified, and in a garrison where time doubtless hung rather heavy. Yet subsequent conversation with this officer revealed that he had no deep-seated prejudice, despite an ugly bolo wound he carried, but was thoughtlessly classing all Filipinos together as bad, incapable, and in general not much entitled to consideration.

This is not the attitude solely of the army, though it is the attitude of a majority in the army. American civilians, both those in the employ of the civil govern-

ment and the smaller element not so employed, often feel the same. Naturally, as the success of the civil government must rest upon conciliation, while in the last resort military success always depends upon force, the employees of the civil government are obliged to consult native feelings and native interests, no matter what may be their personal prejudices. But among the subordinates one finds petty prejudice cropping out in many different ways, such as striding majestically along the middle of a crowded sidewalk and shoving natives right and left, while violent and ill-considered opinions are often expressed.

Allusion has been made to the attitude of the American press in Manila. Two of the three American dailies there are characterized by intemperance and indecency of expression and a general cheapness. They are the mouthpieces of an element which loudly proclaims that it represents American commercial interests in the Orient. It is hardly necessary to say that, while there are a few very praiseworthy pioneers of our industry in the Philippines, really substantial business interests have very generally held aloof, because of active insurrection, and because Senator Hoar's amendments to the "Spooner Bill" postponed investments of capital until Congress had taken further action. But adventurers, army camp-followers, schemers, and shyster lawyers have of course not been held back by any such considerations. With no desire to belittle the few who are honestly seeking a foothold there, and who do us credit, it is nevertheless true — could not, in fact, be otherwise under the circumstances — that the great bulk of Philippine business remains in the hands of the Spanish, British, and other European firms. Some American firms there, which rejoice in high-sounding names as commercial companies, have headquarters greatly resembling "sample rooms," and their stock, other than liquid goods, is largely carried in

catalogues. Beer-agents often "roll high" in Manila, and assume a dignity and importance as "captains of industry" that would merely be amusing were it not that newspapers backed by them and others of like faith pose before the natives as representative of Americans and American sentiment. They furnish the Spanish journalists of Manila, who, almost without exception, are eager to do us mischief, with many a text for insinuating columns about "exploitation," the fear of which is very present with the Filipino.

Loud talk of patriotism and the flag characterizes this element, and the motto "America for Americans" also signifies to them "the Philippines for Americans." Quite naturally, a policy which consults principally the interests of the Filipinos is not to their liking. This is the real reason for the attacks on Señors Tavera and Legarda, two of the three Filipinos who were added to the Philippine Commission in September last, these calumniations being based on the charges of a Spanish journalist since convicted of libel. Commissioner Luzuriaga has so far escaped the mud-slinging, as he was drafted into service from Negros, and had not been entangled in affairs at the capital.

Attacks on the natives constantly grew in bitterness last fall. The massacre in Sámar afforded excuse for all sorts of rumors and even circumstantial accusations of revolts in Manila itself, in its environs, and in some of the pacified provinces. Sometimes these were merely the product of reportorial invention and lack of copy; in other cases, they could be traced to an attack of hysteria on the part of some army or constabulary subordinate. A fearful "Katipunan rising" in Tarlac, which occupied Manila papers for several days, and which reached the United States as dignified cable news, resolved itself upon investigation into a lovers' quarrel. A Filipino maiden whose favors had been

transferred to an American sergeant was called to account by her former lover, a native, and she denounced him to the sergeant as connected with a big revolt. Arrests were prompt, and the story grew in size and details every mile of the way to Manila.

The meetings of the Federal party in Manila for the purpose of drawing up a petition to Congress were at times amusingly turbulent, but they were grossly misreported with a view to comment on the ridiculousness of conferring any degree of self-government upon the Filipinos. A press but lately freed from the censorship of an army officer began to cry for the restoration of military government and a "thorough" policy, by which, apparently, they meant a policy of extermination. Typical of these almost daily outbreaks are these quotations from a Manila Freedom editorial of last October:—

"Every Filipino is an insurgent at heart, and every Filipino hates the Americans if the truth was known. They take our money, and they smile to our faces, but in their hearts they have no use for us or our government. Incapable of gratitude, they view our generosity in the light of a weakness, and at the first favorable moment betray the trust reposed in them. We deny that there are Filipinos who favor us, or who appreciate what we have done or wish to do for them."

The Spanish editors always see to it that the reading Filipinos do not miss such things for want of a translation. They have inspired frequent indignant protests from the Filipino press and the demand that loyalty be met with loyalty. These instances may help to shed light on the passage of the libel and sedition laws in Manila. It must be remembered that there is no such organized public opinion to deal with newspaper extravagances in the Philippines as with us at home, while these American papers are taken much more seriously

by the Filipinos than by Americans. As bearing on the reason for enacting a sedition law, it is to be noted that the Philippine government has invoked this law so far only against American editors in Manila. In the month of March last, vituperation of the natives on the part of two American publications exceeded even anything said last fall.

Race prejudice, like any other prejudice, cannot, simply as such, be logically explained. Even its defenders admit this when they appeal to "an innate sense of superiority," or preach of "the limits assigned by God to the different tribes of men." Gentlemen who would scorn to admit being bound to the ancient and outgrown Jewish system of political philosophy are often very glib with such phrases. But when race prejudice descends from its pedestal of supernaturalism and seeks to justify itself by human argument, it subjects itself to ordinary rules of logic.

Attacks on the character of the native are usually made the basis of the white man's plea in the Philippines. For this purpose the natives are all treated as identical in kind and character, grouped into one, as it were. Upon such a hypothesis one can argue that, because one native known to him was deficient morally and seemed incapable mentally, therefore the Filipinos are a dishonest and inefficient race. But thus baldly stated, the proposition seems too ridiculous to emanate from any educated person; yet it is remarkable how commonly it is set forth by persons who consider themselves very well educated. We all know how indignant we become when a European writer of short experience among us proceeds to cut one suit of clothes to fit us all; yet the Filipinos are hardly a more homogeneous people than we, and there are just as strongly marked individual types in the East as in the West.

I do not seek to gloss over Filipino defects. No one who knows them as

they really are to-day will undertake the task of deification. It is a great pity that there is no real translation into English of Rizal's novels, *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*. The idea is prevalent that Rizal was a political revolutionist. On the other hand, the primary object of his books was to exhibit to his own countrymen their shortcomings. No such exposition of the character and conditions of the Filipinos, truthful yet sympathetic, can be obtained elsewhere.

Though awake to their failings, yet Rizal, from the heights of his German university training and his contact with European civilization, did not look down on his people as "savages with a thin veneer of civilization," as one of our Congressmen very considerably pronounced them to be to their faces. A product of wider opportunities himself, Rizal believed in wider opportunities for all his countrymen. The "savages" contention has had of late some very ardent advocates among the Spanish friars, though the early missionaries of the very orders that now turn and rend the Filipino people have left much detailed testimony to show that their charges were by no means savages when the Spaniards first came that way. To get at the truth as to the state of civilization of the Filipinos at the time of the Spanish conquest one must carefully weigh the evidences of an accumulation of mainly useless and unreliable documents, and the history of the Philippines has yet to be written in the modern spirit; but it is sufficient for this discussion to say that there is no place for the notion that the Filipinos are savages held in check by religious awe and superstition. Here, as throughout the discussion, no reference is had to the Moros, the Indonesian hill tribes of Mindanao, or the mountain wild people of Luzón and a few other islands. The Negritos remaining are a negligible quantity.

There are cruelty and indifference to

suffering, often to a shocking degree. These are due to an ever present fatalism, which the little real religious teaching the people have received has built upon rather than sought to eliminate, and to the absolute lack of an appeal to, or of an attempt to educate, higher feelings. If it is to be assumed at the outset that these people are forever incapable of such higher feelings, then it ought also to have been assumed that they were incapable of Christianity. Water torture, which has in some cases been resorted to on our side, is one of the forms of torture to which these people are accustomed. The list of victims buried alive by order of guerrilla chiefs, the maiming, mutilations, and secret assassinations certainly make up an appalling and shocking chapter. War stirs up the darkest passions among the most advanced peoples, however, and it was in a degree to be expected that a people untrained in modern international usages, and never in the past treated as though they belonged to the brotherhood of man, or were responsible to humanity for humaneness, would not exhibit an entirely refined code of slaying. The "ethics of warfare," — after all, is that not a rather paradoxical phrase?

That instances of real brutality on the part of our troops have been the exception has been stated to be the opinion of the writer. On the confession of the officer who conducted it, the campaign in the island of Sámar from October to March last must be excepted from this general statement. He has met the charge of violating the rules of civilized warfare with the counter-charge that the people of Sámar are savages, and that it was necessary to suspend many of these rules in order to restore peace and quiet to that part of the archipelago. By inference, it then became a war of extermination till one side or the other should cry quits. It is hard to deal with this matter as yet in a strictly impartial spirit, and full knowledge is one of the

first requisites. One thing can at least be asserted, namely, that the classification of all the people of Sámar in one lump as savages will bear close scrutiny. How differentiate the bulk of them, living in Christianized towns on the coasts or up some of the more important rivers, from their close neighbors and kinsmen in the island of Leyte? The rough and mountainous character of much of the interior of Sámar, with its primitive wild people and a proportion of "Remontados" (as the friars denominated those who refused Christianity, who became fugitives from the law, or who, for other reasons, "remounted" the hills), must, of course, be taken into account. But the people of the towns were, at least in the main, those who were engaged against us. The statement that the Spanish friars and officials never got any foothold in Sámar is utterly without foundation, while yet their failure to penetrate the interior has been noted.

This much may be said with certitude of the Sámar campaign of General Jacob Smith: The expeditions which went down there from Manila, on the heels of the Balangiga massacre, went in a spirit of revenge. No one who appreciated how that massacre caused those in all the islands who wished us ill to exult and to lift their heads again will underestimate the importance of having just retribution dealt promptly *to the offenders*; but to make no distinction between friend and foe, and to voice the cry of blood for blood's sake, — "an eye for an eye," not discriminating whose, — was to lower ourselves to the plane of those wretches who treacherously slew our men at Balangiga. The writer has not the first-hand knowledge to enable him to assert that indiscriminate slaughtering took place in Sámar; but he was assured by the representative of one of our leading newspapers, who was there during October and November, that there was "no regard for friend or foe," and he remembers the unofficial statements in Manila

papers of those months that the orders were out to "take no prisoners" and to "spare only women and children," while the recrudescence at that time of native hatred in Manila and throughout the islands has been noted above. The people of Leyte, neighboring island to Sámar, and the officers of Leyte's civil provincial government, both Americans and Filipinos, were sorely tried at the time by the arbitrary actions of General Smith and the men under him. All natives came in for condemnation just then, and officers of the American army behaved in peaceful Leyte in most lawless disregard of law established by authority of the President, their commander in chief.

For General Smith, it can at least be said that he was logical. The Sámar campaign represents the military view of the natives and the military theory as to rule over them carried to their legitimate extreme. Yet, again it must be said that this campaign is to be treated by itself, and the belief reiterated that, on the whole, inhumane conduct has been the exception. No one who knows the two men, or the circumstances of the campaigns, will think of putting General James F. Bell's reconcentration and similar measures in Batangas and Laguna side by side with the conduct of affairs in Sámar.

This digression as to matters of recent controversy will have been worth while if it shall serve to induce to a saner consideration of army conduct in the islands, and if it shall also emphasize the fact that the generally contemptuous attitude of army men and other Americans toward the natives — that feeling which gives itself vent in the term "niggers" — is what does us greatest harm. The Filipinos have grown, by hard experience, somewhat callous to measures that seem to us extreme, if not actually brutal. We do not make enemies for ourselves half so much by the occasional administration of the water cure or other

forms of torture and barbarity as by a studied attitude of contempt, an assumption of racial and individual superiority, and the constant disregard of their petty personal rights and of the little amenities which count for so much with them. Nor is it true that the water cure has been very commonly applied, nor that our officers and men are, as a body, given to that sort of thing. The recent riot of exaggeration was regrettable, in this: that it has tended to produce a reaction, to lead people to feel that it was all, not partly, partisan hue and cry, and thus to make easier a "whitewash" of those particular men who need punishment, wherever, in the circles of their fellow subordinate officers, there may be a disposition to whitewash.

Lack of capacity to develop mentally is a frequent charge against the Filipinos. It is forever put forward by friar writers; one comes to believe finally that this is to excuse the failure to advance the natives further. Just how deficient the past education of the Filipinos has been, just how narrow and mediæval has been the atmosphere of thought, one cannot realize until he has come into direct contact with its evidences. Often the best educated Filipinos cannot themselves realize it. The fact is, no one has the right gratuitously to assume that the Filipino is purely imitative, that he lacks the logical, mathematical qualities of mind, and that, while bright when young, he soon reaches his limit and can go no farther. He is entitled to an honest trial, and the entire deficiency of past instruction is summed up when it is said that he has never yet had it. Pending a thorough trial of the new system of education, beginning, as it does, at the bottom and working up gradually, no one has the right to be positive as to the capacity or incapacity of the Filipino. I have in mind one Filipino who, though in other lines exhibiting perfectly his Manila college training in circumlocution and scholastic chop-logic, will, on

economic matters within his scope, reason as closely and with as great a devotion to practical examples as any devotee of the research method. He certainly never got this quality from his training. In fact, real acquaintance with Filipinos and frank exchange of sentiments will correct various preconceived notions. It is frequently asserted, for instance, that the Tagalog has no sense of humor; quite the reverse is true.

We should also be honest with the Filipino in the matter of laziness. American "get-up-and-get" is not the product of life in the tropics, and to a considerable extent is not compatible with it. But, before American contractors are allowed to flood the islands with contract coolie labor, the Filipino has a right to a fair trial, and such a fair trial will involve a considerable number of years. Development of the country may not be quite so rapid, but it will proceed on a sounder basis if the rights of its people to the first share in it are consulted. In fact, the success of our political venture in the Philippines depends in large measure on the extent to which we can arouse in the people a desire for better homes, better towns, and better surroundings. There are evidences that, as he awakened to European civilization, the Filipino did not settle back idle wholly through the lack of a desire for greater comforts and conveniences, but in part at least because of the all but hopelessness of an effort to rise above a certain place in the hard and fast industrial society the Spaniards found and continued. So far higher wages in Manila have generally meant patent leathers and diamonds, but even that is encouraging. Perhaps, too, we shall learn some things to our advantage from the Filipino. Ordinarily our superior in courtesy, something for which many Americans have not the time, why may he not inspire in us a greater respect for repose, dignity, and lack of nervousness while we are arousing him to a rather more strenuous existence?

Filth and unsanitary ways of living, again, are urged against the Filipinos. They are certainly not unclean by nature, as the daily bath and the scrupulously white clothes testify. Ignorance of the most primary hygienic principles is, however, nearly universal. It will be recalled that the Spaniards, so far behind in this respect, could give them little modern teaching or example. The general character of the education at the friar-conducted college in Manila, which turned out practically all the physicians in the Philippines, may be inferred from such facts as that its text-books and library in important subjects date back over sixty years, that bacteriology has been introduced only within the past three years, and there are no microscopes. Female cadavers are never dissected, while the course in anatomy, like most of the others, is very much of a farce.

Honest differences of opinion may exist as to the points already discussed, but there can be no honest objection to giving the Filipinos the benefit of the doubt until they prove themselves undeserving. Perhaps no public utterance of the late President has received less general attention than his instructions of April 7, 1900, to the present Philippine Commission. Yet, as time goes by, it will not be strange if the fame of William McKinley shall rest mainly on that document, whether penned by him or penned by Secretary Root and authorized by him. In it he said:—

“In all forms of government and administrative provisions which they are authorized to prescribe, the Commission should bear in mind that the government which they are establishing is designed not for our satisfaction or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace, and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands, and the measures adopted should be made to conform to their customs, their habits, and even their prejudices, to the fullest extent consistent with the accomplish-

ment of the indispensable requisites of just and effective government.”

And again: “Upon all officers and employees of the United States, both civil and military, should be impressed a sense of duty to observe not merely the material but the personal and social rights of the people of the islands, and to treat them with the same courtesy and respect for their personal dignity which the people of the United States are accustomed to require from each other.”

These instructions are based on the belief that it is not the white man alone who possesses “certain inalienable rights.” Science has progressed far since the human rights movement of the eighteenth century. But it has not reached its final postulates, and it is still somewhat safer to follow the promptings of humanity than some of the over-positive dicta of the science of man. Like political economy and other non-absolute sciences, ethnology suffers from a present tendency to employ the evolutionary method of reasoning in a one-sided fashion. Heredity is invoked wherever possible, and environment considered only where it cannot be overlooked. If the equality of man was often preached in fantastic or utopian form in the latter part of the eighteenth century, so has the inequality of man met with a most superficial extension in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Ethnology and anthropology are sciences yet too young and undeveloped to justify very positive assertions being based on them. Moreover, if any one great truth has been made evident by them, it is this, that man has in all ages been wonderfully responsive to his surroundings, that he is to a remarkable degree the product of his environment. Physically, men, of all colors, the world over, are of one species; in psychic equipment, in all that goes to make up social life, the various divisions of men often present differences as great as the physical differ-

ences on which genera or even families are outlined among other animals. Evolutionary science developed its processes in connection with facts and features essentially physical; entrancing as the results may be, is it necessarily certain that these processes should be applied literally and in detail to phenomena of other sorts?

It is wearisome to note how uniformly writers on the peoples of the Orient assume that they are inherently different from us in every respect, — that the ordinary Western ways of reasoning have no place in the East, must in fact be reversed. The familiar saying that the Chinese do everything backward is in point. Now, John seems to me one of the most unsparingly logical human beings in the world. Kipling's jingles are responsible for much of that feeling that the Oriental is a wholly mysterious being, not given to be understood by other men, a curious psychological phenomenon. "Half-devil and half-child" comes trippingly to the tongue of many Americans in the Philippines, and their philosophy of the Filipino is thus summed up for them before their study of him has ever begun. What is less creditable, the same stock theory and a few facts, more or less, constitute the equipment of various university economists and world problem specialists.

The writer can lay no claim to world specialism or globe trotting, but he has been more than anything else impressed with the feeling that, after all, the differences in the races of men are much fewer and less important than their points of resemblance. Great and sometimes amazing as are the former at times, they strike our notice first, while the impression that lingers with us is the unity of man.

More important than the theories, scientific or unscientific, are the practical political problems facing us, a nation to whose one long-standing and yet unsettled race problem have now been added others. The Atlantic's editor has al-

ready noted that one of the first results of our new venture in the oceans has been the complication of the negro question at home; so likewise our failures with the black people in the United States are often urged against us among the Filipinos, and "lynch law" is held before them by those who like us not. For the moment, it is no reproach to preach inequality, and more or less openly pity is expressed for the narrowness of the promulgators of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson had no inkling of the evolutionary theory, it is true; neither had the laws of selection and survival been stated in Christ's time. But the divinely human love he inculcated and exemplified met with a real revival in the crusade for equality among men, and the true tenets of evolution have to-day no higher trend than this.

The fact is, the Declaration of Independence is acquiring with time a range of truth uncomprehended by its authors, and in ways incomprehensible to their times. While, on the one side, well-meaning Americans are sure that we are engaged in swashbuckler imperialism, our British critics, whom we have always with us, are equally confident of our failure through undue idealism. One of these has just finished cautioning us that we must not attempt any "Jeffersonian-ideals" foolishness in the Philippines, and advises us to pattern after the British in the Straits Settlements. The people of the latter are strictly comparable to the Moros, but not at all to the civilized Filipinos. In a book just published, another British writer, one of the few who have been on the ground and know what is really going on in the Philippines, has recognized that we are attempting there something new in the history of the world, and, despite a cocksureness as to the superiority of British methods that will crop out, has thought best to reserve judgment. But he is an exception; his fellow countrymen in the Orient are laughing in their sleeves at

the simple Americans who believe that self-government can exist in that atmosphere. Even to call into question the validity of the theory that some men are made to rule and some to obey is to jar most inconsiderately the complacency of those men who have landed on the ruling side.

The answer to the fearsome at home is that, when they doubt our doing justice in the Philippines, they themselves call into question government by the people. The answer to our outside critics can only be given by time. It surely is no sin to hope and believe that the Ori-

ent is not impermeable to progress; and it surely is better to strive to that end until it is proved to be an impossible one, if it shall be so proved. As for our prejudices, may we not learn to shed them as we mingle more with the men of the world and think less of our cherished isolation? For the way to a broader social vision and a truer and nobler Christianity — real humanity — lies through experience of our own limitations, hearing our shortcomings from the tongues of other peoples, acquiring charity in the stress of temptation, knowing our fellows on the earth.

James A. Le Roy.

WALTER PATER.

LET us imagine to ourselves a boy born some ten years before the middle of the last century, of a family originally Dutch, a family with the home-loving, reserved temper of the Dutch, and that slow-moving mind of Holland which attaches itself so closely, so intimately to things real and concrete, not tempted away from its beloved interiors and limited prospects by any glories of mountain heights or wide-spreading and radiant horizons; a family settled for long in the low-lying, slow-moving Olney of Buckinghamshire, — Cowper's Olney, which we see in the delicate vignettes of *The Task*, and in the delightful letters, skilled in making so much out of so little, of the half-playful, half-pathetic correspondent of John Newton and Lady Hesketh. Dutch, but of mingled strains in matters of religion, the sons, we are told, always, until the tradition was broken in the case of Walter Pater, brought up as Roman Catholics, the daughters as members of the Anglican communion. Walter Pater's father had moved to the neighborhood of London, and it was at Enfield, where Lamb, about whom the critic has

written with penetrating sympathy, Lamb and his sister Mary, had lately dwelt, that Pater spent his boyhood. "Not precocious," writes his friend of later years, Mr. Gosse, "he was always meditative and serious." Yes, we cannot think of him at any time as other than serious; withdrawn from the boisterous sports of boyhood; fed through little things by the sentiment of home, — that sentiment which was nourished in Marius at White Nights by the duteous observances of the religion of Numa; in Gaston at the Château de Deux-Manoirs with its immemorial associations and its traditional Catholic pieties; in Emerald Uthwart at Chase Lodge, with its perfumes of sweet peas, the neighboring fields so green and velvety, and the church where the ancient buried Uthwards slept, that home to which Emerald came back to die, a broken man; in Florian Deleal by "the old house," its old staircase, its old furniture, its shadowy angles, its swallow's nest below the sill, its brown and golden wall-flowers, its pear tree in springtime, and the scent of lime-flowers floating in at the open window.

And with this nesting sense of home there comes to the boy from neighboring London, from rumors of the outer world, from the face of some sad wayfarer on the road, an apprehension of the sorrow of the world, and the tears in mortal things, which disturbs him and must mingle henceforth with all his thoughts and dreams. He is recognized as "the clever one of the family," but it is not a vivacious cleverness, not a contentious power of intellect, rather a shy, brooding faculty, slow to break its sheath, and expand into a blossom, a faculty of gradual and exact receptiveness, and one of which the eye is the special organ. This, indeed, is a central fact to remember. If Pater is a seeker for truth, he must seek for it with the eye, and with the imagination penetrating its way through things visible; or if truth comes to him in any other way, he must project the truth into color and form, since otherwise it remains for him cold, loveless, and a tyranny of the intellect, like that which oppressed and almost crushed out of existence his Sebastian van Storck. We may turn elsewhere to read of "the conduct of the understanding." We learn much from Pater concerning the conduct of the eye. Whatever his religion may hereafter be, it cannot be that of Puritanism, which makes a breach between the visible and the invisible. It cannot be reached by purely intellectual processes; it cannot be embodied in a creed of dogmatic abstractions. The blessing which he may perhaps obtain can hardly be that of those who see not and yet have believed. The evidential value of a face made bright by some inner joy will count with him for more than any syllogism however correct in its premises and conclusions. A life made visibly gracious and comely will testify to him of some hidden truth more decisively than any supernatural witnessing known only by report. If he is impressed by any creed it will be by virtue of its living epistles, known and read of

all men. He will be occupied during his whole life with a study not of ideas apart from their concrete embodiment, not of things concrete apart from their inward significance, but with a study of expression, — expression as seen in the countenance of external nature, expression in Greek statue, mediæval cathedral, Renaissance altar-piece, expression in the ritual of various religions, and in the visible bearing of various types of manhood, in various exponents of tradition, of thought, and of faith.

His creed may partake somewhat of that natural or human catholicism of Wordsworth's poetry, which reveals the soul in things of sense, which is indeed, as Pater regards it, a kind of finer, spiritual sensuousness. But why stop where Wordsworth stopped in his earlier days? Why content ourselves with expression as seen in the face of hillside and cloud and stream, and the acts and words of simple men, through whom certain primitive elementary passions play? Why not also seek to discover the spirit in sense in its more complex and subtler incarnations, — in the arts and crafts, in the shaping of a vase, the lines and colors of a tapestry, the carving of a capital, the movements of a celebrant in the rites of religion, in a relief of Della Robbia, in a Venus of Botticelli, in the mysterious Gioconda of Lionardo? Setting aside the mere dross of circumstances in human life, why not vivify all amidst which we live and move by translating sense into spirit, and spirit into sense, thus rendering opaque things luminous, so that if no pure white light of truth can reach us, at least each step we tread may be impregnated with the stains and dyes of those colored morsels of glass, so deftly arranged, through which such light as we are able to endure has its access to our eyes?

If such thoughts as these lay in Pater's mind during early youth they lay unfolded and dormant. But we can hardly doubt that in the account of Emerald

Uthwart's schooldays he is interpreting with full-grown and self-conscious imagination his experiences as a schoolboy at Canterbury, where the cathedral was the presiding element of the *genius loci*: "If at home there had been nothing great, here, to boyish sense, one seems diminished to nothing at all, amid the grand waves, wave upon wave, of patiently wrought stone; the daring height, the daring severity, of the innumerable long, upward ruled lines, rigidly bent just at last in one place into the reserved grace of the perfect Gothic arch." Happy Emerald Uthwart in those early days, and happy Walter Pater with such noble, though as yet half-conscious, discipline in the conduct of the eye! If Pater thought of a profession, the military profession of his imagined Emerald would have been the last to commend itself to his feelings. His father was a physician, but science had no call for the son's intellect, and we can hardly imagine him as an enthusiastic student in the school of anatomy. He felt the attractions of the life and work of an English clergyman, and when a little boy, Mr. Gosse tells us, he had seen the benign face of Keble during a visit to Hursley, and had welcomed Keble's paternal counsel and encouragement. Had Pater lived some years longer it is quite possible that his early dream might have been realized, but Oxford, as things were, dissolved the dream of Canterbury.

Two influences stood over against each other in the Oxford of Pater's undergraduate days. There was the High Church movement, with which the name of the University has been associated. The spell of Newman's personal charm and the echoes of his voice in the pulpit of St. Mary's were not yet forgotten. The High Church movement had made the face of religion more outwardly attractive to such a spirit as Pater's; there had been a revival, half serious, half dilettante, of ecclesiastical art. But the High Church movement was essentially

dogmatic; the body of dogma had to some extent hardened into system, and Pater's mind was always prone to regard systems of thought — philosophical or theological — as works of art, to be examined and interpreted by the historical imagination; from which, when interpreted aright, something might be retained, perhaps, in a transposed form, but which could not be accepted and made one's own *en bloc*. On the other hand there was a stirring critical movement, opening new avenues for thought and imagination, promising a great enfranchisement of the intellect, and claiming possession of the future. Jowett was a nearer presence now at Oxford than Newman, and Pater had already come under the influence of German thinkers and had discovered in Goethe — greatest of critics — a master of the mind. Art, to which he had found access through the Modern Painters of an illustrious Oxford graduate, had passed beyond the bounds of the ecclesiastical revival, and, following a course like that of the mediæval drama, was rapidly secularizing itself. We see the process at work in the firm of which William Morris was the directing manager, at first so much occupied with church decoration, and by and by extending its operations to the domestic interiors of the wealthier layfolk of England. Pater's dream of occupying an Anglo-Catholic pulpit reshaped itself into the dream of becoming an Unitarian minister, and by degrees it became evident that the only pulpit which he could occupy was that of the Essayist, who explores for truth, and ends his research not without a sense of insecurity in his own conclusions, or rather who concludes without a conclusion, and is content to be fruitful through manifold suggestions.

We can imagine that with a somewhat different composition of the forces within him Pater's career might have borne some resemblance to that of Henri Amiel, "in wandering mazes lost." But the

disputants in Amiel's nature were more numerous and could not be brought to a conciliation. One of them was forever reaching out toward the indefinite, which Amiel called the infinite, and the Maia of the Genevan Buddhist threw him back in the end upon a world of ennui. Pater was saved by a certain "intellectual astringency," by a passion for the concrete, and by the fact that he lived much in and through the eye. He had perhaps learnt from Goethe that true expansion lies in limitation, and he never appreciated as highly as did Amiel the poetry of fog. His boyish faith, such as it was, had lapsed away. How was he to face life and make the best of it? Something at least could be gained by truth to himself, by utter integrity, by living, and that intensely, in his best self and in the highest moments of his best self, by detaching from his intellectual force, as he says of Winckelmann, all flaccid interests. If there was in him any tendency to mystic passion and religious reverie this was checked, as with his own Marius, by a certain virility of intellect, by a feeling of the poetic beauty of mere clearness of mind. Is nothing permanent? Are all things melting under our feet? Well, if it be so, we cannot alter the fact. But we need not therefore spend our few moments of life in listlessness. If all is passing away, let the knowledge of this be a stimulus toward intenser activity, let it excite within us the thirst for a full and perfect experience.

And remember that Pater's special gift, his unique power, lay in the eye and in the imagination using the eye as its organ. He could not disdain the things of sense, for there is a spirit in sense, and mind communes with mind through color and through form. He notes in Marcus Aurelius, the pattern of Stoical morality, who would stand above and apart from the world of the senses, not, after all, an attainment of the highest humanity, but a mediocrity, though a

mediocrity for once really golden. He writes of Pascal with adequate knowledge and with deep sympathy, but he qualifies his admiration for the great friend of Jansenism by observing that Pascal had little sense of the beauty even of holiness. In Pascal's "sombre, trenchant, precipitous philosophy," and his perverse asceticism, Pater finds evidence of a diseased spirit, a morbid tension like that of insomnia. Sebastian van Storck, with the warm life of a rich Dutch interior around him, and all the play of light and color in Dutch art to enrich his eye, turns away to seek some glacial Northwest passage to the lifeless, colorless Absolute. Spinoza appears to Pater not as a God-intoxicated man, but as climbing to the barren pinnacle of egoistic intellect. Such, at all events, could not possibly be his own way. There is something of the true wisdom of humility in modestly remembering that we are not pure intelligence, pure soul, and in accepting the aid of the senses. How reassuring Marius finds it to be, after assisting at a long debate about rival criteria of truth, "to fall back upon direct sensation, to limit one's aspiration after knowledge to that." To live intensely in the moment, "to burn with a gemlike flame," to maintain an ecstasy, is to live well, with the gain, at least for a moment, of wisdom and of joy. "America is here and now — here or nowhere," as Wilhelm Meister, and, after him, Marius the Epicurean discovered.

There is no hint in Pater's first volume of the fortifying thought which afterwards came to him, that some vast logic of change, some law or rhythm of evolution, may underlie all that is transitory, all the pulsations of passing moments, and may bind them together in some hidden harmony. Looking back on the period of what he calls a new Cyrenaicism, he saw a most depressing theory coming in contact, in his own case as in that of Marius, with a happy temperament, — happy though subject to

moods of deep depression, and he saw that by virtue of this happy temperament he had converted his loss into a certain gain. Assuredly he never regarded that view of life which is expressed in the Conclusion to *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* as mere hedonism, as a mere abandonment to the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. No: looking back, he perceived that his aim was not pleasure, but fullness and vividness of life, a perfection of being, an intense and, as far as may be, a complete experience; that this was not to be attained without a discipline, involving some severity; that it demanded a strenuous effort; that here, too, the loins must be girt and the lamp lit; that for success in his endeavor he needed before all else true insight, and that insight will not come by any easy way, or, as we say, by a royal road; that on the contrary it must be sought by a culture, which may be, and ought to be, joyous, but which certainly must be strict. The precept "Be perfect in regard to what is here and now" is one which may be interpreted, as he conceived it, into lofty meanings. A conduct of the intellect in accordance with this precept, in its rejection of many things which bring with them facile pleasures, may in a certain sense be called a form of asceticism. The eye itself must be purified from all grossness and dullness. "Such a manner of life," writes Pater of the new Cyrenaicism of his Marius, "might itself even come to seem a kind of religion. . . . The true 'æsthetic culture' would be realizable as a new form of the 'contemplative life,' founding its claim on the essential 'blessedness' of 'vision,' — the vision of perfect men and things." At the lowest it is an impassioned ideal life.

Such is Pater's own *apologia pro vita sua* — that is, for life during his earlier years of authorship — as given in Marius the Epicurean. But the best apology is, indeed, the outcome of that life,

the volume of *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, and later essays, which are essentially one with these in kind. The richness of color and delicacy of carving in some of Pater's work have concealed from many readers its intellectual severity, its strictness of design, its essential veracity. A statue that is chryselephantine may be supposed to be less intellectual than the same statue if it were worked in marble; yet more of sheer brainwork perhaps is required for the design which has to calculate effects of color. There are passages in Pater's writing which may be called, if you like, decorative, but the decoration is never incoherent ornament of *papier maché* laid on from without; it is, on the contrary, a genuine outgrowth of structure, always bringing into relief the central idea.

This central idea he arrives at only through the process of a steadfast and strenuous receptiveness, which has in it something of the nature of fortitude. Occasionally he gives it an express definition, naming it, not perhaps quite happily, the *formula* of the artist or author who is the subject of his study. Thus, the formula of Raphael's genius, if we must have one, is this: "The transformation of meek scholarship into genius — triumphant power of genius." The essay on Raphael is accordingly the record of a series of educations, from which at last emerge works showing a synoptic intellectual power, and large theoretic conceptions, but these are seen to act in perfect unison with the pictorial imagination and a magic power of the hand. The formula, to turn from pictorial art to literature, of Prosper Mérimée, who met the disillusion of the post-Revolution period by irony, is this: "The enthusiastic amateur of rude, crude, naked force in men and women wherever it could be found; himself carrying ever, as a mask, the conventional attire of the modern world — carrying it with an infinite contemptuous grace, as if that too were an

all-sufficient end in itself." Nothing could be more triumphantly exact and complete than Pater's brief formula of *Mérimée*. But perhaps his method is nowhere more convincingly shown than in the companion studies of two French churches, *Notre Dame of Amiens*, pre-eminently the church of a city, of a commune, and the *Madeleine of Vézelay*, which is typically the church of a monastery. Here the critic does not for a moment lose himself in details; in each case he holds, as it were, the key of the situation; he has grasped the central idea of each structure; and then with the aid of something like creative imagination, he assists the idea — the vital germ — to expand itself and grow before us into leaf and tendril and blossom.

In such studies as these we perceive that the eye is itself an intellectual, a spiritual power, or at least the organ and instrument of such a power. And this imaginative criticism is in truth constructive. But the creative work of imagination rises from a basis of adequate knowledge and exact perception. To see precisely what a thing is, — what, before all else, it is to *me*; to feel with entire accuracy its unique quality; to find the absolutely right word in which to express the perception and the feeling, — this indeed taxes the athletics of the mind. Sometimes, while still essentially a critic, Pater's power of construction and reconstruction takes the form of a highly intellectual fantasy. Thus *A Study of Dionysus* reads like a fantasia suggested by the life of the vine and the "spirit of sense" in the grape; yet the fantasia is in truth the tracing out, by a learned sympathy, of strange or beautiful sequences of feeling or imagination in the Greek mind. In *Denys l'Auxerrois* and *Apollo in Picardy*, which should be placed side by side as companion pieces, the fancy takes a freer range. They may be described as transpositions of the classical into the romantic. *Apollo* — now for mediæval con-

temporaries bearing the ill-omened name *Apollyon* — appears in a monkish frock and wears the tonsure; yet he remains a true *Apollo*, but of the Middle Age, and, in a passage of singular romance, even does to death the mediæval *Hyacinthus*. *Denys*, that strange flaxen and flowery creature, the organ-builder of *Auxerre*, has all the mystic power and ecstatic rage of *Dionysus*. Are these two elder brothers of *Goethe's Euphoriön*, earlier-born children of *Faust* and *Helena*?

Even these fantasies are not without an intellectual basis. For Pater recognizes in classical art and classical literature a considerable element of romance — strangeness allied with beauty; and to refashion the myths of *Dionysus* and even of *Apollo* in the romantic spirit is an experiment in which there is more than mere fantasy. Very justly and admirably he protests in writing of Greek sculpture against a too intellectual or abstract view of classical art. Here also were color and warmth and strange ventures of imaginative faith, and fears and hopes and ecstasies, which we are apt to forget in the motionless shadow or pallid light of our cold museums. Living himself at a time, as we say, of "transition," when new and old ideas were in conflict, and little interested in any form of action except that of thought and feeling, he came to take a special interest in the contention and also in the conciliation of rival ideals. Hence the period of the Renaissance — from the auroral Renaissance within the Middle Age to the days of *Ronsard* and *Montaigne*, with its new refinements of mediævalism, — seen, for example, in the poetry of the *Pleiad*, — its revival in an altered form of the classical temper, and the invasions of what may be summed up under the name of "the modern spirit" — had a peculiar attraction for him. His *Gaston de Latour*, as far as he is known to us through what is unhappily a fragment, seems

almost created for no other purpose than to be a subject for the play of contending influences. The old pieties of the Middle Age survive within him, leaving a deep and abiding deposit in his spirit; but he is caught by the new grace and delicate magic of Ronsard's verse, of Ronsard's personality; he is exposed to all the enriching, and yet perhaps disintegrating forces of Montaigne's undulant philosophy, — the philosophy of the relative; and he is prepared to be lifted — lifted, shall we say, or lowered? — from his state of suspended judgment by the ardent genius of that new knight of the Holy Ghost, Giordano Bruno, with his glowing exposition of the Lower Pantheism.

His Marius, again, cannot rest in the religion of Numa, which was the presiding influence of his boyhood. His Cyrenaicism is confronted by the doctrine of the Stoics, — sad, gray, depressing, though presented with all possible amiability in the person of Marcus Aurelius. And in the Christian house of Cecilia, and among the shadowy catacombs of Rome, his eyes are touched by the radiance of a newer light, which thrills him with the sense of an unapprehended joy, a heroic — perhaps a divine — hope. In the eighteenth century Pater's Watteau, creating a new and delicate charm for the society of his own day, is yet ill at ease, half detached from that society, and even — saddening experience! — half detached from his own art, for he dreams, unlike his age, of a better world than the actual one; and by an anachronism which is hardly pardonable (for it confuses the chronology of eighteenth-century moods of mind) the faithful and tender diarist of Valenciennes, whose more than sisterly interest in young Antoine has left us this Watteau myth, becomes acquainted — and through Antoine himself — with the Manon Lescaut of many years later, in which the ardent passion of the period of Rousseau is anticipated. And,

again, in that other myth of the eighteenth century, Duke Carl of Rosenmold, — myth of a half-rococo Apollo, — the old stiff mediævalism of German courts and the elegant *fudeurs* of French pseudo-classicism are exhibited in revelation to a throng of fresher influences, — the classical revival of which Winckelmann was the apostle, the revival of the Middle Age as a new and living force, the artistic patriotism which Lessing preached, the "return to nature" of which a little later the young Goethe — he, a true Apollo — was the herald, and that enfranchisement of passion and desire, which, now when Rousseau is somewhere in the world, brooding, kindling, about to burst into flame, seems no anachronism.

I cannot entirely go along with that enthusiastic admirer who declared — surely not without a smile of ironic intelligence — that the trumpet of doom ought to have sounded when the last page of *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* was completed. Several copies of the golden book in its first edition, containing the famous Conclusion, would probably have perished in the general conflagration; and Pater was averse to noise. But a memorable volume it is, and one which testifies to the virtue of a happy temperament even when in the presence of a depressing philosophy. Too much attention has been centred on that Conclusion; it has been taken by many persons as if it were Pater's ultimate confession of faith, whereas, in truth, the Conclusion was a prologue. Pater's early years had made a home for his spirit among Christian pieties and the old moralities. When Florian Deleal, quitting for the first time the house of his childhood, runs back to fetch the forgotten pet bird, and sees the warm familiar rooms "lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation," a clinging to the cherished home comes over him. And had Pater in his haughty philosophy of manhood

in like manner dismantled and desecrated the little white room of his early faith? The very question seemed to carry with it something of remorse; but Pater's integrity of mind, his intellectual virility, could not permit itself to melt in sentiment. In the essay on Aucassin and Nicolette, he had spoken of the rebellious antinomian spirit connected with the outbreak of the reason and imagination, with the assertion of the liberty of heart, in the Middle Age. "The perfection of culture," he knew, "is not rebellion, but peace;" yet on the way to that end, he thought, there is room for a noble antinomianism. Now, like his own Marius, he began to think that in such antinomianism there might be a taint, he began to question whether it might not be possible somehow to adjust his new intellectual scheme of things to the old morality. His culture had brought with it a certain sense of isolation, like that of a spectator detached from the movement of life and the great community of men. His Cyrenaic theory was one in keeping with the proud individualism of youth. From the Stoic Fronto his Marius hears of an august community, to which each of us may perchance belong, "humanity, an universal order, the great polity, its aristocracy of elect spirits, the mastery of their example over their successors." But where are these elect spirits? Where is this comely order? The Cyrenaic lover of beauty begins to feel that his conception of beauty has been too narrow, too exclusive; not positively unsound perhaps, for it enjoined the practice of an ideal temperance, and involved a seriousness of spirit almost religious, so that, as Marius reflects, "the saint and the Cyrenaic lover of beauty would at least understand each other better than either would understand the mere man of the world." His pursuit of perfection was surely not in itself illegitimate, but by its exclusiveness of a more complete ideal of perfection it might al-

most partake of the nature of a heresy. Without rejecting his own scheme of life, might it not be possible to adjust it to the old morality as a part to a whole? Viewed even from a purely egoistic standpoint had not such attainments as were his — and the attainments were unquestionably precious — been secured at a great sacrifice? Was it a true economy to forfeit perhaps a greater gain for the less? The Stoical ideal, which casts scorn upon the body, and that visible beauty in things which for Marius was indeed a portion of truth, as well as beauty, he must needs reject. But might there not be a divination of something real, an imperfect vision of a veritable possibility in the Stoical conception of an ordered society of men, a Celestial City, *Uranopolis*, *Callipolis*? And what if the belief of Marcus Aurelius in the presence of a divine companion, a secret Providence behind the veil, contained some elevating truth? What if the isolated seeker for a narrow perfection could attach himself to some venerable system of sentiment and ideas, and so "let in a great tide of experience, and make, as it were, with a single step, a great experience of his own; with a great consequent increase to his own mind, of color, variety, and relief, in the spectacle of men and things"?

There are two passages of rare spiritual beauty in Marius the Epicurean: one is that which tells of Marius wandering forth with such thoughts as these — keeping all these things in his heart — to one of his favorite spots in the Alban or the Sabine hills; the other is the description of the sacred, memorial celebration in the Christian house of Cecilia. After a night of perfect sleep Marius awakes in the morning sunlight, with almost the joyful waking of childhood. As he rides toward the hills his mood is, like the season's, one of flawless serenity; a sense of gratitude — gratitude to what? — fills his heart, and must over-

flow ; he leans, as it were, toward that eternal, invisible Companion of whom the Stoic philosopher and emperor spoke. Might he not, he reflects, throw in the election of his will, though never faltering from the truth, on the side of his best thought, his best feeling, and perhaps receive in due course the justification, the confirmation of this venture of faith ? What if the eternal companion were really by his side ? What if his own spirit were but a moment, a pulse, in some great stream of spiritual energy ? What if this fair material universe were but a creation, a projection into sense of the perpetual mind ? What if the new city, let down from heaven, were also a reality included in the process of that divine intelligence ? Less through any sequence of argument than by a discovery of the spirit in sense, or rather of the imaginative reason, Marius seems to live and move in the presence of the Great Ideal, the Eternal Reason, nay, the Father of men. A larger conception assuredly of the reasonable Ideal than that of his Cyrenaic days has dawned for him, every trace or note of which it shall henceforth be his business to gather up. *Paratum cor meum, Deus ! paratum cor meum !*

It is a criticism of little insight which represents Marius as subordinating truth to any form of ease or comfort or spiritual self-indulgence ; an erroneous criticism which represents him as only extending a refined hedonism so as to include within it new pleasures of the moral sense or the religious temper. For Marius had never made pleasure his aim and end ; his aim and end had been always perfection, but now he perceives that his ideal of perfection had been incomplete and inadequate. He discovers the larger truth, and the lesser falls into its due place. His experiences among the Sabine hills, which remind one of certain passages in Wordsworth's Excursion, may have little evidential value for any other mind than his own ; even

for himself they could hardly recur in like manner ever again. But that such phenomena — however we may interpret their significance — are real cannot be doubted by any disinterested student of human nature. What came to Marius was not a train of argument, but what we may call a revelation ; it came as the last and culminating development, under favoring external conditions, of many obscure processes of thought and feeling. The seed had thrust up its stalk, which then had struggled through the soil ; and at last sunlight touches the folded blossom, which opens to become a flower of light.

Marius had already seen in Cornelius the exemplar of a new knighthood, which he can but imperfectly understand. Entirely virile, Cornelius is yet governed by some strange hidden rule which obliges him to turn away from many things that are commonly regarded as the rights of manhood ; he has a blitheness, which seems precisely the reverse of the temper of the Emperor, and yet some veiled severity underlies, perhaps supports, this blitheness. And in the gathering at Cecilia's house, where the company — and among them, children — are singing, Marius recognizes the same glad expansion of a joyful soul, "in people upon whom some all-subduing experience had wrought heroically." A grave discretion ; an intelligent seriousness about life ; an exquisite courtesy ; all chaste affections of the family, and these under the most natural conditions ; a temperate beauty, all are here ; the human body, which had been degraded by Pagan voluptuousness and dishonored by Stoic asceticism, is here revered as something sacred, or as something sanctified ; and death itself is made beautiful through a new hope. Charity here is not painfully calculated, but joyous and chivalrous in its devotion ; peaceful labor is rehabilitated and illumined with some new light. A higher ideal than Marius had ever known before — higher and glad-

der — is operative here, ideal of woman, of the family, of industry, including all of life and death. And its effects are visible, addressing themselves even to the organ of sight, which with Marius is the special avenue for truth; so that he has only to read backward from effects to causes in order to be assured that some truth of higher import and finer efficacy than any previously known to him must be working among the forces which have created this new beauty. What if this be the company of elect souls dreamed of by the rhetorician Fronto? And with the tenderest charity in this company of men and women a heroic fortitude — the fortitude of the martyrs, like those of Lyons — is united. What if here be Uranopolis, Callipolis, the City let down from heaven? For Marius in the house of Cecilia the argument is irrefragable — rather the experience is convincing. Possibly in the light of a more extended survey of history new doubts and questions may arise; but these were days of purity and of love, the days of the minor peace of the church.

Yet even in the end Marius is brought only to his Pisgah, — the mount of vision. He does not actually set foot within the promised land. Even that act of surrender, by which Cornelius is delivered and Marius goes to his death, is less an act of divine self-sacrifice than the result of an impulse, half careless, half generous, of comradeship. His spirit — *anima naturaliter Christiana* — departs less in assured hope than with the humble consolation of memory — *tristem neminem fecit*; he had at least not added any pang to the total sum of the world's pain.

And although the creator of Marius had arrived, by ways very different from those of Pascal, at some of Pascal's conclusions, and had expressed these with decisiveness in a review of Amiel's Journal, we cannot but remember that essentially his mind belonged to the same order as the mind of Montaigne rather

than to the order of the mind of Pascal. We can imagine Pater, had he lived longer, asking himself, as part of that endless dialogue with self which constituted his life, whether the deepest community with his fellows could not be attained by a profound individuality without attaching himself to institutions. Whether, for example, the fact of holding a fellowship at Brasenose, or the fact of knowing Greek well, bound him the more intimately to the society of Greek scholars. We can imagine him questioning whether other truths might not be added to those truths which made radiant the faces in Cecilia's house. Whether even those same truths might not, in a later age, be capable of, might not even require, a different conception, and a largely altered expression.

While in the ways indicated in Marius the Epicurean Pater was departing from that doctrine of the perpetual flux, — with ideals of conduct corresponding to that doctrine, — or was at least subordinating this to a larger, really a more liberal view of things, his mind was also tending, and now partly under the influence of Plato, away from the brilliantly colored, versatile, centrifugal Ionian temper of his earlier days toward the simpler, graver, more strictly ordered, more athletic Dorian spirit.

Plato and Platonism, in noticing which I shall sometimes use Pater's own words, is distinguished less by color than by a pervasive light. The demand on a reader's attention is great, but the demand is not so much from sentence to sentence as from chapter to chapter. If we may speak of the evolution or development of a theme by literary art, such evolution in this book is perhaps its highest merit. No attempt is made to fix a dogmatic creed, or to piece together an artificial unity of tessellated opinions. Philosophies are viewed very much as works of art, and the historical method is adopted, which endeavors to determine the conditions that render each

philosophy, each work of art, and especially this particular work of art, the Platonic philosophy, possible. And there is something of autobiography, for those who can discern it, below the surface of the successive discussions of ideas, which yet are often seemingly remote from modern thought.

The doctrine of the Many, of the perpetual flux of things, which was so consonant to the mobile Ionian temper, is set over against the doctrine of the One, for which all that is phenomenal becomes null, and the sole reality is pure Being, colorless, formless, impalpable. It was Plato's work to break up the formless unity of the philosophy of the One into something multiple, and yet not transitory, — the starry Platonic ideas, Justice, Temperance, Beauty, and their kindred luminaries of the intellectual heaven. Platonism in one sense is a witness for the unseen, the transcendental. Yet, austere as he sometimes appears, who can doubt that Plato's austerity, his temperance is attained only by the control of a richly sensuous nature? Before all else he was a lover; and now that he had come to love invisible things more than visible, the invisible things must be made, as it were, visible persons, capable of engaging his affections. The paradox is true that he had a sort of sensuous love of the unseen. And in setting forth his thoughts, he is not a dogmatist but essentially an essayist, — a questioning explorer for truth, who refines and idealizes the manner of his master Socrates, and who, without the oscillating philosophy of Montaigne, anticipates something of Montaigne's method as a seeker for the knowledge of things.

At this point in Pater's long essay, a delightful turn is given to his treatment of the subject by that remarkable and characteristic chapter in which he attempts to revive for the eye, as well as for the mind, the life of old Lacedæmon — Lacedæmon, the highest con-

crete embodiment of that Dorian temper of Greece, that Dorian temper of which his own ideal Republic would have been a yet more complete development. Those conservative Lacedæmonians, "the people of memory preëminently," are made to live and move before us by creative imagination working among the records, too scanty, of historical research. There in hollow Laconia, a land of organized slavery under central military authority, the genius of conservatism was enthroned. The old bore sway; the young were under strict, but not unjoyous discipline. Every one, at every moment, must strive to be at his best, with all superfluities pruned away. "It was a type of the Dorian purpose in life — a sternness, like sea-water infused into wine, overtaking a matter naturally rich, at the moment when fullness may lose its savor and expression." There in clear air, on the bank of a mountain torrent, stands Lacedæmon; by no means a "growing" place, rather a solemn, ancient mountain village, with its sheltering plane trees, and its playing-fields for youthful athletes, all under discipline, who when robed might almost have seemed a company of young monks. A city not without many venerable and beautiful buildings, civic and religious, in a grave hieratic order of architecture, while its private abodes were simple and even rude. The whole of life is evidently conceived as matter of attention, patience, fidelity to detail, like that of good soldiers or musicians. The Helots, who pursue their trades and crafts from generation to generation in a kind of guild, may be indulged in some illiberal pleasures of abundant food and sleep; but it is the mark of aristocracy to endure hardness. And from these half-military, half-monastic modes of life are born the most beautiful of all people in Greece, in the world. Everywhere one is conscious of reserved power, and the beauty of strength restrained, — a male

beauty, far remote from feminine tenderness. Silent these men can be, or, if need arise, can speak to the point, and with brevity. With them to read is almost a superfluity, for whatever is essential has become a part of memory, and is made actual in habit; but such culture in fact has the power to develop a vigorous imagination. Their music has in it a high moral stimulus; their dance is not mere form, but full of subject; they dance a theme, and that with absolute correctness, a dance full of delight, yet with something of the character of a liturgical service, something of a military inspection. And these half-monastic people are also — as monks may be — a very cheerful people, devoted to a religion of sanity; worshipers of Apollo, sanest of the national gods; strong in manly comradeship, of which those youthful demigods, the Dioscuri, are the patrons. Why all this strenuous task-work day after day? An intelligent young Spartan might reply, "To the end that I myself may be a perfect work of art."

It is this Dorian spirit which inspires the Republic of Plato. He would, if possible, arrest the disintegration of Athenian society, or at least protest against the principle of flamboyancy in things and thoughts, — protest against the fluxional, centrifugal, Ionian element in the Hellenic character. He conceives the State as one of those disciplined Spartan dancers, or as a well-knit athlete; he desires not that it shall be gay, or rich, or populous, but that it shall be strong, an organic unity, entirely self-harmonious, each individual occupying his exact place in the system; and the State being thus harmoniously strong, it will also be of extreme æsthetic beauty, — the beauty of a unity or harmony enforced on highly disparate ele-

ments, unity as of an army or an order of monks, unity as of liturgical music.

It could hardly happen that Pater's last word in this long study should be on any other subject than art. It is no false fragment of traditional Platonism which insists on the close connection between the æsthetic qualities of things and the formation of moral character; on the building of character through the eye and ear. And this ethical influence of art resides even more in the form — its concision, simplicity, rhythm — than in the matter. In the ideal Republic the simplification of human nature is the chief affair; therefore art must be simple and even austere. The community will be fervently æsthetic, but withal fervent renunciants as well, and, in the true sense of the word *ascetic*, will be fervently ascetic. "The proper art of the Perfect City is in fact the art of discipline." In art, in its narrower meaning, in literature, what the writer of the Republic would most desire is that quality which solicits an effort from the reader or spectator, "who is promised a great expressiveness on the part of the writer, the artist, if he for his part will bring with him a great attentiveness." Temperance superinduced on a nature originally rich and impassioned, — this is the supreme beauty of the Dorian art. Plato's own prose is, indeed, a practical illustration of the value of intellectual astringency. He is before all else a lover, and infinite patience, quite as much as fire, is the mood of all true lovers. It is, indeed, this infinite patience of a lover which in large measure gives to Pater's own studies of art and literature their peculiar value. The bee, that has gone down the long neck of a blossom, is not more patient in collecting his drop of honey.

Edward Dowden.

BALM.

AFTER the heat the dew,
 and the tender touch of twilight;
 The unfolding of the few
 Calm stars.
 After the heat the dew.

After the Sun the shade,
 and beatitude of shadow;
 Dim aisles for memory made,
 And thought.
 After the Sun the shade.

After all there is balm;
 from the wings of dark there is wafture
 Of sleep, — night's infinite psalm, —
 And dreams.
 After all there is balm.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

 ON READING BOOKS THROUGH THEIR BACKS.

I.

I HAVE a way every two or three days or so, of an afternoon, of going down to our library, sliding into the little gate by the shelves, and taking a long empty walk there. I have found that nothing quite takes the place of it for me, — wandering up and down the aisles of my ignorance, letting myself be loomed at, staring doggedly back. I always feel when I go out the great door as if I had won a victory. I have at least faced the facts. I swing off to my tramp on the hills where is the sense of space, as if I had faced the Bully of the World, the whole assembled world, in his own den, and he had given me a license to live.

Of course it only lasts a little while. One soon feels a library nowadays pulling on him. One has to go back and do it all over again, but for the time being

it affords infinite relief. It sets one in right relations to the universe, to the Original Plan of Things. One suspects that if God had originally intended that men on this planet should be crowded off by books on it, it would not have been put off to the twentieth century.

I was saying something of this sort to the Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts the other day, and when I was through he said promptly, "The way a man feels in a library (if any one can get him to tell it) lets out more about a man than anything else in the world."

It did not seem best to make a reply to this. I did n't think it would do either of us any good.

Finally, in spite of myself, I spoke up and allowed that I felt as intelligent in a library as anybody.

He did not say anything.

When I asked him what he thought

being intelligent in a library was, he took the general ground that it consisted in always knowing what one was about there, in knowing exactly what one wanted.

I replied that I did not think that that was a very intelligent state of mind to be in, in a library.

Then I waited while he told me (fifteen minutes) what an intelligent mind was anywhere (nearly everywhere, it seemed to me). But I did not wait in vain, and at last when he had come around to it, and had asked me what I thought the feeling of intelligence consisted in, in libraries, I said it consisted in being pulled on by the books.

I said quite a little after this, and of course the general run of my argument was that I was rather intelligent myself. The P. G. S. of M. had little to say to this, and after he had said how intelligent he was awhile, the conversation was dropped.

The question that concerns me is, what shall a man do, how shall he act, when he finds himself in the hush of a great library, — opens the door upon it, stands and waits in the midst of it, with his poor outstretched soul all by himself before it, — and feels the books pulling on him? I always feel as if it were a sort of infinite Cross Roads. The last thing I want to know in a library is exactly what I want there. I am tired of knowing what I want. I am always knowing what I want. I can know what I want almost anywhere. If there is a place left on God's earth where a modern man can go and go regularly and not know what he wants awhile, in Heaven's name why not let him hold on to it? I am as fond as the next man, I think, of knowing what I am about, but when I find myself ushered into a great library I do not know what I am about any sooner than I can help. I shall know soon enough — God forgive me! When it is given to a man to stand in the As-

sembly Room of Nations, to feel the ages, all the ages, gathering around him, flowing past his life, to listen to the immortal stir of Thought, to the doings of The Dead, why should a man interrupt — interrupt a whole world — to know what he is about? I stand at the junction of all Time and Space. I am the three tenses. I read the newspaper of the universe.

It fades away after a little, I know. I go to the card catalogue like a lamb to the slaughter, poke my head into Knowledge — somewhere — and am lost, but the light of it on the spirit does not fade away. It leaves a glow there. It plays on the pages afterward.

There is a certain fine excitement about taking a library in this fashion, a sense of spaciousness of joy in it, which one is almost always sure to miss in libraries — most libraries — by staying in them. The only way one can get any real good out of a modern library seems to be by going away in the nick of time. If one stays there is no help for it. One is soon standing before the card catalogue sorting one's wits out in it, filing them away, and the sense of boundlessness both in one's self and everybody else — the thing a library is for — is fenced off forever.

At least it seems fenced off forever. One sees the universe barred and patterned off with a kind of grating before it. It is a card catalogue universe.

I can only speak for one, but I must say, for myself, that as compared with this feeling one has in the door, this feeling of standing over a library — mere reading in it, sitting down and letting one's self be tucked into a single book in it — is a humiliating experience.

II.

I am not unaware that this will seem to some — this empty doting on infinity, this standing and staring at All-knowledge — a mere dizzying exercise, whirling one's head round and round in Nothing, for Nothing. And I am not una-

were that it would be unbecoming in me or in any other man to feel superior to a card catalogue.

A card catalogue, of course, as a device for making a kind of tunnel for one's mind in a library — for working one's way through it — is useful and necessary to all of us. Certainly, if a man insists on having infinity in a convenient form — infinity in a box — it would be hard to find anything better to have it in than a card catalogue.

But there are times when one does not want infinity in a box. He loses the best part of it that way. He prefers it in its natural state. All that I am contending for is, that when these times come, the times when a man likes to feel infinite knowledge crowding round him, — feel it through the backs of unopened books, and likes to stand still and think about it, worship with the thought of it, — he ought to be allowed to do so. It

is true that there is no sign up against it (against thinking in libraries). But there might as well be. It amounts to the same thing. No one is expected to. People are expected to keep up an appearance, at least, of doing something else there. I do not dare to hope that the next time I am caught standing and staring in a library, with a kind of blank, happy look, I shall not be considered by all my kind intellectually disreputable for it. I admit that it does not look intelligent — this standing by a door and taking in a sweep of books — this reading a whole library at once. I can imagine how it looks. It looks like listening to a kind of cloth and paper chorus — foolish enough, but if I go out of the door to the hills again, refreshed for them and lifted up to them, with the strength of the ages in my limbs, great voices all around me, flocking on my solitary walk — who shall gainsay me?

Gerald Stanley Lee.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

LANDOR'S POETRY.

It is not easy to admit a great liking for Landor without ranging one's self with the Landorians, however desirous one may be to avoid the special pleading of a sectarian for the god of his fancy. And indeed our natural sympathy for the under-god may readily put us in the way of conversion to the right Landorian sect, or to any other. We begin by sticking up for somebody, and end by falling fairly under his spell, or under the spell which our assiduity has woven about him. We are aware that no greatness needs sticking up for, that in the end it must get what it deserves. But in the meantime we may say what we can in the interest of our friends; for Landor, certainly, the end is not yet.

The existence of his poetry is suspected by many persons who have a nodding acquaintance with the gilt backs of his *Imaginary Conversations*: in some such way the case still stands against the reading public, even perhaps against the minor part of it which may not more properly be called the buying and borrowing public. In prose he has at least won the success of esteem, — the sort of success which is often in itself enough to keep one from being really read much. An invisible but real barrier rises like an exhalation between the common human being and the possessor of that mysterious quality, "style." If we could only forget that Burke and Landor and De Quincey had style, we might find

them more humanly approachable; as it is, let us make our salaams and pass on. Landor's prose is read by many, if not by the many, and is greatly deferred to.

It would hardly be true to say as much of his verse, which, though it comes highly recommended, appeals to a surprisingly small audience. This is easy to account for on superficial grounds alone. Its serenity of tone, its purity of outline, its lack of ornateness in detail, are precisely the qualities with which modern poetry is inclined to dispense. Penteleic marble is good, but we of to-day prefer, secretly or otherwise, the glowing if perishable canvases of our Titians, or even of our Bouguereaus. These at least are full of warmth and feeling; we may do very well without the severity of form which seemed paramount to an earlier and, after all, a ruder age. Purity of form is certainly the most salient characteristic of Landor's verse; no modern writer has possessed it in the same measure. Milton was pure, but, if we except the sonnets, rarely in English; his wonders were done in a hybrid medium. Wordsworth was pure, but only in his finest moments, and never at any considerable remove from baldness. An austere purity is Landor's native air; and though it blew from Parnassus, he breathed it on the banks of Avon.

But Milton and Wordsworth possessed a quality his lack of which accounts less obviously for Landor's failure to gain the larger public. They were dead in earnest, and their earnestness sprang from a profound sense of moral responsibility. "The poet's message to his time" has become something of a catchphrase in criticism. The fact that a great poet has had a particular thesis to present to his own generation is historically interesting, but hardly accountable for his greatness. For it is not likely to be in the exercise of his highest gift as a poet that he has directly influenced the opinion or behavior of his neighbors in time or place. He has made practical

use of an instrument the highest use of which is not immediate or practical. Yet there is no doubt that the habit of moral conviction and settledness of mind, which in its direct application is likely to produce poetry, if real, of an inferior order, must by indirection enrich even the sort of poetry that seems most spontaneous and unfortified with opinion. This would apply even to the work of the dramatic poet, who is supposed to have his being in a chronic process of self-effacement. As for the lyric poet, since it is his affair to express only himself, we inevitably feel the invisible moral atmosphere in which that self moves. To say that such a poet has no message should mean not that he fails to say things, but simply that the total impression of his personality inferred from his utterance is in some way inharmonious or incomplete. The inference from the lyrical verse of Milton or Wordsworth is an inference of suppressed moral zeal; the Muse has forced them for the moment to an expression of pure feeling, though they would have liked, perhaps, to be at their favorite business of preaching. Landor's suppression, on the other hand, is of a weakness, or, more fairly perhaps, of a limitation. He cannot fitly utter the whole of his personality in verse, for his life, rich in the materials of poetry, was not a poem. A certain instability of moral temper is to be hidden, not dishonestly, but decently and in the name of art. Unfortunately for this poet, the more nearly man and artist are fused, the stronger a poet's hold is upon general sympathy. We are not satisfied to be admitted to one corner of a man's heart, or to a single chamber of his brain, even if we have reason to think the rest of the house is given over to cobwebs and skeleton closets. There is something disconcerting in the admirable manners of a person about whom things are rumored; we do not know which way to look in his presence.

One of the most comfortable ways of disposing of Landor has been by the re-

sort to paradox. What an unaccountable creature he was, — hot-headed and gentle, dreamy and disputatious, stubbornly proud and the sport of every whim, a sort of literary ruffian and an apostle of peace. "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife," he writes with lofty serenity, after threescore and ten years of quarreling with everybody. What are we to make of such a person as that?

But nothing is easier to manage than a paradox if one takes the trouble to humor it. Admitted that Landor was a dare-devil student, an irascible husband, an ungovernable subject, and that he wrote much of the serenest prose, the most delicately urbane verse in the language; and there is still nothing confused or irrelevant in the story of his life and work, nothing even to suggest him as a "case" for the Society for Psychical Research. His personality was by no means a patchwork of stray entities; given the flesh and blood, everything else is congruous and germane. To so turbulent and exuberant a nature there could be only one literary salvation: the guiding instinct of the artist, to impose here and restrain there, so that of the multitude of impressions by which the poet is besieged, each may find its allotted place, — may be discarded as unworthy of expression, or given the expression which is fit. The irresponsible rude vigor which marked Landor's daily conduct and habit of mind was somehow precipitated by the act of art, taking on a form of dignity and grace, as some cloudy chemical virtue assumes the lucid firmness of the crystal. Here, then, is the true Landorian paradox: precisely because he was all compact of ungovernable will and romantic feeling, his art must subject itself to classical line and precept; his fluid nature crystallizing, that it might not diffuse itself in ineffective vapor, and the poetic medium of expression become "a limbeck only."

Restless vigor of mind, rather than productive intellectual energy, would seem to mark much of his prose work. He bristled with opinions, and delighted to give them a sonorous utterance of which he only was capable. But we do not feel sure of the fundamental principles upon which he grounds them; we are troubled by a lurking doubt, not of his sincerity, but of his responsibility, and we come to take each of his good things with a pinch of reservation. In his lyrical mood, fortunately, this is of less consequence. We do not want him to reason, we want him to feel; and if his confidences are kept within measure, we may be sure that he is observing a principle which not even romantic poetry can safely ignore. "The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life," says William Blake, in one of his remarkable prose fragments, "is this — that the more distinct, wiry, and sharp the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art." Landor's life suffers from the application of this rule, but it is exactly the merit of his art. And it is the possession of this merit which distinguishes him from a popular poet like Byron. Byron had apparently much in common with him; he, too, was turbulent, difficult, irresponsible, a republican in theory and an aristocrat in taste, a rebel against society, and an exile from respectable England. Yet Byron's verse expresses all that was in him, for good or ill. It is as romantic and unrestrained in form as in feeling, now lofty, now sensational, now sentimental, now cynical. Why could not Landor have written himself like that?

The two poets met only once, at a perfumer's, where Landor was buying attar of roses, and Byron, scented soap. There is a whimsical suggestion in the incident of the difference between them: the refined artist, with his power of concentrating and purifying emotion, at some cost of popularity, and the coarsish amateur, with his constant and successful appeal

to "the gallery" by the exaggeration of what he believed himself to feel. A very little perfume will go a long way — in soap. Of course one cannot get rid of Byron in any such summary way; but the real power in him was obscured by the very quality which made him popular; so much at least is true. The fashionable improvisatore was understood to be beyond the common law; his work is unconscious of the "bounding line" in thought or expression; and it has not stood. Landor had Byron's habit of producing his verse at a heat, and of giving it little or no revision, but a glance is enough to show how different the product of rapid workmanship is from the product of improvisation.

But, one perhaps thinks, Landor has so little human interest. What a picture of English society lies open in Byron's verse. Here was a man who knew the age in which he lived, and consequently left his mark upon it. As a matter of fact, Landor, too, was absorbingly interested in the life about him, an eager radical, ready to see the world move forward, and to help it as far as he could. His youthful mind was deeply stirred, as all noble minds were, by the liberty and equality propaganda; and not merely to opinion, as his personal enlistment in the Spanish cause presently showed. Nor was his interest in the problem of the hour less intense in later life. All this zest in practical matters finds outlet in his prose; he had other uses for his verse, though none in the least remote from human interest. For the greatest human interests are beyond those which are born of emergency or fashion, and it is these interests above all others which the poet is bound to interpret for us. Some deep concerns of life left Landor unmoved, as we have seen. He has the unmorality of the healthy pagan. He lacks the subdued religious fervor which gives its tone, for better or worse, to the poetry of Christendom; but he knew his own heart, and it was greater than most.

It was only in his art that he stood consciously aloof from his contemporaries, owing nothing, as he rightly boasted, to any man or school of them all. Nor was he the founder of a school, though even his earliest work contains a sure presage of the greatest Victorian poetry, and all later poets have been subtly in his debt. His influence exerted itself upon the method rather than upon the manner of their work. English verse gained from him a new sense of chastity and proportion, not as a desired quality, — imported direct from the Mediterranean or filtered through this or that Latin source, and in either case carrying with it much foreign baggage of diction and syntax, — but as a native virtue, obviously inseparable from the simplest and purest English idiom. Landor's personal manner was incommunicable. Nobody has successfully imitated even his trifles; it is harder to build a bubble to order than a palace.

It is almost a pity to have connected the word trifle with his shorter lyrics, for only what is imperfect is trifling in art, and in these poems Landor's art has attained its pure perfection. The opinion is common that his real power lay in the direction of the drama: I think it mainly lyrical. His plays are not mere Æschylean elaborations in dialogue of lyrical motives; nor are they root-bound by the utter subjectivity of Byron. But they are barren of action, and of rapid dramatic speech. Above all, they lack the passionate interplay of circumstance and temperament, the infinitely varied illumination of character, which mark the creative drama. Landor does not create, he discerns. Human nature he knew in the large, because he knew himself. He knew, too, certain striking types of character, the scholar, the priest, the libertine, the king, the woman; but he could not differentiate them, as examples of the same general type are given distinct personalities by Shakespeare or Miss Austen. His characters

speaking according to his opinion of what such characters would say rather than of their own accord, because they are what they are. The Imaginary Conversations are properly named; only two or three of them have even the semblance of dramatic dialogue. Yet to make one's characters speak according to one's opinion of what they would say still leaves much leeway for excellence. If Landor lacks the power to create persons, to set the breath of life in motion and let flesh and blood take care of itself and its own, he possesses a faculty of only secondary value to the poet. He is able to divine the significance of types, and to give them humanity, if not personality. His persons are as much more concrete than Ben Jonson's as they are less convincing than Shakespeare's. In short, he carries the objective process as far as it will go; that he came so near dramatic achievement is due to the fact that he was not merely intellectually, but sympathetically objective.

Very early in life he conceived an ambition to express himself in the more formal and sustained poetic modes, which resulted in those two superb efforts of his 'prentice hand, *Gebir* and *Count Julian*. One might be inclined to say of such work that it fulfills its own promise. In its merely technical aspect it was very remarkable; there had been no such blank verse written since Milton. But the public was deaf to that sounding music, and the poet, independent as he professed himself, rather than be ignored, gave up an effort in which mere hostility might have confirmed him. "I confess to you," he said quietly, many years after, "if even foolish men had read *Gebir*, I should have continued to write poetry; there is something of summer in the hum of insects." But it is easily possible to exaggerate the world's loss from his failure to develop a faculty for formal epic and dramatic composition. Baffled by the silence with which his first great bursts of song were met, the poet must

still be in some manner expressing himself. Noble as are those majestic *tours de force*, we can hardly doubt that he found a more fitting utterance in the less pretentious lyrical forms in which his genius took refuge. If he can no longer dream of rearing massy shafts to the level of cloud-capped Ilium, or sounding the depths of passionate experience, there are still the delicate flowers of human sentiment, over which he may lean and smile a moment as he passes. He has not torn them from their root in his heart; let the world do with them what it will.

The world has done very little with them, as it did very little with that other poetry of his. Why should one halt in the sober journey of life to dwell upon a mere prettiness of four or a dozen lines like *Dirce* or *Rose Aylmer*? What if it is perfect in its way, — so is the symbol for nothing. A half thought, a dainty sentiment tricked in graceful verse, — how is the conscientious student of literature to find a criticism of life in such poetry as this? Now and then the question strikes home upon some honest Landorian, and a table of the master's solid excellences is produced, to the confusion of his critics, and of the question in point. For the lover of Landor sometimes fails to see the superior value of his lighter work. He is praised for his dignity rather than for his grace, for his vigor of conception rather than for his delicate humanness of feeling. Yet grace and sympathy, not gravity and force, constitute the main charm of his verse.

As the poet of refined sentiment Landor stands quite alone in English; that, it seems to me, is his distinction. It is not at all the popular sort of sentiment; its serenity and subtlety are doubtless irritating to the patron of literary vaudeville. You are not in the least danger of laughing one moment and crying the next; humor and sentiment are not set off against each other, they simply have

no separate existence. It is an inner quality which quite as distinctly as his outward manner marks Landor's kinship with the poets of the old world. Yet no poetry has been written which is more free from the taint of the lamp. He was a Greek in nothing more truly than in his daily dependence upon the spiritual elbow-room of field and sky. He was in the habit of composing out of doors. His atmosphere is always quietly in motion. Love of nature was a trait of his, not a virtue. He has nothing of the mystical worshiping attitude which Wordsworth and his disciples have imposed upon us almost as a duty. He breathed freer in the open, that was all. A wild flower was more to him than a mountain peak. The daily round may do very well without grandeur, but hardly without its objects of chivalry and affection. And upon human nature, accordingly, he looks with tenderness rather than with the passionate yearning of romantic poets. The world has its tragedies, but there are many pleasant things in it for a healthy man to take delight in.

The shorter lyrics of Landor, then, constitute a poetry of urbanity, a sort of sublimated *vers de société*. With all the elegance and good-breeding in the world, it is never artificial; the smirk of the courtier is never to be detected under the singer's wreath. It is urbane, but least of all urban. It deals unostentatiously with the kindlier human sentiments: personal affection for places, employments, living things; friendship without its exactions, hope without suspense, memory without bitterness; love without its reactions and reverses. It belongs to the healthy life which is aware of conditions rather than problems. In certain buoyant and full-blooded moods, the mysteries of existence do not trouble one; there is a straight road to everything. Doubt of one's self or the world is a sort of treason, sorrow and suffering are morbid affections of the brain. Any

extravagant feeling seems hysterical, even extravagant joy. The body is active, the mind ruminates, quietly conscious of every-day relations and experiences. This golden mood is habitual with Landor, and it is this mood to which he gives utterance in poetry not less rich because it is confined for the most part to the middle register.

The quality of his work in this vein is nowhere better illustrated than in his poetic treatment of a single cherished sentiment, the tenderness of a strong man for womanhood. For flowers and for women he had the same fondness, touched sometimes with humor, but never with hard analysis; he was not a botanist nor an anatomist. In an early letter to Southey he owns a weakness for the study of feminine character, and it must have been very early that he gained the perception of a real type of womanhood to which he is never tired of paying tribute. It would be absurd to think of laying the finger upon this or that feminine creature of Shakespeare's and saying, "This is the woman of Shakespeare." The woman of Landor, on the contrary, is as distinct a type as — to compare great things with small — the Du Maurier woman. She is, like most of Shakespeare's heroines, in the first blossoming of youth and grace. Her delicate purity, her little petulances, her womanish lights and shadows of mood and mind, arouse in the poet an infinite delight. He has the reverence of a lover for her subtle charm, and a good-humored cousinly indulgence for her foibles. The feeling of his Epicurus for Ternissa, or of his Æsop for Rhodope, leaves nothing to regret for those of us who think none the less of human life because it does not habitually wear the buskin. Brutus's Portia or the mother of the Gracchi Landor may admire; but his little Ianthé stands for the sex in his eyes. "God forbid that I should ever be drowned in any of these butts of malmsey!" he said of Oriental poetry.

"It is better to describe a girl getting a tumble over a skipping-rope made of a wreath of flowers."

Here and there throughout the varied volume of his work this dainty creature is continually making her exits and her entrances. The nymph in Gebir embodies her human self: —

"She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like love."

And in the Hellenics, written fifty years later, she again speaks through the half-divine lips of the Hamadryad: —

"*Hamadryad*. Go . . . rather go, than make me say I love.

Phaicos. . . . Nay, turn not from me now, I claim my kiss.

Hamadryad. Do men take first, then claim? Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

. . . Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast,

'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood,

But who should hear them? . . . and whose laughs, and why?"

But these are only hints of sweetness; it is in Landor's shorter lyrics that she chiefly lives. There is no pretty caprice or evanescent cloud of temper which he allows to escape the airy fetters of his verse. Now it is merely the sweet playfulness of girlhood: —

"Come, Sleep! but mind ye! if you come without

The little girl that struck me at the rout,
By Jove! I would not give you half-a-crown
For all your poppy-heads and all your down."

Now it is her buoyant good humor: —

"Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,

Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever;
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass

Like little ripples down a sunny river."

Perhaps it is the momentary shifting of her moods: —

"Pyrrha! your smiles are gleams of sun
That after one another run
Incessantly, and think it fun.

"Pyrrha! your tears are short sweet rain
That glimmering on the flower-lit plain
Zephyrs kiss back to heaven again.

"Pyrrha! both anguish me: do please
To shed but (if you wish me ease)
Twenty of those, and two of these."

Or it is her sheer charm, to be wondered at, not phrased about: —

"Fair maiden, when I look at thee,
I wish I could be young and free;
But both at once, ah! who could be?"

Sometimes, too, he touches a deeper string, though still without overstepping the bound between sentiment and passion: —

"Artemia, while Orion sighs,
Raising her white and taper finger,
Pretends to loose, yet makes to linger,
The ivy that o'er shades her eyes.

"Wait, or you shall not have the kiss,"
Says she; but he, on wing to pleasure,
'Are there not other hours for leisure?
For love is any hour like this?"

"Artemia, faintly thou respondest,
As falsely deems that fiery youth;
A God there is who knows the truth,
A God who tells me which is fondest."

Ianthe in absence still gives color to his mood: —

"Only two months since you stood here!
Two shortest months! then tell me why
Voices are harsher than they were,
And tears are longer ere they dry?"

Or, with a more characteristic lightness of touch, he is uttering one of the finest things ever said by man to absent maid:

"Summer has doft his latest green,
And Autumn ranged the barley-mows.
So long away then have you been?
And are you coming back to close
The year? it sadly wants repose."

She is real to him; though delicately idealized, not conventionalized, as is often true of the darlings of the lighter muse.

Not less remarkable than this sureness of conception is the perfection of the medium employed; its simple diction, its subtle variations of rhythm, giving even to the baldest of verse forms, the quatrain in ballad metre, a high dis-

tion; its elusive power of suggestion; the curious fillip to fancy and feeling often given in the final verse. One does not feel that there has been a process of adjustment between thought and expression; neither could exist without the other. Who can really conceive a mute inglorious Landor — or Milton? But we may avoid a nearer approach to that Serbonian bog, the question of style. Landor's light verse is society verse without the exclusions of caste, occasional verse without its mouth- ing and ornamentation; a pure type of lyrical comedy. Such poetry has its serious uses. Delicacy of sentiment and austerity of form may well command

attention from an over-intense, ornate period like ours. Surely we are not grown too serious to turn at times from the agony of Lear or the titanic petulance of Satan to a consideration of "the tangles of Neæra's hair"? It would be a pity if the habit of listening virtuously to any variety of poetic thunder, even stage thunder, should have unfitted us to enjoy — and not be ashamed — poetry of pure sentiment, poetry like this: —

"There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not unless first worn by you . . .
Heart's-ease . . . of all earth's flowers most
rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two."

H. W. Boynton.

THE COLUMBIA STUDIES IN COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.¹

"THE criticism which alone can much help us for the future," wrote Mr. Arnold in his luciferous manner, "is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result."

It is the hope of attaining such constructive thought as this, which, in a day when the artfully phrased gustation of bookish flavors too often passes under the name of criticism, can best justify single-minded devotion to the tenth Muse. To many it is a pleasure to observe how the saner manifestations of

the study of comparative literature are tending to the realization of this ideal. The name comparative literature may be new, but the thing is old. In its best contemporary form it is quite in the genial English tradition of humane scholarship. Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* was perhaps its first important document, and, despite the alleged insularity of English taste, it has nowhere been more finely exhibited than in the work of such scholars as Bowles, Southey, Hallam, and Pater, or in that of their American cousins, Ticknor and Lowell. It has, indeed, been advanced by influences

¹ *A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance.* With special reference to the influence of Italy in the formation and direction of modern classicism. By JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors. By JOHN GARRETT UNDERHILL. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

Romances of Roguery. An episode in the history of the novel. By FRANK WADLEIGH

CHANDLER. Part I. *The Picaresque Novel in Spain.* New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages. By HENRY OSBORNE TAYLOR. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1901.

The Italian Renaissance in England. Studies. By LEWIS EINSTEIN. Illustrated. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

from the Continent, by the synoptic idealism of the German philosophers and critics of the romantic period, by the indefatigable delving of German students, and by the keen Gallic discriminations of the school of Sainte-Beuve; it has caught something of peninsular enthusiasm from Italy and Spain; yet at its best, English scholarship in this kind has been distinguished by flexibility of sympathy and a just perspective. It has been notably free from the apoplectic erudition, the excessive preoccupation with dusty detail, the logomachies, and fractious arietations, which elsewhere have drawn upon such studies the reproach of vanity.

At Columbia University, under the inspiration and editorial control of Professor Woodberry, there has grown a series of books which illustrates admirably that minute and careful research is not inconsistent with sound taste and a wide horizon. Taken as a whole, indeed, these *Studies in Comparative Literature* constitute a singularly substantial and important contribution to literature in the wider sense, and an unusually interesting chapter in the World's *Culturgeschichte*. Viewed in the round they summarize many of the more important and significant aspects of European literature and intellectual life from the decadence of paganism to that flooding of literary lowlands which was consecutive upon the Renaissance. Withal they constantly regard Europe as "bound to a joint action and working to a common result," and they resume the inter-action of the various European national literatures in a way little seen in the run of *Einfluss* studies where the form of knowledge is too often divorced from its substantial body.

Mr. Taylor's *Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages*, though one of the latest volumes in the series, is logically its beginning. It traces the passing over of the pagan man into his mediæval character with commendable lucidity and sugges-

tiveness, and with copious evidence of full-bodied research. Any one who has seen the league-long set of Migne's *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus* will have some faint notion of the character of Mr. Taylor's wide and inarable field. That he has educed from it such a wealth of informing criticism is the more to his praise. To the literary student the chief interest of the book lies in its account of the growth of the more poignant emotions of Christianity in the controlled pagan heart, — resigned to order, — and the consequent merging of law-abiding classical literature in the rhymed exuberance, the unction and mysticity, of mediæval poetry. This was the outgrowth of that aspiration of the Christian soul, which, as Mr. Taylor says finely, "will produce at last on one hand the Roman de la Rose, and on the other the *Divina Commedia*; while as it were between these two, swing and waver, or circle like starlings, strange tales of sinful love and holy striving, whereof Arthur's knights shall be the heroes, and wherein across the stage pass on to final purity Lancelot and Guinevere as well as Galahad and Parcival."

The tonic chord of the series is struck in Dr. Spingarn's *History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance*. Here the problem was to show how the men of the Renaissance justified imaginative literature, which to the mediæval mind with its rigors and beatific visions had come to seem a light and vain thing. The interest for us lies in the fact that the justification was grounded upon those ever memorable generalizations of Aristotle about the universal in art, warmed and vitalized by the breath of Platonic idealism. Dr. Spingarn's learned and skillful account of the rise of Aristotelian canons of criticism will perform a double service to most students of literature. It will remind them of the truth, too often forgotten, that modern classicism which they sometimes deery as formal and un-inspired, or at best praise for its lucid

order and labor of the file, did, as a matter of fact, draw inspiration from the perennial springs of ideal art. Furthermore it should impress many with a fresh sense of the debt owing to Italy for the spread of just and pregnant notions concerning the essential nature of the art they love. The frequent presence in Dr. Spingarn's pages of such poetic and engaging figures as Sidney, best of poet-courtiers, and golden-haired Pico della Mirandola imparts to them a humane charm not common in such treatises.

Mr. Einstein has taken up the torch and pursued still further the story of Italian influence on the world's culture in his studies of The Italian Renaissance in England. This minute account of certain strains in the life of Italianate England contains much of interest and novelty drawn from rare and hardly accessible manuscripts, and it is, we believe, the first attempt to present a complete conspectus of the singular relations between Italy and England in the sixteenth century. By virtue of its subject Mr. Einstein's book has something of the subtle romantic appeal which inheres in the close study of an age of transition and complex development, like the peculiar interest we feel in Hellenizing Rome during the second and third centuries of this era, or in Gallicizing Germany during the eighteenth. This volume is further notable for the rare and striking portraits of old worthies by which it is embellished.

Not the least interesting of the series are the two books which deal with some of the literary influences flowing from the Spanish peninsula. There is no richer and fresher field for the pursuit of genial learning than the literatures which boast the great names of Cervantes, Calderon, and Camoens, which have, too, an incomparable store of picturesque songs and fables of the people. There is at the root of all this peninsular literature an intense, esoteric, indigenous quality,

a profound racial idealism, which will elude all but the most patient and sympathetic study; yet when once the scholar has realized this he will have his reward, for Spanish Literature will then stand to him as perhaps the clearest and most coherent type of a national literature playing its part with others in joint action toward one result.

Dr. Underhill's Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors is informed by this fructifying idea. He presents for the first time a comprehensive view of political, social, and literary relations between Spain and England in the sixteenth century, and traces the part played by Spanish pride, worldly wisdom, mysticism, and high-flown courtesy in forming the ideals and manner of English writers in the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. The book is notable for the wealth of evidence other than literary which is adduced, and for the intimacy of the comparisons of English and Spanish authors. Herein the work is exemplary for the comparative student, who is too often lamentably deficient in his knowledge of the authors compared, while he is long, so to say, on their relation.

The ever delightful *picaro*, that glad, extra-moral personage, through whom we enjoy vicariously rich pleasure of knavery and robustious horse-play, all the rare, old-world adventures of the life of the road, is made the subject of Dr. Chandler's readable and suggestive treatise of Romances of Roguery, of which mention has already been made in the pages of the Atlantic.

As an episode in the development of the modern novel the history of the Spanish picaresque romances is of very considerable importance. It was with the rogue — the anti-hero — that story-tellers first learned the trick of realism, of embodying the result of nice observation in the portrayal of character, and thus these rollicking human stories, *purgée*, as Le Sage has it, *des moralitez superflues*,

came to be of incalculable moment in forming the robust English art of Fielding and Smollett. All this is presented by Dr. Chandler clearly and cogently, with a reticulation of roguish narrative which makes excellent reading.

We remember the typical story of the youthful savant who laid as a love-gift at the feet of his sweetheart "an impertinency in folio," a fat and learned Latin dissertation, *De Levitate Feminarum*. It is a noteworthy fact that while three of the five volumes of the series under review were composed for doctoral purposes, they are all as singularly free from this distortion of perspective as from the arid parvitude of style which we associate with the academic dissertation. They show, indeed, throughout, a fresh and lively enthusiasm for orderly and humane learning that gives them a literary quality almost equivalent to temperament. In the images and old thoughts which they have transferred from scarce and cryptic pages is preserved the es-

sence of humanism, "that belief," as Pater said, "that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality, — no oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have been passionate or expended time or zeal." Furthermore it is in the constructive conclusions to which these five volumes lead that they are representative of the best contemporary literary study, which is more and more leaving the primrose way of lyrical and personal writing to study literature as the cumulative record of the life of society. Hence it is a pious and particular pleasure to notice these earnest studies which contrive to unite something of the range of the literary Darwinians with the generous flexibility of the older scholarship, so to pave a little portion of the way to wider and juster views of that large life of which the finest vision is seen through the spectacles of books. *F. G.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SOUTH AFRICA changes, chameleon-like, as one approaches. A man may reach Pretoria in three weeks from London, but the geographical distance is no index to the difference in mental perspective between the theorist at home and the worker on the spot. For two years the English papers have hurled South African impressions at their readers: Johannesburg has become as familiar a name as Birmingham: few families have not sent a relative to the war. And yet the traveler, however learned he may be in the book-work of his subject, is singularly unprepared for the reality which begins to dawn upon an observant man after a few months' experience. He be-

A Briton's Impressions of South Africa.

gins to realize the geographical vastness, the curious absence of natural means of communication, the paradoxes of the climate and the soil; but even then he is only on the brink of discovery. The race problem, too often talked of at home as the ordinary question which has faced Britain in all her colonies, begins to reveal itself as an apparently insoluble enigma. The rural Boer, the most dogmatic individualist in the world, was shaped by judicious management from Pretoria into some momentary semblance of a nation and a very formidable reality of an army. The war is over, and he is returning to his home, beaten, angry, but still unconvinced. His sombre God has chastened him for his sins — that is

all : some day doubtless He will lift from him the cloud of his displeasure. To this people, without culture, without enterprise, wholly un-modern and un-political, the so-called lessons of the war mean nothing, and side by side with them there lives in the towns a race modern of the moderns. The old mining-camp, California-cum-Ballararat character of the gold industry in South Africa has utterly passed away. Gold-mining has ceased to be a speculation, and has become a vast and complicated industry, employing at high salaries the first engineering talent of the world. The great mine-owner is frequently a man of education, almost invariably a man of extreme ability. In few places can you find men of such mental vigor, so eagerly receptive of new ideas, so keenly awake to every change of the financial and political worlds of Europe. It is as if in the seventeenth century in Scotland, when the Covenanters were hiding in the hills, the towns had been filled with French *intellectuals* and modern scientists.

In this fact lies the intricacy of the South African problem. The twentieth century and the seventeenth exist side by side, and must be harmonized. The common false impression pictures South Africa as a clean slate, without history, institutions, or race tradition. It would be more exact to describe it as permeated in a large part with the most conservative of memories, the most bigoted and intolerant of traditions. So far it is plain that there is no common meeting ground of Boer and Uitlander. If things are allowed to drift, the towns will grow in population and wealth, the Rand will occupy itself with exploiting its two thousand millions' worth of undiscovered gold ; and meanwhile at the back of it all will be the country districts, stagnant, poor, with long, bitter memories and an irreconcilable race hatred. It is not a pleasant picture, but it is inevitable unless the problem is recognized and boldly met. If a meeting

ground does not exist, it must be created. In my opinion the most hopeful solution is to be found in the schemes of land settlement which it seems certain will soon be put into execution. It is proposed to buy great tracts of land, and settle on them selected British colonists, who will be at once exponents of scientific agriculture and a country police force. Model government farms will be started which will serve as agricultural bureaus and training colleges. Such a scheme will fulfill many purposes. It will encourage South African farming, and exploit some of the vast agricultural riches which lie dormant in the soil ; it will provide a civilizing agency for remote districts ; it will increase the British stock in the new colonies by the influx of the best class of colonists ; and it will provide the most effective of forces for local defense. It is in such a policy alone that we can find hope of some ultimate and permanent reconciliation. The High Commissioner is the type of administrator peculiarly fitted for the intricate South African problem. A common official would not see the difficulty ; a weak man, if he saw it, would shrink from it in despair. Lord Milner, with the imagination and trained perceptions of the scholar, has the direct practical vigor of a great man of affairs. Where a coarser or more cautious man would fail, there is every chance that he may succeed.

“REMOTE, unfriended, solitary, slow,”

A Plague of Peddlers. I murmur reflectively. “Remote” we certainly are, Heaven be praised ! from city sights and sounds ; “slow,” yes, if you like, but “unfriended, solitary,” never, while the unending procession of peddlers wends through the summer land. Before our doors lies the shining sea, “the path of the bold ;” behind us the dusty highway, path of the undefeated, undismayed vender of small wares, mostly things which, as Charles Lamb said of the treasures his sister would transport from one abode to

another, "the most necessitous person could never want." It is a militant tribe early upon the warpath, and while the "top of the morning" is still making glad our hearts, come the dark-eyed, sombre Italian hucksters, one following close upon the heels of another, and offering in broken English all known fruits and vegetables, except possibly the very one for which our souls long.

But what has become of the gayly clad, *festa*-loving Italian peasant of song and story? One meets him on the sunny roads of Italy with his white Tuscan oxen, but he drives no huckster's cart on this side the sea. Once he has crossed the ocean, the *dolce far niente* phase of existence lies behind him, and "hustling" and the "strenuous life" become the order of the new day. We fall into chat with our peanut man, who is all smiles and shrugs, showing his flashing white teeth as he talks. Near Napoli was his home. "Were we ever there?" "Yes." And he tells us just the spot on the sloping sides of Vesuvio where his home lay. "Will he go back?" "Oh no, America is better." His peanuts seem to sell, and he is not, apparently, in the plight of his push-cart brother, whose bitter plaint has become a classic, "What I maka on da peanut I losa on da dam banan'."

Now, the morning being still young, comes the youth with strident voice who puts us in touch with what to us, in our uneager life, seems an insanely active world. He is selling metropolitan dailies to eke out the slender resources needful to complete his Law School course. With such a voice must Macbeth's raven have croaked "the fatal entrance of Duncan." We wish our embryo lawyer well, but hope that he may never be called to lift up his voice for the oppressed. As the morning wears on appears a "Reverend" somebody of somewhere peddling, Heaven save the mark! his own poems. The price, I say, is modest, five cents a copy. "Wait," replies our friend the

author, an author beloved on both sides of the sea, who is tarrying with us for the day, "you will not think so when you have read his verse." I do not. Here are lines, perhaps the worst of twenty-three stanzas, from *In Memoriam*, commemorating those who lost their lives in a trolley accident. They do not remotely suggest Tennyson. Thus runs the verse:—

"But see! with no note of warning!

My God! what is this I behold?

The wheels of the trolley leap outward.

Oh! How can the story be told!"

Would it make any impression on our reverend poet if he knew that he was trying to dispose of his wares to one of the distinguished *littérateurs* of the day? Probably not. The dauntless intrepidity of a poet who vends his creations from door to door would hardly quail at such a *contretemps*. At all events he passes on unknowing; unknowing, too, that he is adding to the gayety of nations.

Papers and poems having furnished more or less nutriment for the interior of our heads, along comes a friendly, gay soul who would like to supply nourishing washes for their exterior improvement. Truth to tell, the *Dominie*, one of our intimates and intimates, is a shining mark for such ministrations. "Hair coming out?" says our new peddler, a woman this time, brisk and laconic, with a suggestion of success won by hard work. Her prices are prohibitive, and we tell her so. But she laughs us to scorn as one who knows she has a good thing. "No," she chirps, "I never come down on my prices. I'm not lugging this heavy bag about all day for only seven dollars." So we part company, the ever widening partings of our unfortunate heads unrefreshed by Madame's hair vigor.

Last of all upon the scene, while the "moonglade" shimmers across the water, come the wandering peddlers of music, whose playing seems, alack, to sensitive ears,

"To crack the voice of melody,
And break the legs of time."

Their ministrations finished and paid for, we sleepily climb the stair, and as we go out upon our upper balcony for a good-night look at the purple-blue dome of the sky, and a glance out to the far sea line, while the scent of honeysuckle fills the air, we find it in our hearts to waste no sentimental regrets over Ships that pass in the Night, if only we might be sure that peddlers *would* pass in the day.

THE following letter from Mr. Emerson was written on receiving **Those Red-Eyed Men.** a criticism of William Ellery Channing's earlier writings, sent him by a friend with a view to its being forwarded to The Atlantic Monthly, if found worthy of being submitted to the "red-eyed men" for whom Mr. Emerson expresses so warm a sympathy. It has an especial interest for our readers at the present moment, as a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Channing's poems is about to appear in Philadelphia.

As a bit of gentle sarcasm, and as a lesson on what even then was considered "acceptable" to weary readers of endless manuscripts, it could hardly be excelled. The Yankee wit and shrewdness, the generous encouragement and consideration given the efforts of a beginner which this letter shows are interestingly characteristic of Mr. Emerson's kindly nature. But the criticism in question never saw the light!

CONCORD, 26 May, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND, — It is a piece of character, and, as every piece of character in writing is, a stroke of genius also, to praise Channing's poems in this cordial way, and I read the manuscript with thankful sympathy. But you will print it. It is by no means character and genius that are good to print, but something quite different, — namely, tact, talent, sparkle, wit, humor, select anecdote, and Birmingham lacker, and I have kept the

paper for many days, meaning to read it later and find whether it had the glass buttons required. On looking into it to-day I hesitate to send it to that sad Bench where two judges or three judges are believed to sit and read with red eyes every scrap of paper that is addressed to The Atlantic Monthly. I know that they read four hundred papers to admit ten, one time. I am not of their counsel, but some of their cruelties have transpired. Yet who but must pity those red-eyed men?

I can easily believe that you have the materials of a good literary article. If I had the journal in which you have at any time set down detached thoughts on these poems it might easily furnish the needed details and variety of criticism. I am not even sure that this piece as it is will not presently appear presentable to me. Nothing can be acuter criticism than what you say of "the art to say how little, not how much, belonging to this fatal poet." Think a moment and tell me, if you can say another word as descriptive of his genius. The selections, too, all have good reason. But I must have a few more good points. "So saith the Grand Mufti."

Yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

IN what varying moods does the rejected contributor meet his **A Singular Plurality.** fate! There is the self-depreciating writer, who falls at the first thrust of the editorial poniard; the egoist who, as George Eliot says, "carries his comfort about with him," and whom nothing could convince that the favoritism or obtuseness of the editor is not responsible for his repeated failures.

Then there are those who, while recognizing the justice of the official verdict, often philosophically turn their disappointment into pleasantry, as is shown by the number of jocose poems on this theme so frequent in newspaper columns.

Sometimes our blithe genius turns upon the editor, as did this verse-monger whose wares were declined in bad grammar: —

The poet dreamed, and as he dreamed —
 Amazing strange! — he slept;
 The great "Pacific" had, it seemed,
 Both of his poems kept,

And sent forthwith a goodly check —
 Not on his hopes this time —
 With praise well measured, quite a peck,
 And begged for all his rhyme.

The morning broke, the poet woke —
 Alas for grief like this!
 One little "slip" between the lip
 And Fame's full cup of bliss.

But pause! upon that type-writ screed,
 Phrased with such touching grace,
 That "neither is of use" we read,
 But why the "is" erase?

That blazing editorial star,
 Or one moved by his law,
 Has scratched out "is" — that's singular! —
 And made it "are;" the awe,

The glory that doth hedge about
 The great sanctorum chair
 Just one amended word strikes out —
 Our poet walks on air!

But now no more to that high star,
 By which he's steered so long,
 He hitches up his little car,
 His chariot of song.

It has so often occurred to me what **Plots that** a delightful occupation novel-
One Covets. writing must have been in its beginnings, before the word "stale" could be applied to plots and the most delightful situations had not become hackneyed. One can fancy the joy of Fanny Burney sitting down to write the book that turned out to be *Evelina*, with a whole world full of plots and situations from which to choose. This in fancy. In fact, the story of the much abused, long suffering *Evelina* was probably the cause of her writing, not the outcome of a desire to write.

Nowadays, on the other hand, all the

most openly attractive plots and situations are already taken; special phrases, even, have been preëmpted. You can't even have your hero clasp your heroine in his strong young arms. And yet, to be clasped in strong young arms is such an agreeable experience to which to treat one's heroine. I have a tender affection for my heroine myself. I like to let her have the best of everything. It is with excessive reluctance that I give her any sorrows but sentimental ones, which don't count, being half a pleasure in themselves. Sometimes I make her unfortunate and unhappy just to heighten the effect of the good things that are coming to her in the next chapter but one, or to develop her character so that she will be better deserving of the good fortune; but to put her in sordid, unhappy surroundings and to keep her there from "Chapter I." to "The End," I really don't see how authors can make themselves do it. It may be high art, but it shows a hard heart. No doubt I shall be forced into playing her some such mean trick some day. People with high literary ideals always come to it sooner or later, for you don't get strength and depth and other desirable things in the stories of prosperous, happy people. I may even make a book end unhappily, not with mere sentimental unhappiness, but with disgrace, or sordid, bread-lacking poverty, or faith betrayed, or chronic disease, — I may do this, but it will be at the expense of regret and heartache to myself. I could almost as easily condemn my daughter to such sorrows as the dearly beloved child of my fancy.

There were so many delightful situations in which to put your heroine when people first began to write novels; and yet, I do not believe that writers in those days had any keener realization of their privileges than an Indian at having the forests of the New World to himself. Freedom is only understood by experiencing the lack of it. I am sure neither

Richardson, nor Fielding, nor any of those old fellows, ever once stretched out his arms and exclaimed, "How glorious it is to be the first!" And, doubtless, those that come after us will envy us, — freedom, like almost everything else, being relative.

New conditions in life make new literary conditions and new situations, and these we have; but the dear old sentimental ones that charmed in themselves, apart from the handling of them, are all used up. I am perfectly reconciled to the fact that Homer should have the Trojan War to write about, and Dante the other world, and Milton the Fall of Man. I would n't take these subjects away from them for my own use if I could. I would n't deprive Shakespeare of the motives of Hamlet, Othello, or Lear; but I should like the desert island situation of Foul Play. What an opportunity for an interesting human relation that gives! The mere thought of it is alluring. First, one would have a shipwreck, — a nice, vague, ladylike shipwreck, without any nasty details such as drawing lots to decide who shall furnish the next meal, and with no incomprehensible and laboriously acquired (by the author) nautical terms, — a shipwreck in which a rope is called a rope and not a hawser or a sheet, and the deck is always just plain deck, no matter in what part of the ship you find it. I'd give the proper local color by calling the ship "she" instead of "it," and by throwing in an occasional "Heave ahoy!" or "Man the lifeboats!" or even "Shiver my timbers!" but nothing more difficult than that. The shipwreck should be carefully engineered so that the party on the desert island should be strictly *à deux*, — after the manner of the entry into the Ark, one male and one female.

Reade, in his version, treats the situation inadequately. He has no conception of its literary possibilities. I don't remember it very well, as I read it when I was about fourteen, but even

at that innocent age I thought it tame. Still, I may have come to that conclusion (this thought has just occurred to me) *because* of that innocent age. I might find it quite different now. At all events, I know he did n't put any charm into it, and charm is absolutely essential to a desert island story.

I am supposing my hero to be a strictly well-conducted young man, and my heroine a virtuous young woman, as heroes and heroines should be. They must n't be too unconventional or too advanced, or they would simply make a picnic of the occasion (I would supply them plentifully with provisions) and forget all about the impropriety, and that would n't do at all. To make the proper atmosphere for a desert island story, their feelings must be mixed distress and delight, and the heroine must be uncomfortably apprehensive as to what people will say when they are rescued. A heroine of mine would know that she was certain to be rescued.

If the situation really were brand-new, it would be fun to have the hero ask her to marry him, and to have her refuse because she thinks he is doing it from a sense of honor, and then all the rest of the book could be spent in undeceiving her. Of course, he really is madly in love with her, but does n't think it proper to reveal it to her in the absence of a chaperon. I don't mean that he would declare it in the presence of one (he is n't as proper as that), but he would prefer to have a chaperon tucked away behind the nearest banana tree.

Just think! if nobody had ever done it before, what fun it would be to have them find bread-fruit trees, and to pick up barrels of the luxuries of the season which had been cast up on the shore. And the hero could be deliciously stiff and constrained, because he is so much in love and is afraid of not being proper; and the heroine could imagine all sorts of uncomfortable things from

his attitude. What a wealth of misunderstandings there would be to choose from! And they would always be looking for sails with one eye and praying that they would n't come with the other, and neither of them will own to an unwillingness to leave. And he can make her a lodge of boughs, such as Nicolette makes herself (there is absolutely no other parallel between the two stories), and save her from innumerable dangers. Dear me! the more I think of it, the more I am impressed with Charles Reade's selfishness in grabbing so delightful a situation, especially when he had so little idea how to handle it.

Another plot that I have always coveted is one that you find in many books. The best specimens that I know of are a German story called *Glück Auf*, and *The Awakening of Mary Fenwick*. It also appears in the relation of two of the secondary characters in *Molly Bawn*. Two people who do not know each other contract a formal marriage, for some reason. They live in the same house, in armed neutrality for a time, and gradually fall in love with each other, though nothing could make them acknowledge it. The pride motive is the strongest one in this story. One has usually overheard something disparaging that the other has said, and each is determined, for varying reasons, not to be the first to give in. The interest in this situation is heightened by the contrast between the formality of their private relations and the absence of conventional barriers between them. The distance is entirely of their own making. They do not have to consider outside elements, having squared them all in marrying. Everything rests absolutely with themselves, which makes a tenser situation, by giving a sense of greater and more immediate possibilities than in the ordinary relations of man and woman. This is a plot that has an irresistible fascination for women. It has suggestions of perfectly proper im-

proprieties in it, and that is what women like. They like to hover on the verge of things, to have all the excitement, and yet not feel obliged to disapprove.

Another attractive husband and wife story is the one in which they become estranged, and are brought together by the serious illness of their only child. The jealousy motive comes into play in this, though in the end it usually shows itself to be without foundation, — a convenient little habit which I wish to goodness jealousy in real life would adopt. There is so much opportunity for interesting scenes in the night watches by the child's bed. The two are necessarily thrown together in an intimate way, and find it impossible to be stiff and polite over hot water bottles and poultices.

The governess or companion story is a favorite one of mine. It is astonishing what a strong element of romance it has, when the position of a governess in real life is the most unromantic thing on earth. In real life the big man of the place whom all the mothers are trying to capture for their daughters does n't fall in love with the governess. Her close connection with her social superiors makes her social disadvantage too evident, and it takes a very big man indeed to discover personal importance when it is overshadowed by social unimportance. The novel hero is more clear sighted or more disinterested. Besides, the novel governess is a most delightful person, demure, reserved, and self-sufficient on the surface, but daring, piquant, and original underneath, — a reminiscence of *Jane Eyre*, probably. She takes pleasure in snubbing the big man, and he finds it a refreshing contrast to the flattery he meets on every side. She refuses to admit that he is of any consequence to her, and in the end he discovers the truth only by some accident, the truth being that she is passionately in love with him. *The Wooing O't* is the best instance of this kind of story that I know.

There is such a nice scene in a governess story by Beatrice Whitby, whose name I can't remember. The heroine is very much in love with the step-brother of her little pupils, the heir to the estate, but never allows him to suspect it. One day she finds one of his gloves, and, the temptation being strong, picks it up, and hearing him coming hides it in the bosom of her gown. His dog, who has been left in charge of it, rushes fiercely at her; the hero arrives on the scene, saves her from the dog, and discovers what she has done. It is very thrilling, a scene to be coveted.

I suppose there are infinite combinations of man, woman, and circumstance yet to be made, the more that all three quantities are variables. Our grandchildren will be finding plots in subjects that are completely unsuggestive to us now. I can imagine a great novel with a street-cleaning or a plumbing motive. No doubt these will be extremely interesting, to their authors at all events, but I am afraid I shall always be old-fashioned enough to prefer the desert-island or the wife in name only motive.

A COMMON and trivial excuse given by those who read little is that they have no time for reading. One may have no time for eating or sleeping, but hardly no time to make love or to read. It is good will, concentration, and the habit of dispatch, not leisure or unlimited opportunity, which have always performed the greatest wonders in both of these useful pursuits. Many persons in mature life are conscious of a gentle and luxurious sentiment in favor of reading, which comes to nothing because they do not know how to read. With all the good will in the world, they lack concentration and the habit of dispatch. The good will was not applied early enough, or not applied at all to any other end than the lazy diversion of a moment. This naturally resulted in the formation of the newspaper habit, by which I do not mean simply

the habit of reading newspapers, but the habit of mind which makes it possible for men to spend an evening in going through motions. There is no more reason for spending two hours in reading the newspaper than in having one's boots blacked. Some people never make their way into the great Establishment of Letters farther than the vestibule, where they spend their lives contentedly playing marbles with the hall-boys. Of course we do not call the newspaper worthless simply because some other things are worth more. The best reading is both intensive and extensive; one reads a little of everything, and a great deal of some things. The good reader takes all reading to be his province. Newspapers, periodicals, books old and new, all present themselves to him in their proper perspective; they are all grist to his mill, but they do not go into the same hopper or require the same process. On the contrary, one of the main distinctions of the clever reader is that without varying as to intensity, he varies almost indefinitely as to pace. This power of reading flexibly comes mainly, of course, with practice. For those who have lacked an early experience of books, the manipulation of them is never likely to become the perfect and instinctive process of adjustment which it should be. People often achieve a certain degree of education and refinement late in life, but seldom, I think, the power of the accomplished reading man. It is simply not to be expected. An adult who takes up the violin may get much amusement and profit from his instrument, but he cannot hope to master it. A certain increase of facility, however, the belated reader may surely expect to gain from some sort of observance of this simple principle of adjustment.

This anxious but unskilled reader is too likely to have a set gait, so many words to the minute or lines to the hour. An essay, an editorial, a chapter in a novel or in the Bible, a scientific article,

a short story, if they contain the same number of words, take up just the same amount of this misguided person's time. No wonder reading becomes an incubus to him, with the appalling monotony of its procession of printed words filing endlessly before him. He really has time enough, if he knew how to make use of it. Eben Holden keeps him busy for a week or more; it should be read in a few hours. He plods methodically through Sir Walter, and finds him slow; the happy reader who can get Quentin and his Isabelle satisfactorily married in six hours does not. The trained reader readjusts his focus for each objective. Milton may be read in words or lines, Macaulay in sentences, Thackeray in paragraphs, Conan Doyle in pages. The eye, that is, readily gains the power of taking in words in groups instead of separately. How large a group the glance can manage varies with the seriousness of the subject. With the same degree of concentration, eye and mind will take care of a page of the Prisoner of Zenda as easily as they can absorb a line of Macbeth, or one of Fitzgerald's quatrains.

Of course this disposes of the indolent lolling style of reading, — or rather makes a rare indulgence of it. When one occasionally comes upon the novel of his heart, or the poem he has waited for, he may well afford to consider it at his luxurious leisure, minimizing labor by dilatoriness. But as a rule the widely reading man is not an indolent person. Not that he is to be always keeping his nose in a book. By regulating his pace, he not only cov-

ers an astonishing amount of ground in reading, but makes room for other things. He knows how to get the most for his time, that is all. The bee does not eat the flower to get the honey out of it. The eye of the skilled reader acts like a sixth sense, directing him to the gist of the matter, in whatever form it may appear. Twenty minutes yields all that there is for him in the book which his neighbor, knowing that it would mean a week's spare hours, is careful to avoid.

This, it may be said, sounds very much like an advocacy of skimming. Skimming and rapid reading are different processes, but skimming is at times a good thing, too; even skipping becomes, on occasion, a sacred duty. We may go a step farther, for skimming implies cream, and skipping, a foothold somewhere; and many books deserve neither of these less and least complimentary modes of treatment. The eye brushes a page or two, and the mind is hardly called in to assist in a damnatory verdict which is informal, but summary. The experienced reader, in short, is an artist, and, like other artists, attains his highest powers only when he has learned what to subordinate, to slight, even to omit. The poor fellow whose conscience will not let him refuse an equally deliberate consideration to every six inches of black and white which comes in his way may be an excellent husband and father, a meritorious lawyer or merchant, and a model citizen; he is certainly not a good reader.

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IN THE FEAR OF THE LORD.

LET it be made plain, in the beginning, that the dear Lord had nothing to do with it, for the doors of that poor heart were fast closed against him, and the benighted child within trembled, ever trembled, to hear Love's timid knocking: such, gentle reader, is the teaching of gray seas and a bleak coast, — the voice of thunder is a voice of warning, but the waving of the new-blown blossom, where the sunlight falls upon it, is a lure to damnation. It was not the dear Lord: it was the Lord God A'mighty, — a fantastic misconception, the work of the blind minds of men, which has small part with mercy and the high leading of love. Men's imaginations, being untutored and unconfined, fashion queer gods of the stuff the infinite contains. When they roam afar, — as from bleak places, where no yellow fields, no broad, waving acres, yielding bounteously, make love manifest to the children of men, nor do vaulted forests all reverberant to the wind's solemn strains inspire souls to deeper longing, — when they roam afar, it may be, the gods they fetch back are terrible gods. In Ragged Harbor, which is a cleft in the Newfoundland upper shore, some men have fashioned a god of rock and tempest and the sea's rage, — a gigantic, frowning shape, throned in a mist, whereunder black waters curl and hiss, and are cold and without end; and in the right hand of the shape is a flaming rod of chastisement, and on either side of the

throne sit grim angels, with inkpots and pens, who jot down the sins of men, relentlessly spying out their innermost hearts; and behind the mist, far back in the night, the flames of pain, which are forked and writhing and lurid, light up the clouds and form an aureole for the shape, and provide him with his halo. No, it was not the dear Lord who had to do with the case of Nazareth Lute of Ragged Harbor, — not the Lord who lives in melting hearts and therefrom compassionately proceeds to the aid and comfort of all the sons of men, even as it is written: it was merely the Lord God A'mighty.

Now, the father of this Lute, old Richard Lute, of the path to Squid Cove, where it rounds the Man-o'-War, called his first-born, Nazareth, and changed his own name to Jesus when he was converted, believing it to be no sin, but, indeed, a public confession of old transgressions and new faith, — a deed of high merit, which might counterbalance even so much as the past unrighteousness of putting more sea water than lobsters in the cans he had traded with Luke Dart, and would so be counted unto him when he stood on the waters at the foot of the throne and the dread account was put in his hand. "If it goas agin them lobsters on the Lord God A'mighty's bill," he told the people, "'t will do. If it oan'y goas agin the lobsters, b'y," he said to young Solomon Stride, "maybe, — maybe, b'y, — I'll

have a balance t' me favor, an' I 'll slip through the pearly gate. 'T were a clever thought, b'y, changin' me name, — iss, 't were; iss, 't were!" Thereafter, Jesus Lute lived righteously, according to the commands of his God; but he died mad: because, as it has been said, and I do verily believe, he dwelt overmuch on those things which are eternal, — wondering, wondering, wondering, in sunlight and mist and night, off shore in the punt, laboring at the splitting table, spreading fish on the flake, everywhere, wondering all the while whither souls took their flight. So much of Richard Lute: and it must be said, too, that the mother of this Nazareth was of a piety exceeding deep. She was famed in seven harbors for her glory fits, — for her visions and prophecies and strange healings, — and from seven harbors folk came for to see, when it was noised abroad that a glory fit was upon her or at hand: to see and to hear, and to interrogate the Lord God A'mighty concerning the time and manner of death, for it was believed that the Lord God A'mighty spoke with her lips at such times.

"But it gets the weather o' me how that b'y comes by his wickedness," said old Solomon Stride, when Nazareth had grown to be a man. "It do get the weather o' me. He 've a gun'le load of it — sure he have."

"They was nar a sinful hair to his mother's head," asserted Priscilla, Solomon's wife.

"Sure, noa, dear," said Solomon. "Nor yet ar a one to his fawther's — when he had ar a one, afore he cap-sized, poor mortal; which he had n't t' the madhouse t' Saint John's, they says, 'cause he just would tear un out, an' they was noa such thing as his heavin' to."

"'T is queer," replied Priscilla thoughtfully. "But they be lots o' things that 's queer — about religion," she added, with a sigh, and plucking at her apron. "An his mother were oan'y

here t' have a glory fit, us might find out — find out" —

"What might us find out, dear?"

"Sh-h-h! They be things about Heaven 't is not for we t' know."

"'T is true; but the dear Lord is wise — wise an' kind, noa matter what some poor folk trys t' make un out."

"The Lord God 's the Lord God A'mighty," said Priscilla quickly, speaking in fear.

"I 'low he 'm better 'n us thinks," added Solomon, looking into the depths of the sunset.

"Solomon, b'y," urged Priscilla, "I fear me you 'll be a-sittin' in the seat o' the scorner afore long."

"Noa, dear," said Solomon. "Noa, noa!"

To be sure, the wickedness of Nazareth Lute was of a most lusty, lively character: not a dullard, shiftless wickedness, which contents itself with an unkempt beard, a sleep in the sunshine, and a maggoty punt. It was a wickedness patent to all the folk of Ragged Harbor: so, only the unrighteous, who are wise in a way, and the children, who are all-wise, loved him; and it may be that the little people loved him for one of his sins — the sin of unfailling jollity, in which he was steeped. His beard, which was curly and fair and rooted in rosy flesh, and his voice, which was deep and throbbing, and his blue eye, which flashed fire in the dusk, were, each in its way, all wicked: the hearts of the maids fluttered and told them so when he came near. The poise of his head and his quick, bold glance proclaimed him devil-may-care; and his saucy wit and irreverence put the matter beyond all doubt. His very gait — his jaunty, piratical roll down the Old Crow Road — was a flouting of the Lord God A'mighty, before whom, as Uncle Simon Luff has it, men should bear themselves as "wrigglin' worms." He wickedly gloried in his strength, — in the breadth and height and might of himself: ever

forgetting, as Uncle Simon said, that the "grass withereth, an' the tall trees is laid low." In boyhood, his ambitions were all wicked; for he longed to live where he could go to the theatre, of the glittering delights of which he had read in a tract, and to win money at cards, of which he had read in another. Later, his long absences and riotous returns were wicked; his hip pocket bulged with wickedness for a week after he came ashore from the mail boat, and for the same week his legs wickedly wobbled, and the air was tainted with wickedness where he breathed. The deeds he did on his cruises were wicked, in truth, — ever more deeply wicked: wicked past conception to the minds of men who do not know the water fronts of cities, nor have imagined the glaring temptations which there lie in wait.

"They's a spring o' sin in the inwards o' that there b'y," said Uncle Simon Luff, "an' 't will never run dry 'til the fires o' hell sap un up."

When Nazareth Lute was thirty-two years old, he came ashore from the mail boat one night in spring, after long absence from Ragged Harbor; and he was sober, and very solemn. He went straight to his father's house, on the Squid Cove path, where he now lived alone; and there he remained until the evening of the next day, which was the Sabbath. When Sammy Arnold tolled the bell he set out for the meeting-house in his punt, observing which, many people went to church that night. At the after-meeting, for which, curiously, everybody waited, Nazareth stood up, the first of all: whereupon there was a rustle, then a strained hush, which filled the little place, even to the shadows where the rafters were.

"O friends," he began, in a dry, faltering voice, "I come here, the night, — I come here, where I were barn an' raised, — t' this here ha'bor where I warked on me fawther's flake, as a wee

child, an' kept the head of his punt up t' the wind many a day on the Grapplin' Hook grounds, as a lad, an' jiggid squid for his bait many a sunset time after the capelin school was gone off shore, — here, where I were a paddle punt fisherman on me own hook, as a man, — I come here, O friends, the night," his voice now rising tremulously, "t' tell all you folk how my poor soul were saved from the damnation o' the Lard God A'mighty." He stopped to wet his lips, and to gulp, for lips and throat were dried out; then he went on, the light of conviction burning ever brighter in his eyes: "O friends, I've been standin' on the brink o' hell these many year, all afire o' the stinkin' flames o' sin, as you knows; an' the warnin's o' the Lard God A'mighty, hisself, which he sent me in three wrecks an' the measles, was like the shadow o' some small cloud, — like a shadow a-runnin' over the sea; for the shadow passes quickly, an' the sea is the same as he were afore. (Amen, an' Amen, O Lard!) Likewise, O friends, was the warnin's o' God A'mighty t' my poor soul," he went on, his voice of a sudden charged with the tearful quality of humiliation, "'til Toosday, a week gone, at six o'clock, or thereabouts, in the marnin'. The day afore that, O friends, I were bound out from Saint John's t' Twillingate, in ballast o' salt, along o' Skipper Peter Alexander Bull, an' a crew o' four hands, which is some'at short-handed for Skipper Peter Alexander's schooner, as you all knows. (O Lard!) When we was two hours out the skipper he got drunk; an' the cook, which was Jonathan Bluff, from this here ha'bor, he were drunk a'ready, as I knows, for I lent a hand t' stow un away when he come aboard; an' when the skipper he got drunk, an' the cook he were drunk a'ready, James Thomson and William Cole they got drunk, too, for they was half drunk an' knowed noa better." They were now all listening enrapt;

and from time to time they broke into exclamations, as they were moved by Nazareth's dramatic recital. "So I were the can'y able hand aboard o' she," the man went on, speaking hoarsely, as though again in terror of the thing he did, "an' I says t' myself, though I had the wheel, O friends (Lard, Lard!), I said t' myself, which was sunk in iniquity, an' knowed not the heaviness o' sin (Save un, O Lard, save un!), says I, 'I might 's well be drunk, too.' So I goas down t' the fo'cas'le, O friends, an' in the fo'cas'le I gets me dunnybag (O Lard!), an' from the dunnybag I takes a bottle (O Lard, O Lard!), an' out o' the bottle I draws the stopper (O Lard A'mighty!), an' I raises the bottle t' me lips (Stop un, O Lard!), an' — an' — I gets drunk, then an' there; so then the schooner she were in the hands o' the wind, which it were blowin' so light as a'most nothin' from the sou'east, an' we was well off shore."

Nazareth paused. He raised his right arm, and looked up, as though in supplication. His head dropped over his breast, and he was still silent; so the old parson began this hymn: —

"When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear ?

"If yet, while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought,

"When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear ?"

With him all the people sang, from the shrill-voiced young to the quavering, palsied old, — sang with joyful enthusiasm, as they who have escaped great terror.

"In the night," Nazareth went on, "I hears a noise; so I said, 'What 's that?' The skipper he woke up, an'

says, 'T is a rat.' 'T was n't, though; but I falls asleep once moare, an' when I wakes up in the marnin' I be all a-shakin' and blinded by the liquor, an' I sees queer streaks o' green an' yellow in the air. So I goas on deck, an' there I sees that the schooner do be rubbin' her nose fair agin Yellow Rock, by the tickle t' Seldom Cove; an' she 've wrecked her bowsprit, an' she 've like t' stove a hoale in her port side. But the sea is all ripplin', an' they is hardly noa wind; so she pounds easy." Nazareth looked up to the grimy rafters overhead, and the words following he addressed to the Lord his God, his voice thrilling as his soul's exaltation increased: "An' I looked up, an' I sees you, O Lard God A'mighty, sittin' on the top o' Yellow Rock; an' your cloathes do be spun o' fog, an' your face is hid from me. Iss, O Lard, you was a-lookin' down on me; an' you sings out, O Lard, 'Nazareth Lute,' you sings out, 'repent!' But behind the cloud which hid your face, like a veil, O Lard God A'mighty, I knowed you was a-frownin'; an' I were scared, an' said nar a word. 'Nazareth Lute,' you sings out agin, 'repent afore you 're lost!' But I were still scared, O Lard God A'mighty, for the light o' the cloud went out, an' it were black, like the first cloud of a great starm.

Nazareth Lute, you says for the third time, 'repent afore you 're hove into the fires o' hell!' Then the cloud shivered, like when the wind tears un t' bits; an' my voice come t' me, an' I says, 'Iss, Lard, I will.'" Turning once more to the people, Nazareth said: "Then I sings out, 'All hands on deck!' But the crew was drunk an' did not come; an' when I looked up again t' Yellow Rock, the Lard was gone from that place. So I soused the hands with buckets o' water, O friends; an' over the head o' the skipper I slushed three of un, for he were the drunkest of all. So when they was sober agin we set sail, an' the Lard sent

us a fair time, an' we come safe t' Twillingate. The fight do be over for me, O friends, — the long, long fight I fought with sin. 'Tis over now, — all over; an' I've come t' peace. For I found the Lard God A'mighty a-sittin' there on Yellow Rock, by the tickle t' Seldom Cove, a-frownin' in a cloud."

That was the manner of the conversion of Nazareth Lute; and thereafter he lived righteously, even as his father had lived, according to the commands of the Lord God A'mighty, his God, whom he had fashioned of tempest and rock and the sea's rage, with which his land had abundantly provided him. Thereafter he lived righteously; but his eyes were blinded to all those beauties, both great and small, which the dear Lord has strewn in hearts and places, in love withholding not; and his ears were stopped against the tender whisperings which twilight winds waft with them, from the infinite to the infinite: for it was as though the cloud and flame of the wrath of his God, following after, cast a shadow before him, and filled the whole earth with the thunder and roar and crackling of their pursuit. Thereupon, indeed, he became a fisherman again, and thereafter he lived righteously: for he did thereafter not do many things which he had been used to doing. All the maids with dimpled cheeks and all the children knew that he put the sin of jollity far from him. Also, it is told to this day, when men speak of righteous lives, how that he hung his last clay pipe from a rafter, and looked upon it morning and evening, after prayer, to remind himself that sensual delights, such as are contained in the black, cracked bowls of pipes, are like snares set for the souls of the unwary. Moreover, it can be proved how that once, when he could not take the punt to his nets on a Saturday night, the wind being high, he freed all the fish on Monday morning,

freed them all, the quintal upon quintal of gleaming fish in the trap; more, then and there in the nets by chance, than the Lord God A'mighty had granted to his labor all that summer through; but, thereby, he saved himself from the charge of desecrating the Sabbath in permitting his nets to work on that day, which the grim angels were waiting to note down against him, and he gained greatly in humility and in strength against temptation. He lived righteously: for, as he fled the wrath of his God, the cloud and flame were close behind; and at the end of the toilsome path, as upon the crest of a long hill, was set the City of Light and the gates of the City, wherethrough men passed to a shiny splendor.

"I been thinkin', b'y," he said to Solomon Stride, at the time of one blood-red sunset, when their punts were side by side coming in from the Mad Mull grounds, "that I doan't know as I'll want one o' they golden harps."

"Sure, an' why not, b'y?" Solomon called over the purpling water.

"I doan't know as I will," said Nazareth, "for I were never much of a hand at the jew's-harp. 'T will be gran' for you, b'y. You was always a wonderful hand at that, an' the harp o' gold 'll come easy t' l'arn. Sure, you 'll pick un up in a day. But with me 't is different. I — I — can't so much 's whistle a hymn, Solomon. Noa, b'y, I doan't know as I'll want one o' they harps; but if they's a sea there, b'y, they's fish in it; an' if the sea's gold, the fish's gold; an' 't is like, b'y, they'll be hooks as well as harps, an' maybe a trap an' a seine or two. An' if they's" —

"You is all wrong about Heaven," said Solomon. "They's noa eatin', there, Nazareth."

"'T is true, b'y, maybe — iss, maybe 't is," said Nazareth, in all humility admitting the possibility of error. "'T would be hard eatin', whatever. But, maybe," with a reflective frown,

"they's a queer kind o' teeth comes with the new body. Oh, well, whatever," with a sigh, "I doan't know what I'll do when I gets there — sure an' I doan't."

"You'll take a grip on a harp, b'y," Solomon cried enthusiastically, "an' you'll swing your flipper over the golden strings, an'" —

"Noa, noa! 'T would be a sinful waste o' good harps for the Lard God A'mighty t' put one in my hands. I'd break un sure."

"But he've a great heap o' them, an' he'd" —

"Noa, noa!"

"But he'd l'arn you, b'y; he'd l'arn you t'" —

"Noa, b'y — noa. 'T would be too tough a job, an' I would n't put the Lard God A'mighty t' the trouble o' that. Noa, noa; if they's noa fish in that there sea, I doan't know what I'll do when I gets there. I doan't know what I'll do, Solomon. I doan't know what I'll do — all the time."

Nazareth Lute thought that a man should either search diligently for things to do in the last light of day, or be cast down when there was no work about the cottage, the punt, or the flake. He should look to the condition of the capelin in the loft, or gather soil for a new potato patch: in his sight the sin of idleness was like a clog to the neck of one who traveled the road to the City of Light — the idleness of half-hours after sunset, it may be, when the fish were split, and the unrighteous rested, and the wicked had their way. One winter, when he had mended his cod trap and knitted a herring seine and a new salmon net, he set out to whittle the model of a schooner, thinking to sell it to Manuel of Burnt Arm, who builded five schooners every year, and give the money to the church, to the end that, at last, Ragged Harbor might be in a fair way toward having a parson all to herself. So he whittled, and whittled,

and whittled away; and while the wood took form under his fingers, even as he, himself, directed, yielding to his veriest whims, and gave promise of that grace and strength which he, alone of all the world, had conceived, a new, flooding joy came to him, — such happiness as he had not hoped for on earth or in heaven. He whittled the drear days through, and, in the night, while the wind swept the hills and flung snow against the panes, he sat long in the leaping fire-light, whittling still, bending ever closer over the forming thing in his hands, creeping ever nearer to the expiring blaze, and dreaming great dreams all the while. In this work his soul found vent; even, it may be said, a touch of the tiny hull — a soft, lingering touch in the night — gave a comfort which neither prayer nor fasting, nor any other thing, could bring to his unrest; and, soon, his last waking thought was not of the Lord God A'mighty, his God, as it had been, nor yet of a yawning hell, but of the thing which his hands were forming. And when the model was polished and mounted, which was in that spring when old Simon Luff's last grandson was born, he did not sell it to Manuel of Burnt Arm; for he wanted to know of his own knowledge, when he saw the craft afloat, that the builder had brought her promise to its perfect fulfillment. So he determined to build her himself. She would be, he told himself, the work of his own hands: and the work would be good. In the summer he toiled hard at the fishing, and in the winter following he cut timber in the inland woods, and hauled it out with the dogs; and in three years he had the keel laid and two of the ribs set in place.

"Solomon, b'y," he confided to Solomon Stride, in a dark whisper, once, "she'll be the best sixty-tonner ever sailed these seas — once I get her done."

"She'll be overlone in buildin', I be thinkin'," said Solomon.

"Oh, I doan't know 's she will," Nazareth made reply. "'T will be a matter o' twelve year, maybe. But once I get she done, Solomon — once I get she out o' the tickle in a switch from the nor'east — once I doos, b'y, she'll be a cracker t' goa! Iss, an' she will."

"Iss, an' I hope so," said Solomon. "But her keel 'll rot afore this time twelve year."

"Iss, maybe," said Nazareth. "I be 'lowin' for a rotten keel. Iss, I be 'lowin' t' use up two keels on this here craft."

One day, old Uncle Simon Luff, rowing in from the grounds with but two fish to show for the day's jigging, turned his punt into the little cove where Nazareth was at work, and came ashore.

"They tells me," said he, "that you be goain' t' use galvanized nails for she," with a side nod toward the schooner.

Nazareth's adze fell twice upon the timber he was dubbing. "Iss," said he. "I be goain' t' use galvanized nails. 'T is true."

"They tells me 't will cost a wonderful sight moare."

"I calc'late \$76.80 for nails, b'y," said Nazareth, as his adze fell again, "which is — ugh! — as you says — ugh! — a wonderful sight moare 'n — ugh! — wrought nails."

Uncle Simon sat down on the keel. "What do you 'low for your spars, b'y?" he asked.

Nazareth spat on his hands, and answered while he rubbed the horny palms together. "Well, b'y, I can't cut the spars single-handed, an' they's noa good timber in these parts," he said. "But I can get un t' Burnt Arm, an' I can tow un up with the punt: which it is but a matter o' twenty mile, as you knows. I 'low \$150 for a set, an' \$12 for a main boom, an' \$4 for three gaffs an' a topmast if I doan't cut un meself. But 't is a long time 'til I needs un."

"Nazareth," said Uncle Simon, "what do you 'low this schooner 'll cost you?"

Nazareth suspended the dubbing, and put a foot on the keel. "I be goain' t' make she a good schooner, Uncle Simon," he said solemnly. "So good a schooner as ever sailed out of a ha'bor. She 'll have twenty-five ribs to her body frame, which is five moare 'n Manuel's Duchess have; an' I be goain' t' brace her bows with oak for the ice. I be goain' t' give she four sets o' clamps, an' juniper top-sides, an' two an' a quarter inch ceiling planking; an' I 'll put a bolt where they 's call for a bolt. She 'll have her suit o' sails from Saint John's, an' I 'll serve her standin' riggin', an' when it comes t' caulking I 'll horse her. Uncle Simon, b'y, I 'low \$767 for her timber, an' I 'low \$550 for iron an' nails an' oakum an' windlass an' harse pipes an' all they things; an' 't will cost me \$1200 t' fit she out, 'lowin' I can get three anchors an' some likely chain for \$250, an' rope enough for \$80, an' a set o' blocks for \$100, an' the suit o' sails I wants for \$400. Maybe, Simon, countin' in me own labor an' what little I hire at \$900, an' gettin' me smithy wark done t' Burnt Arm for \$250, she 'll cost me \$3500 afore I take she out o' the tickle for t' try she. Simon," he concluded, his voice a-thrill with deep purpose, "she 'll be the best sixty-tonner what ever sailed these seas!"

"Nazareth," said Simon, "can you do it, b'y?"

"Iss, Simon, if the Lard God A'mighty sends the seals in the spring an' a reasonable sign o' fish in season, I 'll do it. If the Lard God A'mighty leaves me take \$200 out o' the sea each year — if he oan'y doos that — I 'll sail she this spring come twelve year."

"'T is a deal t' expect," urged Simon, shaking his head. "'S'pose the Lard cuts you down t' \$150?"

Nazareth scratched his head in a perplexed way. "I 'd sail she, I s'pose,"

he said, "this spring come eighteen year."

"Maybe," said Simon, for he had looked back through the years he had lived. "A man can do a good spell o' wark — in a life. But you 're lookin' poor an' lean, b'y," he added. "Eat moare," now rising to go to his punt, "an' you 'll get a wonderful sight moare wark out o' yourself."

"Doos you think so?" asked Nazareth, looking up quickly, as though the suggestion were new and most striking.

"I knows it," said Uncle Simon.

"Maybe, now, you 're right," added Nazareth. "I 'll try it."

But at the end of twelve years, which was the time when Uncle Simon's last grandson was made a hand in the trap-skiff, the schooner was still on the stocks, though Nazareth Lute had near worn out his life with pinching and cruel work: for they were hard years, and the Lord God A'mighty, his God, had not generously rewarded the toil of men. Uncle Simon Luff, who was now surpassing old and gray, and, like a prophet, stood upon the holiness of past years, called upon the people to repent of their sins, that the Lord God A'mighty might be persuaded to withdraw his anger from them. "Yea, even," cried Uncle Simon, in one ecstasy at the meeting-house, "hunt out the Jonah among you, an' heave un out o' this here ha'bor!" Now, Nazareth Lute, believing that Uncle Simon had come to that holy age when the mouth may utter wisdom which the mind conceiveth not, searched his heart for sin, but found none: whereupon, he was greatly distressed, for he thought to appease the wrath of the Lord God A'mighty with repentance, that the Lord, his God, might grant the means to make the schooner ready for launching. Nevertheless, being exceeding anxious to purge his heart of such sins as may lurk in hearts all unsuspected, he put ashes on his head for three nights, when his fire went out; for with his whole

heart he longed for the Lord God A'mighty to restore his favor, that the schooner might some day be finished. And when, for three more years, the Lord God still frowned upon Ragged Harbor, he put no blame upon the Lord God A'mighty, his God, for scorning his poor propitiation, but, rather, blamed himself for having no sackcloth at hand with which to array himself.

"They 's a good sign o' fish t' Round Ha'bor," said Solomon Stride to Nazareth, in the beginning of that season, when the news first came down. "'T is like they 'll strike here. 'T will be a gran' catch o' fish this year, I 'm thinkin'."

"Doos you think so, b'y?" said Nazareth, his face lighting up. "Solomon, b'y, if I can oan'y get me schooner done, — if I can oan'y get she done afore I dies, — I 'll not be much afeard t' face the Lard God A'mighty when I stands afore the throne."

"Noa, noa, lad — sure noa!"

"Solomon, when the Lard God A'mighty says t' me, 'Nazareth Lute, what has you got t' show for the life I give you?' I 'll say, 'O Lard God A'mighty, I 'll say, 'I built the fastest sixty-tonner what ever sailed these seas.' An' he 'll say, 'Good an' faithful sarvent,' he 'll say, 'enter into thy reward, for you done well along o' that there schooner.' An' I been thinkin', o' late, Solomon," Nazareth went on, letting his voice fall to a confidential whisper, "that he 'll say a ward or two moare 'n that. Maybe," with a sweet, radiant smile, "he 'll say, 'Nazareth Lute,' he 'll say afore all the angels, 'I 'm proud o' you, b'y, — I 'm fair proud o' you.'"

"Iss, an' he will," said Solomon gently, for he perceived that the strain of toil and longing had somewhat weakened Nazareth for the time. "Sure, he 'll say them very words. I knows it."

"Maybe," said Nazareth; then, with a wise wag of his head: "'T is hard

t' tell for sure, though, just what the Lard God A'mighty will do. 'T is wonderful hard, I'm thinkin'."

"Iss, wonderful," said Solomon; "but 't is sure t' be done right."

When Uncle Simon Luff's last grandson had learned to loiter at the Needle Rock to make eyes at the maids as they passed, which was two years after the season of plenty, Nazareth Lute launched his schooner; and with prayer and psalm-singing and a pot of black-berry jam she was christened the Heavenly Hope. The days of tribulation, when the great fear of the wrath of the Lord God A'mighty descended upon Ragged Harbor, were over: again, with his whole heart, Nazareth Lute longed to lay a guiding hand upon the helm of the craft he had made, — to feel the thrill of her eager response to the touch of his finger. Day-dreams haunted him while he worked, — dreams of singing winds and a wake of froth, of a pitching, heeling flight over great waves, of swelling sails and of foam at the rail, of squalls escaped, and of gales weathered in the night. ' In these long, sunny days, when all the rocks of the harbor cheerily echoed the noise of hammer and saw, and the smell of oakum and paint and new wood was in the air to delight in, he was happy: for the cloud and flame of the wrath of the Lord God A'mighty, his God, were unperceived and forgotten. In these days, too, Uncle Simon Luff pattered about the deck, a querulous, flighty, tottering old child: and sometimes he fancied he was the master-builder of the schooner, and gave orders, which Nazareth pretended to obey; and sometimes he fancied she was at sea in a gale, and roared commands, at which times it was hard to soothe him to quiet. But Nazareth Lute delighted in the company and in the prattle, from sunny day to sunny day, while he rigged the boat: for he did not know that a revelation impended and might come by the lips

of old Simon Luff, — the inevitable, crushing revelation of his idolatrous departure from the one path of escape.

"Nazareth," said Uncle Simon crossly one day when Nazareth was caulking the forward deck planks, "I told you t' horse them planks, an' you is n't doin' it."

"Iss, I is, Uncle Simon, b'y," said Nazareth, looking up with a smile. "I be drivin' the oakum in thick an' tight."

"Noa, you is n't!" said Uncle Simon in a rage.

"Iss, b'y, sure" —

Uncle Simon sprung away. He straightened himself to his full stature and lifted up his right hand. His long white hair fell over his shoulders: his white beard quivered, and his eyes flashed, as the eyes of some indignant prophet might.

"Nazareth Lute," he cried, "you loves this here schooner moare 'n you loves the Lard God A'mighty!"

Nazareth's mallet clattered harshly on the deck. It had fallen from his grasp, for the strength had gone out of his hands. He rose, trembling.

"Take them wards back, Simon," he said hoarsely. "Take un back, b'y," he pleaded. "They is n't true."

"Iss, an' they is true," Simon grumbled. "This here schooner 's your golden calf. The Lard God A'mighty 'll punish you for lovin' she moare 'n you love him."

The cloud and flame of the wrath of the Lord God A'mighty seemed very near to Nazareth. In a dazed way he watched old Simon totter to the side and climb into his punt: watched him row out from the ship.

"Simon," he called earnestly, "say 't is n't true — what you said."

"'T is, an' 't is, an' can't be 't iser," said Simon.

Nazareth was struck a mortal blow.

When the light failed, that night, and there remained but the wan light

of the stars to guide the work of his hands, Nazareth Lute put aside his mallet and his oakum; and he stretched himself out on the forward deck, with his face upturned, that he might ponder again, in the night's silence, the words of Simon Luff: for Simon was old, very old and white-haired; and he had lived a long life without sin, as men knew, and had at last come to those days wherein strange inspirations and communications are vouchsafed to holy men. And Nazareth fell asleep — while from the stars to the shimmering water, and from the sea's misty rim to the first shrubs and shadows of the wilderness, the infinite hymned the praises of great works, he fell asleep; and while star and shadow and misty water still joined with the wilderness and great rocks in the enravishing strain, he dreamed a dream: a dream of the Lord God A'mighty, who appeared in a glowing cloud above him. Now, the words of the Lord God A'mighty, his God, whom he had made in his blindness of tempest and naked rock and the sea's hard wrath, I here, in all compassion for Nazareth Lute, set down as they were told by him to one who told them to me.

"Nazareth Lute!" said the Lord God A'mighty.

"Here I be, O Lard," said Nazareth Lute.

The glowing cloud was a cloud of changing colors, — of gold and purple and gray and all sunset tints: and, of a sudden, it melted from gold to gray.

"Nazareth Lute!" said the Lord God A'mighty.

Now, Nazareth Lute trembled exceedingly, for he knew that the Lord God A'mighty, his God, had come in wrath to reprove him for his idolatry; and he was afraid.

"Here I be, O Lard," he made answer.

But the Lord withheld his voice for a time, and Nazareth knew that he was frowning in the gray cloud.

"Nazareth Lute!" said the Lord God A'mighty, for the third time.

"Iss, Lard," said Nazareth Lute. "'T is Nazareth a-speakin'. Doos you not know me, Lard?"

"Oh, I knows you, never fear," said the Lord God A'mighty.

"Sure, you doos, O Lard," said Nazareth. "I been sarvin' you ever since that day I seen you sittin' on Yellow Rock, by the tickle t' Seldom Cove. You knows *me*, Lard."

Then a drear silence: and roundabout was deep night, but the light of the crimson cloud fell upon the shrouds, and upon the thrice-dubbed planks of the deck, and upon the mallet near by; so the man knew that he was yet upon the deck of his own schooner, and he was comforted.

"Scuttle this here fore-an'-after," said the Lord God A'mighty.

Now, for a time, Nazareth Lute had no voice to plead against the command of the Lord God A'mighty, for he knew that the words of the Lord stand forever.

"O Lard," he cried out, at last, "leave me sail she once — just once, O Lard God A'mighty!"

The cloud of changing colors hung in its place; but no words fell upon the waiting ears of Nazareth Lute.

"O Lard," he cried, "leave me put her sails on, an' sell she, an' give the money t' the church!"

But the cloud of changing colors made no answer: yet the very silence was an answer.

"O Lard," said Nazareth Lute, braving the anger of the Lord, "leave me keep she. Leave me let she ride at anchor an' rot — but leave me keep she by me."

Still the cloud of changing colors kept silence.

"O Lard," said Nazareth Lute, for his heart was breaking, and he no longer feared the wrath of the Lord God A'mighty, "'t is n't fair — sure, 't is n't fair. She 've been well build-

ed, O Lard. She 'd be the best sixty-tonner in these parts. Why, O Lard, must I scuttle" —

"Nazareth Lute, does you hear me?"

"Iss, Lard; but" —

"Nazareth Lute," cried the Lord God A'mighty from the depths of the black cloud, "stop your prate! 'Tis not for wrigglin' worms t' know the mysteries o' the heaven an' o' the earth. An you doan't scuttle this here fore-an'-after, she 'll wreck on her first v'y'ge, an' all hands 'll loss themselves. Mind that, Nazareth Lute!"

Whereupon, the cloud of changing colors vanished: and all things were as they had been when the daylight failed — from the stars to the shimmering water, and from the sea's misty rim to the first shrubs and shadows of the wilderness. But the hymn in praise of great works fell upon the ears of a numb soul.

Now, Nazareth Lute told no man what the Lord God A'mighty, his God, had commanded him to do: and, from year to year, continuing, he toiled early and late, as he had done before, that his schooner might be a great and perfect work before he died; but he dreamed no more dreams of swelling sails and a wake of froth. On the night when Uncle Simon Luff's last grandson's first child was born, which was long after Uncle Simon's feet had grown used to the streets of the City of Light, as men said, Nazareth went to Solomon Stride's cottage, under the Man-o'-War, to talk a while; for old Solomon lay ill abed, and Nazareth's work was done. The shadows were then stealing out of the wilderness upon the heels of the sun's red glory: and behind lurked the dusk and a clammy mist.

"Draw the curtains back, b'y," said Solomon. "Leave us see the sun sink in the sea. 'T is a gran' sight."

The rim of the sea was a flaring red and gold: a great, solemn glory filled all the sky.

"They tells me," said Solomon, after a time, "that you got the suit o' sails from Saint John's by the last mail boat."

"Iss, b'y," said Nazareth. "I fitted un on, a week gone Toosday. Me wark 's done, b'y. The schooner 's finished. She 've been lyin' off Mad Mull for five days — over fifteen fathom o' water at low tide."

"She 've been well builded, Nazareth. She 've been well builded."

"Iss — the best sixty-tonner in these parts. I made she that, Solomon, as I said I would."

"Looks like us 'll have a switch from the nor'east the morrow," said Solomon, turning from the sunset. "'T is like you 'll try she then."

"Noa, Solomon."

"'T will be a gran' wind, I 'm thinkin', b'y."

But, while the gloaming shadows gathered over the harbor water, Nazareth told Solomon Stride of the vision in which the Lord God A'mighty, his God, had appeared to him: and when he was done, the dusk had driven the flush of pink in upon the sun and was pressing upon the red and gold at the edge of the world.

"'T were not the Lard a-speakin'!" Solomon cried. "'T were not, b'y — 't were not!"

"Doos you think not, Solomon?" said Nazareth softly. "But you forgets about the sacrifice an' propitiation for sin."

"'T were n't the Lard," said Solomon.

"You forgets, Solomon," said Nazareth, in all simplicity, "that I seed the Lard once afore, a-sittin there on Yellow Rock. Iss, b'y, I seed un once afore, an' now I knows un when I sees un. 'T were he, b'y — iss, 't were."

"'T were not the Lard said them wards," said Solomon.

"You forgets, Solomon," said Nazareth, "that the Lard God A'mighty sung out t' Abraham, one day, an' told

un t' offer up Isaac as a burnt offerin'. T' offer up his son, Solomon — t' offer up his son. He've oan'y asked a schooner o' me."

"Iss, Nazareth, he done that," said Solomon. "But he sent an angel in time t' save that poor lad's life: which were what he intended t' do, all the time."

"Iss," said Nazareth, as in a dream, "he sent an angel."

The night, advancing swiftly, thrust the last sunset color over the rim of the sea; and it was dark.

"Solomon," said Nazareth, "for four nights I been on the deck o' that there schooner, watchin' for the angel o' the Lard, but none come. Solomon," he faltered, "I been waitin', an' waitin', an' waitin', but the Lard God A'mighty sends noa angel — t' me."

"Did the new day come?" said Solomon earnestly, lifting himself on his elbow.

"Iss, the new day come."

"Seems t' me, Nazareth," said Solomon, "that the dear Lard peeps out o' every dawn t' bless us poor folk."

"Noa, noa," Nazareth groaned; "the

Lard God A'mighty was not in them dawns, nor yet the angel o' the Lard; for I kep' a sharp lookout, an' I'd 'a' seed un if they was there. Noa, noa, b'y," he went on, speaking with rising firmness, "he've asked a sacrifice o' me, an' he means t' have me make it. She've been fitted out with all the things she needs — to her cask-dipper, b'y, an' her buzzie an' anchor-light. I've painted her sides, an' swabbed down her deck, an' made she all neat an' trim an' shipshape. She's all ready t' be offered up — all ready, now. I'm fair sad t' think — but — I'm goain' t' " —

"What do it all matter?" said Solomon, falling back on his pillow, wearied out. "What do it matter so's a man trys t' please the dear Lard in all he doos?"

"Iss, Solomon," said Nazareth, "what do it all matter, so's a man oan'y saves his soul from the fires o' hell?"

And Nazareth went out: and in that night he scuttled his schooner, even as he believed the Lord God A'mighty, his God, had commanded him to do.

Norman Duncan.

THE REVIVAL OF POETIC DRAMA.

It is probably safe to say that since the days of Shirley, that is, since the experience of men who might have known Shakespeare, the present is the first occasion upon which two dramatic poems, of real and high literary merit, by the same author, have enjoyed runs of success at the same time upon the London stage. Even although Mr. Stephen Phillips should prove to be one of those swallows who do not make a summer, and although poetic drama should once more sink into desuetude, the vogue of his beautiful plays will remain a cheering landmark in the history of our literature.

It will encourage us to go on hoping, even though such a triumph should not occur again for another two hundred and fifty years. But it is impossible in the flush of his very interesting experiments to take a view relatively so gloomy as this. We prefer to believe, and we are justified in hoping, that the perennial yearning for beauty and harmony and mystery, which is embodied in the heart even of the London playgoer, may be so fostered and fed by Ulysses and by Paolo and Francesca that it will not be content in future to be persistently snubbed and silenced as it has been in the past.

It seems worth while to consider, from a perfectly common-sense point of view, what is the reason of the difficulty which English poets have hitherto found in making their verse listened to with enjoyment on the stage. That in some countries poetry and large bodies of pleasure-seekers are able to shake hands across the footlights is absolutely certain. We have only to look at France, where the tragedies of Corneille and Racine — which are nothing if they are not poetry — have delighted successive generations, without intermission, since the very time, when we, in England, began to find stage poetry so difficult as to be practically impossible. If gay, social, and lively people, in large, recurrent numbers, can still be induced to sit, breathless, through five-act tragedies of elaborately rhymed poetry, like *Le Cid* and *Phèdre*, appreciating the drama thoroughly, and no whit impeded by the harmonies of the exquisite verse, it is plain that there can be no necessary divorce between a poem and the stage. But we are told that France, and Scandinavia with its saga-dramas, and Germany with its Schiller and Goethe, and Italy from Politian down to d'Annunzio are not England or America, and that there is something radically offensive to the Anglo-Saxon playgoer in drama that has pure literary form. Well, then, let us keep our inquiry to England and see what the facts are.

Before we consider what actors like Betterton and Garrick and Macready did or tried to do in the ages which preceded Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and what struggles dramatic poetry made during the two centuries and a half while the green-room waited for Mr. Phillips, it may be desirable to combat one or two fallacies. To the commonest argument against poetic drama, namely, that people go to the theatre for an amusement which is almost infantile in its simplicity, an entertainment which takes them out of themselves without strain or responsibility or

effort of any kind, the reply which I would make is to resign the contention without a struggle. I would admit it to be true that eighty per cent of those who go to the play, go there because it is a "play," because the lights, and the music, and the pretty women, and the bright illusions help them to "get through" the evening; because they have worked too hard and are worried, or have eaten too much food and are comatose, or have risked too much money and are anxious; and because they want, not an intellectual stimulus, but a physical and moral sedative. This is a fact, and in our modern existence it is not likely to diminish in importance. There will always be this eighty per cent who take their theatre as if it were morphia, or at least as if it were a glass of champagne. When we ask for a revival of poetic drama, we do not forget the numerical importance of this class, or its limited powers of endurance. We propose that it should continue to be catered for. But we suggest that the residue, the twenty per cent, are now strong enough to insist on being catered for also.

Another fallacy, it appears to me, is that poetry on the stage must be so lofty and pompous a thing, so pharisaical, so dictatorial, that common ears are stunned by its sermons or glutted by its imagery and its diction. We have allowed ourselves to accept the notion that poetic drama must not be expected to give pleasure, but only instruction and intellectual stimulus. There is an idea that it is connected with "examinations," that it may involve a university professor holding forth on the stage between the acts. For my own part, I am one of those who are not averse to a serious moral purpose on the stage. Quite occasionally, I can listen to a sermon from the footlights, and I have never been able to understand why a "problem" play — which is purely and simply a play which excites difference of opinion regarding a moot point in morals —

should be considered so detestable and make the critics so excessively angry. I confess I believe it to be these latter gentlemen, and not the real public, who bridle so much at the idea that some one is trying to preach to them in the theatre. But we are not dealing with "problem" plays to-day; we are speaking of "poetic" dramas of love and adventure and romance, written in fine verse by distinguished poets, and able to be enjoyed as literature even in the absence of scenery and lights and the glamour of the actresses. It has certainly been our error to make this class of play too grandiloquent and too remote from human interests. Success awaits the poet who will bring on to the boards the real flush and glow of fancy, with perfect dignity, yet in such a simple fashion that every one can without difficulty follow and appreciate.

Until the closure of the theatres under the Commonwealth it may be said that no distinction between vulgar and poetic drama had been conceived. Whenever a play was at all carefully composed, it contained some concession to literary effect. For instance, the late and very popular comedy of *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, a piece quite on a level with a topical farce of our own day, is written in loose, colloquial prose without any ambition. Yet, even here, when a touch of sentiment is required, or the attention of the audience is to be concentrated, the language braces itself up, and falls into a blank verse march. In fact, so paramount was the literary tradition of the drama, that after the playhouses were shut up by the Puritans, plays went on being written and printed, in which everything was more and more recklessly sacrificed to what was supposed to be poetry, and by 1650 no one in England could any longer write a drama which a conceivable troupe of actors could have played. This, to my mind, was the origin of the deep-seated prejudice to poetic drama in England; it was dimly felt to

have been an element in the violent death of the stage.

When the theatres began to be opened again, just before the Restoration, something of the exterior form of poetic drama clung for a long time to the fashionable play. Taste has altered so completely that it is very difficult for us to realize that the full-bottomed tragedies and tragi-comedies of Dryden's day, in pompous rhyme, with stately soliloquizing addressed to passive confidants, gave poetic pleasure. They give no sort of enjoyment to the majority of modern readers. But some fifteen years ago I had the great satisfaction of being present when Dryden's *Secret Love*: or *The Maiden Queen* was very sympathetically and gracefully given, on a single night, by a company of young professional actors, and I was surprised to perceive how much of the perfume and dignity of poetry lingered around these old, rejected rhymes of 1668. Now, when everybody has been crowding to Mr. Phillips's plays, it may seem odd to say that I recall no performance of which that of Herod has so sharply reminded me as this of Dryden's *Maiden Queen*. In a sense — not our sense, indeed, but that of their own age — the playgoers of Charles II. and James II. were votaries of the poetic drama, and possessed, in a bastard and impure form, something of its magnificent tradition.

If I were reviewing Mr. Phillips's talent, in detail, I should have something to say about what appears to me to be the invitation which it gives him to the composition of opera. I will here only pause to suggest that as the vulgarization of drama, at the close of the seventeenth century, became complete, it was only in the masques and operas written for the music of Purcell that poetry survived. We have seen the opera of *Dido and Æneas* performed in London within the last few months, and there has certainly appeared no other work on the recent stage with which Ulysses could be so

fairly compared. It is true that the verse of *Dido and Æneas* is by Nahum Tate, and is mainly contemptible; but here is the attitude, here the tradition, here the last breath of the Renaissance spirit of English poetic drama, and this was lost, as it seems to me, for two hundred years, to be restored, almost as it dropped from the hands of Dryden and Betterton and Purcell, by the combined talents of Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Stephen Phillips.

From the end of the seventeenth century onward, what we observe in the history of the English stage is the growing determination of audiences to be given what they like rather than what the author likes, and an equally steady decline of the level of popular taste until the author is utterly discouraged, and cares no longer to do his best. But it is very interesting to note how, again and again, one group of persons of taste, strenuously working together, has contrived for a moment to force poetic drama on the boards again. The earliest and the most remarkable instance of this in the eighteenth century was the performance of Addison's *Cato*. Again I must repeat that in this consideration we must not be affected by our twentieth-century attitude toward a particular work. We cannot read *Cato* with enjoyment, we do not, in fact, read *Cato* at all, but in the sense in which we are now using the phrase it was, to its own time, "poetic drama" precisely as *Midsummer Night's Dream* was to the age of Elizabeth or *Paolo and Francesca* to the age of Edward VII. What contemporaries said that they admired in it was the "beauty of poetry which shines through the whole." They accepted it as a protest against the humdrum vulgarity into which stage-writing had fallen. Here, at least, in *Cato* nothing was sacrificed to the soundings; here, at least, was the dignity of versified literature supported as completely as the genius of a most elegant writer could contrive. Yet, with all

its prestige, with all the thunders of applause, with all the political and literary influence concentrated on its encouragement, *Cato* proved, in the long run, a colossal failure.

The reasons why *Cato* failed should, I think, be studied by any one who seeks to understand why poetic drama has been doomed so long to penitence and exile. It is absolutely useless — it was useless in 1713, it will be useless in 1913 — to invite a well-dressed crowd, of both sexes, who have dined, to sit through a whole evening listening to declamatory dialogue in which "chill philosophy" is discussed in terms of "unaffected elegance." Even when Addison's tragedy was first produced, under the auspices of such a clique as modern times have never seen, of such a crowd of illustrious and servile admirers as might turn our most practiced "log-roller" green with envy, — even then criticism uttered the fatal judgment, "deficiency of dramatic business." We shall find, if we examine in succession all the splendid failures which lie, like wrecked carracks laden with spice and pearl, on the shores of our dramatic literature, that this is the reef on which, one after the other, each of them has struck. They have been convinced that fine sentiments, showy literature, melodious versification, a fund of brilliant fancy, would save their credit if they could only secure an audience of sympathetic and cultivated people, and not one has understood that all the poetic ornament in the world will not redeem that fatal deficiency, the lack of "dramatic business."

The example of *Cato* was followed at intervals, and with the closest exactitude, all down the eighteenth century. The next effort at first-class "poetic" drama was that which culminated in the *Sophonisba* of Thomson. The history of this play reads like a solemn burlesque of what we see repeated at least once in every generation. The tone of the playhouses had sunk to triviality and non-

sense ; lovers of literature looked round to try to find somebody to redeem it ; and the young and brilliant poet of *The Seasons* was discovered. He was urged forward to do his best ; it was whispered that the result of his efforts was extraordinary. The very rehearsals of *Sophonisba* were "dignified" by audiences of the élite, "collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public." Alas, when the event which was to mark the year 1730 forever in white on the façade of the Temple of Fame came off at length in a perfect furore of taste and expectancy, — "it was observed, that nobody was much affected, and that the company rose as from a moral lecture"! Thomson was an excellent poet, and there was nothing amiss with his sentiments or his versification, but he had no idea of "dramatic business." The disappointed public chanted, "Oh ! *Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson* Oh !" and went about its affairs.

A quarter of a century later it was the turn of the Rev. John Home and his glorious and immortal tragedy of *Douglas*. Delirious eulogy paved the way for the performance of this piece, which reflected with no little cleverness the new romantic feeling that was daily forcing itself into popularity.

"The angry spirit of the water shriek'd," —

one realizes with what rapture, mingled with a fear that imagination was really going "too far," that would be received in 1756. So delicate a critic as Gray wrote that the author of *Douglas* "seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years." During the first performance at Edinburgh, a youthful and perfervid Scot leaped to his legs in the pit, flung up his bonnet, and shrieked, "Where's your Wully Shakespeare noo?" One hears the melancholy patter still : —

"My name is *Norval* ; on the *Grampian hills*
My father feeds his flocks."

It is like the sound of a hurdy-gurdy far away. Ah! "Where's your *Douglas noo*?" He had in all the body of his sentimentality no fibre of "dramatic business."

It would be tedious to pursue the relation of these failures. The manner of them is so uniform that one is amazed at its regularity, at the mechanical futility of successive generations of very clever men. Obviously the eighteenth-century patrons were searching for the wrong quality, and, oddly enough, we went on almost down the nineteenth century making the same mistake. We have seen that Addison and Thomson and "*Douglas*" Home were supposed to have done all that was necessary when they redeemed the diction of the theatre from mediocrity. It was taken for granted that all that was required of a poet was that he should "retrieve the true language of the stage." But what was not seen, in spite of failure upon failure, what was understood by Tennyson as little as it had been understood by Addison, was that before you can put on the embroidery of language you must have a sound theatrical business as a basis and a framework. The would be dramatic poets were willing to turn the stage into a platform or a pulpit or a concert-room ; the one thing they would not do was to treat it simply as a stage.

At the romantic revolution, one hundred years ago, the theatre had a great chance of reviving. In *The Fall of Robespierre* in 1794, Coleridge and Southey put forward, in dramatic form, a simple representation of a recent fact. In *The Borderers*, in 1795, Wordsworth attempted, with unusual boldness, to deal with an incident of fierce, illicit passion. But these efforts did not even reach the stage, and they continue to be mere curiosities of literature. It is a very odd fact, and one which has escaped general attention, that the romantic movement made an abortive attempt to work through the theatre before it found its true field

of action in lyrical poetry. If Wordsworth and Coleridge had happened to be brought into closer relations of friendship with some enterprising young manager in 1796, it is conceivable that our literature might have been reformed on purely theatrical lines, as German literature in the dramas of Schiller. But no encouragement was given them to appear before the footlights, and Coleridge's subsequent experiments on German bases, his *Wallenstein*, his *Zapolya*, even his moderately dramatic and not too poetic *Remorse* give us no certainty that a heaven-made playwright was crushed when nobody would act his tragedy of *Osorio*.

We pass over twenty years more in our swift survey, and we find, in 1815, the most popular poet of the day made a member of the Managing Committee of Drury Lane Theatre. This was Byron, through whose influence, indeed, Coleridge's *Remorse* had been produced some years earlier. It might have been expected that now, if ever, the poetic drama would have flourished in England. But the business side of Byron's character, his curious shrewdness and practical judgment, asserted themselves. He had accepted the responsibility as a matter of affairs, and by no means with the intention of being played tricks upon by the Muses. We therefore search his correspondence of this period in vain for any proposals that his solemn compeers should contribute high-flown poems to his theatre. He is found occupied, like a merchant, "in such complicated and extensive interests as the Drury Lane proprietary" may offer, and if he rather faintly suggests that Tom Moore should write an opera for him, what he really is eager about is some melodrama translated by Concanen from the French, or some flashy drama in which the charms of Fanny Kelly could be advertised.

In the very curious *Detached Thoughts* which Byron put down in 1821, and which were fully printed for the first

time in 1900, Byron makes some interesting remarks about his own conduct as a theatrical manager. He evidently feels that he ought to have done something to encourage the poetic drama, and, as people are apt to do in looking back, he thinks that he did a good deal. He had recourse, "in hope and in despair," to Sir Walter Scott; he "tried Coleridge, too;" he dallied with Maturin, and sank back upon Sir James Bland Burgess. On the whole, one realizes that he was foiled in faintly good intentions by his colleagues, that he was not greatly interested (at that time) in dramatic literature, that Drury Lane occupied his thoughts simply in connection with its opportunities of business and pleasure. Byron's experience as the manager of a great theatre was brief; it was washed away in the catastrophe of his domestic fortunes. When he began to write plays himself, he profited little by what experience he had enjoyed. After frenzied efforts to prevent his own old theatre of Drury Lane from acting *Marino Faliero* in 1821, Byron sullenly withdrew the injunction at the last, but the tragedy was coldly received. Of the rest of his dramas, not one was put on the boards until long after the poet's death, nor has one, in later representations, contrived to hold public attention. I record only a personal impression when I say that there is a blank verse tragedy of Byron's — the half-forgotten *Sardanapalus* — which I can imagine forming an agreeable spectacle in the hands of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. It was played in 1834 by Macready, and in 1853 by Kean, with some positive credit and advantage; it may be looked upon as perhaps the least unsuccessful of nineteenth-century "poetic" plays.

The mention of Byron's tragedies seems to remind us that Shelley said to Leigh Hunt, "Certainly, if *Marino Faliero* is a drama, *The Cenci* is not." Since 1820, literary criticism has been engaged in reversing these clauses. It

would probably be admitted that *The Cenci* is not merely in the truest sense dramatic, but the most brilliant example of purely poetic drama written by an English poet in the nineteenth century. Yet no one sees it on the boards; no one has been found with courage enough to accept the complicated infamy of its personages. The character of Count Francesco Cenci is extremely theatrical; its elements are calculated in the highest degree to excite pity and terror on the stage; Shelley has imbued the scheme of the intrigues which surround it with an amount of dramatic business which is surprising in a poet with no practical knowledge of the requirements of the stage. It is the subject — the awful and revolting scheme — forever present in the beholder's mind, that appalling subject which cannot be ignored or put aside without sacrifice of significance to every scene and every speech, which excludes *The Cenci* from the theatre. We have here an instance of the peculiar conditions of dramatic art. We can read Shelley's tragedy, with all its wicked coil of passions, without more emotion than can be endured; but if it were set out before us on the public stage, visually and systematically, we should rise from our seats and fly the house in horror.

Even if the subject of *The Cenci* were one which the theatre could bear, there would be other objections to it. It is well contrived, but not well enough. An actress of great genius would doubtless make the speech of Beatrice to the guests, "I do entreat you, go not!" extremely effective, and her part, in general, has plenty of "business" in it. But it would need marvelous powers of elocution to prevent an audience from fretting at Orsino's unbroken soliloquy of sixty lines toward the end of the second act, at Giacomo's complicated descriptions, at Cenci's long-drawn ravings. And these are matters in the green tree of Shelley's extremely passionate, adroit, and

skillful drama, which is still full of intellectual life. What, then, is to be said of the dry? What of the scene of Maturin and Sheil, of Sheridan Knowles and Talfourd, of all that the beginning and middle of the nineteenth century took for poetic drama? What, indeed, — if not that, absolutely without exception, it was founded upon a wrong conception of art, theatrical and poetic alike?

The one significant fact in the earlier half of the century was the attitude of Macready to the theatre. He was the one manager of his age who genuinely preferred "poetic" drama, and desired to encourage and promote it. To his ardor, from 1825 to 1840, a certain revival of romantic plays was due. He commissioned various writers, Bulwer-Lytton and Browning among them, to compose tragedies for him in blank verse, and he continued with extraordinary pertinacity to produce the bourgeois versified plays, in imitation of Massinger, which were poured forth by the excellent Sheridan Knowles before he left the "loathed stage" and became a Baptist minister. We are quaintly told that Macready withdrew from the management, first of Covent Garden, then of Drury Lane, because he "found his designs for the elevation of the stage hampered and finally frustrated by the sordid aims of the proprietors and the absence of adequate public support." But it is odd that it did not occur to him that of course the public would not support what did not amuse it, and, equally of course, that the aims of the proprietors of the theatre must include a decent return on the money they expended. How a very clever actor and a sensible person like Macready could go on hopelessly producing objects of dreary diversion such as *Virginius* and *Ion*, and plays far more wooden than these, it passes the mind of man to conjecture.

Finally, about a quarter of a century ago, a fresh effort to revive poetic drama was made by Mr. (now Sir) Henry

Irving. Of this, also, it is not now possible to speak without some depression of spirits. One thing, indeed, must always be remembered greatly to Mr. Irving's credit. His famous revival of *Hamlet* in 1874 reintroduced Shakespeare to the London playgoer, and accustomed our ears to the finest language presented in a tragic manner, which was not always inadequate, and was frequently intelligent. But of encouragement to living literature much was said during this Lyceum period and remarkably little done. Mr. Irving was fascinated by the opportunities which romantic melodrama offered to the picturesque richness of the performances which he liked to give, and all the talk about poetry evaporated in such plays as those of W. G. Wills, whose unliterary and almost illiterate *Charles I.* and *Faust* (the latter a really shameful travesty of a masterpiece) did much to lower the level of popular taste. Meanwhile, Mr. Irving had some communication with Browning, but the poet would write nothing new, while the actor-manager refused to perform *The Return of the Druses*, — as, indeed, he well might. Encouragement of poetic drama confined itself to the performance of one or two plays by Tennyson, of which *Becket* was the least insignificant. But Irving grew less and less inclined, as years went on, to adventure upon a new play of any description.

It was necessary to recount, thus rapidly, the experience of the last two centuries, to show how incessantly the desire for poetic drama has reasserted itself, and how completely it has been rejected by successive generations of theatre-goers. On the eve of considering what is at least a very curious and interesting recrudescence of this effort, it is worth while looking back again to the eighteenth century and asking ourselves what has led to this constant failure. Why is it that all the talent of *Betterton* and *Garrick* and *Kean* and *Macready*, aided by all the talent of *Addison* and

Thomson and *Byron* and *Browning*, has been able to make precisely nothing at all of poetic drama in England? If we can only discover the reason, the cancerworm at the root of this, we may possibly be able to deal more intelligently with the future. If we cannot discover it, the present hopeful gleam of revival will sink and be quenched like all its predecessors. My belief is that it is possible to suggest the principal, the most ubiquitous and most fatal danger, but to indicate it, it is necessary for me to wear the white sheet of penitence for an error of judgment in the past.

Mr. William Archer, certainly the most competent of our living theatrical critics, suggested several years ago that the customary mode of approaching such a poem as *Webster's Duchess of Malfy* was not correct as regards the stage. It required some courage to suggest that the tragedy on which every critic, from *Charles Lamb* and *Mr. Swinburne* downwards, had lavished eulogy for its power to move the emotions and its intense dramatic effect was really, for stage purposes, a very bad play, and its "dreadful apparatus," as *Elia* calls it, the silly terror of a boggy-man. I forget in what connection Mr. Archer advanced these censures; I read them, much incensed, since our holiest poetic shibboleth, the Elizabethan Tradition, seemed to be questioned and undermined. Successive generations of analysts have dwelt more and more occultly on the splendor of the crowd of tragic poets who wrote from the times of *Kyd* and *Marlowe* to the times of *Ford* and *Shirley*. Not only has the imagination, the literary passion, of these playwrights been considered something above all censure, but it has come to be a matter of faith that their stagecraft was equally faultless. In short, the universal opinion of the higher criticism has been that nothing but the vulgarity and ignorance of modern audiences prevented *Middleton* and *Tourneur* and the rest from being entirely enjoy-

able on the boards to-day. With this went the corollary that to produce a tragedy worthy to be acted, you must write as much as possible in the mode of Tourneur and Middleton.]

Whether Mr. Archer, whose dealings are mainly with the living drama, has pushed his audacities further than to question the value of the horror scenes in *The Duchess of Malfy*, I do not know. His remark, however, sunk deep into my own breast, and (I have to confess) has wrought a revolution there. I have been reading the old "impressive scenes" of the seventeenth-century dramatists over again from the stage point of view, and while I admire their poetry no less than ever, I am bound to say that I can no longer hold the faith of our fathers as to their stage quality. In reading these plays, and rediscovering them, a hundred years ago, Charles Lamb found in them "an exsistiveness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight," and we may still find it there. But these are closet beauties, and we may be sure that half of them would be imperceptible on the stage, and half of the rest repulsive.

The great reason, then, in my humble and converted opinion, why poetic drama since the seventeenth century has inevitably failed in England, is that it has remained faithful to the Elizabethan Tradition. This has been followed by every writer of a play in verse. It haunts us, it oppresses us, it destroys us. On the merits of the seventeenth-century drama, it is no longer needful to insist. The silver trumpets of Mr. Swinburne's praise are ever in our ears; he ceases not from celebrating "the dawn-enkindled quire" of starry playwrights. But, on the other hand, why is it forbidden to point out how violent and excessive they are, how wearisome in their iterations, how confused, wordy, and incoherent? These are faults which the reader of a dramatic poem easily skips over and forgets; but these are what ruin a play upon the

stage. These violences and verbosities, this lack of thought for narrative evolution, this absence of consideration for the eye and ear of the audience, have come to be accepted as essential characteristics of poetic drama. This is the unshaken Elizabethan faith, and it is this that has wrecked play after play on the English stage. If poetry, in the future, is to speak from the footlights, it must avoid the Elizabethan Tradition as it would the plague.

The great hope of the newest revival of poetic drama in England lies, to my mind, in the fact that it is more independent of the Elizabethan Tradition than any previous movement of the kind has been. Neither Mr. Yeats in his Irish folk-plays, nor Mr. Stephen Phillips in his three remarkably successful experiments, has permitted himself to be bound down by the mannerisms which so grievously handicapped, to speak of no others, such illustrious predecessors of theirs as Tennyson, Browning, and Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Yeats, in common with M. Maeterlinck and certain other Continental playwrights of the latest school, obtains new effects by plunging deeper than the dramatist has hitherto been expected to plunge into the agitations and exigencies of the soul. He uses the symbol to awaken the mystical sense; he works before our eyes the psychological phenomena of mystery, and excites our curiosity with regard to those "invisible principles" on which the author of *La Princesse Maleine* delights to insist. In this species of drama, with its incessant suggestion of the unseen, the unknown, there is something child-like. It takes us back to the infancy of feeling, to the May-time of the world. It does not pretend and would not desire to obtain gross successes in the popular theatres of large world centres.

The dramatic poetry of Mr. Stephen Phillips, on the other hand, does make that pretension, and it is difficult not to believe that the performances of Herod

in 1901 and of *Ulysses* and *Paolo and Francesca* in 1902 will take an interesting place in the history of theatrical literature. For it is important to notice that Mr. Phillips does not separate himself, as M. Maeterlinck and Mr. Yeats do, from the common observations of mankind. In his plays we discover no effort to deal with any but the superficial aspects of life and passion. He confines himself, in a remarkable degree, to the obvious characteristics of emotion. It is these, indeed, which most appeal to the modern playgoer, and when Mr. Phillips succeeds in pleasing alike the seeker after delicate literary sensations and the average sensual person in the stalls, he achieves a remarkable triumph of tact. That he does it without recourse to the Elizabethan Tradition is another proof of his adroitness. His theatrical pretensions are the more easy to deal with because in all other respects he is in no sense an inaugurator. Like M. Rostand in France — whose career has in some ways curiously resembled his — Mr. Phillips is so little of an innovator in his essential dramatic æsthetics, that the extreme school deny to him the merit of being a dramatic poet at all, his genius — except in its tact and adroitness — being entirely conservative and reproductive.

The literary success of Mr. Stephen Phillips is bound up in a remarkable degree with practical knowledge of stage requirements. The poet is himself an actor, — he played with applause the dignified and pleasing rôle of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, — and he has all that acquaintance with the necessities and impossibilities of stage movement which greater poets than he have utterly failed for the want of. He has also, it would seem, placed himself more unreservedly than the writers of the old tradition were willing to do in the hands of the actor-manager. In particular, to refuse to acknowledge the part of Mr. Beerbohm Tree in this revival of poetic drama

would be to commit an act of flagrant injustice. Mr. Tree believed in the possibility of bringing poetry out across the footlights when the chasm between verse and the people seemed to be at its widest. His productions of Shakespeare, tintured as they all have been with something too flamboyant and redundant for an austere taste, curiously indicative — as we look back upon them — of the brocaded and embroidered side of his own genius as a manager, brought him into close relations with romantic verse, and with the treatment of what we call “purple passages.” He felt, as we cannot but surmise, that the total disregard of purity of enunciation, which was the malady of the Lyceum school of acting twenty years ago, must be fatal to poetry, since, whatever the splendor of ornament and whatever the subtlety of acting, if the language of the piece is inaudible the purpose of the poet must be frustrated. Mr. Tree deserves no little commendation for the clearness and dignity of utterance upon which he insists.

In working out this cardinal reform, — the clear and correct pronunciation of English, — Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and indeed the whole London stage, owes much to the Oxford company of beginners trained so patiently and unobtrusively by Mr. F. R. Benson. This troupe, in fact, supplies the English stage to-day with its most cultivated and, we may say, its most academic actors. From this school, by the way, Mr. Phillips himself proceeded. The company with which Mr. Alexander plays *Paolo and Francesca* is recruited from the same source, and it is charming to see with what gravity, with what reverence for the text, they pronounce Mr. Phillips’s romantic blank verse, as if their object were to give as much of its beauty as possible, and not as little, which was the earlier traditional plan. Our actors and managers, in fact, have at last accepted poetic drama as a possible treasure to boast of, not

as a thing to be apologized for and to be hidden as much as possible out of sight.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, then, would seem to have succeeded in producing one of those revivals of poetic drama which occur in our history three or four times in every century. Whether he will do more than this, whether he will inaugurate a new epoch of dramatic literature remains to be experienced. We have seen that the difficulty is not so much to get a poem acted, amid the plaudits of a clique, as to persuade the general public to like it and to continue to support it. At present, our advices are that the London audiences liked Herod better than could be expected, and are liking Paolo and Francesca better still. In the long run it is not by silly personal friends of the author "claiming his kinship with Sophocles and with Dante" that a new writer for the stage is supported. The poetic inventor who writes for the stage has to learn that he cannot trust to the flattery of his associates. For him the severest tests alone are prepared; he must descend, like Ulysses,

"to gather tidings of his land

There, in the dark world, and win back his way."

Mr. Stephen Phillips has been the victim of more injudicious praise than is often poured out upon young writers

even in this crude and impetuous age. But he has shown qualities of power and reserve which give us hope that he will survive the honeyed poison of his friends. He possesses a high sense of beauty, and great skill in preserving this under the vulgar glare of the theatre. He can tell a story theatrically so as to excite curiosity, and lead it steadily forward to the close. He is fond of those familiar types which are consecrated to romantic ideas in the minds of all cultivated people, and which relieve them of the strain of following an unknown fable. He realizes that modern audiences will not *think* after dinner, and he is most adroit in presenting to them romantic images, rich costumes, and vivid emotions, without offering to their intellects the smallest strain. He does not attempt, like his predecessors, to dictate to the actors impossible and unscenic tasks, but bends his ambition to the habits and requirements of a practicable modern stage. In short, he seems to represent the essence of common sense applied to the difficult task of reviving poetic drama upon the boards where it flourished until two hundred and fifty years ago, and where it has never flourished since. We need not talk rubbish about Sophocles, but we ought, surely, to offer every reasonable welcome to an experiment so graceful, so civilizing, and so intelligent.

Edmund Gosse.

THE DESERT.

OPINIONS are frequently so hastily formed, and conclusions are so often erroneous, that they need not be taken too seriously into account. One may believe that the earth is borne upon the back of a turtle, or that God will punish his creatures for performing the acts that he caused them to perform; yet these beliefs will not alter the real

truth of the matter. Truth is not lying at the bottom of a well, but is all about the world, on the sea, in counting houses, in workshops, and in temples. That it is often not recognized makes no difference with the fact that its presence is universal. Yet even truth may seem to be a variable thing, in accordance with conditions. To a

monk, withdrawal from the world and the practice in the sternest way of abstinence and continence may represent the requirements of truth, but that seeming of truth to him does not make it truth to others. So it is with people, and landscapes, and places. The fact that a given man can see no beauty away from Piccadilly or the Bois de Boulogne does not disprove the beauty of the Lake of Bourget or the Valley of Apam. Because deserts, to most people, are places of desolation that they like to shut out of their sight if they can, and out of their memories when they have once passed over them and are safely in the green valleys or the fertile flat lands, it is none the less true that they are among the most interesting places upon the face of the earth. Deserts are equal to the sea in the ideas they give of extent, solitude, and infinity, and equal to the mountains in beauty and weirdness. One of their chiefest beauties is that they are far from the throngs and crowds of tired, nervous, disappointed, and envious men and women, who occupy much of the nearer landscape in inhabited places.

In the uninhabited desert there are no men bending under weights of underpaid labor, no women eating out their hearts because of unsatisfied cravings and ambitions; there are no richer and no poorer ones there; no vexing questions of schism and sect, or ruled and rulers, of capital and labor, of natural desires and artificial morals. But there is a brooding peace, as deep as the fountains of life in the bosom of old mother earth; there is silent communion with the powers and laws of nature, with the Power or Force or God that somewhere back of its visible and invisible mysteries looks so carefully after the things that exist that even the sparrows are accounted for; and there is a content that is beyond money and power and position and the accidents of birth, station, and environment. Like old Omar's

"Strip of herbage strown,"
the deserts surely are the places

"Where name of slave and sultan is forgot,"—
and well forgot. They are the places where Truth wears no disguises, and whose face may be studied even by a fool.

The deserts too have physical beauty. This varies with each one as much as do the individual beauties and peculiar attractions of different ranges of mountains. With some there are the shifting seas of gray sands, ever moving, ever rearing themselves into hills and dunes that are blown down again by the next wind—blown down and dispersed and scattered as men have ever been dispersed and scattered, no matter how strongly they allied themselves into tribes and communities and nations. Nor are the dunes much sooner forgotten than are the men and the races, if the measurement is computed by geological time. In such hot, gray deserts there is a strange weirdness, almost beauty, in the metallic sky, in the occasional sagebush or cactus, in the great ball of molten fire that is the sun. But the chiefest charm in such deserts, as with all, is in the fact that here one can be alone, with himself and with nature, and away from all the mistakes and cares that burden life in the inhabited places. When the Juggernaut car of Civilization presses unduly and unusually hard, when things are most out of joint, when the disease of progress is at such an acute and critical stage that a powerful counter-irritant is needed, then the beauties of the hottest and most barren desert are unfolded, and are appreciated, as is strong drink after exposure to severe cold. But for lasting beauty and permanent enjoyment, the deserts where some vegetation grows, where a dry stream-bed winds its way across the landscape, where prairie dogs and locusts abound and ant-hills mark the course of vision, are the most desired. In some such deserts there are a few winding, irresolute little rivers

that seem to have been frightened by tales of the uproar and fury of the sea, and to have turned inland to places where they can drop out of sight and bury themselves in the sands in peace. I know such a desert, where cottonwood trees grow along the courses of the odd little rivers, inviting the dusty traveler to lie under their welcome shade and prove the wisdom of the nations that number the siesta among their national institutions. And if there is a gray, hazy mist in the sky or in part of it, and given that the sun is willing, there is spread before one the marvelous mirages of the Southland. In such a place, I once saw a mirage of an island in a quiet sea. The beach descended in an easy slope to the water line, irregular rows of palm trees grew along the shore, and an infinite silence and peace hovered like a benison over the place. I do not know where the reality of the image is located, but some place on the face of this one of God's worlds that island of beauty exists, perhaps in undiscovered pristinity, and is another of the visible manifestations of the absolute beauty, and consequently of the absolute good, of nature. A few of us saw this transferred picture when we were in a barren desert of the great Bolson of Mapimi, and its only settings were the sky, the sun, and the broad, silent stretches of sand. I think no one of that little party had ever seen anything more beautiful among all the lands and cities he knew; and I think no one of them will ever be told so much of the real grace and goodness of nature or of God as was there disclosed as a picture in the silence of the desert.

The deserts have voices, and we can hear and understand them if the ears of our souls are open and attuned to the languages they speak. They do not speak loudly, and with insistence, but very gently, and with great modesty; and they speak with the sublime indifference that is one of the chief appurtenances of all truth. We may listen

or close our ears, we may understand or not, we may heed or go unheeding, it is all matter of the most complete indifference to the desert. It is with the voice of nature that the desert speaks, with the truth of nature, with the persistence of nature; but if we heed not its voice, or are indifferent to its message, the great soul of the desert stops not to argue nor to grieve, for it knows that to-morrow we shall be dead and at one with nature anyhow. Whether we hear or are deaf, God's will will be done; nations will rise and fall, mountains will emerge from the sea, and the sea will submerge mountains; fables of Jehennum and the devil will be hurled broadcast to frighten men during their few days, and men will in time return to the dust from which they are made, and the future will remain in the hands of God, who perhaps has not told even to the spirits of the desert the secret of the purpose of things. The inevitable and infallible evolution of things will go on, the processes of the suns will work out the destinies that were set to them, and why should the soul of the desert trouble itself because weak mortals cannot understand its language, and that they prefer to keep their eyes to the ground and suffer deafness of their own choosing, rather than strive to see the beauties it speaks of, and understand the messages it is willing to say into their unwilling ears?

I know a desert that is full of voices, that is full of messages written in stone that men can but dimly understand, that is full of sermons of a rarer and better kind than men have ever spoken. This desert is on a high plateau, a thousand feet above the desertlike valley of a lonely river that winds its way along nature's course to the sea, unmindful of what bands of temporary peoples may from time to time inhabit and encumber its banks. This desert was once inhabited, and through its crumbling ruins it tells of nations that were born into the world, perhaps be-

fore the word history had a definition, and who faded from life perhaps before the Druids were sacrificing blood in the groves of Britain, and who were followed by other nations in a younger time that is now so old as to be almost beyond comprehension. These old cliff ruins, slowly wearing away by the gentle action of the soft winds that blow down from the mountains, speak eloquently of the inevitable destiny of men and the races of men. We may find, if we seek the knowledge, that distant descendants of the ancient nations who once dwelt and toiled and loved and worshiped and died, in what is now this gray desert, live petty lives in mud villages in remote places; but the time has been so long, and food has had to be sought so persistently, that they know of the old tribes of their ancestors only by dim traditions and the scraps of history handed down and woven into the fantastic superstitions of their priests. The soul of this desert, speaking from among the crumbling ruins that dot it as any hills dot a sandy valley, seems to say, "In the end all the works of men lead but to oblivion and decay. Individuals, communities, tribes, and nations may fret the face of the earth for a little time with their presence, with their toilings, and their wranglings over things that they know not of, but in the end it will be in all places as it is here. The peoples will be gone, and those who come after them will know not where. Memories of them will not abide with their successors, and they will be forgotten utterly in all places in the world. But the effects of what they have done will not be lost, for nothing is lost in nature."

The realizing sense that we get in this desert of our own smallness and futility is better than much of the education that is dinned into the ears of students by pale-faced, dogmatic pedants. And, when we come to think upon the truths that the desert teaches, we find them pleasant. We are yet at

the beginning of things, although we may be the descendants and ascendants of every form of vegetable and animal life that has ever been upon the earth or in its waters. For us, with our little brains that are so easily turned, it is perhaps better that we are incapable of understanding the skies and the stars, the beginning and the end of things, and the great facts about God and his myriads of worlds. Else might the knowledge craze us; and as it would be impossible for our wisdom to keep even pace, even if we could comprehend the knowledge, our happiness is better conserved, and our progress better assured, that things are as they are.

In the desert the condition of the surroundings makes it plain to us, as the forests made the same truths plain to Thoreau, that we are insignificant and ignorant; that we do not know the letter "A" and cannot count one. But a great fact, temporarily at least, is made known to our intuitive senses, a fact that all the science and theology of all the races of men have not yet been able to conclusively and absolutely prove, namely, that with us, and as part of us, are souls, mysterious parts of the fabrics of our being that we do not comprehend, and that are immortal if it is wisest and best for them to be so. The desert takes away from her true lovers the fear of death and the mysteries of the unknown and unknowable future. She teaches that it is wisest and best that she herself exists, that the mountains exist, that humanity exists, that the universe exists, that water seeks always its level, that the clouds pass over the face of the earth, that all that is is right, and that it must also be true that it is best for all life that exists in flesh to have an end. The silent voices of the desert say that in all nature there are no mistakes; that, therefore, it is impossible for mankind to be a mistake, and that if immortality is best, then it will surely be.

There are poisonous things in the des-

erts, plants whose juices are death-dealing, and creatures that are venomous, but they have their places and their uses in the great system of things; and this is none the less true because we, who do not know even our own uses and purposes, fail to know theirs. It must also be inevitably true that their uses and purposes are for ultimate and absolute good, as are all things else in the world.

I know a desertlike place that is not wholly a desert, yet it is neither oasis nor fertile land. It is what might be termed a semi-desert, and it has a mood that is different from that of other deserts. It seems a philosophic, well-contented sort of place, that has much knowledge, much wisdom, and that extracts a wise enjoyment from the days that pass over it. It is nearly related to a tall peak, and is akin to a near-by range of mountains, and to the air and the sky. Flowers grow upon this semi-desert, — sunflowers, and bergamot, and bluebells, and Mariposa lilies, and many other shaggy little stems that bear blue and yellow and white and seven-hued blossoms. It knows sagebrush, too, and yucca, and various pygmy cacti. It is field and farm and native land for many well-established, ancient, and wise nations of prairie dogs, and it is the world and the fullness thereof for thousands of republics of ants. This semi-desert stretches away from the mountains and runs undulating in billows toward the east. We know it reaches to farms and towns and work and trouble, and that its next of kin, the prairie, goes on to the great rivers whose banks are lined with the coveters of chattels, but we like to think that, as a desert, it stretches away beyond the horizon, and passes unchanged on to infinity, and that across it is the road to eternity, and endless growth of soul, and ceaseless joy of effort and consummation.

A little town has been built upon the edge of this desert. The town is the best one I know, and is infinitely superior to London or Paris or New York,

in that it is infinitely smaller, and therefore cannot hold so much poverty and vice and false pride and malice and envy; but yet it seems a sort of desecration for it to sit in all its upstart garishness upon the edge of this ancient and perfect semi-desert. It seems an impertinence, something as a beetle would if it sat upon a masterpiece of the painter's art. The desert crowds upon the town somewhat, by way of discipline, and it sometimes seems mildly to threaten that it will press forward and sweep the houses and gardens before it. But I think it is not much annoyed by the town, or that it gives much thought to it, for other towns, in other and forgotten times, may have settled upon its borders, and they are gone, and the desert knows by that past experience, as well as by its natural wisdom, that this town too will go in time, and that it will be left again to undisturbed communion with the stars that are its angels, and the mountains that are its sisters, and with the sun that is lover of both it and the mountains. And then, too, if the town has the same good right to exist that the desert has, the desert knows that much better than does the town. The mountains that look down upon this semi-desert wrap themselves in mantles of filmy mist at night, and they and the desert sleep the peaceful sleep of nature, secure in the absolute knowledge that the sun will come again as soon as it is best for him to come. Then in the morning the mists unwrap themselves in winding veils of beauty and melt away; the sun kisses the desert and thrills the mountains to their hearts with messages of infinity and eternity. Yet perhaps the desert and the mountains say to one another that the little town is not a desecration, but is also good, and that even its poorest and meanest inhabitant is as great and as valuable in the estimation of God as is the sun himself.

The most beautiful, the most mysterious, the most inscrutable of all the

deserts I know is one that lies to the north of the city of Zacatecas. It is much loved by the sun, but it loves the shadow better. The sun gathers pictures over the world for it and casts them as mirages upon it for it to see, much as any other foolish lover casts pieces of stone and bits of metal at the feet of his sweetheart. But this desert loves the sun better because of his disappearance; and when he sinks behind the Sierra Madres, which are the true lovers and beloved of this desert, she puts on her loveliest appearance, and takes unto herself a beauty that is beyond description. The hills outvie her in effort and in beauty, and if in all the world there is a more lovely or more beautiful place than is this at sunset, then have travelers missed the purpose of their wanderings, for they have not told of such a place. The sun casts golden messages back as he sinks over the side of the world, — shafts of light that strike the sides of the everlasting hills and refract from them in prisms of greater beauty than ever artist fastened to canvas. The mountains translate these golden messages into shadows, and send them stealing over the bosom of the desert. The everlasting hills change their color from the dull brown of day into an ultramarine, and the golden aureole on their summits makes them seem to be truly clothed in royal purple and golden crowns, but better than human imitations, for theirs are purple of royal nature and crowns of nature's beauty. The subtropical atmosphere that has been surcharged with heat throughout the day quivers in vibrations that seem to extend to the ends of space, and the mountains appear to quiver, and even to move forward in perfect motion and in dancing light, in sympathy with the kind and perfect farewell of the sun. These everlasting mountains seem to call out a message to the desert, and to the humans and beetles and ants, too, if they can understand, and say, —

“We are the everlasting hills. We are the beloved of the sun, who thrills us to our hearts each day, and tells us of the infinity and immutability and all-wisdom of our Creator. We stand as emblems of eternity and steadfastness and truth and right-being. We are motionless, but we are content, for we know that in God's good time we will be changed. But we are immortal, and indestructible, and created of God, and nothing can be other than well with us. And the sun loves us, and love is the warmth and the light of existence, and we are content, and more than content.”

And as the golden crowns fade from the summits of the mystic mountains, and the shadows stretch in longer lines of beauty over the face of the perfect earth, the desert gives voice, and answers, —

“I am the desert, the eternal desert, also beloved of the sun. I have been since the beginning of God's earth, and I shall be until the end of his earth shall come. The sun that kisses me, and impregnates me with warmth and heat, has taught me that in some form and in some place I shall always be, and so I am content, and all is well with me. I stand for quiet and for peace, and I am the visible emblem of quietness and of peace in the world. My limits, that lie beyond the scope of vision, are to teach men of the boundless extent of right and truth; my peace is to teach them that all is good, and that to all will come peace. I that am finite stand as a visible emblem of infinity. I that am mortal am an irrefutable proof of immortality. And because I am great and silent and mysterious, I speak unerringly to the depth and greatness and silence and mystery of the souls of humans, that, like me, were made by nature and by nature's God.”

The desert sometimes has a sterner message. If one appears before her in pride and arrogance, she will say, —

“Oh, poverty-stricken human; you are among the least of all things in the sight of God, for he has given you less than the gifts that are to his other creatures. Your days are less than the days of the stone, your joys are less than the joys of the lark, your understanding is less than my own, and all that was vouchsafed you was an uncertain few of nights and days. Yet have you manacled these few nights with terror, and hindered your days with loads of folly and vain desire. Seek not so much after riches, for your flesh melts, and soon you sink back into the elements of nature. Embitter not your souls with envy, for you and those whom your envy causes you to hate are but as the beetles and the grass and the leaves, — inheritors only of inevitable death. Be not selfish, for your weak self is but as a mote in a ray of light. God will not stop the blowing of one of the least of his winds in order that you may triumph over your neighbor, or that your selfish vanity may be gratified. And all the largesse you pay to

self-appointed agents of the Immutable Right will not add a single day to your days, nor will it relieve you from paying a full right for the least of your wrongs.”

But the desert has the same spirit as its mother earth, who speaks messages of hope and peace to all her creatures. And when we seek wisdom from the desert, and listen to it in reverence, it says,—

“Come to me, for I am solitude, and in solitude is wisdom. Come to me, for I am silence, and in silence is communion with God. Come to me, for I am beauty, and beauty is a thing beyond the creation of Cæsar or of Midas. But come not to me at all unless you come in humility and right thinking, for in exacting those things I am as one with God, and with me a king is no greater than a beggar. But if you will know me, and study me, and love me, I will give you peace, and a great content, and a knowledge that is beyond what you may gain from men, or from events, or from books.”

Verner Z. Reed.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES.

PROLOGUE OF LETTERS.

LETTER XXII.

June 4, AMONG THE BEECHES.

I AM glad you did not tell me who you are, 'as I do not wish to know. But I understand your letter only too well. You are lonely, poor man of science! you long for a friend, and because you do not know me, you fancy I might be that friend. You are in that state of mind — or is n't it in reality a state of heart? — when a man longs for a woman, a woman for a man friend.

I too have struggled with the feeling that it is foolish to keep you at such a distance, that we would each of us

be happier for knowing the other, but I am conscious all the time that the feeling is a weakness. I like you, I like your letters; the eyes of the pastel in the tower-room have grown to be your eyes, and I like and trust them. But if I know who you are, would not half the charm be gone?

Have you never, before going to some strange place, made for yourself a picture of that place, and then, arriving, been almost ludicrously disappointed because the house was on the wrong side of the road, or the door not where you had built it in your imagination? The

me you have invented is the friend you want and need. The *me* I am is a different woman, the result of a host of things in which you have had no hand. And I confess that the you I have invented is all that I want, and I should be disappointed in a thousand ways if we should ever meet.

No, let us leave things as they are, dear Pessimist. I have been having a bad time of late: outside things have gone wrong; but what is worse, I am upset and jarred mentally. Even my trees cannot soothe me into my usual calm.

These lovely May days nearly break my heart, for some reason; the birds' singing brings tears to my silly eyes; I feel the terror of growing old. Time is going, — "the bird of Time is on the wing," — and I am doing nothing. I am doing no one any good, myself least of all. I am not even enjoying life. But this is what you call "drivel," — forgive it, and set it down to a touch of spring fever!

Thanks for the book, which I am glad to have, though I have not yet even opened it.

Old Annette expects her husband in July. She is much excited, in a quaint, shy way, and leaves me in a few days to go back to Paris. Here she comes with a frightful concoction of herbs for me to drink. She is very wise, and she thinks the spring air has got into my blood.

Perhaps it has!

Good-by, kindest of Pessimists. Write me soon, and tell me I am a goose. W.

LETTER XXIII.

June 15, BAR HARBOR.

DEAR W. — Poor child, poor child! so you have it, too. Spring fever is what the old wives in Yankeeland call it, did you know? In children it may come from the liver. In grown people it comes from the memory. The memory of happy days is bad enough, but

far worse is the memory of the happy days one never had.

But you are too young to know this. You should not know it, — should not, and yet you do; and I have a feeling that your pain comes, as does mine, from the memory of those happy days never had. Old Annette gave you all the mothering you ever knew. My grandmother gave me mine, and to this day I envy children with a silly, illogical, loving little mother who spoils them and cuddles them in her soft arms. Do you? Have you children of your own?

You are right, we must not meet; but we must be friends, we must trust each other. Do not be afraid of me; I swear that if by moving my hand I could know all about you, I would not do it without your permission. There is not one person in the world who would not gasp with astonishment could he see this letter, but I mean it all. I *am* lonely. I do sometimes long, with a keenness that hurts, for a sympathetic woman friend with whom to talk, "the heart in the hand," as Italians say; and yet I am not in the least a sentimental, or even a woman's man. Once, years ago, when I was still in college, I fell in love with a pretty girl, and asked her to marry me. She refused, in the kindest way in the world, because I had no money, and she only a little; beyond this I have had no romances. Is'n't it rather pitiful, the baldness of such a life? I could wish sometimes that I were the victim of a great tragedy. It would be something to remember, something for which to deserve the self-pity that wells up to my very eyes sometimes.

Are you laughing at me? Is Our Lady of the Beeches in one of her mocking moods? If so, so be it. We are friends, and surely friends can bear a bit of chaff.

If you have not yet read the book, do not, I beg you. It is sincerely and honestly written, but it is the work of a materialist, and, I now see, no read-

ing for a young woman of your character.

Why I was sent into the world with this taste and talent for iconoclastics, that which made me must know. I am counted a wise man, I have a string of letters after my name, I have made two discoveries considered important; but, after all, what good has it, done me?

And such reading as you could do on my lines, dear lady, at best superficial and imperfectly understood, can do you only harm. May I know whether you believe in a God? If you do, as I hope, read nothing to shake that belief.

The Pessimist as a preacher!

I have been in this delightful place for ten days, and shall stay all summer, boating, riding, and loafing.

The air, a rare combination of sea and mountain, is delicious, the colors equal to those of Italy, and the house where I am stopping almost a bachelor's hall, though my friend is married. His wife plays golf all day, and when the season is in full swing will dance all night, so we here are subject to but little control.

I went to a dinner last night, at which the conversation turned, strangely enough, on American women who have married foreigners. Nearly every one present knew of some such case, while of course several were well known to us all. I wondered whether any of the talkers knew *Our Lady of the Beeches*.

My silence drawing attention to me, one man asked, laughing: —

"And you, S——, don't you know any such fair deserter?"

Almost involuntarily I answered, "Yes, the most charming woman I ever knew married in Europe." And then the charming women present besieged me with questions, which I did not answer.

I noticed, among all the examples of international marriages cited, that not one was said to be conspicuously happy.

I wonder why women will not learn that to cut themselves off from all early associations, after the age for making new close friends, is a dangerous thing. Women need friends, acquaintances will not do; and a girl brought up in one country can never — love her husband as she may — learn to be of another country.

But I am lecturing. Forgive me, you who know from experience whether I am right or wrong.

Write me soon again. Send your letter to Box 71, Bar Harbor, Maine. Faithfully your friend,

C. R. S.

LETTER XXIV.

June 27, LONDON.

Yesterday I had a tremendous shock. A man whom I have known for years, and liked, a friend of my husband, I had thought a friend of mine, asked me to go away with him.

I have never flirted with him, I knew that he was more or less in love with me, but I had thought that he was a gentleman. He has been mixed up in my life a great deal of late, and once or twice has shown me a kind of tacit sympathy that I could not refuse. That is all. Yesterday he dared, in perfectly cold blood, to propose to me to leave my husband for him.

He began by telling me I had a great deal of self-control, and you will see how innocent I was when I tell you I did not know what he meant. Then he asked me point-blank whether I had not known that he loved me.

I answered honestly that I had known it, and that I was very grateful to him for never letting his feelings become an obstacle to our pleasant friendship.

He informed me thereupon that when a man loves a woman he never is mistaken about her feeling for him, that he knew I loved him, and that the time had come when neither of us could stand the strain of present circumstances any longer.

His strength of conviction was such that I was utterly aghast for a minute, and then, the funny side of it suddenly appearing to me, I burst into what he called "a roar" of laughter. It was all so absurd.

When at last he stopped talking I told him very gently that he was utterly wrong, that I was not in the least in love with him, and that I must beg of him not to force me to see him again until he had come to his senses. He left me without a word, and I have been growing angrier ever since.

There must be a strain of vulgarity in me, for I should like at this moment nothing better than to box his ears. The worst of it is, Pessimist, that I am sure the wretch is somewhere cursing my *self-control*.

The belief that I care for him appears to be too deep-rooted to be jerked out so suddenly, and it seems that several of my innocent words and acts have been construed into a tacit acceptance of his passion. He called it his *passion!*

My unfortunate burst of laughter he no doubt took on consideration as the result of hysterical joy, and here I am, angry as I have been but a few times in my life, and — perfectly helpless. How can I make the creature believe that I never gave him a thought of that kind — that I looked on him as a good sort, not too clever, and rather attractively faithful to his mute adoration of my charming self! However —

So you are at dear old Bar Harbor! Why spell it with a "u"? Anything so essentially, deliciously American surely ought to be writ in the American way. I have been there, and love it.

When I was very young I was in love there, and that was enchanting.

The object of my love was a handsome youth with blue eyes, and, oh rapture! a budding mustache. He had a great deal of money, and his attentions, although I was in reality too young to be the recipient of such things,

were not discouraged by my only relative, a cousin, and for a time all went well, and we were engaged, subject to certain restrictions.

The following winter I had the measles and was taken South to recuperate. My young body, alas, recuperated no sooner than did my young heart, and poor Annette's was the task of seeing him when he came to see me in the early spring. Vanity notwithstanding, I am compelled to admit that he was not crushed by the blow, and a few years ago I met him at Venice with his wife, a very pretty girl with a curl in the middle of her forehead.

Does one still go to Duck Brook and Bubble Pond? Dear Bar Harbor, how blue the air is there, and how strong the salt smell!

No, I have no children; and will you think me very awful for being glad I have not?

Your moralizing on international marriages amuses me. How do you know, dear Pessimist, for you do know a great deal. You are not entirely right, however. Now the reason, I think, that such marriages are apt to be unhappy is that they are nine times out of ten merely marriages de convenance. A very rich girl marries a more or less needy nobleman (and say what one will, European men as a whole greatly prefer marrying women of their own race); she lives with him the life he is used to and likes, and takes up his interests. If they are in love with each other in such a way that it lasts, of course all is well; but usually at least one of them tires, and then no old associations, no common relations and friends binding them together, the woman, do what she will, *compares* the two countries, and grows homesick. It is a dangerous experiment, as you say, though there are some exceptions.

The happiest people I know in the world are an American girl and her Dutch husband. The girl was not rich, the man had not only little money, but

also no particular social position, and yet they are perfectly happy; the necessary bond in this case being a passion for tulips. The girl was always crazy about flowers, and the man is one of the most successful amateur "tulipists" in Holland. He directed her love for flowers in general to tulips in particular, and there they live among acres of garden, like an unmolested Adam and Eve.

So you have never married. I thought you had not, even before the letter after your illness. I have been married for some years. My husband is very good to me; I can't imagine a better husband, in many ways.

I tell you this that you may imagine me no Griselda, after my occasional wails. The unhappiness I have, amigo, comes from within. Do not pity me too much.

To-day, or rather this evening, I am savage with the whole world, most of all with myself for paying so little heed to the moods and thoughts of what I considered a harmless little man. I should like to fly off to a wilderness and revert to a savage life. I wish my only thought was to have enough to eat. I wish I had a nice comforting vice, such as smoking, or bridge. Nothing keeps a woman out of mischief so well as a pet vice.

I have not read the book, but I think you had better let me. The God I believe in is the God of no creed, and of infinite mercy. I do not fear Him. Your book would not shake me. No book in the world could, though I am not at all pious.

Annette had a mass read to-day, in the I fear vain hope of receiving a letter from her husband, who has not once written since you sent him the money. Poor old woman!

I trust the money reached you safely through the Harpers?

Good-by. I like the thought that you are my friend. God bless you.

W.

I.

"La vie est brève, un peu d'espoir," Leduc sang as he came slowly up the slope, the letter in his hand: "Un peu de rêve, et puis bonsoir!"

Saxe rolled over, brushing the pine needles from his coat. "Hurry up!" he called.

Leduc's vivid blue eyes twinkled under their wrinkled lids as he put the letter into Saxe's outstretched hand.

"M'sieu is pretty old to be so excited by a letter from a woman. Pretty old!"

"Old? I? I am twenty-five this evening in feelings and in appetite. Did you get the coffee?"

Leduc grunted. "Yes an' the deviled ham, an' the whiskey. Leduc tired, Leduc must sleep two-three minutes, — then he make the fire."

Throwing himself face downward on the fragrant earth, he was silent.

Saxe watched him, an amused smile in his eyes.

"The facile sleep of the man of rudimentary conscience and a good digestion. The man is to be envied, — by another than me, however."

The letter expected for days lay on Saxe's updrawn knees: a long, slim white envelope, addressed in a very clear, unadorned handwriting, "To the Author of The Pessimist's Breviary," and re-addressed by a clerk in his publisher's office. He turned it over; the blue seal was small and perfect.

"When I held out my hand to take it," the man mused, "it trembled. I both felt and saw it tremble. Once more, Richard Saxe, I ask you, on your honor, are you in love with her?"

A snore from Leduc being the only answer to his question, he took a knife from his pocket and carefully cut the letter open.

It was five o'clock in the evening, and the ochre seams in the big pines about him were crimson in the sunlight.

The ground, modulating gently to a little blue lake, was bare of grass, warm with rich tints of brown, and swept with swift shadows as the wind stirred the branches high above. To the left stood a small cabin, flanked by a dingy tent.

Saxe read his letter slowly, often going back and re-studying a phrase, his expression changing curiously in his perfect freedom from observation. His face was that of a man close on middle age, with a handsome nose and chin, small brilliant eyes that shone behind rimless glasses, a broad, well-modeled brow shadowed by a lock of stiff brown hair, and a heavy, short-cut mustache streaked with gray. His muscular throat, bared by a low-collared flannel shirt, lent him a youthful air that he would have lacked in more civilized clothes, and his clever looking hands, though brown, were distinctly the hands of a student. Once he laid down the letter, and taking off his eyeglasses with a little downward swoop of three fingers, opened and closed his eyes several times in rapid succession, in a way evidently characteristic, before putting them on again.

"Beast!" he said aloud once, and then a quick smile at himself flashed two dimples in his cheeks.

At last Leduc grunted, rolled over, and awoke. "Bien, bien, bien, bien," he muttered, yawning. "I dream M'sieu have the fire all 'built for poor old Leduc!"

"Leduc had better hurry and build the fire for poor old M'sieu. The trout is cleaned, and in the pail there. I'll attend to the coffee while you fry him."

Leduc paused, looking down at him shrewdly. "De bonnes nouvelles, M'sieu?"

"Yes. Very good. More than — get to work, man."

"When I was the age of M'sieu, there was a little English girl in Bangor, — pretty to eat, I tell you. My God, how I love that girl, — when I was the age of M'sieu!"

"Why did n't you marry her?" asked Saxe, rising too, and walking the old man toward the cabin.

"Oh, — she was married, — and me, too. Telle est la vie. Rotter old world!"

"Rotten old Leduc! I forgot you were a Frenchman. Unmarried Frenchmen never fall in love with girls, do they?"

Leduc scrutinized his innocent face sharply, and then, satisfied of his good faith, "No, we marries them, but we do not love them. Oh no. I too have passed that way. I too married a girl. Là, là, — where is that trout?"

He disappeared behind the cabin, and a few minutes later Saxe heard him burst into a shout of laughter, and exclaim: "Holy Mother of God, he has cut off his head!"

Saxe apologized. He *had* cut the trout's head off, half through ignorance, half through absent-mindedness, and felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. He was feeling very happy, moreover, and quite willing to apologize to nearly any one for nearly anything.

As he poured out a glass of whiskey, he smiled at it absently and said to Leduc: "Nothing like a 'nice comforting vice,' is there?"

"Vice? M'sieu! But yes, M'sieu is right, only I should choose not whiskey. Whiskey make a brute of a man. A pig."

"I may say without vanity that neither would it be my choice. By Jove, smell that coffee!"

The fire, burnt down to a steady glow, cast a faint circle of beautiful light around the two men sitting by it. The fish, nailed to a strip of board, was half cooked; the fragrance of the coffee mingled with the pine smell as a cone crackled from time to time, sending a spray of sparks into the closing in darkness. An owl hooted. Saxe sat with his arms clasped about his knees, his eyeglasses glinting in the firelight, his forehead white under the lock of hair.

Leduc, a picturesque enough figure, knelt close in the glow, shifting the board to which the decapitated trout, ruined, according to him, for boiling, was nailed. Suddenly the old man turned, and dropped the board full in the fire.

"Can you kindly show us the way to Lake Silver Camp?"

The speaker stood close by him, her face in the light, his back to it. "Lake Silver?"

"I am looking for a guide there, Lucien Bonnet."

Leduc rose. "Sacristi, Annette!"

Saxe sat perfectly still. It all seemed to have happened before. The burning fish hissed, the coffee boiled over. Leduc and the little woman stood staring at each other; then she put her hand to her face and burst into tears.

Saxe rose and left the firelight.

She was standing just outside its radius, and as he approached, a sudden leap of the flame fed by the pine board flashed over her.

"Let us — leave them alone, poor things," he said.

The boat was drawn up in the sand, and they sat down on it in silence.

At last she said, "Is it really he, — Bonnet?"

"Yes. But — I knew him — they all do hereabouts — as Leduc. You must believe that."

"I must believe that? What do you mean?" she returned, struck by his tone.

"I mean that I did n't know. I am Richard Saxe, and you are 'Our Lady of the Beeches.'"

There was a short silence, while the water lapped the sand with soft lips, and the trees stirred overhead. He could barely see the outlines of her figure, it was so dark; he looked in vain for the moon; the mesh of waving darkness overhead was studded with stars.

"Hush!" she said suddenly. "He is crying, too."

"Le Mioche," suggested Saxe.

Then he smiled to himself. Leduc's tears were very near the surface.

"Where has he been, do you know?" she asked, rising and facing him. "He did not come, and he never wrote."

"Yes, he has been on a spree, — to Bangor."

"To Bangór!" She laughed softly.

"Yes, he told me of the spree, but I never suspected that you furnished the money for it. You and I."

They both laughed again.

All at once she turned. "What is burning? It is your supper!"

"It is my supper; my only trout. Let it burn."

But she sped up the path; he saw her slight figure bend easily over the fire, there was a splash of sparks, another laugh, and she stood upright, her face in the light beckoning to him.

"It is a charcoal — ruined — a wreck. And those two old — geese — have disappeared. I hope they have n't gone altogether!"

"I should n't mind," answered Saxe recklessly. "But they are only in the cabin."

"Oh, you have a cabin? How disappointing."

She turned, with a little gesture of disapproval that delighted him.

"The cabin is Leduc — Bonnet's. Behold my habitation."

"Ah, a tent. That is much better."

She sat down, leaning against the very tree on which he had leaned two hours before while reading her letter, and took off her hat. Her fair hair was ruffled into a roughness of little curls and tendrils; her cheeks were flushed. Saxe stood looking at her.

From the cabin window came a narrow strip of yellow light and the sound of voices.

"If you don't put on some wood, the fire will be out in two minutes."

He started. "Yes, — I will put on a log."

While he bent over the fire an idea struck him. "You will have a cup of coffee? It is good."

"Yes. I am hungry."

She smiled on him with the serenity common to some women when a man is on their account beside himself with embarrassment — or any other emotion. He poured out the coffee, gave her sugar and condensed milk; he rushed to the cabin and brought out a tin of "water crackers" and another of deviled ham. A small box — it had held candles — did duty as her table. He watched her eat.

"Don't you want to know how we happened to drop in on you in this way?" she asked, after a time.

"Yes, I want to know," he answered with an effort. "Your letter came this afternoon. It was written in England."

She dropped her cracker, and looked away. "My letter," she repeated — "which letter? I never" — A slow flush, deliciously visible in the now vivid firelight, was creeping from her high white collar to the loose hair on her brow.

Saxe's courage came back with a rush. "Yes, your letter. The best of them all. The one about the fool who dared to make love to you. To you! You ended by bidding God bless me."

She set down her cup, and rose. "Mr. Saxe, — or do I mean Dr. Saxe? — that was all very well, it was amusing, and harmless, so long as we did n't know each other, but now that we do — in a way — you must forget all that. Although," she went on, in a lighter tone and with a little smile, "I am off to-morrow, so after all it does n't make much difference."

Saxe winced.

"I must forget all that. And you are off to-morrow?"

"Yes, I go back to civilization, leaving Annette." As she spoke, the old

woman and the old man came out of the cabin, and approached the fire.

"Monsieur must excuse me," Leduc began at once, in French, wiping his eyes. "It is my wife. She comes all the way from Paris to look me up."

Saxe held out his hand to the old woman. "I cannot tell you how glad I am that you found us," he said. "Sit down and have some supper."

"Thank you, sir," she answered, in far better English than her husband could boast. "We drove over from Windsor."

"Mademoiselle will permit the old man to kiss her hand, after all these years?" Leduc bowed in a graceful way that amused Saxe in the midst of his bewildered pain. Going away to-morrow!

"It is to visit the grave of our little child, sir, that I have come," Annette went on, in an undertone, to Saxe. "And Mademoiselle has come with me because I am too old to go so far alone. She is an angel."

"I am sure of it."

"What will you? Only my man knows to find the grave, and we may be gone two-three days, and who but Mademoiselle would stay all that time in the 'otel at Windsor!"

Saxe took off his eyeglasses and closed his eyes hard for a minute.

"She is going to stay at Windsor?"

"Annette, some one must tell the boy that we are coming, or he will drive off and leave us."

It was the voice of Mademoiselle.

Annette turned down the slope, and Saxe, calling after her to wait, thrust a lighted lantern into Leduc's hand and sent him after her.

Then he turned. "You say you are off to-morrow," he said quickly; "but Annette tells me that you were going to stay on at Windsor while she and — he — go to see the grave of Le Mioche. Now listen. You say I must

forget all that, now that we know each other. Very well; I promise; I will neither by word nor look, if I can help it, remind you of anything. You will have to see me only when you choose. I will do all that you wish. I have always done all that you wish. Only stay. Let them go to the grave of Le Mioche."

The old pair were coming back, the lantern danced among the trees, and Leduc's voice, piercingly sweet, sang a snatch of some old song: "Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un instant."

She laughed. "Not very polite of him, after her coming all this way, is it?"

"You will stay?" he persisted, frowning over his eyeglasses.

"If I had known I was to see you" — she answered, demurring.

"But you did not. Nor I. And it is not fair to punish me for what — the gods have chosen to bring about."

"Mademoiselle, a storm is coming up, and the boy refuses to wait," Annette said, coming toward them.

The trees were tossing, the wind moaning.

"Yes, you must go," assented Saxe, a little roughly.

She put on her hat without speaking, and they followed the lantern to the waiting wagon.

"Well?" he said suddenly, stopping.

"I — I would rather go."

"No. Stay. You forget the chief thing," he added, forcing a laugh. "I do not, need not, know your name, Mademoiselle! Can't you stay?"

"Mademoiselle," she repeated, hesitating. Then, holding out her hand, "Very well. I will stay; you will not know my name, and — you will forget the rest. We will begin over!"

Saxe awoke at dawn, a sound of beating mingling with the every-day one of Leduc's piercingly sweet voice raised in his favorite "La vie est vaine." Vague

remembrances of house-cleaning, years ago in his grandmother's day, stirred his brain; he opened his eyes to find his tent flooded with rosy light; to see, beyond, a patch of blue sky, blurred and broken by stiff pine branches. He remembered, and reaching for his eyeglasses, put them on.

"I say, Leduc, — Bonnet, — whatever your name is!"

"M'sieu?"

Leduc's face, rosy as the dawn itself in spite of his age, appeared in the open flap, his soft curly hair ruffled.

"What the deuce is that noise?"

The old man entered unceremoniously, a stout stick in his hand.

"It is that I am preparing for Annette, M'sieu. She has eyes like a hawk, and a tongue like a scourge."

"So it *was* house-cleaning!"

"C'est ça. I've been beating my mattress. The dust in that mattress was something *étonnant*! and not a grain would have escaped her. A terrible woman!"

Saxe turned over lazily. "Then you think she will be coming again to-day?"

Leduc rose and took up his stick. "Coming? M'sieu — she love Leduc, that old woman. It is a cur'ous thing, by gum! Twenty years ago she left Leduc. He treated her pretty bad, an' she could n't stand it, so off she went at the end. Now — here she is."

"You know perfectly well that she has n't come on your account, you old scoundrel," returned Saxe, watching him.

"Comment ça? Why then? Why she come?"

"Le Mioche."

Leduc turned and looked out into the morning.

"Tiens, Le Mioche!"

"Yes, Le Mioche. Now look here, Leduc. Did I, or did I not, pay you well, last year?"

"Oui, monsieur" —

"Did I, or did I not, give you a new rifle, and a present in money besides?"

"M'sieu was very good — M'sieu is galant homme."

The old man turned, his face irradiated with the most enchanting of smiles.

Saxe went on, rubbing his eyeglasses on a corner of his blanket. "Very well. If you want another present this time, — say that setter of Sam Bradley's and some money, — you, too, are going to behave like a — galant homme!"

"M'sieu, Leduc is a galant homme. Leduc a bad man, but he always been a slave to women."

"Nonsense! I don't want you to be a slave, but I won't have you disappoint — Annette."

"M'sieu a raison. Poor Annette, she would be very sad. Also Mademoiselle."

"Also Mademoiselle," agreed Saxe, without flinching from the keen eyes fixed on him.

"What does M'sieu wish me to do?" asked the old man, unable, as he always was, to look long into Saxe's face, and turning away.

"I want you to be as decent as your instincts, partly inherited, no doubt, also partly acquired, will allow you." Then with a mischievous delight he went on slowly: "Those fools who deny atavism, inherited tendency, the whole Darwinian theory, should be confronted in a body, my good Leduc, with you. You are a most beautiful example of all of those things. The shape of your head is distinctly simian; your instincts are simian, — splendidly so. You have spent the greater part of your life in the humanizing influence of great trees, and yet you are untouched by any of the qualities that emanate from them. Amazing, amazing!"

There was a short pause, after which the old man, passing his hand through his hair as if to feel the shape of his head, said: —

"M'sieu wishes to bathe, this morning? What time does M'sieu want his coffee?"

Saxe looked at his watch. "Be ready for me at half-past six — and remember: one word to disappoint your poor wife, — no dog, no present."

Leduc straightened up. "It is not necessary for M'sieu to menacer. Leduc have a heart, and Leduc grows old."

Then he went out with a beautiful dignity of carriage.

Saxe splashed about in the still gilded waters of the little lake for ten minutes, dressed, and appeared at the fire at promptly half-past six. Breakfast was ready. Coffee, fried eggs, bacon, and johnny-cake. Leduc, in a clean flannel shirt, his hair still separated into gleaming, wavy locks by the recent passage of a wet comb, awaited him.

When Saxe had demonstrated his good humor by praise of the johnny-cake, the old man began gravely: —

"M'sieu — Leduc wants to tell M'sieu something."

"To tell me something?"

"Oui, M'sieu — Leduc has no children, he is a poor solitary old man — except when M'sieu is with him."

Saxe bowed his acknowledgment of this compliment in silence.

"But Leduc, — Leduc has here in his breast — what no one can take from him. A memory."

The sharp blue eyes were wet. Saxe put down his cup and watched him, a frown of interest between his brows.

"Years ago — Leduc had a little child. A little child with so yellow curls. God sent it to Leduc to make him a better man. But God got tired of trying and took Le Mioche."

"For Heaven's sake, man, stop it!"

Saxe rose impatiently and turned away. A squirrel rushed across an opening in the trees, his plummy tail erect; birds were singing everywhere; a little yellow flower peered out from the mossy roots of the one beech near. Saxe stooped and picked the flower with gentle fingers, and after looking at it

closely, laid it between the leaves of his notebook.

"M'sieu!"

He turned. Leduc's face was white, his eyes dry. "M'sieu, you wrong an old man. Leduc a bad man, a liar, he beat his wife when he was drunk, he cheat at cards. But Leduc love Le Mioche. Le Mioche love him. M'sieu scold about Annette. Bien — I am sorry she comes, — ça m'ennuie, — but M'sieu go to the grave of Le Mioche and he will see how many white stones! Thirty-one. Every year one. Leduc did not forget Le Mioche, M'sieu."

He was telling the truth, and the poor dignity in his voice touched Saxe, who held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon, Leduc. I was wrong, and I am sorry."

Leduc shook his hand and sat down again in silence.

"Monsieur," he said at last, in one of his accesses of good French, "you are very wise, and I am an ignorant old scoundrel, but I have taught you one thing that you did not know before. The worst of men has his one good quality. The blackest of sheep has its one white hair. It is bad to be too pessimistic."

Saxe repressed a smile at the old man's vain delight in himself as an exposition of this theory, and went on with his breakfast.

"M'sieu, Mademoiselle is pretty, is n't she?"

Saxe started. "Pretty, oh yes. Very pretty, and very good — I gather from your wife."

"Yes, very good. I know her since

she was a little baby. That's why I still say 'Mademoiselle.' Her real name is" —

"My very good fellow, do you think I do not know her real name?"

Leduc started, as he scraped the remaining shreds of bacon together preparatory to mopping them up on a bit of bread. "M'sieu knew her before?"

"Of course I knew her before," returned the other man, taking off his glasses and opening his eyes very wide. "Why should n't I know her?"

"Dieu, que le monde est petit! But that is very nice for her, — to find M'sieu here, — and very nice for M'sieu — as the other lady does not come."

"The other lady?"

"The lady whose letter makes M'sieu's eyes change. Oh, Leduc is not blind! Last year there was a letter, too" —

Saxe considered a minute, and then, vaguely seeing a series of advantages to be derived from this error, laughed aloud.

"Leduc certainly is not blind. As he says, I cannot have the lady of the letters, so it will be very agreeable for me to see something of Mademoiselle, who is charming, too."

"I suppose M'sieu will not be coming to the woods any more?"

The old man, encouraged in his curiosity, smiled knowingly. "He will be marrying this winter."

"Everything is possible in this best of possible worlds. Now then, old chatterbox, hurry and clear away that mess!"

Bettina von Hutten.

(*To be continued.*)

MIDSUMMER'S DAY.

WHENCE comes he? He is all distraught.
A bramble in his hair is caught,
And there are dreams within his eyes
From regions of the upper skies,
Found in deep forest pools that drowse
Under low interlacing boughs
And for a moment wake to paint
Unreal parallels, when faint
With breath of nectaries blown bare
A wind steals from one knows not where.

In that obscure where he has been
What are the wonders he has seen?
In steam of marish spots and springs
Touched by the noon, what startled things,
What great eyes glancing through green gloom,
What faces fashioned out of bloom,—
Where creatures of the azure mists
Weave their enchantment, what bright lists
Of airy shapes, and what swift flight
Up the long pencils of the light,
What phantoms turning as they fled?
What voices lured, what beckoning led?

Forbid to all but such as he,
They say he read the characterly,
On bark and stem, of mystic runes.
They say he heard forgotten tunes,
Sung when the moons were young,— oh, sweet,
And only broken measures fleet
Homeless till some blest listener hears
The bitter music sealed in tears!
They say he saw sweep over him
Or whirling scarf, or flashing limb,
That something liefer touched his lips
Than honey that the wild bee sips,
That something whispered him all day—
While in a trance of joy he lay
And flower-soft fingers brushed his brow—
The secrets known to no man now.
In some deep dell with mosses lined
They say he left his soul behind.

The chantry tolled beyond the wood
As if from outer solitude.
Softly the day drew down; and far

The African Pygmies.

As echoes falling from a star
 The children called him. And he came, —
 And on his face immortal flame.
 For the dark wood had held him fast,
 The leaves a subtle sorcery cast,
 The briers bound him, the wild sprays
 Tangled his feet in dear delays,
 Tendrils would clasp, and waterfalls
 Foam round him, and he broke through walls
 Of living amethyst where sun
 And haze and distance wrought as one.

And you will know him from the look
 Of men by happiness forsook, —
 Since he had been that time made free
 Of the first court of poesy,
 Nor till midsummer's day return,
 And skies are blue and roses burn,
 Shall he set foot within those dim
 Delightful ranges, nor for him
 Those vaporous barriers be stirred —
 For he has lost the magic word.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

 THE AFRICAN PYGMIES.

NOT long after my settlement at Ndombe, the town of a remarkable monarch of the same name, the king of the Balunda tribes around Wissmann Falls, Central Africa, an odd-looking creature came up to my bungalow, bringing a piece of fresh meat for sale. At first I took him for a boy, judging by his height and size, for he was about four feet high, and could not have weighed more than eighty pounds. As he came closer and held out his meat, making a peculiar guttural sound, I noticed that he appeared to be an old man. His form was slightly bent, his hair and beard were tinged with white, the lines were deeply sunken in his face, and his deep-set eyes were glazed with the film of age.

I began to question him, having become proficient in the native tongues, and was surprised to discover that I could

not understand my extraordinary visitor. His language sounded more like the gabbling of an ape than the ordered speech of the intelligent Balunda; but when I brought out the salt which is the universal currency in that country, his eyes sparkled, and a broad smile and beaming face rendered further efforts at conversation unnecessary to the trade. The little man grinned, laid his meat on the floor, readjusted his quiver of darts, picked up the bow he had laid aside, and started down the path, to all appearances supremely happy.

Turning to one of the boys in my employ, I asked who that man was. The boy answered, "Oh, he is one of the Batwa." The word had no sooner been uttered than I seized my helmet and started off in pursuit of the stranger; for I had read enough of African ethnology

to know that Batwa meant Pygmies, and here was a chance not to be lost.

My visitor was not far ahead, and did not seem to be alarmed at my following him, for soon he led me into a clearing in the adjacent plain, not more than a few hundred yards from my house, in which a little hamlet was ensconced. The Pygmy, if such he was, entered one of the beehive huts, and ousted a swarm of children, who scampered wildly about at sight of the white man. The boy who had given the name Batwa to my caller had followed me, and I now turned to him for more information concerning this strange village. He said that the Batwa were little people who lived to themselves, and were much afraid of the big people; that those in this town were under the authority of Ndombe, who would not destroy them, but kept them to hunt and fish for him. A few questions to the boy, and a careful study of the town and people, assured me that my next door neighbors were none others than the Pygmies of Herodotus, the fabled dwarfs of Ethiopia in reality and truth. From that time I began a close study of the life, condition, manners, customs, and language of these remarkable people, for the three years during which I lived among them.

The village of the Batwa was located in the suburbs of the town of Ndombe, the nephew of Mai Munene, who founded a famous African kingdom at the head of navigation of the Kasai tributary of the Congo River. The proximity of this Pygmy settlement to the principal city of tribes long noted for their large stature and fine physique was a unique fact in my knowledge of these people. Stanley, and most of the other explorers who had described them, had represented them as inhabiting the densest forests, and as being entirely separate from the other Africans, but this settlement was on the edge of the great plateau of Lunda, and under the sovereignty of a distinctly alien tribe.

Ndombe's town is situated on the crest of the watershed of the Kasai and Lubi rivers, and about fifteen miles above their confluence at Wissmann Falls, a series of cataracts in the former stream, so called in honor of the celebrated governor of German East Africa. This region is about five degrees south latitude and twenty-two degrees east longitude, with an average elevation of twenty-five hundred feet, some of the peaks of the Chrystal Range rising to over six thousand feet. The plateau of Lunda stretches from the Wissmann Falls to the Zambezi divide, embracing a territory about the size of Texas.

The population of Ndombe's capital is about five thousand, and that of the suburban Pygmies about three hundred. The Batwa formed a distinct village of their own, with no other inhabitants save their immediate chief or mayor, and his wife. This man was of Ndombe's own family, the representative of the king, who acted as the sub-chief of the Pygmy village under Ndombe's general suzerainty. His authority seemed never to be disputed, and through him the dwarfs paid their tribute of game and fish daily to the king. The Pygmies dwelt in little huts shaped like a beehive, with an opening on the side at the bottom, barely large enough to admit their bodies crawling. These houses were built by bending sticks into the shape of a bow, placing the ends in the ground, and thus forming a framework, upon which a matting of large leaves was tied with the fibres of the palm. These huts, although a full-grown normal African could not stand erect or recline at full length in them, sufficed for a Pygmy and his whole family, sometimes consisting of a wife and half a dozen children. About eighty of these little dwellings were arranged without any order or design upon the slope of the hill toward the Lubi, near the meeting place of the grassy plains and the tangled forests, which constituted the Pygmies' happy hunting grounds. The village cov-

ered about three acres, and was dotted here and there with the characteristic trees of the African plains, the baobab, euphorbia, and palm. Besides these, the wife of the Bakuba chief of the Pygmies had planted the village with plantains, bananas, and pineapples, also the never-failing pawpaw, red pepper, and castor-oil bushes. It is noteworthy that this planting was not done by the Pygmies, who did absolutely no agricultural work at all.

From the limbs of the trees about the houses hung uncanny trophies of the skill of the Batwa at the chase, — the head-bones of the antelope and buffalo, the skeletons of monkeys, boars, and large rodents, the skins of snakes, the scaly armor of the ant-eater, the feathers of many large birds, the shells of the porpoise, and the head and vertebrae of many large fishes. Immense nets, made both for hunting and fishing, were thrown over poles suspended under grass sheds about the village, while the walls of the little huts bristled with spears, knives, bows, and arrows, traps, harpoons, and hunting horns. Yellow dogs, whose diminutive dimensions were in proportion to those of their masters, prowled about the open spaces between the houses, jangling the peculiar wooden bells which were fastened about their necks. One striking peculiarity of these African curs is that they do not bark, and so the bells are put upon them to enable the huntsmen to follow. Often the dogs themselves are eaten by the Africans, but I never found the Pygmies guilty of this unsportsmanlike conduct. Neither was I ever able to detect any evidences of cannibalism on the part of the little people.

The life of the Pygmies was concerned chiefly in the procuring of meat for themselves and for the larger tribes with whom they traded. They were expert huntsmen and fishermen, their principal weapon being the bow and arrow with its poisoned wooden dart, the most formid-

able of all the implements of savage African warfare. The bow of the Pygmies was made from the wood of a very strong and tough tree, the color of the heart of which was bright crimson; the bowstring was made of a fibre stripped from the body of a rattan vine growing in the swamps. This fibre produced a string perfectly pliable, and exceeding a rawhide in strength. The Pygmies were often shorter than their bows. The arrow was a light straight piece of bamboo, usually the stem of the frond of one of the smaller palms. This frond stem was cylindrical in shape, and hollow throughout its length, the woody fibre being wonderfully strong and light. Contrary to the practice among larger tribes, these arrows were neither tipped with iron, nor furnished with the feathery barb. They were simply the neatly trimmed bamboo sticks, sharpened at the top and cleft at the bottom, the sharp point being thickly smeared with a dark poison. It is the last fact which makes these simple contrivances such deadly weapons. The poison is one of the most fatal known. It is decocted from the roots of one of the euphorbias by boiling and pressing them, a black sticky scum rising to the surface, into which the points of the arrows are dipped. The scum is very adhesive, and also impregnates the wood of the arrowhead, which is made from a certain kind of timber specially for the purpose.

The effect of this poison is more deadly than that of any vegetable poison with which I am acquainted. It has been known to produce death within two minutes of its administration to a human being. The ordinary way to test its efficacy among the Africans is to try it on a monkey, and the usual result is death in less than five minutes. The use of the poison in war or the chase depends upon the infliction of a very slight wound on the victim by the point of the arrow, the small amount of poison thus put into the system sufficing to cause death.

Sometimes, however, instead of death, the effect is insanity.

I noted several instances of the terrible effects of these poisoned arrows. A man of Ndombe's town insulted one of the Pygmies and was shot in the thigh. Despite all that the medicine men could do in the way of charms and various hoodoo practices, besides using certain herbs and roots which are often efficacious in ordinary ailments, the wounded man died in great agony after several hours of delirious coma. On another occasion the poison was administered as an ordeal to a woman accused of witchcraft, and she died in less than half an hour. A man in my employ was once going down the Kasai River in a canoe, and was attacked by some of the savage Baschilele tribe, who were armed with these poisoned arrows obtained from the Pygmies. The man sustained a scratch on the forehead from a passing arrow. Although the wound was so slight as to be almost invisible to the eye, the poor fellow went violently insane, lingered for two weeks, and then died in terrible convulsions.

Once, in making a survey of the upper Kasai valley, I had occasion to ascend a high mountain, upon whose summit I walked about, compass in hand, taking observations. Suddenly, without the least warning, I fell violently into the earth. I had come upon a concealed pit, made to impale antelopes upon sharpened stakes set in the bottom. One of these stakes penetrated my thigh and caused a severe wound. My only attendant, a boy of fourteen years, ran down the mountain and secured men, who carried me quickly to an adjacent village. The boy sucked the wound thoroughly, and the native doctors cauterized it by pouring boiling oil into it, thus no doubt saving my life and reason. I was dangerously ill for a month, and suffered for three years afterwards. The sucking of the wound and the cautery were at my own suggestion.

The use of these poisoned arrows by the Pygmies in killing game is wonderfully effective. The flesh around the wound is excised, and the rest of the meat is eaten with impunity. With its coat of poison, the puny bamboo reed becomes more fatal than the Krag-Jorgensen or Martini-Henry. With his bow and arrows the Pygmy is more than a match for any denizen of the African jungle; he kills the elephant, buffalo, antelope, leopard, hyena, jackal, and the numberless smaller animals of forest and plain, besides guinea-fowl, water-fowl, and others of the feathered tribe. The Batwa of Ndombe's village frequently brought in meat from these different animals, part of which went to Ndombe as his regular tribute, the rest being kept for their own use, or exchanged for the farinaceous produce of the Bikenge. Once the dwarfs brought in immense chunks of a huge python, which they found asleep after making his monthly meal of a whole antelope, horns, hoof, and all. The total length of the tremendous snake was twenty-six feet, and his body was as thick as a man's thigh. There was wild excitement in the Pygmies' town, and the other natives flocked in from far and wide to see the monster and enjoy the feast. It may be remarked here that the Pygmies' diet includes everything from the soft bodies of the white ant to the hippopotamus. I have known them to shake caterpillars from the trees, and dry them in the sun, preserving them as a special delicacy; and the locust, upon which John the Baptist fed in the wilderness, is as highly esteemed among them as the shrimp or lobster among the epicures of the West.

The method of hunting the monkey, the eating of which must have been the beginning of anthropophagy, is most interesting. A clearing of about half an acre is made in the forest where the simians abound; a net ten feet high and forty feet long, made from a very tough

and strong fibrous plant, is stretched across this clearing. The Pygmies then drive the monkeys from the forest into the clearing. When the monkeys attempt to cross the open space, they no longer find the convenient branches of the trees which have hitherto assisted them in their flight, and are forced to rush across the clearing on the ground. When they come upon the net, they are sorely puzzled, and instead of trying to climb over it, vainly strive to get through the meshes, and in this bewildered condition are set upon by the Pygmies with their bows and arrows and spears, and a general slaughter ensues. One reason why this method of hunting the monkey is followed is that a wounded monkey is so very difficult to pursue in the mazes of the forests.

The fact that the Pygmies did not cultivate the soil at all was established by careful and prolonged investigation, and is one of the most remarkable characteristics of these people. At the time of my residence among them, they had been in the habit for centuries past of trading the meat from the chase for produce of the fields of the Bantu. The latter people engaged quite extensively in raising food supplies of various kinds. Their principal implement is the hoe, the blade of which their blacksmiths make from the abundant magnetic iron ore of the country, the handle of the hoe being a short stick about two feet long, with a hole bored through a knot in the end, for the attachment of the blade. The Bantu women use this hoe exclusively, as they have neither plough, spade, shovel, nor any other agricultural implement. With this primitive hoe, however, they plant and cultivate corn, peas, beans, onions, tomatoes, tobacco, cotton, melons, pepper, and various tropical fruits and vegetables, besides the universal manioc, plantain, and peanut. The word for peanut, by the way, in the language of Ndombe, is "Ngoobah."

None of these products, which the

African soil and climate cause to flourish with such ease and abundance, have ever been cultivated by the Pygmies. The dwarfs, before the advent of the larger tribes, were literally wild men of the woods, who subsisted entirely on the bounty of unaided nature. The indigenous and uncultivated edibles of the African soil were considered ample for their needs. They lived on the roots and tubers of trees and of certain plants resembling the Irish potato, the young and tender shoots of succulent bushes, and the acidulous fruits occurring in great quantity in the forest, which the monkeys feed upon with avidity.

The relations of the Batwa to Ndombe and the powerful Balunda were unique. According to the traditions of both people, many ages previously the Pygmies had been the sole inhabitants and the undisputed masters of the vast territories now occupied by the dominant races in Africa. Then the forefathers of the Bantu came down from the Northeast, and began to fight the Pygmies. The latter represent these early conflicts as long and bitter. Some of the dwarfs escaped into the depths of the remote forests, into whose gloomy wilds the conquering invaders would not follow them. This accounts for Stanley's discovery of them in the Aruwimi forests, and explains his impression that the Pygmies were never found elsewhere in association with the other Africans. But some of the little people were captured in those ancient wars, and kept near their captors until their shyness wore off, and they were willing to live with them on friendly terms. It was in this way that Ndombe's kingdom came to embrace this settlement of the dwarfs. It is possible that the superior tribes could never have overcome the Pygmies had they not learned the secret of the manufacture and use of the poisoned arrows of the latter. But there never was any intermarriage between the two peoples, nor did either adopt the ways of the other.

Both remained separate and distinct, though living side by side for centuries. The Pygmies did not increase rapidly in numbers, and barely kept up their existence from generation to generation. In this they appear to have been already a moribund race when the larger men came down upon them.

The complete confidence of Ndombe and his people facilitated my intercourse with the Pygmies. This ripened into the most friendly association when the little people found me such a steady customer for their game, the more so as the principal article which I had to offer was what they most earnestly coveted — common salt. The craving for chloride of sodium is enhanced by the fact that the chief mineral ingredient of the food of the African aborigines is a kind of chlorate of potash obtained by precipitating a lye made from the ashes of a marsh weed. Although there are deposits of rock salt in different parts of the continent, the natives have not learned to use it. The potash salt is so very inferior to the "white man's salt," as the blacks call our article, that the latter commands fabulous prices in the remote interior, where I was located. Salt is more precious than gold in the opinion of the Pygmies. As I was fairly well supplied with the coveted relish, my eager little neighbors undertook to barter all the meat they could persuade me to take for it. In this way quite a familiarity sprang up between us, and I was enabled to collect much detailed information concerning them.

The clothing of the Pygmies was the most primitive of all I saw in Africa. The children and some of the women were nude, and the best clad of them wore nothing more than a yard of palm fibre around their loins, this garment being obtained from the other tribes. Some wore pieces of fibre of the size of a pocket handkerchief suspended from a string around the waist, while others were content with leaves or grass. They

had no looms, and manufactured no cloth as the other natives did. The favorite ornamental garment among them was the skin of a large baboon. I never saw a single Pygmy tattooed in any way. They often made amulets or charms of the skin or bones of small animals. They did not wear the beads or brass and copper wire which were affected by the Balunda, but they often wore the gay feathers of some bird in their woolly hair.

The extreme simplicity of the manners and customs of the Pygmies is in striking contrast to the more complex life of the other races. Ndombe's people, for example, had been enjoying for centuries the advantages accruing from the subdivision of labor, somewhat on the lines of more civilized countries. The Balunda had blacksmiths, wood-carvers, weavers, mat-makers, manufacturers, besides lawyers, medicine men, governmental officials such as constables, tax-collectors, and executioners with chieftains and petty governors under the greater kings. The Pygmies had none of these. The governmental system under which the Batwa lived at Ndombe was imposed on them by the king. Nor had their system ever been even patriarchal. In most of these matters the aboriginal race of Pygmies must have been the most primitive race of mankind.

The poverty of the Pygmies alone restricted their naturally polygamous tendencies. The other Africans enjoy as many wives and concubines as they have means to buy. There are so few distinctions of wealth among the Pygmies that their women are pretty evenly divided among them. They are also much less prolific than the larger tribes. Their children are precocious, being exposed early to the hardening influences of their parents' lives, and made to shift for themselves as soon as they can catch mice, or dig up roots. While the men hunt and fish, the women search for the

wild food of the plain and forest, or barter meat for the food of the Balunda.

The average height of fifty grown men of the Batwa village was fifty-one and seven eighths inches, or four feet and nearly four inches. Seven men averaged less than three feet and nine inches high, and five of them were over four feet, six inches. It was very difficult to persuade the women to submit to measurement, but eight of them, mothers of families, averaged forty-seven and three eighths inches, four inches shorter than the men. The prevalent color was a light chocolate brown. The older men wore scanty beards.

The head of the Pygmy is of the brachycephalic order. The mean cranial index of the skulls of eight adult males is eighty-one degrees. The nose is small, but more aquiline than that of the real Negro. The mouth is large, and the chin usually receding. The hair is of a lighter color, — almost a shade of brown, — and is kinky and woolly. His hands and feet are small and well shaped, the hands in particular being delicately formed. In proportion to his size, his strength far exceeds that of all the other Africans. His powers of endurance on the march or in the chase are phenomenal. Fifty miles a day is an ordinary march for him, and he is almost as much at home in the trees as the monkeys themselves. The senses of the Pygmies are unusually acute. At quite a distance, they can distinguish the chameleon from the foliage in which it is hidden, notwithstanding the fact that the color of the little animal coincides with that of its hiding place. Much of their quarry is discovered through the powers of the nose, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Pygmies' sense of smell is as keen as that of their dogs. They are such shots with the bow that I have seen one send an arrow through a rat at twenty yards, while it was running through the village. The Bantu would spear fish as

they leaped from the water, or darted among the rocks in the streams.

As might be expected, the chief characteristic of the Pygmy's mind is cunning. Ages of warfare with ferocious beasts, and long periods of struggling against tribes of men physically superior to them, have made the little people so famous for treachery, sly dexterity, and extraordinary agility, that the words "Mudimuki mu mutwa" (sharp as a Pygmy) have become the favorite simile of the Bantu race.

The language of the Batwa is the most strongly onomatopoeic of any with which I am acquainted. The names of animals are made of sounds most characteristic of the beasts they describe. "Elephant" is "humba-humba;" "snake" is "luwilya-wilya" (note how this word squirms). The verbs describe actions imitatively. The vocabulary is much more limited than that of the Bantu. The Batwa appear to have very few, if any, abstract ideas.

The religion of the Pygmies consisted primarily in the worship of the sun. They were not idolatrous — the sun was worshiped as God, and the moon was feared as the devil. They made no images of material objects, and had very few of the superstitious practices of the other Africans.

After my acquaintance with the Pygmies had ripened into complete mutual confidence, I once made bold to tell them that some of the wise men of my country asserted that they had descended from the apes of the forest. This statement, far from provoking mirth, met with a storm of indignant protestation, and furnished the theme for many a heated discussion around the Batwa firesides. The sequel of the matter was an amusing occasion, when a venerable grandfather among the Pygmies turned the tables on me. One day a young ape of the Soko species was brought to my house as a present to me from my little neighbors. A gray-haired old Pygmy watched the

antics of the young Soko, the peculiarity of which consisted in its perfectly white face and hair. Turning his eyes on the Saxon propounder of the insulting hypothesis concerning his progenitors, and noting that Saxon and Soko alike were strikingly white, the shrewd old chap dryly asked: "If we black Batwa come from black monkeys in the forest, who then comes from that Soko there?"

The history of the Batwa tribe of the Pygmies is involved in the general history of all the dwarf races. It has been shown by exhaustive research that this species of the *genus homo* is not confined to Africa, but is widely distributed over the whole globe. My only guides to the history of the Batwa were their own traditions and those of the Bantu around them, — sources of information much more trustworthy than is often supposed. The Africans are very careful to conserve their traditions, and the old men gather the young ones about their firesides, and relate to them the lore of their people and the deeds of their fathers. They reckon time by the appearances of the new moon and the occurrence of such natural phenomena as earthquakes, eclipses, droughts, besides unusual wars, migrations, or any extraordinary events.

The concurrence of testimony is to the effect that the ancestors of the Pygmies many years before had exclusively occupied the vast territories throughout which they are now scattered. The statements of the Bantu and Batwa alike agreed that the latter were the only species of mankind occupying the plains of Lunda when the former came down upon them from the direction of the rising sun. The migrations of the Bantu, therefore, into Central Africa were from the direction of Egypt and Asia. When these larger people found the Pygmies, as before indicated, they began to destroy or subdue them, or to chase them into the depths of the remote forests. It is noteworthy that the Pygmies have never

developed any of the primitive arts which are practiced among the Bantu to-day. There are no signs of a stone age in Africa. This fact is of the utmost anthropological value when taken in connection with the fact that Central Africa is of extremely recent geological formation. The irruption of the Bantu, who were already in the iron age, upon the Batwa, who had not yet reached the stone age, is curiously like the superposition of volcanic strata upon a tertiary formation.

The geographical distribution of the dwarf races is much wider than has been popularly believed. The ancient Egyptians report them at the head waters of the Nile. This was confirmed by Stanley and Emin Pasha. Schweinfurth made a thorough study of a settlement of Pygmies in North Central Africa in the valley of the Welle, a branch of the Mobangi tributary of the Congo, three degrees north latitude, twenty-five degrees east longitude. Du Chaillu identified them in the Ogowé country of the Gaboon, a thousand miles southwest of Schweinfurth's investigation. Another thousand miles southeast of those found by Du Chaillu are the Batwa which I am describing, in the location already mentioned. Three hundred miles northeast of this country occurs a tribe of Pygmies mentioned by Dr. Wolf. It will thus be seen that the existence of the Pygmies has been authenticated in five different parts of Africa, over a territory much larger than the United States. Besides these it is pretty clearly established that the Hottentots and Bushmen of extreme South Africa also belong to this class.

The Pygmies are not, as has been alleged from lack of exact data, restricted solely in their habitat to the forests or impenetrable jungles. They are the residuum of complete occupation of vast continental areas. The interesting part, however, about this occupation is that no traces have been found of any human be-

ings prior to the Pygmies. In this respect, the Caucasian discoveries in North America differ totally from those in Africa. The aborigines whom the Europeans found in America had evidently been antedated by a people vastly superior to them in the arts of civilization. But the white man has found no traces of the handiwork of man preceding the Pygmies. These dwarfish beings are the most primitive of men yet discovered in the annals of history.

Reference has already been made to the existence of other Pygmy tribes. Most of these occur in different parts of the eastern hemisphere. One of the principal localities in which these Oriental Pygmies occur is in the Philippine Islands. In Luzon, particularly, black Pygmies with straight hair have been found. The other localities are the Andaman Islands, Borneo, Madagascar, the Punjab of India, the extreme western part of China, and the Malay Peninsula, while certain skulls on the Pacific coast of America point to the probability that the Pygmies, as well as the larger Asiatics, once occupied the western hemisphere.

While the indubitable existence of these Pygmy races is a fact which late modern research alone has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the scientific world, stories about the Pygmies have been current in literature from the dawn of history. The recent investigations of scientists in Africa have done much to dignify the oft-ridiculed writings of Herodotus. The Father of History records stories of his day concerning Pygmies who were said to occupy upper Egypt. Homer also makes reference to these little people, and Aristotle embellishes his account with reference to diminutive horses as well as men. Pliny places his Pygmies in a number of localities. Swift, therefore, had abundant classical ground for his Lilliputians, and a truer basis in fact than he imagined. The sober facts of the nineteenth cen-

tury have eclipsed the romances of Homer, Swift, and Defoe alike.

The philosophic speculations raised by the facts brought to light about these Batwa, Akka, Hottentots, Mincopies, and Negritos as they have been variously called, are not the least interesting results of their discovery. Who and what are they? Are they men, or the highest apes? Who and what were their ancestors? What are their ethnic relations to the other races of men? Have they degenerated from larger men, or are the larger men a development of Pygmy forefathers? These questions arise naturally, and plunge the inquirer at once into the depths of the most heated scientific discussions of this generation.

For practical consideration, we may classify these questions into three:—

1. Were the ancestors of the Pygmies larger men? That is, are the Pygmies a degenerate race?

2. Were the ancestors of the Pygmies also the ancestors of the larger men?

3. Are the Pygmies an unchanged race from their creation, or from their appearance as human beings on the globe?

It is to be remarked that so many correlative issues in questions which have been the subject of the fiercest debate are here raised, that only a résumé of the leading arguments in each hypothesis can be given.

The principal points in favor of the hypothesis of degeneracy are these: the clearly established fact of degeneracy as influential in modifying animals; the long ages in which this deteriorating history has certainly had time to act in the case of Pygmies—history records their existence for five thousand years, and the extreme probability points to a much longer period; the fact that the widespread occurrence of the dwarf races over the globe points to migration rather than to separate spontaneous evolution; and, stronger than any other point, the anatomical completeness of the Pygmy's

body shows near kinship to all the races of man. If the dwarfs were undeveloped men, not yet come to the full stature of manhood, this fact would probably appear in some incompleteness in their anatomic structure.

The considerations in favor of the Pygmy as the primeval man from whose ancestors the larger races were developed are the usual arguments for the evolution of man from lower to higher types, and are too well known for extended discussion here. The anatomic completeness of the Pygmy applies as strongly to this hypothesis as to that of degeneracy. It may be remarked that if the ancestors of the Pygmies also fathered the larger races, then there ought to appear among the Pygmies of to-day some cases of progressive development in that direction. As a matter of fact, I did not observe any case of this, nor have I found any recorded. The strongest argument for this hypothesis is, that everywhere the Pygmies have been found they seem to have chosen the outer frontier of the lands occupied by the stronger peoples. This looks as if the latter drove the former toward the extremities of the world from a country in which all were originally together.

The last hypothesis, that the Pygmies present a case of unmodified structure from the beginning, is supported by the usual arguments which are brought against both evolution and degeneracy. It is true that these little people have apparently preserved an unchanged physical entity for five thousand years. But that only carries the question back into the debated ground of the origin of species.

The point at issue is distinct. Did the Pygmies come from a man who was a common ancestor to many races now as far removed from one another as my friend Teku of the Batwa village is from the late President McKinley? We must reserve the discussion of this question for another time. It is too profound and

comprehensive to be fully presented now. The juxtaposition of the Bantu and the Batwa in Africa affords one of the best specific cases for this study which has ever been brought before the scientific and philosophical world.

Of one fact my experience and observation completely convinced me, — that these Pygmies are human beings in every sense of the word. The data corroborating this opinion are physical, psychological, and ethnical.

The Pygmies, without exception, have all the parts, organs, and powers of the human body, without any variation in kind distinguishing them from other men. They lack nothing in this respect, nor are there any cases of atrophied members of the body. Their vocal organs enable them to make all the sounds necessary to speak the languages of the several different tribes which meet and mingle at Ndombe. The linguistic differences between these tribes are such as to justify the word language rather than dialect. The fact of there being no cases of marital alliance between the Pygmies and the other races is due to the attitude of the larger and not of the smaller men. There is a variation of at least one foot among the Pygmies themselves, and it is conceivable that the law of natural selection might develop a larger race from the selected members of the dwarfs. But there are no authenticated cases of this development on record as far as I have been able to discover.

The Pygmies show, in a greater or less degree, all the mental faculties which are characteristic of other men. The love of parents for their children is quite marked. The affectionate playfulness toward their dogs attracted my attention. The institution of marriage is recognized among them, and although polygamy prevails, there is the disapproval of laxity in these matters which one finds among the higher races. I have already referred to sun-worship as their chief religious principle. Murder, theft, and violence are

punished by common consent with varying severity in each case. The necessity of cunning rather than of force as a means of self-defense has affected their standard of truthfulness, but they know the difference between a lie and the truth, and have words to express both ideas. They show the play of the emotions of love, hatred, fear, self-respect, vanity, emulation, and, in fact, to a greater or less rudimentary degree, of all the passions and affections. The possession of rational powers by the Pygmies is beyond dispute. They can form a correct induction from facts, and can deduce conclusions from premises, and act constantly on axioms which are expressed pithily in their language. This reasoning faculty was what especially caught my attention, and caused me to prosecute a psychological study of them; with the result that I was fully convinced that they were men, and if the lowest type, still men.

The Pygmies are essentially gregarious in their habits. This is in sharp contrast with the practice of the highest apes, the gorillas, which go in pairs, each pair exhibiting unrelenting hostility to all others. The Pygmies are not naturally warlike in their attitude toward one another, and the wars in which they have been engaged have been principally in self-defense.

On one occasion the Pygmies showed their common sense in rather a decided way. In my employ were some very turbulent natives of the Zappo-Zap and Batetela tribes, whose headstrong disposition was a source of constant anxiety to me. They were so superior in industry and intelligence to all the other natives available as laborers that I could not conveniently dispense with their services. Their love of meat made them constant visitors to our Pygmy neighbors, and their taste for sharp bargains made the little people decidedly reluctant to deal with them. So one day the Pygmies mixed an emetic herb with the

meat the Zappo-Zaps insisted on buying at too low a figure, and put an end to the nuisance.

Once some black soldiers sent by the Belgian representative of the Congo government to collect taxes from Ndombe came upon the town, and poured into the Batwa village demanding meat. The little people gave them all they had on hand, and promised more on the morrow. When the soldiers came next morning, they were presented with an abundance of venison, which, fortunately for them, they first fed to some dogs as a precaution. The dogs died, and it was asserted by the soldiers that the Pygmies had prepared to poison them all. But for my own earnest intervention, there would have ensued a bloody fray at once. The soldiers contented themselves with feeding the meat to the Pygmies' dogs, and the little people wept sorely because I pronounced this fair play, and told them that they thus escaped lightly from worse punishment.

Although I made many efforts to impress the principles of Christianity upon the Batwa, they were very slow to comprehend or act upon them. They were extremely materialistic in their views of life, and preferred the sodium chloride of commerce to the salt of religion. One of them is now a member of the church in good and regular standing, according to my latest information, and I believe they have souls with light enough in them to see the way to their spiritual improvement and redemption.

In conclusion, it may afford a striking contrast to this description of the dwarfs, if I briefly allude to the principal characteristics of the giant king Ndombe and his family. Ndombe stood six feet six in stature, with broad square shoulders, Herculean limbs, and massive statuesque features of a distinctly Egyptian cast. He was of a bright copper color, with aquiline features, and magnificent brown eyes. He carried himself as erect as a life-guardsmen, and

although he weighed fully two hundred and fifty pounds, there was not a superfluous ounce of flesh on him. The *tout ensemble* of the man was regal, and I have never seen his physical superior.

He had thirty-one wives and over forty children. His family connections were so extensive that they occupied a whole town, and his personal bodyguard was composed entirely of his blood relations. Ndombe's character was kindly and his deportment dignified. As a rule, he treated his subjects with benevolence, and even his slaves were devoted to him. Toward me his attitude was always both friendly and deferential. The complete

confidence which his Pygmy subjects proposed in him was one of the strongest testimonies to his good sense and diplomatic ability.

The accessibility of these Pygmies to the outside world by reason of the recent opening up of the Kasai valley to steam navigation — a steamboat for Kasai river having been built in Richmond, Virginia — ought to lead to a thorough study of these little people. No subject can be of more fascinating interest, whether to the followers of science, or to any others who agree with Pope to the extent of believing that at least *one* "proper study of mankind is man."

Samuel Phillips Verner.

A NIGHT'S LODGING.

FATHER WILISTON was a retired clergyman, so distinguished from his son Timothy, whose house stood on the ridge north of the old village of Winthrop, and whose daily path lay between his house and the new growing settlement around the valley station. It occurred at odd times to Father Wiliston that Timothy's path was somewhat un-deviating. The clergyman had walked widely since Winthrop was first left behind fifty-five years back, at a time when the town was smaller and cows cropped the Green but never a lawn mower.

After college and seminary had come the frontier, which lay this side of the Great Lakes until Clinton stretched his ribbon of waterway to the sea; then a mission in Wisconsin, intended to modify the restless profanity of lumbermen who broke legs under logs and drank disastrous whiskey. A city and twenty mills were on the spot now, though the same muddy river ran into the same blue lake. Some skidders and saw-tenders of old days were come to live in stone mansions and drive in nickel-plated carriages; some were dead; some

drifting like the refuse on the lake front; some skidding and saw-tending still. Distinction of social position was an idea that Father Wiliston never was able to grasp.

In the memories of that raw city on the lake he had his place among its choicest incongruities; and when his threescore and ten years were full the practical tenderness of his nickel-plated and mansioned parishioners packed him one day into an upholstered sleeping car, drew an astonishing check to his credit, and mailed it for safety to Timothy Wiliston of Winthrop. So Father Wiliston returned to Winthrop, where Timothy, his son, had been sent to take root thirty years before.

One advantage of single-mindedness is that life keeps on presenting us with surprises. Father Wiliston occupied his own Arcadia, and Wisconsin or Winthrop merely sent in to him a succession of persons and events of curious interest. "The parson," — Wisconsin so spoke of him, leaning sociably over its bar, or pausing among scented slabs and sawdust, — "the parson resembles

an egg as respects that it's innocent and some lopsided, but when you think he must be getting addled, he ain't. He says to me, 'You'll make the Lord a deal of trouble, bless my soul!' he says. 'I don't see how the Lord's going to arrange for you. But'—thinking he might hurt my feelings—'I guess he'll undertake it by and by.' Then he goes wabbling down-street, picks up Mick Riley, who's considerable drunk, and takes him to see his chickens. And Mick gets so interested in those chickens you'd like to die. Then parson goes off, absent-minded and forgets him, and Mick sleeps the balmy night in the barnyard, and steals a chicken in the morning, and parson says, 'Bless my soul! How singular!' Well," concluded Wisconsin, "he's getting pretty young for his years. I hear they're going to send him East before he learns bad habits."

The steadiness and repetition of Timothy's worldly career and semi-daily walk to and from his business therefore seemed to Father Wiliston phenomenal, a problem not to be solved by algebra, for if a equaled Timothy, b his house, c his business, $a + b + c$ was still not a far-reaching formula, and there seemed no advantage in squaring it. Geometrically it was evident that by walking back and forth over the same straight line you never so much as obtained an angle. Now, by arithmetic, "Four times thirty, multiplied by—leaving out Sundays—Bless me! How singular! Thirty-seven thousand five hundred and sixty times!"

He wondered if it had ever occurred to Timothy to walk it backward, or, perhaps, to hop, partly on one foot, and then, of course, partly on the other. Sixty years ago there was a method of progress known as "hop-skip-and-jump," which had variety and interest. Drawn in the train of this memory came other memories floating down the afternoon's slant sunbeams, rising from every meadow and clump of woods; from the

elder swamp where the brown rabbits used to run zigzag, possibly still ran in the same interesting way; from the great sand bank beyond the Indian graves. The old Wiliston house, with roof that sloped like a well-sweep, lay yonder, a mile or two. He seemed to remember some one said it was empty, but he could not associate it with emptiness. The bough apples there, if he remembered rightly, were an efficacious balm for regret.

He sighed and took up his book. It was another cure of regret, a Scott novel, *The Pirate*. It had points of superiority over Cruden's *Concordance*. The surf began to beat on the Shetland Islands, and trouble was imminent between Cleveland and Mordaunt Mer-toun.

Timothy and his wife drove away visiting that afternoon, not to return till late at night, and Bettina, the Scandinavian, laid Father Wiliston's supper by the open window, where he could look out across the porch and see the chickens clucking in the road.

"You mus' eat, fater," she commanded.

"Yes, yes, Bettina. Thank you, my dear. Quite right."

He came with his book and sat down at the table, but Bettina was experienced and not satisfied.

"You mus' eat firs'."

He sighed and laid down *The Pirate*. Bettina captured and carried it to the other end of the room, lit the lamp though it was still light, and departed after the mail. It was a rare opportunity for her to linger in the company of one of her Scandinavian admirers. "Fater" would not know the difference between seven, and nine or ten.

He leaned in the window and watched her safely out of sight, then went across the room, recaptured *The Pirate*, and chuckled in the tickling pleasure of a forbidden thing, "asked the blessing," drank his tea shrewdly, knowing it would deteriorate, and settled to his

book. The brown soft dusk settled, shade by shade; moths fluttered around the lamp; sleepy birds twittered in the maples. But the beat of the surf on the Shetland Islands was closer than these. Cleveland and Mordaunt Mer-toun were busy, and Norna, — "Really, Norna was a remarkable woman," — and an hour slipped past.

Some one hemmed close by and scraped his feet. It was a large man who stood there, dusty and ragged, one boot on the porch, with a red handkerchief knotted under his thick tangled beard and jovial red face. He had solid limbs and shoulders, and a stomach of sloth and heavy feeding.

The stranger did not resemble the comely pirate, Cleveland; his linen was not "seventeen hun' red;" it seemed doubtful if there were any linen. And yet, in a way there was something not inappropriate about him, a certain chaotic ease; not piratical, perhaps, although he looked like an adventurous person. Father Wiliston took time to pass from one conception of things to another. He gazed mildly through his glasses.

"I ain't had no supper," began the stranger in a deep moaning bass; and Father Wiliston started.

"Bless my soul! Neither have I." He shook out his napkin. "Bettina, you see" —

"Looks like there 's enough for two," moaned and grumbled the other. He mounted the porch and approached the window, so that the lamplight glimmered against his big, red, oily face.

"Why, so there is!" cried Father Wiliston, looking about the table in surprise. "I never could eat all that. Come in." And the stranger rolled muttering and wheezing around through the door.

"Will you not bring a chair? And you might use the bread knife. These are fried eggs. And a little cold chicken? Really, I 'm very glad you dropped in, Mr." —

"Del Toboso." By this time the stranger's mouth was full and his enunciation confused.

"Why," — Father Wiliston helped himself to an egg, — "I don't think I caught the name."

"Del Toboso. Boozy 's what they calls me in the push."

"I 'm afraid your tea is quite cold. Boozy? How singular! I hope it does n't imply alcoholic habits."

"No," shaking his head gravely, so that his beard wagged to the judicial negation. "Takes so much to tank me up I can't afford it, let alone it ain't moral."

The two ate with haste, the stranger from habit and experience, Father Wiliston for fear of Bettina's sudden return. When the last egg and slice of bread had disappeared, the stranger sat back with a wheezing sigh.

"I wonder," began Father Wiliston mildly, "Mr. Toboso — Toboso is the last name, is n't it, and Del the first?"

"Ah," the other wheezed mysteriously, "I don't know about that, Elder. That 's always a question."

"You don't know! You don't know!"

"Got it off'n another man," went on Toboso sociably. "He said he would n't take fifty dollars for it. I did n't have no money nor him either, and he rolled off'n the top of the train that night or maybe the next. I don't know. I did n't roll him. It was in Dakota, over a cañon with no special bottom. He scattered himself on the way down. But I says, if that name 's worth fifty dollars, it 's mine. Del Toboso. That 's mine. Sounds valuable, don't it?"

Father Wiliston fell into a reverie. "Toboso? Why, yes. Dulcinea del Toboso. I remember, now."

"What 's that? Dulcinea, was it? And you knowed him?"

"A long' while ago when I was younger. It was in a green cover Don Quixote — he was in a cage, 'The

Knight of the Rueful Countenance.' He had his face between the bars."

"Well," said Toboso, "you must have knowed him. He always looked glum, and I've seen him in quad myself."

"Yes. Sancho Panza. Dulcinea del Toboso."

"I never knowed that part of it. Dulcinea del Toboso! Well, that's me. You know a ruck of fine names, Elder. It sounds like thirteen trumps, now, don't it?"

Father Wiliston roused himself, and discriminated. "But you look more like Sancho Panza."

"Do? Well, I never knowed that one. Must've been a Greaser. Dulcinea's good enough."

Father Wiliston began to feel singularly happy and alive. The regular and even paced Timothy, his fidgeting wife, and the imperious Bettina were to some extent shadows and troubles in the evening of his life. They were careful people, who were hemmed in and restricted, who somehow hemmed in and restricted him. They lived up to precedents. Toboso did not seem to depend on precedents. He had the free speech, the casual inconsequence, the primitive mystery, desired of the boy's will and the wind's will, and traveled after by the long thoughts of youth. He was wind-beaten, burned red by the sun, ragged of coat and beard, huge, fat, wallowing in the ease of his flesh. One looked at him and remembered the wide world full of crossed trails and slumbering swamps.

Father Wiliston had long, straight white hair, falling beside his pale-veined and spiritual forehead and thin cheeks. He propped his forehead on one bony hand, and looked at Toboso with eyes of speculation. If both men were what some would call eccentric, to each other they seemed only companionable, which, after all, is the main thing.

"I have thought of late," continued

Father Wiliston after a pause, "that I should like to travel, to examine human life, say, on the highway. I should think, now, your manner of living most interesting. You go from house to house, do you not?—from city to city? Like Ulysses, you see men and their labors, and you pass on. Like the Apostles, — who surely were wise men, besides that were especially maintained of God, — like them, and the pilgrims to shrines, you go with wallet and staff or merely with Faith for your baggage."

"There don't nothing bother you in warm weather, that's right," said Toboso, "except your grub. And that ain't any more than's interesting. If it was n't for looking after meals a man on the road might get right down lazy."

— "Why, just so! How wonderful! Now, do you suppose, Mr. Toboso, do you suppose it feasible? I should very much like, if it could be equably arranged, I should very much like to have this experience."

Toboso reflected. "There ain't many of your age on the road." An idea struck him suddenly. "But supposing you were going sort of experimenting, like that,— and there's some folks that do,— supposing you could lay your hands on a little bunch of money for luck, I don't see nothing to stop."

"Why, I think there is some in my desk."

Toboso leaned forward and pulled his beard. The table creaked under his elbow.

"How much?"

"I will see. Of course you are quite right."

"At your age, Elder."

"It is not as if I were younger."

Father Wiliston rose and hurried out.

Toboso sat still and blinked at the lamp. "My Gord!" he murmured and moaned confidentially, "here's a game!"

After some time Father Wiliston re-

turned. "Do you think we could start now?" he asked eagerly.

"Why sure, Elder. What's hindering?"

"I am fortunate to find sixty dollars. Really, I did n't remember. And here's a note I have written to my son to explain. I wonder what Bettina did with my hat."

He hurried back into the hall. Toboso took the note from the table and pocketed it. "Ain't no use taking risks."

They went out into the warm night, under pleasant stars, and along the road together arm in arm.

"I feel pretty gay, Elder." He broke into bellowing song, "Hey, Jinny! Ho, Jinny! Listen, love, to me."

"Really, I feel cheerful, too, Mr. Toboso, wonderfully cheerful."

"Dulcinea, Elder. Dulcinea's me name. Hey, Jinny! Ho, Jinny!"

"How singular it is! I feel very cheerful. I think — really, I think I should like to learn that song about Jinny. It seems such a cheerful song."

"Hit her up, Elder," wheezed Toboso jovially. "Now then" —

"Hey, Jinny! Ho, Jinny! Listen, love, to me."

So they went arm in arm with a roaring and a tremulous piping.

The lamp flickered by the open window as the night breeze rose. Bettina came home betimes and cleared the table. The memory of a Scandinavian caress was too recent to leave room for her to remark that there were signs of devastating appetite, that dishes had been used unaccountably, and that "Father" had gone somewhat early to bed. Timothy and his wife returned late. All windows and doors in the house of Timothy were closed, and the last lamp was extinguished.

Father Wiliston and Toboso went down the hill, silently, with furtive, lawless steps through the cluster of houses in the hollow, called Ironville,

and followed then the road up the chattering hidden brook. The road came from the shadows of this gorge at last to meadows and wide glimmering skies, and joined the highway to Redfield. Presently they came to where a grassy side road slipped into the highway from the right, out of a land of bush and swamp and small forest trees of twenty or thirty years' growth. A large chestnut stood at the corner.

"Hey, Jinny!" wheezed Toboso. "Let's look at that tree, Elder."

"Look at it? Yes, yes. What for?"

Toboso examined the bark by the dim starlight; Father Wiliston peered anxiously through his glasses to where Toboso's finger pointed.

"See those marks?"

"I'm afraid I don't. Really, I'm sorry."

"Feel 'em, then."

And Father Wiliston felt, with eager, excited finger.

"Them there mean there's lodging out here; empty house, likely."

"Do they, indeed. Very singular! Most interesting!" And they turned into the grassy road. The brushwood in places had grown close to it, though it seemed to be still used as a cart path. They came to a swamp, rank with mouldering vegetation, then to rising ground where once had been meadows, pastures, and plough lands.

Father Wiliston was aware of vaguely stirring memories. Four vast and aged maple trees stood close by the road, and their leaves whispered to the night; behind them, darkly, was a house with a far sloping roof in the rear. The windows were all glassless, all dark and dead-looking, except two in a front room, in which a wavering light from somewhere within trembled and cowered. They crept up, and looking through saw tattered wall paper and cracked plaster, and two men sitting on the floor, playing cards in the ghostly light of a fire of boards in the huge fireplace.

"Hey, Jinny!" roared Toboso, and the two jumped up with startled oaths. "Why, it's Boston Alley and the Newark Kid!" cried Toboso. "Come on, Elder."

The younger man cast forth zigzag flashes of blasphemy. "You big fat fool! Don't know no mor' n to jump like that on me! Holy Jims! I ain't made of copper."

Toboso led Father Wiliston round by the open door. "Hold your face, Kid. Gents, this here's a friend of mine we'll call the Elder, and let that go. I'm backing him, and I hold that goes. The Kid," he went on descriptively, addressing Father Wiliston, "is what you see afore you, Elder. His mouth is hot, his hands is cold, his nerves is shaky, he's always feeling the cops gripping his shirt-collar. He did n't see no clergy around. He begs your pardon. Don't he? I says, don't he?"

He laid a heavy red hand on the Newark Kid's shoulder, who wiped his pallid mouth with the back of his hand, smiled, and nodded.

Boston Alley seemed in his way an agreeable man. He was tall and slender limbed, with a long, thin black mustache, sinewy neck and hollow chest, and spoke gently with a sweet, resonant voice, saying, "Glad to see you, Elder."

These two wore better clothes than Toboso, but he seemed to dominate them with his red health and windy voice, his stomach and feet, and solidity of standing on the earth.

Father Wiliston stood the while gazing vaguely through his spectacles. The sense of happy freedom and congenial companionship that had been with him during the starlit walk had given way gradually to a stream of confused memories, and now these memories stood ranged about, looking at him with sad, faded eyes, asking him to explain the scene. The language of the Newark Kid had gone by him like a white hot

blast. The past and present seemed to have about the same proportions of vision and reality. He could not explain them to each other. He looked up to Toboso, pathetically, trusting in his help.

"It was my house."

Toboso stared surprised. "I ain't on to you, Elder."

"I was born here."

Indeed Toboso was a tower of strength even against the ghosts of other days, reproachful for their long duration in oblivion.

"Oh! Well, by Jinny! I reckon you'll give us lodging, Elder," he puffed cheerfully. He took the coincidence so pleasantly and naturally that Father Wiliston was comforted, and thought that after all it was pleasant and natural enough.

The only furniture in the room was a high-backed settle and an overturned kitchen table, with one leg gone, and the other three helplessly in the air, — so it had lain possibly many years. Boston Alley drew forward the settle and threw more broken clapboards on the fire, which blazed up and filled the room with flickering cheer. Soon the three outcasts were smoking their pipes and the conversation became animated.

"When I was a boy," said Father Wiliston, — "I remember so distinctly, — there were remarkable early bough apples growing in the orchard."

"The pot's yours, Elder," thundered Toboso. They went out groping under the old apple trees, and returned laden with plump pale green fruit. Boston Alley and the Newark Kid stretched themselves on the floor on heaps of pulled grass. Toboso and Father Wiliston sat on the settle. The juice of the bough apples ran with a sweet tang. The palate rejoiced and the soul responded. The Newark Kid did swift, cunning card tricks that filled Father Wiliston with wonder and pleasure.

"My dear young man, I don't see how you do it!"

The Kid was lately out of prison from a two years' sentence, "only for getting into a house by the window instead of the door," as Boston Alley delicately explained, and the "flies," meaning officers of the law, "are after him again for reasons he ain't quite sure of." The pallor of slum birth and breeding, and the additional prison pallor, made his skin look curious where the grime had not darkened it. He had a short-jawed, smooth-shaven face, a flat mouth and light hair, and was short and stocky, but lithe and noiseless in movement, and inclined to say little. Boston Alley was a man of some slight education, who now sometimes sung in winter variety shows such songs as he picked up here and there in summer wanderings, for in warm weather he liked footing the road better, partly because the green country sights were pleasant to him, and partly because he was irresolute and keeping engagements was a distress. He seemed agreeable and sympathetic.

"He ain't got no more real feelings 'n a fish," said Toboso, gazing candidly at Boston, but speaking to Father Wiliston, "and yet he looks like he had 'em, and a man's glad to see him. Ain't seen you since fall, Boston, but I see the Kid last week at a hang-out in Albany. Well, gents, this ain't a bad lay."

Toboso himself had been many years on the road. He was in a way a man of much force and decision, and probably it was another element in him, craving sloth and easy feeding, which kept him in this submerged society; although here, too, there seemed room for the exercise of his dominance. He leaned back in the settle, and had his hand on Father Wiliston's shoulder. His face gleamed redly over his bison beard.

"It's a good lay. And we're gay, Elder. Ain't we gay? Hey, Jinny!"

"Yes, yes, Toboso. But this young man, — I'm sure he must have great talents, great talents, quite remarkable. Ah — yes, Jinny!"

"Hey, Jinny," they sang together, "Ho, Jinny! Listen, love, to me. I'll sing to you, and play to you, a dulcet melode-e-e," — while Boston danced a shuffle and the Kid snapped the cards in time. Then, at Toboso's invitation and command, Boston sang a song, called *The Cheerful Man*, resembling a ballad, to a somewhat monotonous tune, and perhaps known in the music halls of the time, — all with a sweet, resonant voice and a certain pathos of intonation: —

"I knew a man across this land
Came waving of a cheerful hand,
Who drew a gun and gave some one
A violent contus-i-on,
This cheerful man.

"They sent him up, he fled from 'quad'
By a window and the grace of God,
Picked up a wife and children six,
And wandered into politics,
This cheerful man.

"In politics he was, I hear,
A secret, subtle financier —
So the jury says, 'But we agree
He quits this sad community,
This cheerful man.'

"His wife and six went on the town,
And he went off; without a frown
Reproaching Providence, went he
And got another wife and three,
This cheerful man.

"He runs a cross-town car to-day
From Bleecker Street to Avenue A.
He swipes the fares with skillful ease,
Keeps up his hope, and tries to please,
This cheerful man.

"Our life is mingled woe and bliss,
Man that is born of woman is
Short-lived and goes to his long home.
Take heart, and learn a lesson from
This cheerful man."

"But," said Father Wiliston, "don't you think really, Mr. Alley, that the moral is a little confused? I don't mean intentionally," he added, with anxious precaution, "but don't you think he should have reflected" —

"You're right, Elder," said Toboso,

with decision. "It's like that. It ain't moral. When a thing ain't moral that settles it." And Boston nodded and looked sympathetic with every one.

"I was sure you would agree with me," said Father Wiliston. He felt himself growing weary now and heavy-eyed. Presently somehow he was leaning on Toboso with his head on his shoulder. Toboso's arm was around him, and Toboso began to hum in a kind of wheezing lullaby, "Hey, Jinny! Ho, Jinny!"

"I am very grateful, my dear friends," murmured Father Wiliston. "I have lived a long time. I fear I have not always been careful in my course, and am often forgetful. I think," — drowsily, — "I think that happiness must in itself be pleasing to God. I was often happy before in this room. I remember — my dear mother sat here — who is now dead. We have been quite, really quite cheerful to-night. My mother — was very judicious — an excellent wise woman — she died long ago." So he was asleep, before any one was aware, while Toboso crooned huskily, "Hey, Jinny!" and Boston Alley and the Newark Kid sat upright and stared curiously.

"Holy Jims!" said the Kid.

Toboso motioned them to bring the pulled grass. They piled it on the settle, let Father Wiliston down softly, brought the broken table, and placed it so that he could not roll off.

"Well," said Toboso, after a moment's silence, "I guess we'd better pick him and be off. He's got sixty in his pocket."

"Oh," said Boston, "that's it, is it?"

"It's my find, but seeing you's here I takes half and give you fifteen apiece."

"Well, that's right."

"And I guess the Kid can take it out."

The Kid found the pocketbook with

sensitive gliding fingers, and pulled it out. Toboso counted and divided the bills.

"Well," whispered Toboso thoughtfully, "if the Elder now was forty years younger, I would n't want a better pardner." They tiptoed out into the night. "But," he continued, "looking at it that way, o' course he ain't got no great use for his wad and won't remember it till next week. Heeled all right, anyhow. Only, I says now, I says, there ain't no vice in him."

"Mammy tuck me up, no licks to-night," said the Kid, plodding in front. "I ain't got nothing against him."

Boston Alley only fingered the bills in his pocket.

It grew quite dark in the room they had left, as the fire sunk to a few flames, then to dull embers and an occasional darting spark. The only sound was Father Wiliston's light breathing.

When he awoke the morning was dim in the windows. He lay a moment confused in mind, then sat up and looked around.

"Dear me! Well, well, I dare say Toboso thought I was too old. I dare say" — getting on his feet — "I dare say they thought it would be unkind to tell me so."

He wandered through the dusky old rooms and up and down the creaking stairs, picking up bits of recollection, some vivid, some more dim than the dawn, some full of laughter, some that were leaden and sad; then out into the orchard to find a bough apple in the dewy grasses, and, kneeling under the gnarled old tree to make his morning prayer, which included in petition the three overnight revelers, he went in fluent phrase and broken tones among eldest memories.

He pushed cheerfully into the grassy road now, munching his apple and humming, "Hey, Jinny! Ho, Jinny!" He examined the tree at the highway with fresh interest. "How singular! It

means an empty house. Very intelligent man, Toboso."

Bits of grass were stuck on his back and a bramble dragged from his coat tail. He plodded along in the dust and wobbled absent-mindedly from one side of the road to the other. The dawn towered behind him in purple and crimson, lifted its robe and canopy, and flung some kind of glittering gauze far beyond him. He did not notice it till he reached the top of the hill above Ironville with Timothy's house in sight. Then he stopped, turned, and was startled a moment; then smiled companionably on the state and glory of the morning, much as on Toboso and the card tricks of the Newark Kid.

"Really," he murmured, "I have had a very good time."

He met Timothy in the hall.

"Been out to walk early, father? Wait — there's grass and sticks on your coat."

It suddenly seemed difficult to explain the entire circumstances to Timothy, a settled man and girt with precedent.

"Did you enjoy it? — Letter you dropped? No, I have n't seen it. Breakfast is ready."

Neither Bettina nor Mrs. Timothy had seen the letter.

"No matter, my dear, no matter. I — really, I've had a very good time."

Afterward he came out on the porch with his Bible and Concordance, sat down and heard Bettina brushing his hat and ejaculating, "Fater!" Presently he began to nod drowsily and his head dropped low over the Concordance. The chickens clucked drowsily in the road.

Arthur Colton.

THE BROWNING TONIC.

I.

THERE was once a time — not so long ago, either, as I would like to induce credulous people to believe — when the three editions of Robert Browning's poems which now find home and welcome in my bookcases would, had I possessed them, have been sealed books to me.

In those days — already so inconceivable that they seem to recede into a prehistoric vista — it was commonly supposed by readers in my rank and station of enlightenment that a person who made any assured claim to a comprehension of Browning was either a rank pretender or the victim of a special revelation. It was during this period, I remember, that a teacher of English in the public schools said to me rather sadly, —

"I don't like to tell people that I

enjoy reading Browning — it makes me appear so conceited."

Even in that dark era of my existence, however, I did not consider myself so ignorant of the work of the great poet as my present confession seems to imply. I was more or less familiar with *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, I had heard the story of the good news that was brought from Ghent to Aix vigorously thundered forth on various declamatory occasions, and I had read with emotion that Incident of the French Camp which Owen Wister makes his Virginian hero criticise so cruelly. I should not say, if I were going to state my conception of the situation, that I had been growing up through gradations of Longfellow, Lowell, Tennyson, and the rest to the possibility of a comprehension of Browning. The library with which I was most familiar in my youth offered to a child naturally hungry for

poetry a noble collection of English authors. Fed from this source I devoured Shakespeare with the avidity which one saves nowadays for the perusal of a popular novel, pored over *Paradise Lost* with the conviction that it was rather sensational reading, laid my head upon the lap of earth with Gray, and spouted Collins's Odes to hill and sky in my lonely walks.

This was princely fare, and I ought to have benefited by it far more than I did, yet, in spite of my limitations, I assimilated something from it all, something that became a part of me, imperishable until I perish. From such a foundation, however ill profited by, one does not "grow up" to other authors — one simply enlarges one's Olympian temple to make room for new gods,

"A hundred shapes of lucid stone!
All day we built its shrine for each."

A man asked me once if I had not outgrown Dickens, and I questioned my inner consciousness to know if this were the case. Through long familiarity I had, indeed, ceased to read Dickens, but — outgrown? Does one outgrow Mr. Micawber, Betsey Trotwood, Mr. Pickwick, and the rest? Is it not rather that one enlarges the circle of one's friends to find room for them all, every one, the old no less than the new? Sometimes, too, the high gods prove too high, or the son of the carpenter is transformed before our eyes into the King of Men.

Lucian's parable of the council of the gods and the struggle for precedence is applicable still. The dog-faced monster from Egypt with the great gold nose is, it is true, sooner or later relegated to the background when one learns to estimate comparative values, but he is not banished to outer darkness. All our gods come to stay — and a gold nose counts for something.

I can remember the exact moment when Robert Browning was first defi-

nately revealed to me as a presiding deity.

I have always had a tendency to grasp at the pictorial aspect of things, and, as it chances, each of the group of poems which first revealed that poet to me as the friendliest friend of all is pigeon-holed in my mind with a spectacular tag attached to it.

Thus I entered the Browning country — the real land of faery where Browning is king — through the gate of Prospice, and the gate was opened to me by a young man. He stood, I remember, while he read the poem aloud, and a slant of sunlight fell full upon his broad brows and his rather nice gray eyes, and even lent a glamour to the exceedingly pointed toes of his patent leather shoes. He liked what he read, and was in earnest about it; he was not thinking of me and I very soon ceased thinking of him.

The peculiar movement of the poem appealed directly to an element always easily aroused in my nature, — the fighting spirit, which may be in my case more bravado than pluck, but which at any rate knows how to appreciate pluck in others.

"I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more
The best and the last!"

struck a chord that went thrilling on until the quick transition at the end of the poem, when

"the element's rage, the fiend voices that rave,"

dwindle and blend and change, to become

"first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest!"

There is no touch to which the hearts of men and women so readily thrill with instant response as to this touch of human love, whether it be that of the fighter leaning across the black gulf of death to clasp the beloved one again, or

the Blessed Damozel stooping from
"the gold bar of heaven" to say,

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come."

Every one of us, even those who have deliberately taken husbands or wives in a series, cherishes in his or her inmost thought the conviction that under different and more favorable circumstances we, too, might have been capable of romantic love and perfect constancy. This unformulated belief in ourselves aids our self-respect immensely, and helps to put a garland — invisible perhaps, but to the eye of faith none the less decorative — around the least sentimental existence.

The motive of the whole poem, too, the courage, the constancy, the devotion, strikes with a bold hand — as Browning always does strike — that keynote of strength which is the dominant note in everything he writes. Weakness is the only thing he conceived it possible to fear. Be bold, act a man's part and leave the rest, — above all, remember that fighting is the best fun in the world, and a man who won't fight is not worth his salt.

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!"

My next discovery in the Browning country was Rabbi Ben Ezra, a mine of pure gold from which I have been digging nuggets ever since. The personal recollection to which my earlier knowledge of this poem is joined is that of a clergyman with whom I conned it over stanza by stanza, for the purpose, as I recall it, of convincing him that Browning had written some things (which compared favorably with the work of his favorite Tennyson and were not materially harder to understand.

I told him, with that modest confidence in my literary judgments which has always distinguished me, that Tennyson never but once mustered sufficient courage really to "let himself go," and that Maud, which was the outcome of this first and last indulgence, has a hys-

teric note in it which would have been impossible to Browning.

"One feels all the time," I criticised confidently, "that the

'dreadful hollow behind the little wood'

was a great deal more dreadful than it need have been if the hero of the poem could only have 'braced up' and fulfilled his own longings,

'And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!'"

My clerical friend, however, did not believe in any man's right to let himself go, and our sitting ended with a hopeless discrepancy between the lay and the ministerial judgment.

I have read this poem many times since then and never without finding in it something strong and stirring, something that gave me fresh courage to be gone

"Once more on my adventure brave and new."

In many a night of weariness and racking pain I have repeated over and over to myself — that inner self that has power over the physical being — fragments from its battle call, — the bugle call to my retreating courage: —

"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;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!"

It is true, I never did welcome each rebuff, and there was no moment, I suppose, when I would not joyfully have turned earth's roughness smooth, but since I must endure the throe whether I grudged it or not, here was something to take hold of, to crystallize around, to serve as a sting to my spiritual weakness.

If, of all our authors, we are most indebted to him who helps us to hate cowardice, then Robert Browning must

be hailed above all others as the prophet of courage, courage in victory, courage in defeat, the courage of the losing fight no less than the courage of success. One, he was,

“who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.”

I have never asked, it is true, whether in detail he lived up to what he preached. It does not matter. Most of us are in one way or another born cowards, and what we need more than anything else is to be made properly ashamed of ourselves. Hail, then, Robert Browning, disturber of the peace!

While I was still in the grasp of Rabbi Ben Ezra, I was invited to spend an afternoon with a “Reading Circle,” which was at that time struggling with the dark mysteries of Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.

They told me sadly — the members of the Circle — that they had pored over a dozen interpretations of the poem and “did n’t understand it yet.”

“Of course I would like to understand what Browning meant by the thing,” one reader said candidly, — “that is, if he himself had any idea ‘where he was at,’ — but I don’t see how anybody could *like* it.”

Having had my attention thus called to Childe Roland, I made a bold charge at his secrets, but very soon made up my mind that I was not under the slightest obligation to understand him. I have trodden that dark way with him many a time, have lost myself upon the barren plain, felt what he felt, looked with despairing eyes on what he saw, and when

“Burningly it came on me all at once
This was the place,”

I have always been sure that, after going through so much disagreeableness

for the sake of arriving at the Dark Tower, only to find “all the lost adventurers, my peers,” on dress parade watching to see what I was going to do about it, I should have blown the horn at all hazards. As I have previously hinted, Browning’s chief virtue is that he makes one feel willing to blow horns and wave banners and lead forlorn hopes.

It was at about this period of my Browning explorations that I began to meet the Greek professor in my morning walks. The springtime had come and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land, — a condition of affairs which made it more possible for the human voice to gain an audience. The Greek professor — who had retired from the active duties of his position — now and then joined company with me during our leisurely return from the morning errands which gave us an excuse for being abroad. He had a genuine passion for the classics, and enjoyed rolling out sonorous quotations from his favorite authors, although these gems of thought always required translation into English for the instruction of my ignorance.

One day he asked me rather mournfully if I liked Browning. I acknowledged with cheerful hope that I thought I was going to like him, though I had not yet penetrated very far into the labyrinth of his pages.

It appeared from the professor’s narrative that an enthusiastic young friend “who in the inexperience of youth doubtless flattered himself that he could comprehend all mysteries” had requested him, the professor, to read Caliban upon Setebos — oh, the drawling scorn of accent with which this was spoken! and he was in process of offering this sacrifice to friendship.

“If you have n’t read the gibberish,” he suggested, “and have time to waste, as most women do have, I wish you would see whether you can make head or tail of it. I can’t.”

The next time we met I told the professor that I had ventured on Caliban and rather enjoyed the experiment. I spoke more diffidently than is my wont. I am generally most positive in regard to subjects I know least about.

"Enjoyed it!" the professor exclaimed. "Will you tell me what there is to enjoy about Caliban upon Setebos?" — the old scornful intonation.

"Well," I replied, "the same element that appeals to me in all the Browning poems I know, — the daring of it, the boldness with which he puts his finger on the sore spots so many of us are conscious of and think it wicked to mention."

"Pooh!" my friend repeated, "Caliban upon Setebos! My dear woman, there's nothing in it — less than nothing! Now here's a little bit that I got from my Greek Calendar this morning — an epitaph by Leonidas. See what you think of this," and the professor translated for me,

"A slave was Epictetus, who before you buried lies,
And a cripple and a beggar and the favorite
of the skies."

"I like it," I answered, "partly, I think, because it shows the same spirit that draws me toward Browning."

"The only difference I recognize between the two," the professor remarked in his very softest drawl, "is the difference between words with meaning — much in little — and words without meaning — little in much."

I no longer meet the professor in my morning walks. He heard one day "the great voice" from those skies

"Where Zeus upon the purple waits,"

and calling last Ave atque Vale! to those he left behind, he went his way. It may be that in that high Olympus he talks to-day with "Euripides the human" and Catullus the beloved and Browning the brave, and there has learned to know as he is known.

From Caliban upon Setebos I passed

by an easy transition to Paracelsus. This transformation scene was owing to the prophetic guidance of the Woman's Literary Club. The "programme committee" of this organization, knowing well where Genius had her home, had invited me to "prepare a paper" on the latter poem. I did not hesitate for a moment. I had once glanced hastily through the poem, and, being hampered by very little knowledge of its real import, in three days from the time of request I had delivered myself of an interpretation which solved satisfactorily — to my thinking — every vexed problem that the critics had ever raised in regard to its meaning.

I did not hesitate to assert in the most "flat-footed" manner, "Whatever charge of obscurity can be brought against other of Browning's poems, there is nothing obscure in Paracelsus!"

It was a great paper. I liked the exordium of it: —

"It is characteristic of the power and the outreach of Browning's genius that it almost seemed as if he had nothing to learn from life. In Paracelsus, written by a stripling hardly past the age of boyhood, a young man standing at the threshold of his years, joyous with an Italian affluence of temperament, having never known the deep experiences, the struggles that are birth pangs of the soul, the disenchantments and failures of life, he paints the dream, the yearning, the bitter comedy, and the tragedy of the human drama as if his genius could foresee the end from the beginning, or as if he had already reached the vantage point of that

'Last of life for which the first was made.'

I am not much addicted to reading papers in public, — I think, in fact, that I made my *début* and my final exit in that capacity on the occasion in question, — and I remember well that the electric light above my head shone with unexampled violence, and the faces of the audience advanced and receded like the

waves of the sea. There were tones in my voice, too, which were unrecognizable even to myself. When I had finished, a lady, who was then serving God and her native land by accepting the position of domestic in some needy household, took me kindly by the hand and told me that she liked my piece. Few of my audience seemed to realize that they were apathetically letting the opportunity of a lifetime slip by.

I have never been sorry for my audacity in writing that paper. I got from it for myself much that I did not know how to give to others, — the burden and message of Paracelsus, that strange, complex nature, trying at all the gates of life, striving to live a purely spiritual existence in a human world, forced to recognize one by one the physical and material barriers which made such a life impossible, hampered by the very strength of his own powers, and stooping at last to be bound by the restraints he despised, yet through strength and weakness alike,

“upward tending, all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.”

It is the same dominant chord of courage. All the battle cries of all the ages are in it, and the confidence born of all the victories that have been.

A Browning notion of victory, however, does not with any necessity whatever imply the getting what one wants. It often means just keeping eternally at it, and realizing that surrender is the only defeat: —

“But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one’s eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again —
So the chase takes up one’s life, that’s all.”

II.

I am as well aware as any one can be that my Browning explorations are

valuable to the world at large only as an indication of the ease with which one can grow rich.

As Captain Bunsby would say, “The bearings of this observation lies in the application on it.”

If I who am but a woman, neither scholar nor critic, a shallow adventurer going at the quest in mere haphazard fashion, have been able to discover for myself the true elixir, the tonic which the twentieth century most needs, what wealth may not lie in the search for that dominant sex which habitually calls itself “the stronger,” the sex of assured intellect and logical mind, and, to speak candidly, the sex that needs the tonic most.

I may be wrong, — and if so I am willing to acknowledge it to anybody who can convince me of my error, — but my observation goes to show that the average woman of to-day has more ideals than the average man and is therefore morally stronger. Moreover, no woman is ever allowed to suppose herself incapable of improvement. We belong to a sex that is continually being lessoned and lectured. One never takes up a newspaper without finding in it some admonition in regard to what women should or should not do. On the other hand, while our daily reading furnishes much inconsistent criticism of individual men, the evidence seems to point to the fact that men in the concrete are very well satisfied with themselves as they are. One cannot help feeling that if the entire sex could be lined up, and the question propounded to them, “What’s the matter with man?” the answer would be one universal roar of “He’s all right!”

A woman, once convinced that she has a soul, can seldom be quite easy in ignoring it; a man feels sure that if he has one it is n’t his fault, and therefore he feels himself relieved from too great responsibility. The twentieth-century man, however, is not indolent in any sense but an ethical one. Never was

there a time when more attention was paid to physical growth and culture, but a tonic whose efficacy must be assured by a more strenuous spiritual life does not especially commend itself to our athlete. He prefers ease of mind and malt extracts. He has "outworn" the old dogmas, seen the folly of ideals, and prefers to confine his attention to the things that really count. If there is another existence to follow this one, its philosophy is simple: —

"Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where,
But if we do well here
We shall do well there," —

therefore, why bother one's self too much about a future which is, at best, problematic?

The human race has not altogether deteriorated. The twentieth-century man has in him all the heroic possibilities that any man ever had, but he is suffering from that weakening of fibre which necessarily accompanies a dearth of convictions.

The acquisition of wealth, which is the ruling motive of the America of our century, does not constitute an ideal, since an ideal implies some sort of moral earnestness. Materialism, however, is perfectly consistent with great benevolences, generosity without sacrifice and sympathy without abnegation. Indeed, in proportion as we lower the standard of that absolute strength which constitutes perfect manhood and womanhood, the more "kind-hearted" we grow, the more we deprecate anything which creates pain or demands endurance, the more we send flowers to criminals and sign petitions against the execution of murderers. We cry out against war and send delegates to Peace Congresses, not altogether because this course is "Christian," — though that is how we usually define our feeling, — but partly, too, because, like the child in Helen's Babies, we object to the sight of anything "bluggy."

I do not know anything which better

illustrates the deterioration of fibre which is the result of an unstrenuous standard than the attitude of the American people — too large a proportion of them, at least — toward the Cuban War.

I was too young at the time of our civil conflict to pronounce with any accuracy upon the feeling of the public at large in regard to it, so perhaps I am wrong in imagining, as I always have done, that it was that of heroic acceptance and endurance, and that men and women alike felt that the best blood of a nation was not too great a price to pay to settle a moral issue forever and settle it aright.

Years after, when the bugles of war again sounded for a contest not our own, — a war of generosity to right the wrongs of another and alien people, — the response was just as ready, the deeds of heroism were no less conspicuous, and for a breathing space while the men of the country were shouting "Remember the Maine!" and the women were gathering in sewing circles for the manufacture of the flannel night clothing which no self-respecting soldier ever fails to assume before retiring to rest in the trenches, a thrill of the same unquestioning courage swept through the land.

Scarcely had the echo of the guns of Santiago died away, however, before the howl began, — the howl of the kind-hearted, the sympathetic, the unstrenuous generation.

What justification, they asked, has any Christian nation for going to war at all, especially in a quarrel not its own?

If, however, to suit his own purposes, President McKinley insisted upon war, why did he not select a country possessing a more temperate climate as the scene of battle?

If time had been given the soldiers to provide themselves with suitable outfits, could not this delay have been utilized by the government for the manu-

facture of sandwiches in readiness for informal lunches to be served during charges and on the field of battle? Has not a toiling and much enduring soldier a right to expect such common, every-day recognition of his services as a hot dinner, prepared promptly, would represent? Is the "poor soldier" asking too much when he calls for clean linen and an opportunity to run up a laundry bill?

In short, the voice of the people suggested wisely, if we must have war, let us see that it is conducted regularly and in order, without bloodshed or confusion. Let physicians be provided to feel the military pulse daily and keep down all unnecessary fever in the veins.

Hence it happened that while we were taking all our newly acquired heroes down from their pedestals, and our army officers were quarreling over the division of glory, and mothers of volunteers were writing to the newspapers to complain that the tastes of their sons had never been consulted in regard to having oatmeal for breakfast, and committees of investigation were diligently smelling at all the army stores that remained unused, there were one or two more or less important facts that seemed to escape general cognizance.

It has, for instance, sometimes been apprehended that war is a grim game, not suited to holiday soldiers; but if the thing at stake is worth the price to be paid, the only decency is to pay it joyfully without doubt or hesitation, and having paid, never to repent. Repentance, in such a case, is cowardice.

I remember a certain little boy who came home from school with a black eye and a bleeding nose and a question in his young mind whether he should weep or swagger. Just as his mother's sympathy and first aid to the wounded were beginning to convulse his infant features his father appeared on the scene.

"Did you have any good reason for fighting?" he asked.

The budding warrior proclaimed a noble cause for battle.

"Did you lick the other fellow?"

The other fellow had ignominiously bitten the dust.

"Then," inquired the parent, "what are you whining over?"

Every grave on those Cuban hillsides marks a sacrifice for human progress, and when one remembers the failures, the futilities, the disgraces among living men, who can feel that he who in the moment of a supreme impulse offered all, and found his abnegation accepted, did not choose the better part?

"Life's business being just the terrible choice" betwixt strength and weakness.

It is a part of the materialism of modern life and the cowardly theory that life is worth to a man only "what he gets out of it as he goes along," that so many men spend their days in offering continual sacrifices to their bodies.

When the hero of the popular short story is not eating or drinking, he is smoking. His chronicler flavors his pages with tobacco smoke and punctuates them with cocktails. In joy or sorrow, in the most romantic no less than the most commonplace moments the hero "lights another cigarette." Emotion unaccompanied by nicotine is something of which he evidently has no conception.

It is the same, too, with the up to date young man in real life. He knows, if he has been properly trained, that while a toothpick should be indulged in only in that spot to which Scripture enjoins us to retire when we are about to pray, a meerschaum pipe is a perfectly well-bred article for public wear, and one which enables him to fulfill agreeably that law of his being which suggests that he should always be putting something in his mouth.

At a college ball game not long since where, as is usual on such occasions,

clouds of incense were rising to the heavens from the male portion of the spectators, I amused myself by observing a young man who sat in a carriage near me, and who while the game was in progress smoked a pipe three times and filled in all the intervals with cigars and cigarettes. I knew something about him, and had frequently heard him referred to as "a first-rate fellow," but if anybody had asked him if he believed himself capable of a single pure impulse of the soul entirely unmixed with bodily sensations he would have stared in amazement.

Rabbi Ben Ezra's test,

"Thy body at its best,

How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

would have struck this young man as a decidedly "fresh" inquiry. A certain pictorial advertisement which for a long time held a conspicuous place in the daily newspapers would, however, have appealed to him at once. It depicted a youth with a pipe in his mouth, holding his sweetheart on his knee, and rapturously exclaiming, as he diligently puffed the smoke into her face, "With you and a pipeful of Every Day Smoke I am perfectly happy!" Old Omar gives us a more poetic version of the same thing: —

"A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

I am not desirous in this essay of discussing the morality of any habit, as such; I simply wish to emphasize the fact that constant self-indulgence of any kind is incompatible with strength. The Browning tonic which I would like to substitute for the proprietary medicines of the age does not inspire any man to be an angel before his time,

— it only stimulates him to be a *man* and master of himself;

"A man for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in
the germ."

The tonic in question is not an expensive remedy except in the amount of effort required on the part of the patient to render it efficacious, but it is perhaps a little too bracing to be taken in large doses until the spirit of it has begun to steal into one's veins.

If, for instance, the young man of the ball game should begin before breakfast in the morning with

"What have I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the un-
manly?"

follow it up at about the time of his after-breakfast pipe with

"I count life just a stuff,
To try the soul's strength on,"

manfully swallow an afternoon dose of

"When the fight begins within himself
A man's worth something,"

and substitute for his usual nightcap,

"Why comes temptation but for man to meet,
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?"

he might at first find such a sudden influx of red blood into his veins a little more than his system could bear, but, in due time, if the prescription were persevered in, he might learn to welcome the joy and the strength of the new elixir of life.

"Don't you get a little weary of hearing life compared to a battlefield?" the athletic young man inquired when the rhetoric of these prescriptions was discussed in the family circle.

"Call it a football field, then," I retorted. "If you are going to play at all, one has a perfect right to expect you to get into the game."

Martha Baker Dunn.

LI WAN, THE FAIR.

"THE sun sinks, Canim, and the heat of the day is gone!"

So called Li Wan to the man whose head was hidden beneath the squirrel-skin robe, but she called softly, as though divided between the duty of waking him and the fear of him awake. For she was afraid of this big husband of hers, who was like unto none of the men she had known.

The moose meat sizzled uneasily, and she moved the frying-pan to one side of the red embers. As she did so she glanced warily at the two Hudson Bay dogs dripping eager slaver from their scarlet tongues and following her every movement. They were huge, hairy fellows, crouched to leeward in the thin smoke-wake of the fire to escape the swarming myriads of mosquitoes. As Li Wan gazed down the steep to where the Klondike flung its swollen flood between the hills, one of the dogs bellied its way forward like a worm, and with a deft, catlike stroke of the paw dipped a chunk of hot meat out of the pan to the ground. But Li Wan caught him out of the corner of her eye, and he sprang back with a snap and a snarl as she rapped him over the nose with a stick of firewood.

"Nay, Olo," she laughed, recovering the meat without removing her eye from him. "Thou art ever hungry, and for that thy nose leads thee into endless troubles."

But the mate of Olo joined him, and together they defied the woman. The hair on their backs and shoulders bristled in recurrent waves of anger, and the thin lips writhed and lifted into ugly wrinkles, exposing the flesh-tearing fangs, cruel and menacing. Their very noses serrulated and shook in brute passion, and they snarled as wolves snarl, with all the hatred and malignity of the breed impelling them to

spring upon the woman and drag her down.

"And thou, too, Bash, fierce as thy master and never at peace with the hand that feeds thee! This is not thy quarrel, so that be thine! and that!"

As she cried, she drove at them with the firewood, but they avoided the blows and refused to retreat. They separated and approached her from either side, crouching low and snarling. Li Wan had struggled with the wolf-dog for mastery from the time she toddled among the skin-bales of the tepee, and she knew a crisis was at hand. Bash had halted, his muscles stiff and tense for the spring; Olo was yet creeping into striking distance.

Grasping two blazing sticks by the charred ends, she faced the brutes. The one held back, but Bash sprang, and she met him in mid-air with the flaming weapon. There were sharp yelps of pain and swift odors of burning hair and flesh as he rolled in the dirt and the woman ground the fiery embers into his mouth. Snapping wildly, he flung himself sidelong out of her reach and in a frenzy of fear scrambled for safety. Olo, on the other side, had begun his retreat, when Li Wan reminded him of her primacy by hurling a heavy stick of wood into his ribs. Then the pair retreated under a rain of firewood, and on the edge of the camp fell to licking their wounds and whimpering and snarling by turns.

Li Wan blew the ashes off the meat and sat down again. Her heart had not gone up a beat, and the incident was already old, for this was the routine of life. Canim had not stirred during the disorder, but instead had set up a lusty snoring.

"Come, Canim!" she called. "The heat of the day is gone and the trail waits for our feet."

The squirrel-skin robe was agitated and cast aside by a brown arm. Then the man's eyelids fluttered and drooped again.

"His pack is heavy," she thought, "and he is tired with the work of the morning."

A mosquito stung her on the neck, and she daubed the unprotected spot with wet clay from a ball she had convenient to hand. All morning, toiling up the divide and enveloped in a cloud of the pests, the man and woman had plastered themselves with the sticky mud, which, drying in the sun, covered their faces with masks of clay. These masks, broken in divers places by the movement of the facial muscles, had constantly to be renewed, so that the deposit was irregular of depth and peculiar of aspect.

Li Wan shook Canim gently but with persistence till he roused and sat up. His first glance was to the sun, and after consulting the celestial timepiece he hunched over to the fire and fell to ravenously on the meat. He was a large Indian, fully six feet in height, deep-chested and heavy-muscled, and his eyes were keener and vested with greater intelligence than the average of his kind. The lines of will had marked his face deeply, and this, coupled with a sternness and primitiveness, advertised a native indomitability, unswerving of purpose and prone, when thwarted, to sullen cruelty.

"To-morrow, Li Wan, we shall feast." He sucked a marrow-bone clean and threw it to the dogs. "We shall have *flapjacks* fried in *bacon grease*, and *sugar*, which is more toothsome" —

"*Flapjacks*?" she cried, mouthing the word curiously.

"Ay," Canim answered with superiority; "and I shall teach you new ways of cookery. Of these things I speak, you are ignorant, and of many more things besides. You have lived your days in a little corner of the earth and know nothing. But I" — he

straightened himself and looked at her pridefully — "I am a great traveler, and have been all places, even among the white people, and I am versed in their ways, and in the ways of many peoples. I am not a tree, born to stand in one place always and know not what there be over the next hill; for I am Canim, The Canoe, made to go here and there and to journey and quest up and down the length and breadth of the world."

She bowed her head humbly. "It is true. I have eaten fish and meat and berries all my days, and lived in a little corner of the earth. Nor did I dream the world was so large until you stole me from my people, and I cooked and carried for you on the endless trails." She looked up at him suddenly. "Tell me, Canim, does this trail ever end?"

"Nay," he answered. "My trail is like the world; it never ends. My trail *is* the world, and I have traveled it since the time my legs could carry me, and I shall travel it until I die. My father and my mother may be dead, but it is long since I looked upon them, and I do not care. My tribe is like your tribe. It stays in the one place, — which is far from here, — but I care naught for my tribe, for I am Canim, The Canoe!"

"And must I, Li Wan, who am weary, travel always your trail until I die?"

"You, Li Wan, are my wife, and the wife travels the husband's trail wheresoever it goes. It is the law. And were it not the law, yet would it be the law of Canim, who is lawgiver unto himself and his."

She bowed her head again, for she knew no other law than that man was the master of woman.

"Be not in haste," Canim cautioned her, as she began to strap the meagre camp outfit to her pack. "The sun is yet hot, and the trail leads down and the footing is good."

She dropped her work obediently and resumed her seat.

Canim regarded her with speculative interest. "You do not squat on your hams like other women," he remarked.

"No," she answered. "It never came easy. It tires me, and I cannot take my rest that way."

"And why is it your feet point not straight before you?"

"I do not know, save that they are unlike the feet of other women."

A satisfied light crept into his eyes, but otherwise he gave no sign.

"Like other women, your hair is black; but have you ever noticed that it is soft and fine, softer and finer than the hair of other women?"

"I have noticed," she answered shortly, for she was not pleased at such cold analysis of her sex deficiencies.

"It is a year, now, since I took you from your people," he went on, "and you are nigh as shy and afraid of me as when first I looked upon you. How does this thing be?"

Li Wan shook her head. "I am afraid of you, Canim, you are so big and strange. And further, before you looked upon me, even, I was afraid of all the young men. I do not know—I cannot say—only, it seemed, somehow, as though I should not be for them, as though"—

"Ay," he encouraged, impatient at her faltering.

"As though they were not my kind."

"Not your kind?" he demanded slowly. "Then what is your kind?"

"I do not know, I"—She shook her head in a bewildered manner. "I cannot put into words the way I felt. It was strangeness in me. I was unlike other maidens who sought the young men slyly. I could not care for the young men that way. It would have been a great wrong, it seemed, and an ill deed."

"What is the first thing you remember?" Canim asked with abrupt irrelevance.

"Pow-Wah-Kaan, my mother."

"And naught else before Pow-Wah-Kaan?"

"Naught else."

But Canim, holding her eyes with his, searched her secret soul and saw it waver.

"Think, and think hard, Li Wan!" he threatened.

She stammered, and her eyes were piteous and pleading, but his will dominated her and wrung from her lips the reluctant speech.

"But it was only dreams, Canim, ill dreams of childhood, shadows of things not real, visions such as the dogs, sleeping in the sun warmth, behold and whine out against."

"Tell me," he commanded, "of the things before Pow-Wah-Kaan, your mother."

"They are forgotten memories," she protested. "As a child I dreamed awake, with my eyes open to the day, and when I spoke of the strange things I saw I was laughed at, and the other children were afraid and drew away from me. And when I spoke of the things I saw to Pow-Wah-Kaan, she chided me and said they were evil; also she beat me. It was a sickness, I believe, like the falling sickness that comes to old men; and in time I grew better and dreamed no more. And now—I cannot remember"—She brought her hand in a confused manner to her forehead, "They are there, somewhere, but I cannot find them, only"—

"Only," Canim repeated, holding her.

"Only one thing. But you will laugh at its foolishness, it is so unreal."

"Nay, Li Wan. Dreams are dreams. They may be memories of other lives we have lived. I was once a moose. I firmly believe I was once a moose. What of the things I have seen in dreams, and heard?"

Strive as he would to hide it, a growing anxiety was manifest, but Li Wan,

groping after the words with which to paint the picture, took no heed.

"I see a snow-tramped space among the trees," she began, "and across the snow the sign of a man where he has dragged himself heavily on hand and knee. And I see, too, the man in the snow, and it seems I am very close to him when I look. He is unlike real men, for he has hair on his face, much hair, and the hair of his face and head is yellow like the summer coat of the weasel. His eyes are closed, but they open and search about. They are blue like the sky, and look into mine and search no more. And his hand moves, slow, as from weakness, and I feel" —

"Ay," Canim whispered hoarsely. "You feel" —

"No, no!" she cried in haste. "I feel nothing. Did I say 'feel'? I did not mean it. It could not be that I should mean it. I see, and I see only, and that is all I see — a man in the snow, with eyes like the sky and hair like the weasel. I have seen it many times, and always it is the same — a man in the snow" —

"And do you see yourself?" he asked, leaning forward and regarding her intently. "Do you ever see yourself and the man in the snow?"

"Why should I see myself? Am I not real?"

His muscles relaxed and he sank back, an exultant satisfaction in his eyes which he turned from her so that she might not see.

"I will tell you, Li Wan," he spoke decisively; "you were a little bird in some life before, a little moose-bird, when you saw this thing, and the memory of it is with you yet. It is not strange. I was once a moose, and my father's father afterward became a bear — so said the shaman,¹ and the shaman cannot lie. Thus, on the Trail of the Gods, we pass from life to life, and the gods know only and understand. Dreams and the shadows of dreams be memo-

¹ Medicine man.

ries, nothing more, and the dog, whining asleep in the sun warmth, doubtless sees and remembers things gone before. Bash, there, was a warrior once. I do firmly believe he was once a warrior."

Canim tossed a bone to the brute and got upon his feet. "Come, let us be-gone. The sun is yet hot, but it will get no cooler."

"And these white people, what are they like?" Li Wan made bold to ask.

"Like you and me," he answered, "only they are less dark of skin. You will be among them ere the day is dead."

Canim lashed the sleeping-robe to his one hundred and fifty pound pack, smeared his face with wet clay, and sat down to rest till Li Wan had finished loading the dogs. Olo cringed at sight of the club in her hand, and gave no trouble when the bundle of forty pounds and odd was strapped upon him. But Bash was aggrieved and truculent, and could not forbear to whimper and snarl as he was forced to receive the burden. He bristled his back and bared his teeth as she drew the straps tight, the while throwing all the malignancy of his nature into the glances shot at her sidelong and backward. And Canim chuckled and said, "Did I not say I believed he was once a very great warrior?"

"These furs will bring a price," he remarked as he adjusted his head-strap and lifted his pack clear of the ground. "A very big price. The white men pay well for such goods, for they have no time to hunt and are soft to the cold. Soon shall we feast, Li Wan, as you have feasted never in all the lives before."

She grunted acknowledgment and gratitude for her lord's condescension, slipped into the harness, and bent forward to the load.

"The next time I am born, I would be born a white man," he added, and swung off down the trail which dived into the gorge at his feet.

The dogs followed close at his heels,

and Li Wan brought up the rear. But her thoughts were far away, across the Ice Mountains to the east, to the little corner of the earth where her childhood had been lived. Ever as a child, she remembered, she had been looked upon as strange, as one with an affliction. Truly she had dreamed awake and been scolded and beaten for the remarkable visions she saw, till, after a time, she had outgrown them. But not utterly. Though they troubled her no more waking, they yet came to her in her sleep, grown woman that she was, and many a night of nightmare was hers, filled with fluttering shapes, vague and meaningless. The talk with Canim had excited her, and down all the twisted slant of the divide she harked back to the mocking fantasies of her dreams.

"Let us take breath," Canim said, when they had tapped midway the bed of the main creek.

He rested his pack on a jutting rock, slipped the head-strap, and sat down. Li Wan joined him, and the dogs sprawled panting on the ground beside them. At their feet rippled the glacial drip of the hills, but it was muddy and discolored, as soiled by some commotion of the earth.

"Why is this?" Li Wan asked.

"Because of the white men who work in the ground. Listen!" He held up his hand, and they heard the ring of pick and shovel and the sound of men's voices. "They are made mad by *gold*, and work without ceasing that they may find it. *Gold*? It is yellow and comes from the ground, and is considered of great value. It is also a measure of price."

But Li Wan's roving eyes had called her attention from him. A few yards below, and partly screened by a clump of young spruce, the tiered logs of a cabin rose to meet its overhanging roof of dirt. A thrill ran through her, and all her dream phantoms roused up and stirred about uneasily.

"Canim," she whispered in an agony

of apprehension. "Canim, what is that?"

"The white man's tepee, in which he eats and sleeps."

She eyed it wistfully, grasping its virtues at a glance and thrilling again at the unaccountable sensations it aroused. "It must be very warm in time of frost," she said aloud, though she felt impelled to form strange sounds with her lips.

She longed to utter them, but did not, and the next instant Canim said, "It is called a *cabin*."

Her heart gave a great leap — these were the sounds, the very sounds! She looked about her in sudden awe. How should she know that strange word before ever she heard it? What could be the matter? And then, with a shock, half of fear and half of delight, she realized that for the first time in her life there had been sanity and significance in the promptings of her dreams.

"*Cabin*," she repeated to herself. "*Cabin*." Then an incoherent flood of dream stuff welled up and up till her head was dizzy and her heart seemed bursting. Shadows, and looming bulks of things, and unintelligible associations fluttered and whirled about, and she strove vainly with her consciousness to grasp and hold them. For she felt that there, in that welter of memories, was the key of the mystery; could she but grasp and hold it, all would be clear and plain.

O Canim! O Pow-Wah-Kaan! O shades and shadows, what was that?

She turned to Canim, speechless and trembling, the dream stuff in mad, overwhelming riot. She was sick and fainting, and could only listen to the ravishing sounds which proceeded from the cabin in a wonderful rhythm.

"Hum, fiddle," Canim vouchsafed.

But she did not hear him, for in the ecstasy she was experiencing it seemed at last that all things were coming clear. Now! now! she thought. A sudden moisture swept into her eyes, and the

tears trickled down her cheeks. The mystery was unlocking, but the faintness was overpowering her. If only she could hold herself long enough! If only — but the landscape bent and crumpled up, and the hills swayed back and forth across the sky, as she sprang to her feet and screamed, "*Daddy! Daddy!*" Then the sun reeled, and darkness smote her, and she pitched forward limp and headlong among the rocks.

Canim looked to see if her neck had been broken by the heavy pack, grunted his satisfaction, and threw water from the creek upon her. She came to slowly, with choking sobs, and sat up.

"It is not good, the hot sun on the head," he ventured.

And she answered, "No, it is not good, and the pack bore upon me hard."

"We shall camp early, so that you may sleep long and win strength," he said gently. "And if we go now we shall be the quicker to bed."

She said nothing, but tottered to her feet in obedience and stirred up the dogs. Taking the swing of his pace mechanically, she followed him past the cabin scarce daring to breathe. But no sounds issued forth, though the door was open and smoke curling upward from the sheet-iron stovepipe.

They came upon a man in the bend of the creek, white of skin and blue of eye, and for a moment Li Wan saw the other man in the snow. But she saw dimly, for she was weak and tired from what she had undergone. Still, she looked at him curiously, and stopped with Canim to watch him at his work. He was washing gravel in a large pan, with a circular, tilting movement; and as they looked, giving a deft flirt, he flashed up the yellow gold in a broad streak across the bottom of the pan.

"Very rich, this creek," Canim told her, as they went on. "Some time I will find such a creek, and then I shall be a big man."

Cabins and men grew more plentiful,

till they came to where the main portion of the creek was spread out before them. It was the scene of a vast devastation. Everywhere the earth was torn and rent as though by a Titan's struggles. Where there were no up-thrown mounds of gravel, great holes and trenches yawned, and chasms where the thick rime of the earth had been peeled to bed-rock. There was no worn channel for the creek, and its waters, dammed up, diverted, flying through the air on giddy flumes, trickling into sinks and low places, and raised by huge water wheels, were used and used again a thousand times. The hills had been stripped of their trees, and their raw sides gored and perforated by great timber slides and prospect holes. And over all, like a monstrous race of ants, was flung an army of men, — mud-covered, dirty, disheveled men, who crawled in and out of the holes of their digging, crept like big bugs along the flumes, and toiled and sweated at the gravel heaps which they kept in constant unrest, — men, as far as the eye could see, even to the rims of the hilltops, digging, tearing, and scouring the face of nature.

Li Wan was appalled at the tremendous upheaval. "Truly, these men are mad," she said to Canim.

"Small wonder. The gold they dig after is a great thing," he replied. "The greatest thing in the world."

For hours they threaded the chaos of greed, Canim eagerly intent, Li Wan weak and listless. She knew she had been on the verge of disclosure, and she felt that she was still on the verge of disclosure; but the nervous strain she had undergone had tired her, and she passively waited for the thing, she knew not what, to happen. From every hand her senses snatched up and conveyed to her innumerable impressions, each of which became a dull excitation to her jaded imagination. Somewhere within her, responsive notes were answering to the things without; forgotten and un-

dreamed-of correspondences were being renewed; and she was aware of it in an incurious way, and her soul was troubled, but she was not equal to the mental exaltation necessary to transmute and understand. So she plodded wearily on at the heels of her lord, content to wait for that which she knew, somewhere, somehow, must happen.

After undergoing the mad bondage of man, the creek finally returned to its ancient ways, all soiled and smirched from its toil, and coiled lazily among the broad flats and timbered spaces where the valley widened to the mouth. Here the "pay" ran out, and men were loath to loiter with the lure yet beyond. And here, as Li Wan paused to prod Olo with her staff, she heard the mellow silver of a woman's laughter.

Before a cabin sat a woman, fair of skin and rosy as a child, dimpling with glee at the words of another woman in the doorway. But the woman who sat shook about her great masses of dark wet hair which yielded up its dampness to the warm caresses of the sun.

For an instant Li Wan stood transfixed. Then she was aware of a blinding flash, and a snap, as though something gave way; and the woman before the cabin vanished, and the cabin, and the tall spruce timber, and the jagged sky line, and Li Wan saw another woman, in the shine of another sun, brushing great masses of black hair and singing as she brushed. And Li Wan heard the words of the song, and understood, and was a child again. She was smitten with a vision, wherein all the troublesome dreams merged and became one, and shapes and shadows took up their accustomed round, and all was clear and plain and real. Many pictures jostled past, strange scenes, and trees, and flowers, and people; and she saw them and knew them all.

"When you were a little bird, a little moose-bird," Canim said, his eyes upon her and burning into her.

"When I was a little moose-bird,"

she whispered, so faint and low he scarcely heard. And she knew she lied, as she bent her head to the strap and took the swing of the trail.

And such was the strangeness of it, the real now became unreal. The mile tramp and the pitching of camp by the edge of the stream seemed like a passage in a nightmare. She cooked the meat, fed the dogs, and unlashed the packs as in a dream, and it was not until Canim began to sketch his next wandering that she became herself again.

"The Klondike runs into the Yukon," he was saying; "a mighty river, mightier than the Mackenzie, of which you know. So we go, you and I, down to Fort o' Yukon. With dogs, in time of winter, it is twenty sleeps. Then we follow the Yukon away into the west — one hundred sleeps, two hundred, I have never heard. It is very far. And then we come to the sea. You know nothing of the sea, so let me tell you. As the lake is to the island, so the sea is to the land; all the rivers run to it, and it is without end. I have seen it at Hudson Bay; I have yet to see it in Alaska. And then we may take a great canoe upon the sea, you and I, Li Wan, or we may follow the land into the south many a hundred sleeps. And after that I do not know, save that I am Canim, The Canoe, wanderer and far-journeyer over the earth!"

She sat and listened, and fear ate into her heart as she pondered over this plunge into the illimitable wilderness. "It is a weary way," was all she said, head bowed on knee in resignation.

Then it was a splendid thought came to her, and at the wonder of it she was all a-glow. She went down to the stream and washed the dried clay from her face. When the ripples died away she stared long at her mirrored features; but sun and weather had done their work, and, with the roughness and bronze, her skin was not soft and dimpled as a child's. But the thought was still splendid and the glow unabated as

she crept in beside her husband under the sleeping-robe.

She lay awake, staring up at the blue of the sky and waiting for Canim to sink into the first deep sleep. When this came about, she wormed slowly and carefully away, tucked the robe around him, and stood up. At her second step, Bash growled savagely. She whispered persuasively to him and glanced at the man. Canim was snoring profoundly. Then she turned, and with swift, noiseless feet sped up the back trail.

Mrs. Evelyn Van Wyck was just preparing for bed. Bored by the duties put upon her by society, her wealth, and widowed blessedness, she had journeyed into the Northland and gone to housekeeping in a cosy cabin on the edge of the diggings. Here, aided and abetted by her friend and companion, Myrtle Giddings, she played at living close to the soil, and cultivated the primitive with refined abandon.

She strove to get away from the generations of culture and parlor selection, and sought the earth-grip her ancestors had forfeited. Likewise she induced mental states which she fondly believed to approximate those of the stone folk, and just now, as she put up her hair for the pillow, she was indulging her fancy with a palæolithic wooing. The details consisted principally of cave dwellings and cracked marrow-bones, intersprinkled with fierce carnivora, hairy mammoths, and combats with rude flaked knives of flint; but the sensations were delicious. And as Evelyn Van Wyck fled through the sombre forest aisles before the too arduous advances of her slant-browed, skin-clad wooer, the door of the cabin opened, without the courtesy of knock, and a skin-clad woman, savage and primitive, came in. "Mercy!"

With a leap that would have done credit to a cave woman, Miss Giddings landed in safety behind the table. But Mrs. Van Wyck held her ground. She

noted that the intruder was laboring under a strong excitement, and cast a swift glance backward to assure herself that the way was clear to the bunk, where the big Colt's revolver lay beneath a pillow.

"Greeting, O Woman of the Wondrous Hair," said Li Wan.

But she said it in her own tongue, — the tongue spoken in but a little corner of the earth, and the women did not understand.

"Shall I go for help?" Miss Giddings quavered.

"The poor creature is harmless, I think," Mrs. Van Wyck replied. "And just look at her skin clothes, ragged and trail-worn, and all that. They are certainly unique. I shall buy them for my collection. Get my sack, Myrtle, please, and set up the scales."

Li Wan followed the shaping of the lips, but the words were unintelligible, and then, for the first time, she realized, in a moment of suspense and indecision, that there was no medium of communication between them.

And at the passion of her dumbness she cried out, with arms stretched wide apart, "O Woman, thou art sister of mine!"

The tears coursed down her cheeks as she yearned toward them, and the break in her voice carried the sorrow she could not utter. But Miss Giddings was trembling, and even Mrs. Van Wyck was disturbed.

"I would live as you live. Thy ways are my ways, and our ways be one. My husband is Canim, The Canoe, and he is big and strange, and I am afraid. His trail is all the world, and never ends, and I am weary. My mother was like you, and her hair was as thine, and her eyes. And life was soft to me, then, and the sun warm."

She knelt humbly, and bent her head at Mrs. Van Wyck's feet. But Mrs. Van Wyck drew away, frightened at her vehemence.

Li Wan stood up, panting for speech.

Her dumb lips could not articulate her overmastering consciousness of kind.

"Trade? You trade?" Mrs. Van Wyck questioned, slipping, after the manner of the superior peoples, into pigeon tongue.

She touched Li Wan's ragged skins to indicate her choice, and poured several hundreds of gold into the blower. She stirred the dust about and trickled its yellow lustre temptingly through her fingers. But Li Wan saw only the fingers, milk-white and shapely, tapering daintily to the rosy, jewel-like nails; and she placed her own hand alongside, all work-worn and calloused, and wept.

Mrs. Van Wyck misunderstood. "Gold," she encouraged. "Good gold! You trade? You changee for changee?" And she laid her hand again on Li Wan's skin garments.

"How much? You sell? How much?" she persisted, running her hand against the way of the hair so that she might make sure of the sinew-thread seam.

But Li Wan was deaf as well, and the woman's speech was without significance. Dismay at her failure sat upon her. How could she identify herself with these women? For she knew they were of the one breed, blood-sisters among men and the women of men. Her eyes roved wildly about the interior, taking in the soft draperies hanging around, the feminine garments, the oval mirror, and the dainty toilet accessories beneath. And the things haunted her, for she had seen like things before; and as she looked at them her lips involuntarily formed sounds which her throat trembled to utter. Then a thought flashed upon her, and she steadied herself. She must be calm. She must control herself. There must be no misunderstanding this time, or else, — and she shook with a storm of suppressed tears and steadied herself again.

She put her hand on the table.

"Table," she clearly and distinctly enunciated. "Table," she repeated.

She looked at Mrs. Van Wyck, who nodded approbation. Li Wan exulted, but brought her will to bear and held herself steady. "Stove," she went on. "Stove."

Then at every nod of Mrs. Van Wyck, Li Wan's excitement mounted. Now stumbling and halting, and again in feverish haste, as the recrudescence of forgotten words was fast or slow, she moved about the cabin, naming article after article. And when she paused, finally, it was in triumph, with body erect and head thrown back, expectant, waiting.

"C-a-t," Mrs. Van Wyck laughingly spilled out in kindergarten fashion. "I — see — the — cat — catch — the — rat."

Li Wan nodded her head seriously. They were beginning to understand at last, these women. The blood flushed darkly under her bronze at the thought, and she smiled and nodded her head still more vigorously.

Mrs. Van Wyck turned to her companion. "Received a smattering of mission education somewhere, I fancy, and has come to show it off."

"Of course," Miss Giddings tittered. "Little fool! We shall lose our sleep with her vanity."

"All the same I want that jacket. If it is old, the workmanship is good, — a most excellent specimen." She returned to her visitor. "Changee for changee? You! — changee for changee? How much? Eh? How much, you?"

"Perhaps she'd prefer a dress or something," Miss Giddings suggested.

Mrs. Van Wyck went up to Li Wan and made signs that she would exchange her wrapper for the jacket. And to further the transaction, she took Li Wan's hand and placed it amid the lace and ribbons of the flowing bosom, and rubbed the fingers back and forth that she might feel the texture. But the jeweled butterfly which loosely held the

fold in place was insecurely fastened, and the front of the gown fell aside, exposing a firm white breast which had never known the lip-clasp of a child.

Mrs. Van Wyck coolly repaired the mischief; but Li Wan uttered a loud cry, and ripped and tore at her skin-shirt till her own breast showed firm and white as Evelyn Van Wyck's. Murmuring inarticulately and making swift signs, she strove to establish the kinship.

"A half-breed," Mrs. Van Wyck commented. "I thought so from her hair."

Miss Giddings made a fastidious gesture. "Proud of her father's white skin. It's beastly. Do give her something, Evelyn, and make her go."

But the other woman sighed. "Poor creature, I wish I could do something for her."

There was a crunching on the gravel without. Then the cabin door swung wide and Canim stalked in. Miss Giddings saw a vision of sudden death and screamed, but Mrs. Van Wyck faced him composedly.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"How do," Canim answered suavely and directly, pointing at the same time to Li Wan. "Um my wife."

He reached out to her, but she waved him back.

"Speak, Canim! Tell them I am" —

"Daughter of Pow-Wah-Kaan? Nay, of what is it to them that they should care? Better should I tell them

thou art an ill wife, given to creeping from thy husband's bed when sleep is heavy in his eyes."

Again he reached out for her, but she fled away from him to Mrs. Van Wyck, at whose feet she made frenzied appeal, and whose knees she tried to clasp. But the lady stepped back, giving permission with her eyes to Canim. He gripped Li Wan under the shoulders and raised her. She fought with him, in a madness of despair, till his chest was heaving with the exertion and they had reeled about over half the room.

"Let me go, Canim!" she sobbed.

But he twisted her wrist till she ceased to struggle. "The memories of the little moose-bird are over-strong and make trouble," he began.

But she interrupted. "I know! I know! I see the man in the snow, and, as never before, I see him crawl on hand and knee. And I, who am a little child, am carried on his back. And this is before Pow-Wah-Kaan and the time I came to live in a little corner of the earth."

"You know," he answered, forcing her toward the door; "but you will go with me down the Yukon and forget."

"Never shall I forget! So long as my skin is white shall I remember!"

She clutched frantically at the door-post and looked a last appeal to Mrs. Evelyn Van Wyck.

"Then will I teach thee to forget, I, Canim, The Canoe!"

As he spoke, he pulled her fingers clear and passed out with her upon the trail.

Jack London.

MY COOKERY BOOKS.¹

II.

"NEXT to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of

mind must like, I think, to read about them." The words are Thackeray's, and they encourage me, if I need encouragement, in my belief that to go on

¹ See *Atlantic* for June, 1901, p. 789.

writing about my Cookery Books is a duty I owe not only to myself, but to the world.

If I have owned to a sneaking preference for the little calf and vellum covered duodecimos of the seventeenth century, courteous and gallant as the Stuart days to which they belong, I should lose no time in adding that it is to the eighteenth century I am indebted for the great treasure of my collection, — Mrs. Glasse in the famous “pot folio” of the first edition. The copy belonged, as I have explained, to George Augustus Sala, and came up for sale when his library was disposed of at Sotheby’s in the July of 1896. This library was a disappointment to most people, — to none more than to me. I had heard much of Sala’s cookery books, but small as my collection then was I found only three that I had not already. Bartolommeo Scappi’s *Cuoco Secreto*,¹ in fine binding, but not in the first edition (which I secured a year or two after); The *Delmonico Cook Book*, and excellent it is; and Mrs. Glasse, — *The Art of Cookery, Made Plain and Easy, which far Exceeds Every Thing of the Kind yet Published*, to give her book its full title. In the preliminary paragraphs that went the round of the press, Mrs. Glasse alone received the honor of special mention; in that dingy little salesroom in Wellington Street, where, however high passions — and prices — may run, the group at the table seem to have come together for nothing more exciting than a sociable nap, Mrs. Glasse again held the place of honor in a glass case apart. Everything pointed to a struggle. It would take a braver woman than I to face the “knock-outs” and “rings” before which the private buyer is said to be as a lamb led to the slaughter. When the day of the sale came, like royalty at important functions, I was “represented” at Sotheby’s, and myself stayed at

home with my emotions. The sequel is known. Is not the book on my shelves? It came that same evening, the two others with it. “I am pleased,” wrote my representative, “to be able to send you the three books, and all below your limit, and hope you will be satisfied.” Satisfied? Was there ever a woman yet to whom a bargain was not half the joy of possession?

Sala, it was currently reported, valued the book at five hundred dollars; I paid but fifty. It was not because he overestimated its rarity. The first edition was almost as rare as he thought. On the fly-leaf of his copy he wrote, July, 1876, that only three others were known to be in existence: one at the British Museum, a second at the Bodleian, and a third in the library of a country clergyman. Since then only two others, to my knowledge, have materialized. But Sala was a vandal; his copy was evidently in a shocking state when he found it, in a barrow in a South London slum according to the legend, and he had the battered and torn pages mended, and the book bound in substantial and expensive, if inappropriate binding. So far so good. Still he also had it interleaved. He seems to have believed that his own trivial newspaper correspondence on the subject carefully pasted in would increase its value. How often have I looked at the book and decided, at whatever cost, to get rid of the interleaving and the newspaper clippings, an insult alike to Mrs. Glasse and myself! How often have I decided that to reduce it to its original slimness would be to destroy its pedigree; not a very distinguished pedigree, but still the copy was known in the auction room as Sala’s, and, therefore, as Sala’s must it not remain? Whoever can settle this problem for me will lift a burden of responsibility from shoulders not strong enough to bear it.

Now, I have the first edition, I do not mind admitting that no other trea-

¹ It was at the Court of Pius V. that he held this important position.

tise on cookery owes its reputation so little to merit, so much to chance. It was popular in its own day, I grant you. The Biographical Dictionary says that, except the Bible, it had the greatest sale in the language. It went into edition after edition. There are ten in the British Museum. I own five myself, though I vowed that the first sufficed for my wants. The book was republished in Edinburgh. It was revived as late as 1852, perhaps later still, for all I as yet know. But almost all the eighteenth-century books shared its popularity, — only the Biographical Dictionary has not happened to hear of them. I have *The Compleat Housewife*, by E. Smith, in the eighteenth edition; I have *Elizabeth Moxon's English Housewife*, in the thirteenth; I have *John Farley's London Art of Cookery*, in the eleventh, and I might go on through a list of titles and authors long forgotten by every one but me. All are as amusing now as the *Art of Cookery*, and were probably very useful in their day. The receipts are much the same; indeed, the diligence with which the authorities upon cookery in the eighteenth century borrowed one from the other, without a word of acknowledgment, ought to have kept the law courts busy. Nor does the manner vary more than the matter. Of most of the books the authors could say as truthfully as Mrs. Glasse of hers, that they were "not wrote in the high polite stile." Not even her sex gives Mrs. Glasse distinction in an age when authorship or public practice of any sort was indelicate in a female. Mary Eale, E. Smith, Elizabeth Raffald, — a charming person in a mob cap, if you can trust her portrait, — Charlotte Mason, Elizabeth Cleland, Martha Bradley, were a few of her many rivals. And where are they now?

"Where 's Hipparchia, and where is Thais?"

If Mrs. Glasse alone survives, it is for one reason only, and that the most

unreasonable. Her fame is due not to her genius, for she really had none, but to the fact that her own generation believed there was "no sich person," and after generations believed in her as the author of a phrase she never wrote. And, indeed, no one would remember even the doubt at the time thrown upon her identity, but for Boswell. I know Cumberland also is an authority for the report that Dr. Hill wrote the book. Hill, he says, was "a needy author who could not make a dinner out of the press till, by a happy transformation into Hannah Glasse, he turned himself into a cook and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then, indeed, the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's Fasts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an *alias*." But nobody nowadays reads Cumberland's *Memoirs*, and everybody reads Boswell, — or pretends to. The subject came up at Mr. Dille's dinner-table. "Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, which is the best, was written by Dr. Hill. Half the trade knows this," said Mr. Dille, who, being in the trade himself, ought to have been an authority. But Dr. Johnson was of another opinion: "Women can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery." Mrs. Glasse's is not a good book, mistakes occurring in it; therefore, Dr. Hill, a man, could not have written it. I agree with Dr. Johnson's conclusions, but on far simpler grounds. The impersonation of Mrs. Glasse would, in the end, have become too elaborate a joke to carry through, had Dr. Hill been as ingenious and as wanting in veracity as in Dr. Johnson's description of him to George III. The first edition of the *Art of Cookery* — the folio, sold at Mrs. Ashburn's China Shop, corner of Fleet Ditch, and at Mrs. Wharton's, at the Blue Coat Boy, near the Royal

Exchange — was published anonymously in 1747. "By a Lady" is printed on the title-page. Only later editions, the octavo, sold by innumerable booksellers, Dr. Johnson's friend, Mr. Millar, among them, appear with the name H. Glasse printed on the title-page and in facsimile above the first chapter. To invent the name would have been no great tax on the imagination. But, by the fourth edition, which I search for in vain, Dr. Hill would have had to invent a trade as well. For in this edition, and in this one only, an impressive engraved frontispiece describes Hannah Glasse — and if the description is long, it is too inimitable not to be quoted in full — as "Habit Maker to Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, in Tavistock St., Covent Garden, Makes and Sells all sorts of Riding Habits, Joseph's Great Coats, Horsemen's Coats, Russia Coats, Hussar Coats, Bedgowns, Nightgowns, and Robe de Chambers, Widows' Weeds, Sultains, Sultans, and Cartouches after the neatest manner, Likewise, Parliament, Judges' and Chancellers' Robes, Italian Robes, Cossockroons, Capuchins, Newmarket Cloaks, Long Cloaks, Short Do., Quilted Coats, Hoop Petticoats, Under Coats, All Sorts of Fringes and Laces as cheap as from the makers. Bonnetts, Hatts, Short Hoods, and Caps, of all Sorts, Plain Sattins, Sassetts, and Persians. All Sorts of Child-bed Linning, Cradles, Baskets and Robes. Also Stuffs, Camblets, Cabinances, and Worsted Damasks, Norwich Crape, and Bumbasins, Scarlet Cloaths, Duffels and Frizes, Dimitys, Newmarket Hunting Caps, etc. Likewise all sorts of Masquerade Dresses."

More than this, Dr. Hill, thus established on copper plate, would have had promptly to invent his failure. In

1754, three years later, Hannah Glasse figured among the bankrupts of the year; "Hannah Glasse of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Warehousekeeper," is the entry. He would also have had to claim two other books: *The Servant's Directory*, published in 1760, almost fifteen years after the *Art of Cookery*, a book I have never been able to find,¹ and *The Compleat Confectioner*, published in I cannot say what year, for my copy, a first edition, has no date, and the book is known neither to Hazlitt nor Vicaire. And as a last touch, he must have had the brilliant idea of opening a cookery school in Edinburgh, if I can trust "M. D.," who wrote a note on the fly-leaf of my copy of *The Compleat Confectioner* to protest against the revival, in the *Times*, of the old scandal. This was in 1866, when some one rashly called Mrs. Glasse "Mrs. Harris." Mrs. Glasse, M. D. says, "lived in the flesh in Edinburgh about 1790. She taught cookery to classes of young ladies. My mother was a pupil, and fondly showed in her old age to her children a copy of Glasse's *Cookery*, with the autograph of the authoress, gained as a prize in the *School of Cookery*." "M. D." at once spoils her case by adding "This book does contain 'Catch your Hare.'" Not before seeing it could I believe. I have spent hours in pursuit of the famous phrase, or, at least, the reason of the misquotation, in the hope that success might, forever after, link my name with that of Hannah Glasse. But I can come no nearer to the clue than the "First Case your hare," found in every cookery book of the period, and that Mr. Churton Collins has just been offering as an explanation, and so depriving me of the chance of being the first with even this obvious discovery.

¹ Just as I am re-reading this before trusting it to the post, a package is handed to me. I open it. *The Servant's Directory, or House-keeper's Companion*, by H. Glasse. The book I have been searching for during long years!

The miracle I owe, I am proud to say, to Mr. Janvier, whose intimacy with Mr. Hutchinson, Port of Philadelphia, has made him sympathize with me in my study of the Science of the Gullet.

Well, anyway, believe in Mrs. Glasse, or not, the cookery book that bears her name is the only one published in the eighteenth century now remembered by the whole world. And yet, it is in eighteenth-century books my collection is richest. They are mostly substantial octavos, calf bound, much the worse for wear, often "embellished" with an elegant frontispiece, a portrait of the author, or picture of the kitchen, and, I regret to say, seldom very beautiful examples of the printer's art. Several have been given to me by friends who know my weakness. For instance, few books in my entire library do I prize more than the *Collection of above Three Hundred Receipts in Cookery, Physick and Surgery for the use of all Good Wives, Tender Mothers, and Careful Nurses*, not so much because it is curious and tolerably rare, as because of the little legend, "Homage to Autolyceus,¹ Austin Dobson," on the fly-leaf. The greater number I have bought at different times, but it is to be noted that never, like Sala, have I picked one up from a costermonger's barrow, though, for a while, I made weekly pilgrimages to Whitechapel in their pursuit. Usually they have come through the second-hand booksellers. A few sympathizers, Dr. Furnivall chief among them, never fail to let me know of a chance for a bargain. Once I was offered some odd twenty, all in one lot, before they were advertised, and I hardly receive a catalogue that does not contain two or three in its list. Nor are they often costly. For the price of one Mrs. Glasse in the first edition, you can have a whole series of her contemporaries. And so this section of my collection has grown, until I have some sixty or seventy books published in England alone during the eighteenth century.

If I were asked to point out any one

¹ Perhaps I should explain that my articles on cookery appeared in the *Pall Mall*, under the title of *Wares of Autolyceus*, and it was

characteristic they all share in common, I would say it was the businesslike seriousness of their authors. The amateur had been silenced forever by artists like Robert May and Will Rabisha. By the beginning of the eighteenth century, almost all the new cookery books were being written by cooks. And the new authors were in haste, on the very title-page, to present their credentials. Henry Howard (*England's Newest Way in all Sorts of Cookery*, 1703, — my edition, alas, is 1707) and J. Hall (*The Queen's Royal Cookery*, 1713) were Free Cooks of London. Patrick Lamb (*The Complete Court Cook*, 1710) was "near fifty years Master Cook to their late Majesties King Charles II, King James II, King William, Queen Mary, and to her Present Majesty, Queen Anne," and in the *Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household*, you can learn to a halfpenny how much he earned in a year. Charles Carter (*The Compleat City and Country Cook*, 1732), whose boast it was that he came of "a long race of predecessors," presided over the kitchens of the Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Pontefract, and Lord Cornwallis. John Nott (*The Cooks' and Confectioners' Dictionary*, 1723), Vincent La Chapelle (*The Modern Cook*, 1751, but then mine is a fourth edition), William Verral (*A Complete System of Cookery*, 1759), — all I could name have as irreproachable references. A few were not cooks in service, but teachers: Edward Kidder, Pastry-Master, for one, who ran two schools: in Queen Street, near St. Thomas Apostle's, where he held his classes on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and at Furnival's Inn in Holborn, where he presided on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; he also was willing, kind soul, to teach ladies in their own houses. I respect Kidder while I was writing them that Mr. Dobson gave me the book.

as a man of originality, for his *Receipts of Pastry and Cookery* is unlike any book of the same period. From the frontispiece, where he appears in ample wig, with one hand uplifted as if in exhortation to his class, to the amazing plans for setting and decorating a dinner-table, it is neatly engraved and printed on one side of the page only, the receipts written out in the most beautiful copper-plate writing. He was original in his spelling, too: "Sauceages," I consider a gem even in the eighteenth century; and he was surely a forerunner of the modern cockney, when he wrote, "To roast an Hare."

The ladies were as eager to vouch for their qualifications. Mrs. Mary Eale, whose *Receipts* were published in 1708, was Confectioner to Queen Anne; Mrs. Charlotte Mason was a Housekeeper who had had "upwards of Thirty Years' Experience in Families of the First Fashion;" Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald held the same position to the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Warburton, and Mrs. Sarah Martin, to Freeman Bower, Esq., of Bawtry, — I have his copy of her book, with receipts in his own handwriting on pages inserted for the purpose, with a note testifying to their origin by his great-nephew, Canon Jackson! Others proudly proclaimed their town or country, as if their reputation made further detail superfluous: Mrs. Mary Wilson of Hertfordshire, Mrs. Sarah Harrison of Devonshire, Mrs. Susannah Carter of Clerkenwell, Mrs. Ann Shackelford of Winchester. And then there were the rivals of Edward Kidder: Mrs. Frazer, Mrs. Cleland, and Mrs. Maciver taught the Arts of Cookery, Pastry, and Confectionery in Edinburgh, where, if M. D. is to be believed, Hannah Glasse joined them after her adventures in the Bankruptcy Court. But whatever their qualifications, they are to be counted by the dozen, so that I can but wonder why it seemed so astonishing a thing for Hannah More,

Mary Wollstonecraft, and the other Blue Stockings of the eighteenth century to rush into print.

The seriousness with which these cooks and housekeepers and professors took themselves was reflected in their style. An occasional seventeenth-century book, reappearing in an eighteenth-century edition, may have continued to enjoy something of popularity; an occasional new book at the very beginning of the period may have retained something of the old picturesqueness. The *Collection of above Three Hundred Receipts* fills its pages with Tansies and Possets, Syllabubs and Flummeries, still recommends a dish as "the best that ever was tasted," and still advises you "to put in a little shalot, if you love it;" The *Queen's Royal Cookery* is as flamboyant with decorative adjectives as any queen's closet. But as time went on, the pleasant old familiarity went out of fashion, and ornament was chastened. The literary tendency of the age was toward more formal dignity, a greater regularity of form. In accordance with the mode, receipts were written with a businesslike decision, a professional directness that allowed no flowers of speech. Many cooks seem to have forestalled or copied Dr. Johnson in the effort to say a thing as pompously as it could be said; disdain of ornament led many to a matter of fact bluntness that is appalling. "Stick your Pig just above the breast-bone," says Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald without any preamble, "run your knife to the heart, when it is dead, put it in cold water." Whoever, after that, would eat of her pig has more courage than I.

Some sort of order was also introduced into the arrangement of receipts, in the place of the haphazard disorder of the old MSS. books. The change was due, in a large measure, to French influence. In France, the art of cookery had reached a much higher stage of perfection than in England. The English might rebel against the fact, and

they did in good earnest. It was not only the Squire of Clod-Hall who

“Classed your Kickshaws and Ragoos
With Popery and Wooden Shoes.”

Steele deplored the fashion that banished the “noble Sirloin” ignominiously “to make way for French Kickshaws,” and he held a French ragout to be “as pernicious to the Stomach as a glass of spirits.” “What work would our countrymen have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricassees and ragouts?” he asks. It was the “parcel of Kickshaws contrived by a French cook” that gave the finishing touch to Matthew Bramble’s displeasure with the wife of his friend Baynard. “Their meals are gross,” was one of Dr. Johnson’s first entries in the Diary of his little Tour in France, proving forever that he was not the “man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery” that Boswell thought him. And, at home, was it not of a certain nobleman’s French cook he was heard to say with vehemence, “I’d throw such a rascal into the river”? The English cooks were as outspoken. Mrs. Glasse’s Preface is a protest against “the blind Folly of this age that they would rather be imposed on by a French Booby than give encouragement to a good *English Cook* . . . if Gentlemen will have *French* cooks, they must pay for French tricks.” E. Smith regretted that in her book she had to include a few French dishes, “since we have, to our disgrace, so fondly admired the French tongue, French modes, and also French messes” Charles Carter lamented that “some of our Nobility and gentry have been too much attached to French Customs and French Cookery,” — too willing “to dress even more delicious Fare after the Humour of the (perhaps vitiated) palates of some great Personages or noted Epicures of France.” It was the one point upon which all, with a few exceptions, were agreed.

But protests were of small avail. Already, in his Directions to Servants, Swift had found it a long time since the custom began among the people of quality to keep *men* cooks and generally of the French nation. Patriotism, I fear, does not begin in the stomach. French cooks presided in most of the big houses; French cooks were patronized by royalty; French cooks wrote cookery books. The French Family Cook (1793) was but a belated translation of the famous Cuisinière Bourgeoise (1746). La Chapelle, who published a treatise, was a Frenchman. So was Clermont. Verral studied under a Frenchman. And from French sources the most patriotic were not ashamed to steal. Mrs. Smith, however she might object to French messes, must still admit the necessity to temporize, justifying herself by including only “such receipts of French cookery as I think may not be disagreeable to English palates.” Mrs. Glasse, however she might scorn the French Booby, must still give some of her dishes “French names to distinguish them, because they are known by those names,” and it matters not if they be called French so they are good. The question reduced itself simply to one of demand and supply. But if the “French Kickshaws” had been so bad for the public as patriots preached, the study of French books was altogether good for the preachers. Under the sweet civilizing influence of France the barbarous medley of the English cookery book disappeared. A roast did not turn up unexpectedly between a sweet and a savory, or a fish in the midst of the soups, or an omelet lost among the vegetables. Each dish was duly labeled and entered in its appropriate chapter. Chemical, Physical, and Chirurgical Secrets were banished to separate volumes with a few curious exceptions. “I shall not take upon me to meddle in the physical way farther than two receipts,” writes Mrs. Glasse. “One is for the bite of a mad dog, and the other if a

man should be near where the Plague is, he shall be in no danger." And these receipts are so often repeated in rival cookery books that I can only suppose there were many who believed in earnest what Lord Chesterfield said in jest when, six years after Mrs. Glasse's book was published, he wrote to his son that his friend Kreuningen "admits nobody now to his table, for fear of their communicating the plague to him, or at least the bite of a mad dog." But it was no easy matter for the ladies to relinquish their rights to prescribe. If the gentlewoman of the day still

"knew for sprains what bands to choose,
Could tell the sovereign wash to use
For freckles, and was learned in brews
As erst Medea,"

it would not have done for the self-appointed instructors of the sex to be behindhand in these arts. E. Smith cannot resist giving some two hundred receipts "never before been made public," though she has the grace to print them in a section apart. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Price both undertake to make "Every man his own Doctor," and in the undertaking Mrs. Price supplies a cure that I quote on the chance of its proving useful, for I fancy the malady continues to be common, so afflicted am I with it myself. "For the Lethargy," she says, "you may snuff strong vinegar up the nose." It was natural at a time when Compendiums, Universal Visitors, Dictionaries of Commerce, and of everything else, were in vogue, that other women took upon themselves also, by means of Dictionaries, and Magazines, and Companions, and Jewels, and Guides, to see their sex comfortably through life "from the cradle to the grave." I have any number of ambitious books of this kind, all based on *The Whole Duty of Woman*, and the performance of Mrs. Hannah Woolley of seventeenth-century fame. Take a few headings of chapters from any one chosen at random, and you have the character of all: Of Religion; The Duty

of Virgins; Of Wives; Of Gravies, Soups, Broths, Pottages. But the system, the careful division of subjects, now become indispensable, is observed even in these compilations.

The new love of order had one drawback. It gave writers less opportunity for self-revelation. I miss the personal note so pleasant in the older books of cookery, that is, in the receipts themselves. One collection is so like another I can hardly tell them apart unless I turn to the title-page or the preface. But here ample amends are made. The cook did not suppress his individuality meekly, and, fortunately for him, the age was one of Prefaces and Dedications. In the few pages where he still could swagger, he made up for the many where the mode forced him to efface himself. "Custom," says John Nott, in 1723, to the "Worthy Dames" to whom he offers his Dictionary, "has made it as unfashionable for a Book to appear without an Introduction, as for a Man to appear at Church without a Neckcloth, or a Lady without a Hoop-petticoat." "It being grown as unfashionable for a Book to appear in public without a Preface, as for a Lady to appear at a Ball without a Hoop-petticoat," says Mrs. Smith in 1727, her great talent being for plagiarism, "I shall conform to custom for Fashion's sake, and not through any Necessity." Mr. Hazlitt thinks Mrs. Smith unusually observant; he should have remembered the library at her disposal, and, had he known this library more intimately, he would have realized how little scruple she had in drawing from it. She only writes because, although already there are "various Books that treat on this subject and which bear great names as Cooks to Kings, Princes and Noblemen," most of them have deceived her in her expectations, so impracticable, whimsical, or unpalatable, are the receipts. But she presents the result of her own experience "in Fashionable and Noble Families," and if her

book but "prove to the advantage of many, the end will be answered that is proposed by her that is ready to serve the Publick in what she may." Each writer in turn is as eager to find a reason for his or her help in glutting the market. The author of the Collection of above Three Hundred Receipts is prompted by the sole "desire of doing good," in which, fortunately, she has been aided by those "who with a Noble Charity and Universal Benevolence have exposed to the World such invaluable secrets," as, I suppose, "how to stew Cucumbers to eat hot," or "to make the London Wigs," — gratitude, above all, being due to the Fair Sex, "who, it may be because of the greater Tenderness of their Nature or their greater Leisure, are always found most Active and Industrious in this, as well as in all other kinds of Charity. O Heavenly Charity!" — and so on, and so on. William Gelleroy has learnt during service with the Lord Mayor that "so long as it is the fashion to eat, so long will cookery books be useful." Mrs. Elizabeth Price, the healer of Lethargy, thinks it her duty to show the world how to unite "Economy and Elegance," and, as an assurance of her ability, breaks into verse on her title-page: —

"Here you may quickly learn with care
To act the housewife's part,
And dress a modern Bill of Fare
With Elegance and Art."

Mrs. Charlotte Mason knows there are many books, but has "never met with one that contained any instructions for regulating a table." Mrs. Elizabeth Moxon, like the modest author to-day, shifts the responsibility to her "honored friends who first excited her to the publication of her book, and who have been long eye-witnesses of her Skill and Behaviour in the Business of her Calling." Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald, reflecting upon the contempt with which the many volumes already published were read, seems to have hoped no one would find her out if she boldly borrowed from

Mrs. Price and Mrs. Glasse, and tried to save her own from the general fate by uniting "Economy and Elegance," taking the very words out of Mrs. Price's mouth, and by seeing that it was not "glossed over with Hard Names or words of High Stile, but wrote in my own plain language," barely altering Mrs. Glasse's memorable phrase. I select a few specimens of her plain language: "Hares and Rabbits requires time and care," she says, with a cheerful disregard of grammar; "Pigeons Transmogrified" is a term I should recommend to the Century Company for a new edition of their Dictionary; while upon a very popular dish of the day she bestows the name "Solomon-gundy," as if she fancied that, somehow, King Solomon were responsible for it. John Farley hopes his book is distinguished from others by "Perspicuity and Regularity." But I might go on quoting indefinitely, for almost every Preface is a masterpiece of its kind, so pompous in its periods, so bombastic in its eloquence, until I begin to suspect that if Bacon wrote Shakespeare, so Dr. Johnson must have written Nott and Lamb and Clermont and Farley; that if Dr. Hill transformed himself into Hannah Glasse, so Dr. Johnson must have masqueraded as E. Smith, Elizabeth Raffald, and a whole bevy of fair cooks and housekeepers.

There is another trait shared by all these cooks, to whom I should do scant justice if I did not point it out. This is the large liberality with which they practiced their art. The magnitude of their ideas, at times, makes me gasp. I have been often asked if, with such a fine collection to choose from, I do not amuse myself experimenting with the old receipts. But all our flat turned into a kitchen would not be large enough to cook an eighteenth-century dinner, nor our year's income to pay for it. The proportions used in each different dish are gigantic. What Dr. King wrote in jest of the different

cooks who, "to show you the largeness of their soul, prepared you Mutton swol'd¹ and oxen whole," was virtually true. For a simple "Fricassy," you begin with half a dozen chickens, half a dozen pigeons, half a dozen sweetbreads, and I should need a page to explain what you finish with for garniture. Fowls disappeared into a lamb or other meat pie by the dozen; a simple leg of mutton must have its garniture of cutlets; twelve pounds of good meat, to say nothing of odd partridges, fowls, turkeys, and ham, went into the making of one stew, — it is something stupendous to read. And then the endless number of dishes in a menu, — the insufferably crowded table. A century before, Pepys had discovered the superior merit of serving "but a dish at a time" when he gave his fine dinner to Lord Sandwich. But the eighteenth-century books continue to publish menus that make Gargantua's appetite seem mere child's play; their plates "exhibiting the order of placing the different dishes, etc., on the table in the most polite way" would spoil the appetite of the bravest. Forty-three dishes are symmetrically arranged for a single course in one of Vincent La Chapelle's plates, and La Chapelle was a Frenchman, and in England enjoyed Lord Chesterfield's patronage. Cooks may have got so advanced as no longer to believe "that Syllibubs come first and Soups the last," but quantity was still their standard of merit. Authorities may have begun to decree that "three courses be the most." But consider what a course meant. Let me give one menu of two courses as an average example. It is for a July day, and Mrs. Smith is the artist: "First Course: Cock Salmon with buttered lobsters, Dish of Scotch collops, Chine of Veal, Venison pasty, Grand Sallad, Roasted geese and ducklings, Patty royal, Roasted pig larded, Stewed carps, Dish of

chickens boiled with bacon, etc.," — that etc. is expressive. "Second Course: Dish of partridges and quails, Dish of lobsters and prawns, Dish of ducks and tame pigeons, Dish of jellies, Dish of fruit, Dish of marinated fish, Dish of Tarts of sorts." Add a third course to this if you dare.

At first, this lavishness perplexed me. I remembered eighteenth-century dinners as simple as our own. For example, Boswell's with Dr. Johnson one Easter Sunday, — a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and rice pudding, — that seems reasonable. Or again, the beef, pudding, and potatoes to which Grub Street was invited on Sundays by the successful author, according to Smollett. Or Stella's breast of mutton and a pint of wine when she dined at home in Dublin. "Two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends," was Steele's idea of a good dinner. But then there is the opposite side of the picture. Dr. Johnson's Gulosulus, cultivating the art of living at the cost of others. Swift, in London, sauntering forth of a morning deliberately in search of a dinner at somebody else's house and expense, and if none of the great men with great establishments invited him, dropping in for want of something better, and without a moment's notice, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and he could not have been a more severe critic had he had the special invitation which Dr. Johnson thought made the special menu an obligation. "The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better," Swift wrote to Stella, "than one had at Sir Thomas Mansel's," and "yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year and is a Lord of the Treasury!" At the Earl of Abingdon's, on a certain Ash Wednesday, there was nothing but fish that was raw, wine that was poison, candles that were tallow; and yet "the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a year," though I do not find that Swift went the length

¹ "Swol'd Mutton is a sheep roasted in its Wool" according to Dr. Lister himself.

of calling his host puppy in print, more outspoken as he was than most of his contemporaries. Swift was but one of a large crowd of hungry men in search of a free dinner which they looked upon as their right. By food the noble Lord tamed his authors and secured his sycophants; by food the gracious Lady ruled her salon. "Whenever you meet with a man eminent in any way, feed him, and feed upon him at the same time," was Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son. Mrs. Thrale had but to provide sweetmeats to make her evenings a success, Dr. Johnson thought. Nor, for that matter, has the bait lost its cunning in the London of to-day. Now the eighteenth-century cook who wrote books was a snob. He would always have you know it was with the Tables of Princes, Ambassadors, Noblemen, and Magistrates he was concerned; but rarely would he devise "the least expensive methods of providing for private families," and then it must be "in a very elegant manner." He had, therefore, to design on a large scale, to adapt his art to the number and hunger and fastidiousness of the hanger-on. And here, I think, you have the explanation.

But another problem I have hitherto been unable to solve. When I study the receipts of the period, I am struck by their variety and excellence. The tendency to over-seasoning, to the mixing of sweets and savories in one dish, had not altogether been overcome; probably, I am afraid, because fresh meat was not always to be had, and suspicious flavors had to be disguised. Some "made dishes" you know, without tasting them, to be as "wretched attempts" as Mac-laurin's seemed to Dr. Johnson. However, so many and ingenious were the ways of preparing soups, sauces, meats, poultry, game, fish, vegetables, and sweets, the *gourmet* had sufficient chance to steer clear of the tawdry and the crude. Only in Voltaire's witticism was England then a country of a hundred religions and one sauce. Soup

soared above the narrow oxtail and turtle ideal, and the cook roamed at will from the richest bisque to the simplest bouillon. The *casserole* was exalted and shared the honors with the honest spit. Fricassees and ragouts were not yet overshadowed by plain roast and boiled. Vegetables were not thought, when unadorned, to be adorned the most. And as for oysters, an American could not have been more accomplished in frying, scalloping, stewing, roasting, broiling, and boiling them, — even Swift gave his dear little M. D. a receipt for boiled oysters, which must have been not unlike that delicious dish of mussels one has eaten in many a French provincial hotel. And what is England to-day? A country souplless and sauceless, consecrated to a "Chop or a Steak, sir!" from John o' Groat's to Land's End, vowed irrevocably to boiled potatoes and greens, without as much as a grain of salt to flavor them. How did it happen? What was the reason of the Decline and Fall? Not Tatler's appeal to his fellow countrymen to "return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton." That was uttered in 1710, and had absolutely no effect upon the tendency of the eighteenth-century cookery books that followed. As for "the common people of this kingdom [who] do still keep up the taste of their ancestors," never yet have they set the fashion. I confess, I still remain in outer darkness, groping for a clue.

If, as a rule, the eighteenth-century books, save for their preface, have a strong family resemblance, I prize the more the small but select saving remnant that makes for individuality. There are books that stand out with distinction, in my estimate at least, because of the originality of the title: for instance, Adam's Luxury and Eve's Cookery; or the Kitchen Garden Displayed. (Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall Mall, 1744.) This octavo I saw first in the Patent Library collection of

cookery books, never resting afterwards until I had secured a copy of my own, and the contents would have to be more colorless than they are to spoil my pleasure in the name. Now the charm is in the illustrations; for example, *The Honours of the Table or Rules for Behaviour during meals* (by the author of *Principles of Politeness*, 1791). Most of the cookery books of the period are content with the frontispiece, engraved on copper or steel. But this little book has tail-pieces and illustrations scattered through the text, described in catalogues and bibliographies as "Woodcuts by Bewick." I saw it also first at the Patent Library, and before the ardor of my pursuit had cooled to the investigation point, two different editions had a place on my shelves: one printed in London at the Literary Press, 1791, the second printed in Dublin in the same year. Then I found that the wood engravings — it is a mistake to call them woodcuts, and one might as well be pedantic in these matters — are not by Thomas but by John Bewick, which makes a difference to the collector. But then Bewick's brother is not to be despised, and the book is full of useful hints, such as "eating a great deal is deemed indelicate in a lady (for her character should be rather divine than sensual);" or, "if any of the company seem backward in asking for wine, it is the part of the master to ask or invite them to drink, or he will be thought to grudge his liquor." A few books please me because of the tribute their learning pays to the kitchen. Among these the most celebrated is Dr. Lister's edition of *Apicius Cœlius*, published in 1705, now a rare book, at the time a bomb-shell in the camp of the antiquary, who, living in the country and hearing of it but not yet seeing it, was reduced to such "perplexity of mind" that "he durst not put any Catchup in his Fish Sauce, nor have his beloved Pepper, Oyl and Limon with his Partridge," lest "he might transgress in using

something not common to the Antients." Another is *The Art of Cookery* (1708), in imitation of Horace, by the Dr. King who was described, two years later, by Swift to Stella as "a poor starving wit." And, indeed, the £32 5 0, said to have been paid him for the poem by Lintot, could not have tided him over his difficulties as a thirsty man. It is rather a ponderous performance, with here and there flashes: probably the verses were some of those Pope said he would write "in a tavern three hours after he could not speak." The book was a skit really on Dr. Lister and his *Apicius Cœlius* that, for the moment, served the wit as a target for his ridicule.

But, of all, the books I love most are those that make their appeal by some unexpected literary association. I own to a genuine emotion when I found it was to Lord Chesterfield that Vincent La Chapelle dedicated *The Modern Cook*, and that to the chef in his kitchen the noble patron offered the helping hand he later refused to the author at his door. I cannot understand why, for La Chapelle, in his praise of his lordship's exalted qualities, did not humble himself more completely than Johnson when overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of his lordship's address. In *The Gentle Art of Toadying*, the author of the eighteenth century could instruct the cook. It was, however, reserved for William Verral to give me the greatest thrill. His *Complete System of Cookery* is little known even to bibliographers; its receipts do not seem exceptional, perhaps because they have been so freely borrowed by other compilers; in make-up the book scarcely differs from the average, nor is there special distinction in Verral's post at the time of his writing, — he was master of the White Hart Inn, Lewes, Sussex; "no more than what is vulgarly called a poor publican" is his description of himself. But his title-page at the first glance was worth more to me

than a whole shelf of his contemporaries' big fat volumes. Let me explain. By no great man in the annals of cookery have I been so puzzled as by that once famous "Chloe," French cook to the Duke of Newcastle, and important enough in his own generation to swagger for a minute in the Letters of Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I had heard of Chloe, the beloved of Daphnis; I had heard of Chloe, the rival of Steele's Clarissa; I had even heard of Chloe, the old darky cook of the South. But of Chloe, a Frenchman, I had never heard, and I knew, without consulting the Encyclopædia, he simply could not exist. Who, then, was the Duke of Newcastle's Chloe? He was the last person I had in my mind when I began to read Verral's title, but by the time I got to the end I understood: A Complete System of Cookery, In which is set forth a Variety of genuine Receipts; collected from several Years' Experience under the celebrated Mr. de St. Clouet, sometimes since Cook to his Grace, the Duke of Newcastle. Clouet — Chloe — is it not as near and neat a guess as could be hoped for in the French of eighteenth-century London? He deserves his fame, for his receipts are excellent; wisdom in all he says about soup; genius in his use of garlic. Verral, moreover, writes an Introductory Preface, a graceful bit of autobiography, "to which is added, a true character of Mons. de St. Clouet;" so well done that there is scarcely a cook in history, not Vatel, not Carême, whom I now feel I know better. "An honest man," Verral testifies, "worthy of the place he enjoyed in that noble family he had the honour to live in," not extravagant as was said, but "setting aside the two soups, fish, and about five *gros entrées* (as the French call them) he has with the help of a couple of rabbits or chickens, and six pigeons, completed a table of twenty-one dishes at a course, with

such things as used to serve only for garnish round a lump of great heavy dishes before he came." Fortunately for the Duke of Newcastle's purse St. Clouet must still have been with him for the famous banquets celebrating his installation as Chancellor at Cambridge, when, according to Walpole, his cooks for ten days massacred and confounded "all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish," and, according to Gray, every one "was very owlsh and tipsy at night." This was in 1749; 1759 is the date of Verral's book, by which time St. Clouet had become cook to the Maréchal de Richelieu. I think it but due to him to recall that he was "of a temper so affable and agreeable as to make everybody happy around him. He would converse about indifferent matters with me (Verral) or his kitchen boy, and the next moment, by a sweet turn in his discourse, give pleasure by his good behaviour and genteel deportment, to the first steward in the family. His conversation is always modest enough, and having read a little, he never wanted something to say, let the topick be what it would." How delightful if cooks to-day brought us such graceful testimonials!

It is with discoveries of this kind my Cookery Books reward me for the time — and worse, the money — I spend upon them. I never pick up one already in my collection, well as I may know it, without wondering what puzzle it will unravel for me; I never buy a new one without seeing in it the possible key to a mystery. And when I consider how much more fruitful in such rewards my eighteenth-century books have been than my seventeenth, when I consider the splendor of their mock heroics, the magnificence of their bombast, I waver in my old allegiance and begin to think that, after all, this is the period that charms me most in the Literature of the Kitchen.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE MOONSHINER AT HOME.

At first the forestry camp was looked upon with suspicion by the mountaineers, for they knew the foresters were in some way connected with the government, and the government it is whose officials collect revenue and arrest men who make whiskey without paying it. There was something mysterious, too, in these men who went about through the woods measuring trees and making marks in little blank books. This might be some new scheme of the "revenues" to entrap the unwary among the moonshining population. Then the real purpose of government forestry began to dawn upon the mountain people, and we were able to see behind the veil and catch glimpses of the moonshiner's inner life.

It was one day just after our removal to a new camp on the roaring Ocoee, near Little Frog Mountain, in the southeasternmost county of Tennessee, that our guide became communicative as to the chief interest of this mountain region. We had climbed to the top of Panther Knob to study the topography of the region, when the old man, pointing across the unbroken stretch of tree-tops to a cove through which rushed a stony mountain stream, said:—

"See that bunch of poplar tops? That 's where they got my brother Silas when they sent him to the penitentiary."

The remark was made as indifferently as though the guide were pointing out the place where a deer had been killed or a bee tree cut. There was no apparent evidence of a sense of shame, and none of the assumed indifference of many offenders who affect to despise the hand of authority. I was surprised, and the surprise continued until I had received similar confidences from a number of sources, and knew that going to the penitentiary for moonshining is considered no disgrace.

The guide paused as if expecting the conversation would be continued. So, adopting the mountain phrase, I asked, —

"Was he 'stillin' '?"

"Yes."

There was another pause. Then the old man went on, speaking slowly, in a manner so simple and straightforward as to be almost childlike:—

"They caught him when he was runnin' off his first batch, and hit never done him a bit of good. Silas always did have powerful hard luck. He got sent to the penitentiary that time for a year. When he got out hit was n't more 'n a month till they had him again. Hit would n't been so bad if he 'd made something out of hit. When he got caught again I told him if I was in his place I 'd never go near another 'still.'"

Then, in the same slow, quiet way, he went on to tell of Silas's first arrest, and the origin of a mountain feud which brought hatred and bloodshed to East Tennessee, and which will one day end in a battle. The story of Dave Payne's capture and confession was told two years ago in the dailies, but not the troubles that led up to it.

"Silas and Milos Wood had been makin' a 'still' in that 'ere cove, and Dave Payne wanted to go in with 'em. They had n't any use for another man, and they told Dave so. Dave had been 'stillin'' over on the other side, but he 'd decided to turn revenue, and was expectin' his commission then. Hit must have come about the time Silas got his 'still' goin', for he was drawin' off his first batch, and had his back to the door when he heard some one yell. He looked 'round and there was Dave Payne with a shotgun pointin' at Silas's head. Of course Silas surrendered. Then Dave went down to the Wood

place and got Milos. Milos paid his fine and got out, but Silas went to the penitentiary for a year.

"There was powerful hard feelin's agin Dave after that. He got mad at his own uncle Bill and tried to have him arrested. Milos Wood told him he wanted him to keep to the other side of the road when he went past his place, and not to come breshin' up agin his palin's. This made Dave mad. The next time he got drunk he went right up to Milos's place and shot him through the heart. Old man Wood come to the door and Dave shot him, too."

The story of Dave Payne's capture is old. It came about through the fact that the mountain people, despising one of their fellows who "turns revenue," made up a posse and assisted in the search. Dave stayed quietly in jail until spring when he broke out. Then came commotion in the mountains. Those who had assisted in the search got out their rifles and still carry them. One or two of Dave's relatives turned against him, but the rest remained true. Now the two parties watch each other like opposing armies. Some day when too much moonshine has been imbibed there will be a quarrel. Then rifles will crack, and when the echoes have died away there will be more deaths to avenge and new scores to wipe off the mountain slates.

I started out one afternoon to visit the scene of Silas's capture, and the journey gave me considerable insight into moonshine methods. Up the river trail some three miles from camp is one of those rushing mountain streams which rise in the timbered coves of the Unakas. It came roaring from the rocky woods, and knew no sunlight for the boughs of laurel and rhododendron intertwining in solid mass above. There was no path upon the bank, but one could make his way up the course by stepping from stone to stone on the stream's bottom. Half a mile of such travel and I came to a little low log building. A part of

the roof had fallen in, but the furnace, made of flat slate stones, was intact. So was the trough, which led to a point some few rods up the run and brought down a stream of clear, cold mountain water, for use in the distilling. The barrels, or rather gums, for holding malt and beer, still stood about. Against one leaned the old mash stick with which the brewing liquid was stirred. With no trail save the bed of the stream, the only method of transporting hither the meal was to pack it on the shoulder. When one pictures to himself two men, bent half double with loads of meal, plodding up the rocky stream-bed, plodding down again after nights of labor with the liquid product, always watched and always watching, the pathetic smallness of the whole offense comes over him. And if he live for a time among these poor but generous mountain folk, he is very likely to go forth with a new sympathy, — almost a fellow feeling for them. I believe every one in the forestry camp felt, before the sojourn in East Tennessee was over, a sort of subconscious antipathy to revenue officials; and I doubt not that every one, when he hears of captures and killings in this bit of the mountains, will be suddenly conscious that his involuntary sympathies are with the outlaws.

Stories are numerous of revenue men who met death at the hands of the moonshiners. One hears also tales of innocent strangers, shot because their urban appearance suggested the revenue man. But in all these mountains we could learn of no such occurrence. On the other hand, the instances of captures and tales of fights tended rather to show the general harmlessness of the distiller save when in local troubles he fights his fellow mountaineer.

Before making this camp on the Ocoee we had been warned to look out for Garret Heddon, whose career has been exploited in the daily papers, and who is looked upon by both officials and

mountaineers as a bad man. His name first came before the criminal world when he went across into Alabama, quarreled with a negro about a boat, and throwing the black man into the river, held him there till he was dead. For this Heddton served a term in the Alabama penitentiary. Returning to Tennessee, he was twice arrested for moonshining, but each time the evidence needed to convict was wanting. Then came the deed which made him feared among the mountains. I have the story from a nephew of Heddton; also from his best friend, to whom he made a full statement. I have it, too, from an ex-sheriff who investigated the case. Going to the house, he was met by Heddton who, hospitable even in strenuous times, pointed his rifle at the officer and asked him to sit down to dinner. The officer accepted the invitation, and later, with the rifle still pointing in his direction, went away without attempting to make an arrest.

Garret Heddton and his brothers, Reilly and Bill, and half a dozen other mountaineers, were at work in one of the little valleys. They had spent the greater part of the day splitting shingles, while moonshine flowed freely. Half drunk, Bill Heddton became quarrelsome. He was a hard man to get along with at his best, and now he was looking for trouble in a way that promised to end disastrously. He started to quarrel with Garret's best friend. Garret told him to stop. Bill paid no attention, but grabbed his opponent around the neck and drew his knife. The knife was not far from the man's throat when Garret's rifle cracked and Bill dropped dead.

Man killing in the mountains is common, but fratricide is not, and from that time on Garret Heddton was looked upon as a dangerous man. This impression went out into the settlements, and when, some weeks later, seven revenue men stole into the neighborhood to arrest Reilly Heddton for making moonshine

whiskey, they were ready to shoot Garret at sight.

Gus Heddton told me the story.

"I was in the 'still' house," said he, "and I had n't no idee the revenues was anywhere 'round. I was stoopin' over a barrel of mash when some one said, 'Throw up your hands.' I looked 'round and there was the revenues pointin' their guns at me. I saw they done had me, so I give up. Then I looked up and saw Silas comin' up the trail with a bag of meal. I yelled at him to run. That made the revenues mad, and they said if I did n't shut up they'd kill me. Silas did n't have sense enough to run, and come right down, so they got him. Then they marched us down to Reilly's house, and got Reilly and his brother-in-law. They had us all handcuffed out in front of the house when some one yelled that Garret was comin'. I looked up, and sure enough there did come Garret ridin' a mule, with a Winchester across the saddle. The revenues was powerful 'fraid of Garret because since his trouble over Bill he says he never will give up, and everybody knows he means it. They thought when they saw him comin' that he meant to kill some one. Reilly was handcuffed to one of the revenues, and the revenue was so badly scared he tried to kill Reilly with his shotgun. He shot two shoots, holdin' the gun in his right hand. Reilly pushed the barrel away, and the shoots went into the ground. Then the revenues jumped into the house and behind the corner, and begun to shoot at Garret. They shot seven or eight shoots before he moved. Then he slid off his mule and laid down behind a log.

"The revenues threatened to kill us if we did n't go out and get Garret to go away. We told 'em we could n't do nothin' with Garret. So we all laid there behind the house, and Garret laid behind his log with his Winchester scarin' the revenues powerful nigh into fits. When it got too dark to see they took us and sneaked out."

As a result of this skirmish Heddon's name was more than ever feared. Reilly was sent to the penitentiary for one year; Gus, who had never been in court before, got merely four months in jail, while the two other men were given short terms for assisting an unlawful enterprise.

We had been warned against venturing into the Heddon settlement, but as the dime novel idea of moonshiners wore off, we were all more or less ashamed of our first fears. Dressed one day in garments that gave no opportunity for concealing weapons, and which, therefore, obviated any danger of being mistaken for a revenue official, I threw a camera across my back and started for the neighborhood. One trail, half foot-path, half wagon road, led to the settlement, but to reach it I would have to go far down the river. So, following the directions of our guide, I traveled a half marked path which led first along the bank of a mountain stream, up the mountain side, and along a hard-wood covered ridge. Then crossing a valley and another hill, I saw beyond an opening in the forest. It was a strange little clearing on the hillsides. The whole might be compared to the inside of an inverted pyramid. The steep sides were cleared fields, while in the apex stood a log house and a corner crib beside a cold gushing spring, whose waters formed a rivulet, and flowed away through a cleft where one corner of the pyramid had been cut away. It was a desolate place in every sense, and in the poverty of its windowless cabin and bleak outlook I could see excuse for almost any occupation that would give a few dollars to buy clothing and ammunition.

A path led down to the cabin. Dogs barked at my approach, and a face wreathed in masses of black unkempt hair was extended fearfully from behind the door casing. Then the body appeared, and a barefoot, hungry-looking girl of eleven years stood in the doorway. Several smaller children followed.

"Will you tell me who lives here?" I asked.

"Reilly Heddon lives here when he's at home," came the reply in quick accents. "But he ain't here now. He's in the penitentiary. He's my daddy."

"Do you care if I take a picture of the house?"

"Mammy ain't got no money to pay fur it. We live pretty hard since daddy got caught. There comes mammy, now."

A woman approached. Her feet and head were bare. She had a hoe in her hand, and came from hoeing corn on the hillside. Her hair was black, and her jet black eyes had a fierce intelligence in them. Had it not been for a haggard, worried look, the face would have been a handsome one. Like most mountain people, she was talkative, and told of her husband's arrest, of the fight, and of the various circumstances attending his conviction. Through the story ran the characteristic mountain frankness. There was no thought of shame or disgrace in her husband's imprisonment. It was a mere matter of course that a man who "stills" will some time fall prey to the "revenues," and a conviction is merely a misfortune comparable to the capture of a soldier in war-time.

Once a shade of suspicion seemed to flash across the woman's mind. I had seen a little oven-like arrangement of stone some five feet square by four high, and thinking it might be an interesting feature of mountain life, asked what it was.

"Oh, that's just a drier. I dry fruit in it. I tell folks hit's my 'still' house, and some of them comes powerful nigh to believin' hit; but hit ain't. Hit's just a drier my husband made before he went to the penitentiary."

I asked the way to Garret Heddon's, and following down the creek through the missing corner of the pyramid, I passed the place where Bill Heddon met his death, and winding with the trail

to the top of a ridge, came to another little clearing set down in the prevailing woods. There, squatting beside a mountain stream, was a log cabin as old and picturesque as any in this part of Tennessee. This is the home of Garret Heddon, a man feared by revenue officials and mountaineers alike, yet loved, too, by the latter, for, as they say, he is "clever," and will do anything in the world for a friend, a fact which was emphasized when his defense of a comrade made him a fratricide. Yet these very same men who would fight for him have a way of shaking their heads and saying that if Garret Heddon became their enemy they would move out of the country "powerful quick."

I wanted to meet Heddon, so I climbed the fence which separates woods from clearing. Instantly three savage-looking hounds set up a baying and started toward me. At the same time a man's haggard face appeared at a loophole in the wall.

"What d' ye want?" roared a voice.

"Call off your dogs. I want to know the way to the forestry camp."

"Follow right along that 'ere trail till you come to the river," roared the voice again.

"I want to take a picture of your house. May I?"

"A what? A picture?"

"Yes."

"Do you take pictures?"

"Yes."

"Will you take a picture of my little boy?"

"Sure!"

"Then I reckon you 'd better come in."

The dogs, that had stood like a firing squad awaiting orders to execute the condemned, were called back. The man with the haggard face met me at the door.

"Come right in and take a cheer. The woman's out in the field, but she'll be back after a bit to fix the boy up. Reckon you ain't in no hurry."

He was some six feet tall, but his shoulders stooped, and he looked less the mountain bad man than the broken-down farmer. His hair had been coal black, but plentiful white streaks were making their advent. Apparently it had not been combed for days, for it stuck out in mats and tangles from under the edges of a frayed and ragged black felt hat. His beard was short and scrubby, grizzled like his hair. His eyes were bluish gray, and when he spoke there was a look in them which I have seen in the eyes of more than one politician, — a look which says, "I know you and you know me, and you know I 'm telling things which are not true because it is part of my business to do so." Much frayed suspenders, fastened by nails, held up a pair of threadbare black trousers. A dark calico shirt hung open in front displaying a sun-browned chest. When the man walked, it was with a decided limp, the result of wearing manacles in an Alabama chain gang.

The cabin had one room. At the end was an immense stone fireplace, and on either side of this a loophole or window some six by eight inches in area. There were no other windows than these, and there was about the whole interior a gloominess which might prove disconcerting to an official coming suddenly in from the sunny outside. A table rested against one wall, and over this was a shelf on which stood half a dozen quart bottles, some tin cans, and a few dishes. In the end opposite the fireplace were two beds. At the head of one stood a brace of repeating rifles, a Marlin and a Winchester, so placed as to be within easy reach of the sleeper. The walls were as bare as the floor save for the wings and tails of some half-dozen wild turkeys which hung from nails and pegs.

My host sat down between me and the rifles.

"Powerful glad to have you come along," he began. "I've been want-

in' for a right smart time to have a picture of my boy, but I don't jest like to go out to town to get it. There comes the woman. She 'll be gettin' dinner. Take your cheer with you and let 's go out under the trees."

I stepped outside and sat down under an oak that stood beside the creek. Heddon followed with a chair in one hand and his Winchester in the other.

"I reckoned maybe you 'd like to see my Winchester," said he, and the twinkle in his eyes became more distinct. "That 's the best Winchester I ever saw. I killed all them turkeys with it. The sights was n't good when I got it, but I took it to town and had that piece of silver put on in front. That 's bright enough so I can draw down fine. Jest look at it." He handed me the gun, but that was the farthest it got from his hand. While we talked in the shade it lay across his knees. When we sat down to dinner it stood against the wall at his right hand.

Now a haggard-faced woman came along the trail with four children at her heels. The youngest was a toddling boy of two years. This was the father's favorite, the one whose picture was to be taken. A few minutes later a smooth-faced, good-looking young mountaineer came from the other way. This was Gus Heddon, Garret's nephew.

"Got any dram in camp?" asked my host, when the children had gone by. The term was new and I hesitated.

"Drink, I mean!"

"No. There does not seem to be any one that sells it around here."

"Maybe I've got a little in the house. I don't know. Reckon maybe there 's enough for a drink."

He limped to the house and brought out a quart bottle.

"That 's good whiskey," I said.

"Maybe I can get some more." Now the eyes sparkled and shone.

"Here, Gus," he called. "Jump on the mule and see if you can't find us some more dram. Here 's some money

to pay for it," and drawing a purse from his pocket he offered the young man a silver coin. All this time his eyes were saying, "This is for appearances, but of course we both understand."

"Tell you what," he said, turning to me. "If you all can't get nothin' to drink, maybe I can help you. Now, I don't have nothin' to do with whiskey myself, except to drink it up, but I guess maybe I can help you get a little. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll come over to camp some night a little late."

Not wanting to outstay my welcome I asked if the boy might not be ready for his picture.

"Reckon we 'll have somethin' to eat before you take that," said he. "We live pretty hard up here, but I reckon you can eat one meal of our grub if we live on it all the time."

We had for dinner hot corn bread, bacon, fresh pork, coffee, young onions, and black honey. The honey was from a bee tree, the pork the flesh of a wild mountain hog, fattened, I doubt not, on refuse from the "still." There was but one table knife. That came to me. Garret and Gus ate with their jackknives, and when my host finished eating, he wiped each side of the blade on his trousers leg, and then closing it put it back into his pocket. Gus and I had saucers for our coffee cups, but the rest had none. There was no sugar for the coffee and no butter for the bread.

The conversation turned to guns.

"Reckon you've seen these rifles that shoot steel bullets?" asked Garret. "Well, I ain't got no use for them. Had seven men shootin' at me with 'em one day 'bout a year ago, and they never touched me."

"How was that?" I asked.

Then followed an account of the fight at Reilly's house. Garret said he had been riding past on his way to the river, when, before he saw them, the men be-

gan shooting at him. He told the story much as Gus had told it. There was no bragging of his own part in the affair, and the whole tone of the narrative smacked more of a great joke on the "revenues" than of a feat creditable to himself.

"Why did n't you shoot back?" I ventured.

"Reckoned it was n't much use," said he. "I could n't see 'em because they got behind the house and corner. And then I knew that if I went to shootin' for luck they 'd kill the boys they had handcuffed. So I jest laid behind the log with my Winchester and kep' 'em scared.

"Reilly ain't havin' such a powerful hard time in the penitentiary. He can't eat what they give 'em there, so they let him buy whatever grub he wants. We send him money to do it. I send him five dollars a month, and the old man sends him a little. He says he weighs thirty pounds more than he did when he went. But he did hate powerful to go."

Dinner over, the four children were taken out to be photographed. There was a pretty little girl of ten, two quiet boys of six and eight, besides the two year old favorite. This spoiled child refused to have his face washed.

"Let him come without washin'," said the father. "You see we can't make him do anything. He's the worst little skunk you ever saw. When he gets mad at anybody he'll take a knife and say, 'I'll cut your neck.' I lick all of 'em but him. I want to see how he'll come out and grow up without lickin'."

Why is this boy the favored child of his father? May there not be in the baby that takes a knife and, toddling across the floor, threatens to cut his sister's "neck" the same wild instinct which led the father to shoot his brother and drown his enemy? Perhaps this common instinct is the subtle link of sympathy between father and boy.

There are strange things in human nature. One of these is the development of a man who really does what the rest of us would like to do in our worst moments, but which we do not, a man whose finger is steady on the trigger when a touch means murder, and whose unimaginative eye does not see the awful consequences in time to check the criminal impulse. Garret Heddon is such a man. In his neighborhood are other men who have killed their fellows, but they fear to quarrel with Garret Heddon because, as they all say, "he'll do jest what he says he'll do, no matter if he has to kill his whole family."

Pathetic in the extreme is the outlook for these children. They must spend their childhood in the midst of alarms. Their father's hand is ever near a rifle. His eye is always on the trail. Some day he will walk out of the cabin never to come back. If he is the man his neighbors believe, he will die with a smoking rifle in his hands and the lust of battle in his heart.

But, however he may die, his children grow up to carry weapons and distill forbidden liquors. The gospel of their people teaches them to hate the revenue man as their natural enemy. There will come years of work in hidden mountain distilleries, arrests, prison walls, battles, murders, and who can tell what else? Yet through it all they will be following the precepts that came to them in the cradle, — living the best life they know.

My host said he would show me the way to camp, but before we started he took out his pocketbook and asked how much he should pay me for the pictures. When I declined to accept money a pained look came into his eyes, and he said, —

"I want to pay. We live pretty hard up here, but we can pay what we owe."

I explained that since I was not taking pictures for money I would no sooner allow him to pay for a photograph of his

children than he would allow me to pay for my dinner.

Now he was satisfied, and going into the house, brought out the beard of a wild turkey.

"Reckon you don't have many turkeys like that up North. That beard came off of the biggest gobbler I ever saw. Won't you take it along?"

I was pleased to accept the gift, for the beard would make a pretty trophy for the wall of a far-off den. Then I asked if I might not take my host's picture.

"No," said he with emphasis. "I don't let anybody take mine." For reasons which seemed sufficient I did not insist.

Then he spoke a few words with Gus. The latter went into the house, and from a bin in the loft took down a sack

of corn. This he shouldered, and then started down a side trail toward a mill, — a little water mill with a capacity of some dozen bushels a day. I could mentally follow that corn from the drying place in the loft to the mill, and thence to the distillery. Now Garret threw the Winchester over his shoulder and said, —

"I'll show you the way to camp."

We went down the stream, climbed the ridge, and walked to a point where our path branched.

"That trail will take you to camp," he said. "Reckon I'd better not go any farther. Remember, I'm comin' over to camp one of these nights a little late."

When I looked back from the bottom of the ridge he still stood leaning on his rifle at the forks of the trail.

Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.

THE SHORT STORY.

THE initial difficulty in discussing the Short Story is that old danger of taking one's subject either too seriously or else not seriously enough. If one could but hit upon the proper key, at the outset, one might possibly hope to edify the strenuous reader and at the same time to propitiate the frivolous. Let us make certain of our key, therefore, by promptly borrowing one! And we will take our hint as to the real nature of the short story from that indisputable master of the long story, Thackeray. In his Roundabout Paper On a Lazy Idle Boy there is a picture, all in six lines, of "a score of white-bearded, white-robed warriors, or grave seniors of the city, seated at the gate of Jaffa or Beyrout, and listening to the story-teller reciting his marvels out of The Arabian Nights." That picture, symbol as it was to Thackeray of the story-teller's rôle, may well hover in

the background of one's memory as he discourses of the short story as a form of literary art.

Is it a distinct form, with laws and potencies that differentiate it sharply from other types of literature? This question is a sort of turnstile, through which one must wriggle, or over which one must boldly leap, in order to reach our field of investigation. Some of the Atlantic's readers are familiar with a magazine article written many years ago by Mr. Brander Matthews, entitled *The Philosophy of the Short-story*, and recently revised and issued as a little volume.¹ It will be observed that Professor Matthews spells Short-story with a hyphen, and claims that the Short-story, hyphenated, is something very different from a story that merely hap-

¹ *The Philosophy of the Short-story*. By BRANDER MATTHEWS, D. C. L. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

pens to be short. It is, he believes, a distinct species; an art-form by itself; a new literary *genre*, in short, characterized by compression, originality, ingenuity, a touch of fantasy, and by the fact that no love interest is needed to hold its parts together. Mr. Matthews gives pertinent illustrations of these characteristics, and comments in interesting fashion upon recent British and American examples of the Short-story. But one is tempted to ask if the white-bearded, white-robed warriors at the gate of Jaffa were not listening, centuries and centuries ago, to tales marked by compression, originality, ingenuity, a touch of fantasy, and all the other "notes" of this new type of literature.

The critical trail blazed so plainly by the professor of dramatic literature at Columbia has been followed by several authors of recent volumes devoted to the art of short story writing. Dr. Nettleton's *Specimens of the Short Story*¹ is a carefully edited little book containing eight examples of different phases of narrative art. Lamb's *The Superannuated Man* illustrates the Sketch; Irving's *Rip van Winkle, the Tale*; Hawthorne's *The Great Stone Face, the Allegory*; Poe's *The Purloined Letter, the Detective Story*; Thackeray's *Phil Fogarty, the Burlesque*; Dickens's *Dr. Manette's Manuscript, the Story of Incident*; Bret Harte's *The Outcasts of Poker Flat, the Local Color Story*, and Stevenson's *Markheim, the Psychological Story*. The range of another new volume is still wider, as may be inferred from its title,² *The World's Greatest Short Stories*. It is edited by Sherwin Cody, who published some years ago an anonymous treatise on *The Art of Short Story Writing*. Mr. Cody prints, with brief

expository introductions, stories from Boccaccio, *The Arabian Nights*, Irving, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, Poe, Hawthorne, Maupassant, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Arthur Morrison. And there has lately been issued still another handbook, entitled *Short Story Writing*.³ Like the preceding volume, it was conceived in Chicago, and its breezy, wholesome Philistinism is tempered with reverent quotation from Mr. Brander Matthews, Poe, and Munsey's *Magazine*, and with much useful information for the benefit of the young author. The Introduction begins with this extraordinary statement: "The short story was first recognized as a distinct class of literature in 1842, when Poe's criticism of Hawthorne called attention to the new form of fiction." But story-telling, surely, is as old as the day when men first gathered round a camp-fire, or women huddled in a cave! The study of comparative folk-lore is teaching us every day how universal is the instinct for it. Even were we to leave out of view the literature of oral tradition, and take the earlier written literature of any European people, for instance, the tales told by Chaucer and some of his Italian models, we should find these modern characteristics of "originality," "ingenuity," and the rest in almost unrivaled perfection, and perhaps come to the conclusion of Chaucer himself, as he exclaims in whimsical despair, "There is no new thing that is not old!"

And yet if the question be put point-blank, "Do not such short story writers as Stevenson, Mr. Kipling, Miss Jewett, Bret Harte, Daudet — not to mention Poe and Hawthorne — stand for a new movement, a distinct type of literature?" one is bound to answer

¹ *Specimens of the Short Story*. Edited with Introductions and Notes, by GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1901.

² *Selections from The World's Greatest Short*

Stories. By SHERWIN CODY. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

³ *Short Story Writing*. A Practical Treatise on the Art of the Short Story. By CHARLES RAYMOND BARRETT, Ph. B. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.

"Yes." Here is work that contrasts very strongly, not only with the Italian *novella* and other mediæval types, but even with the English and American tales of two generations ago. Where lies the difference? For Professor Brander Matthews and his Chicago disciples are surely right in holding that there is a difference. It is safer to trace it, however, not in the external characteristics of this modern work, every single feature of which can easily be paralleled in prehistoric myths, but rather — as Mr. Cody, indeed, seems in part to do — in the attitude of the contemporary short story writer toward his material, and in his conscious effort to achieve under certain conditions a certain effect. And it is true that no one has defined this conscious attitude and aim so clearly as Edgar Allan Poe.

In that perpetually quoted essay upon Hawthorne's *Tales* written in 1842 — one of the earliest and to this day one of the best criticisms of Hawthorne — Poe remarks: —

"Were I bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, I should answer, without hesitation — in the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. I need only here say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are ne-

cessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And without unity of impression the deepest effects cannot be brought about. . . .

"Were I called upon, however, to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as I have suggested, should best fulfill the demands of high genius — should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion — I should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. I allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from totality. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fullness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences — resulting from weariness or interruption.

"A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents, — he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at

length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel."

If we assent to Poe's reasoning we are at once upon firm ground. The short story in prose literature corresponds, then, to the lyric in poetry; like the lyric, its unity of effect turns largely upon its brevity; and as there are well-known laws of lyric structure which the lyric poet violates at his peril or obeys to his triumph, so the short story must observe certain conditions and may enjoy certain freedoms that are peculiar to itself. Doubtless our professional story-tellers seated before the gate of Jaffa or Beyrout had ages ago a naive instinctive apprehension of these principles of their art, but it is equally true that the story-writers of our own day, profiting by the accumulated experience of the race, responding quickly to international literary influences, prompt to learn from and to imitate one another, are consciously and no doubt self-consciously studying their art as it has never been studied before. Every magazine brings new experiments in method, or new variations of the old themes, and it would speak ill for the intelligence of these workmen if there could be no registration of results. Some such registration may at any rate be attempted, without being unduly dogmatic, and without making one's pleasure in a short story too solemn and heart-searching an affair.

Every work of fiction, long or short, depends for its charm and power — as we are nowadays taught in the very schoolroom — upon one or all of three elements: the characters, the plot, and the setting. Here are certain persons, doing certain things, in certain circumstances, — and the fiction-writer tells us

about one or another or all three of these phases of his theme. Sometimes he creates vivid characters, but does not know what to do with them; sometimes he invents very intricate and thrilling plots, but the men and women remain nonentities; sometimes he lavishes his skill on the background, the *milieu*, the manners and morals of the age, — the all-enveloping natural forces or historic movements, while his heroes and heroines are hurriedly pushed here and there into place, like dolls at a dolls' tea party. But the masters of fiction, one need hardly say, know how to beget men and women, and to make them march toward events, with the earth beneath their feet and overhead the sky.

Suppose we turn to the first of these three potential elements of interest, and ask what are the requirements of the short story as regards the delineation of character. Looking at the characters alone, and not, for the moment, at the plot or the setting, is there any difference between the short story and the novel? There is this very obvious difference: if it is a character-story at all, the characters must be unique, original enough to catch the eye at once.

Everybody knows that in a novel a commonplace person may be made interesting by a deliberate, patient exposition of his various traits, precisely as we can learn to like very uninteresting persons in real life if circumstances place them day after day at our elbows. Who of us would not grow impatient with the early chapters of *The Newcomes*, for instance, or *The Antiquary*, if it were not for our faith that Thackeray and Scott know their business, and that every one of those commonplace people will contribute something in the end to the total effect? And even where the gradual development of character, rather than the mere portrayal of character, is the theme of a novelist, as so frequently with George Eliot, how colorless may be the personality at the outset, how narrow the range of thought

and experience portrayed! Yet, in George Eliot's own words, "these commonplace people have a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right." They take on dignity from their moral struggle, whether the struggle ends in victory or defeat. By an infinite number of subtle touches they are made to grow and change before our eyes, like living, fascinating things.

But all this takes time, — far more time than is at the disposal of the short story writer. If his special theme be the delineation of character, he dare not choose colorless characters; if his theme is character-development, then that development must be hastened by striking experiences, — like a plant forced in a hothouse, instead of left to the natural conditions of sun and cloud and shower. For instance, if it be a love story, the hero and heroine must begin their decisive battle at once, without the advantage of a dozen chapters of preliminary skirmishing. If the hero is to be made into a villain or a saint, the chemistry must be of the swiftest; that is to say, unusual forces are brought to bear upon somewhat unusual personalities. It is an interesting consequence of this necessity for choosing the exceptional rather than the normal, that so far as the character-element is concerned the influence of the modern short story is thrown upon the side of romanticism rather than of realism.

And yet it is by no means necessary that the short story should depend upon character-drawing for its effect. If its plot be sufficiently entertaining, comical, novel, thrilling, the characters may be the merest lay figures and yet the story remain an admirable work of art. Poe's tales of ratiocination, as he loved to call them, like *The Gold-Bug*, *The Purloined Letter*, or his tales of pseudo-science, like *The Descent into the Maelstrom*, are dependent for none of their power upon any interest attaching to character. The exercise of the pure

logical faculty, or the wonder and the terror of the natural world, gives scope enough for that consummate craftsman. We have lately lost one of the most ingenious and delightful of American story-writers, whose tales of whimsical predicament illustrate this point very perfectly. Given the conception of "Negative Gravity," what comic possibilities unfold themselves, quite without reference to the personality of the experimenter! I should be slow to assert that the individual idiosyncrasies of the passengers aboard that remarkable vessel *The Thomas Hyke* do not heighten the effect produced by their singular adventure, but they are not the essence of it. *The Lady or the Tiger* remains a perpetual riddle, does it not, precisely because it asks: "What would a woman do in that predicament?" Not what this particular barbarian princess would do, for the author cunningly neglected to give her any individualized traits. We know nothing about her; so that there are as many answers to the riddle as there are women in the world. We know tolerably well what choice would be made in those circumstances by a specific woman like *Becky Sharp* or *Dorothea Casaubon* or *Little Em'ly*; but to affirm what a woman would decide? Ah, no; *Mr. Stockton* was quite too clever to attempt that.

Precisely the same obliteration of personal traits is to be noted in some tales involving situations that are meant to be taken very seriously indeed. The reader will recall Poe's story of the Spanish Inquisition, entitled *The Pit and the Pendulum*. The unfortunate victim of the inquisitors lies upon his back, strapped to the stone floor of his dungeon. Directly above him is suspended a huge pendulum, a crescent of glittering steel, razor-edged, which at every sweep to and fro lowers itself inch by inch toward the helpless captive. As he lies there, gazing frantically upon the terrific oscillations of that hissing steel, struggling, shrieking, or calculat-

ing with the calmness of despair, Poe paints with extraordinary vividness his sensations and his thoughts. But who is he? He is nobody, — anybody, — he is John Doe or Richard Roe, — he is *man* under mortal agony, — not a particular man; he has absolutely no individuality, save possibly in the ingenuity by means of which he finally escapes. I should not wish to imply that this is a defect in the story. By no means. Poe has wrought out, no doubt, precisely the effect he intended: the situation itself is enough without any specific characterization; and yet suppose we had Daniel Deronda strapped to that floor, or Mr. Micawber, or Terence Mulvaney? At any rate, the sensations and passions and wily stratagems of these distinct personalities would be more interesting than the emotions of Poe's lay figure. The novelist who should place them there would be bound to tell us what they — and no one else — would feel and do in that extremity of anguish. Not to tell us would be to fail to make the most of the artistic possibilities of the situation. Poe's task, surely, was much less complex. The Pit and the Pendulum is perfect in its way, but if the incident had been introduced into a novel a different perfection would have been demanded.

Nor is it otherwise if we turn to that third element of effect in fiction, namely, the circumstances or events enveloping the characters and action of the tale. The nature of the short story is such that both characters and action may be almost without significance, provided the atmosphere — the place and time — the background — is artistically portrayed. Here is the source of the perennial pleasure to be found in Mr. P. Deming's simple Adirondack Stories. If the author can discover to us a new corner of the world, — as Mr. Norman Duncan and Mr. Jack London have done in the current number of this magazine, or sketch the familiar scene to our heart's desire, like Mr. Colton and

Miss Alice Brown, or illumine one of the great human occupations, as war, or commerce, or industry, he has it in his power, through this means alone, to give us the fullest satisfaction. The modern feeling for landscape, the modern curiosity about social conditions, the modern æsthetic sense for the characteristic rather than for the beautiful as such, all play into the short story writer's hands. Many a reader, no doubt, takes up Miss Wilkins's stories, not because he cares much about the people in them or what the people do, but just to breathe for twenty minutes the New England air — if in truth that be the New England air! You may even have homesickness for a place you have never seen, — some Delectable Duchy in Cornwall, a window in Thrums, a Californian mining camp deserted before you were born, — and Mr. Quiller Couch, or Mr. Barrie, or Bret Harte will take you there, and that is all you ask of them. The popularity which Stephen Crane's war stories enjoyed for a season was certainly not due to his characters, for his personages had no character, not even names, — nor to the plot, for there was none. But the sights and sounds and odors and colors of War — as Crane imagined War — were plastered upon his vacant-minded heroes as you would stick a poster to a wall, and the trick was done. In other words, the setting was sufficient to produce the intended effect.

It is true, of course, that many stories, and these perhaps of the highest rank, avail themselves of all three of these modes of impression. Bret Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp, Mr. Cable's Posson Jone, Mr. Aldrich's Marjorie Daw, Mr. Kipling's The Man Who Would be King, Miss Jewett's The Queen's Twin, Miss Wilkins's A New England Nun, Dr. Hale's The Man Without a Country, present people and events and circumstances, blended into an artistic whole that defies analysis. But because we sometimes re-

ceive compound measure, pressed down and running over, we should not forget that the cup of delight may be filled in a simpler and less wonderful way.

This thought suggests the consideration of another aspect of our theme, namely, the opportunity which the short story, as a distinct type of literature, gives to the writer. We have seen indirectly that it enables him to use all his material, to spread before us any hints in the fields of character or action or setting, which his notebook may contain. Mr. Henry James's stories very often impress one as chips from the workshop where his novels were built; — or, to use a less mechanical metaphor, as an exploration of a tempting side path, of whose vistas he had caught a passing glimpse while pursuing some of his retreating and elusive major problems.

It is obvious likewise that the short story gives a young writer most valuable experience at the least loss of time. He can tear up and try again. Alas, if he only would do so a little oftener! He can test his fortune with the public through the magazines, without waiting to write his immortal book. For older men in whom the creative impulse is comparatively feeble, or manifested at long intervals only, the form of the short story makes possible the production of a small quantity of highly finished work. But these incidental advantages to the author himself are not so much to our present purpose as are certain artistic opportunities which his strict limits of space allow him.

In the brief tale, then, he may be didactic without wearying his audience. Not to entangle one's self in the interminable question about the proper limits of didacticism in the art of fiction, one may assert that it is at least as fair to say to the author, "You may preach if you wish, but at your own risk," as it is to say to him, "You shall not preach at all, because I do not like to listen." Most of the greater English

fiction-writers, at any rate, have the homiletic habit. Dangerous as this habit is, uncomfortable as it makes us feel to get a sermon instead of a story, there is sometimes no great harm in a sermonette. "This is not a tale exactly. It is a tract," are the opening words of one of Mr. Kipling's stories, and the tale is no worse — and likewise, it is true, no better — for its profession of a moral purpose. Many a tract, in this generation so suspicious of its preachers, has disguised itself as a short story, and made good reading, too. For that matter, not to grow quite unmindful of our white-robed, white-bearded company sitting all this time by the gate of Jaffa, there is a very pretty moral, as Mr. Cody has taken pains to point out, even in the artless tale of *Aladdin's Lamp*.

The story-writer, furthermore, has this advantage over the novelist, that he can pose problems without answering them. When George Sand and Charles Dickens wrote novels to exhibit certain defects in the organization of human society, they not only stated their case, but they had their triumphant solution of the difficulty. So it has been with the drama, until very recently. The younger Dumas had his own answer for every one of his problem-plays. But with Ibsen came the fashion of staging your question at issue, in unmistakable terms, and not even suggesting that one solution is better than another. "Here are the facts for you," says Ibsen; "here are the modern emotions for you; my work is done." In precisely similar fashion does a short story writer like Maupassant fling the facts in our face, brutally, pitilessly. We may make what we can of them; it is nothing to him. He poses his grim problem with surpassing skill, and that is all. A novel written in this way grows intolerable, and one may suspect that the contemporary problem-novel is apt to be such an unspeakable affair, not merely for its dubious themes and more than dubious

style, but because it reveals so little power to "lay" the ghosts it raises.

Again, the short story writer is always asking us to take a great deal for granted. He begs to be allowed to state his own premises. He portrays, for instance, some marital comedy or tragedy, ingeniously enough. We retort, "Yes; but how could he have ever fallen in love with her in the first place?" "Oh," replies the author off-hand, "that is another story." But if he were a novelist, he would not get off so easily. He might have to write twenty chapters, and go back three generations, to show why his hero "fell in love with her in the first place." All that any fiction can do — very naturally — is to give us, as we commonly say, a mere cross-section of life. There are endless antecedents and consequents with which it has no concern; but the cross-section of the story-writer is so much thinner that he escapes a thousand inconveniences and even then considers it beneath him to explain his miracles.

What is more, the laws of brevity and unity of effect compel him to omit, in his portrayal of life and character, many details that are unlovely. Unless, like some very gifted fiction-writers of our time, he makes a conscientious search for the repulsive, it is easy for him to paint a pleasant picture. Bret Harte's earliest stories show this happy instinct for the æsthetic, for touching the sunny places in the lives of extremely disreputable men. His gamblers are exhibited in their charming mood; his outcasts are revealed to us at the one moment of self-denying tenderness which insures our sympathy. Such a selective method is perfectly legitimate and necessary: *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* each contains but slightly more than four thousand words. All art is selective, for that matter, but were a novelist to take the personages of those stories and exhibit them as full-length figures, he would be bound

to tell more of the truth about them, unpleasant as some of the details would be. Otherwise he would paint life in a wholly wrong perspective. Bret Harte's master, Charles Dickens, did not always escape this temptation to juggle with the general truth of things; the pupil escaped it, in these early stories at least, simply because he was working on a different scale.

The space limits of the short story allow its author likewise to make artistic use of the horrible, the morbid, the dreadful, — subjects too poignant to give any pleasure if they were forced upon the attention throughout a novel. *The Black Cat*, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Descent into the Maelstrom*, are admirable examples of Poe's art, but he was too skillful a workman not to know that that sort of thing if it be done at all must be done quickly. Four hundred pages of *The Black Cat* would be impossible.

And last in our list of the distinct advantages of the art-form we are considering is the fact that it allows a man to make use of the vaguest suggestions, a delicate symbolism, a poetic impressionism, fancies too tenuous to hold in the stout texture of the novel. Wide is the scope of the art of fiction; it includes even this borderland of dreams. Poe's marvelous *Shadow*, a *Parable*; *Silence*, a *Fable*; Hawthorne's *The Hollow of the Three Hills*, or *The Snow-Image*; many a prose poem that might be cited from French and Russian writers; — these illustrate the strange beauty and mystery of those twilight places where the vagrant imagination hovers for a moment and flutters on.

It will be seen that all of the opportunities that have been enumerated — the opportunity, namely, for innocent didacticism, for posing problems without answering them, for stating arbitrary premises, for omitting unlovely details and, conversely, for making beauty out of the horrible, and finally for poetic symbolism — are connected

with the fact that in the short story the powers of the reader are not kept long upon the stretch. The reader shares in the large liberty which the short story affords to the author. This type of prose literature, like the lyric in poetry, is such an old, and simple, and free mode of expressing the artist's personality! As long as men are interesting to one another, as long as the infinite complexities of modern emotion play about situations that are as old as the race, so long will there be an opportunity for the free development of the short story as a literary form.

Is there anything to be said upon the other side? Are the distinct advantages of this art-form accompanied by any strict conditions, upon conformity to which success depends? For the brief tale demands, of one who would reach the foremost skill in it, two or three qualities that are really very rare.

It calls for visual imagination of a high order: the power to see the object; to penetrate to its essential nature; to select the one characteristic trait by which it may be represented. A novelist informs you that his heroine, let us say, is seated in a chair by the window. He tells you what she looks like: her attitude, figure, hair and eyes, and so forth. He can do this, and very often seems to do it, without really seeing that individual woman or making us see her. His trained pencil merely sketches some one of the same general description, of about the equivalent hair and eyes, and so forth — seated by that general kind of window. If he does not succeed in making her real to us in that pose, he has a hundred other opportunities before the novel ends. Recall how George Eliot pictures Dorothea in Middlemarch, now in this position, now in that. If one scene does not present her vividly to us, the chances are that another will, and in the end, it is true, we have an absolutely distinct image of her. The short

story writer, on the other hand, has but the one chance. His task, compared with that of the novelist, is like bringing down a flying bird with one bullet, instead of banging away with a whole handful of birdshot and having another barrel in reserve. Study the descriptive epithets in Stevenson's short stories: how they bring down the object! What an eye! And what a hand! No adjective that does not paint a picture or record a judgment; and if it were not for a boyish habit of showing off his skill and doing trick shots for us out of mere superfluity of cleverness, what judge of marksmanship would refuse Master Robert Louis Stevenson the prize?

An imagination that penetrates to the very heart of the matter; a verbal magic that recreates for us what the imagination has seen; — these are the tests of the tale-teller's genius. A novel may be high up in the second rank — like Trollope's and Bulwer-Lytton's — and lack somehow the literary touch. But the only short stories that survive the year or the decade are those that have this verbal finish, — "fame's great antiseptic, style." To say that a short story at its best should have imagination and style is simple enough. To hunt through the magazines of any given month and find such a story is a very different matter. Out of the hundreds of stories printed every week in every civilized country, why do so few meet the supreme tests? To put it bluntly, does this form of literature present peculiar attractions to mediocrity?

For answer, let us look at some of the qualities which the short story fails to demand from those who use it. It will account in part for the number of short stories written.

Very obviously, to write a short story requires no sustained power of imagination. So accomplished a critic as Mr. Henry James believes that this is a purely artificial distinction; he thinks

that if you can imagine at all, you can keep it up. Ruskin went even farther. Every feat of the imagination, he declared, is easy for the man who performs it; the great feat is possible only to the great artist, yet if he can do it at all, he can do it easily. But as a matter of fact, does not the power required to hold steadily before you your theme and personages and the whole little world where the story moves correspond somewhat to the strength it takes to hold out a dumb-bell? Any one can do it for a few seconds; but in a few more seconds the arm sags; it is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end. For Hawthorne to hold the people of *The Scarlet Letter* steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years' preliminary brooding, is surely more of an artistic feat than to write a short story between Tuesday and Friday. The three years and nine months of unremitting labor devoted to *Middlemarch* does not in itself afford any criterion of the value of the book; but given George Eliot's brain power and artistic instinct to begin with, and then concentrate them for that period upon a single theme, and it is no wonder that the result is a masterpiece. "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry," — says Charles Reade of the great Flemish painter in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, — "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry, and therefore the world will not forget him in a hurry."

This sustained power of imagination and the patient workmanship that keeps pace with it are not demanded by the brief tale. It is a short distance race, and any one can run it indifferently well.

Nor does the short story demand of its author essential sanity; breadth and tolerance of view. How morbid does the genius of a Hoffmann, a Poe, a Maupassant seem, when placed alongside the sane and wholesome art of Scott and Fielding and Thackeray!

Sanity, balance, naturalness; the novel stands or falls in the long run by these tests. But your short story writer may be fit for a madhouse and yet compose tales that shall be immortal. In other words, we do not ask of him that he shall have a philosophy of life, in any broad, complete sense. It may be that Professor Masson, like a true Scotchman, insisted too much upon the intellectual element in the art of fiction when he declared, "Every artist is a thinker whether he knows it or not, and ultimately no artist will be found greater as an artist than he was as a thinker." But he points out here what must be the last of the distinctions we have drawn between the short story and the novel. When we read *Old Mortality*, or *Pendennis*, or *Daniel Deronda*, we find in each book a certain philosophy, "a chart or plan of human life." Consciously or unconsciously held or formulated, it is nevertheless there. The novelist has his theory of this general scheme of things which enfolds us all, and he cannot write his novel without betraying his theory. "He is a thinker whether he knows it or not."

But the story-writer, with all respect to him, need be nothing of the sort. He deals not with wholes, but with fragments; not with the trend of the great march through the wide world, but with some particular aspect of the procession as it passes. His story may be, as we have seen, the merest sketch of a face, a comic attitude, a tragic incident; it may be a lovely dream, or a horrid nightmare, or a page of words that haunt us like music. Yet he need not be consistent; he need not think things through. One might almost maintain that there is more of an answer, implicit or explicit, to the great problems of human destiny in one book like *Vanity Fair* or *Adam Bede* than in all of Mr. Kipling's one hundred and sixty short stories taken together, — and Mr. Kipling is indubitably the most gifted story-teller of our time.

Does not all this throw some light upon the present popularity of the short story with authors and public alike? Here is a form of literature easy to write and easy to read. The author is often paid as much for a story as he earns from the copyrights of a novel, and it costs him one tenth the labor. The multiplication of magazines and other periodicals creates a constant market, with steadily rising prices. The qualities of imagination and style that go to the making of a first-rate short story are as rare as they ever were, but one is sometimes tempted to think that the great newspaper and magazine reading public bothers itself very little about either style or imagination. The public pays its money and takes its choice.

And there are other than these mechanical and commercial reasons why the short story now holds the field. It is a kind of writing perfectly adapted to our over-driven generation, which rushes from one task or engagement to another, and between times, or on the way, snatches up a story. Our habit of nervous concentration for a brief period helps us indeed to crowd a great deal of pleasure into the half-hour of perusal; our incapacity for prolonged attention forces the author to keep within that limit, or exceed it at his peril.

It has been frequently declared that this popularity of the short story is unfavorable to other forms of imaginative literature. Many English critics have pointed out that the reaction against the three-volume novel, and particularly against George Eliot, has been caused by the universal passion for the short story. And the short story is frequently made responsible for the alleged distaste of Americans for the essay. We are told that nobody reads magazine poetry, because the short stories are so much more interesting.

In the presence of all such brisk generalizations, it is prudent to exercise a little wholesome skepticism. No one really knows. Each critic can easily

find the sort of facts he is looking for. American short stories have probably trained the public to a certain expectation of technical excellence in narrative which has forced American novel-writers to do more careful work. But there are few of our novel-writers who exhibit a breadth and power commensurate with their opportunities, and it is precisely these qualities of breadth and power which an apprenticeship to the art of short story writing seldom or never seems to impart. The wider truth, after all, is that literary criticism has no apparatus delicate enough to measure the currents, the depths and the tideways, the reactions and interactions of literary forms. Essays upon the evolution of literary types, when written by men like M. Brunetière, are fascinating reading, and for the moment almost persuade you that there is such a thing as a real evolution of types, that is, a definite replacement of a lower form by a higher. But the popular caprice of an hour upsets all your theories. Mr. Howells had no sooner proved, a few years ago, that a certain form of realism was the finally evolved type in fiction, than the great reading public promptly turned around and bought *Treasure Island*. That does not prove *Treasure Island* a better story than *Silas Lapham*; it proves simply that a trout that will rise to a brown hackle to-day will look at nothing but a white miller to-morrow; and that when the men of the ice age grew tired of realistic anecdotes somebody yawned and poked the fire and called on a romanticist. One age, one stage of culture, one mood, calls for stories as naïve, as grim and primitive in their stark savagery as an Icelandic saga; another age, another mood, — nay, the whim that changes in each one of us between morning and evening, — chooses stories as deliberately, consciously artificial as *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Both types are admirable, each in its own way, provided both stir the imagination. For the types will come and go and

come again; but the human hunger for fiction of some sort is never sated. Study the historical phases of the art of fiction as closely as one may, there come moments — and perhaps the close of an essay is an appropriate time to confess it — when one is tempted to say with Wilkie Collins that the whole art of fiction can be summed up in three precepts: “Make ’em laugh; make ’em cry; make ’em wait.”

The important thing, the really suggestive and touching and wonderful thing, is that all these thousands of contemporary and ephemeral stories are laughed over and cried over and waited for by somebody. They are read, while the “large still books” are bound in full calf and buried. Do you remember Pomona in Rudder Grange reading aloud in the kitchen every night after she had washed the dishes, spelling out with blundering tongue and beating heart: “Yell — after — yell — resounded — as — he — wildly — sprang” — Or “Ha — ha — Lord — Marmont — thundered — thou — too — shalt — suffer”? We are all more or less like

Pomona. We are children at bottom, after all is said, children under the story-teller’s charm. Nansen’s stout-hearted comrades tell stories to one another while the Arctic ice drifts onward with the Fram; Stevenson is nicknamed The Tale-Teller by the brown-limbed Samoans; Chinese Gordon reads a story while waiting — hopelessly waiting — at Khartoum. What matter who performs the miracle that opens for us the doors of the wonder-world? It may be one of that white-bearded company at the gate of Jaffa; it may be an ardent French boy pouring out his heart along the bottom of a Paris newspaper; it may be some sober-suited New England woman in the decorous pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*; it may be some wretched scribbler writing for his supper. No matter, if only the miracle is wrought; if we look out with new eyes upon the many-featured, habitable world; if we are thrilled by the pity and the beauty of this life of ours, itself brief as a tale that is told; if we learn to know men and women better, and to love them more.

B. P.

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

“I HAVE often thought,” said the young minister, “that your house might be called the Cave of Adullam.”

Miss Lucretia Blaine adjusted her glasses, as if they might help her to some mental insight, and then illogically directed her puzzled gaze at him over their top. She was short and plump, with brown eyes and an abundance of bright hair lapsing into dun maturity. There was so much of the hair that it was difficult to manage, and she had wound it in a sort of crown. So it happened that she carried her head in a fashion that looked like haughtiness and belied the patient seeking of her

dove’s eyes. She was not much given to reading, even Bible reading, and the minister’s pictorial talk perplexed her. It was vaguely discomfiting, in a way, much like the minister himself. He was a short and muscular man, with a scholarly forehead, a firm mouth, and eyeglasses magnificently set in gold. He had always disturbed Miss Lucretia, coming as he did after a mild and fading pulpit dynasty. She could never understand how he knew so much, at his time of life, about human trials and their antidotes; his autocracy over the moral world was even too bracing, too insistent. Now she took off her glasses

and laid them down, regarding him with that blurred, softened look which is the gift of eyes unused to freedom.

"I don't know," said she, "as I rightly understand."

"The Cave of Adullam!" repeated the minister, in his pulpit manner. "David was there, if you remember, in the time of his banishment, 'and every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him.' It was a refuge. Your house appeals to me, in a figurative sense, as being somewhat the same thing. The poor, the unfortunate, flee hither to you. This is the Cave of Adullam."

New trouble added itself to Miss Lucretia's look. This unnecessary classifying merely greated her accepted load. She only saw herself pottering about, doing her chores and serving the people who were mysteriously meted out to her. Life was very simple until it became complicated by words.

"Well," said she vaguely, "I guess there's a good many such places, if all was known."

"Yes," returned the minister, "we all have some earthly refuge."

"I should like to know what cousin 'Cretia's got!" came a young voice from the doorway, — a woman's voice, melodious, full. There stood Lucrece, a distant relative defined within some limit of cousinship. She was tall and strenuous, a girl all life and the desire of life. Her pose had an unconsidered beauty; her muscles, whether in rest or action, obeyed according purposes and wrought out harmony. The minister caught his breath as her face flowered upon him like some exotic bloom. He had a young wife at home, and her he truly cherished; yet no one could look upon Lucrece and continue quite unmoved.

Miss Lucretia only smiled at her. She was used to the incursions of the young and passionate thing. Dealing

with the hot moods Lucrece engendered seemed more or less like feeding a tame leopard in the kitchen.

"I'd like to know," continued Lucrece rapidly, in her moving contralto, "what refuge cousin 'Cretia's had! There's great-uncle Pike in the parlor chamber. He's got dropsy. He likes it. There's cousin Mary Poole in the west room. She's got nerves. Cousin 'Cretia's had to hear her clack from sunrise to sunset for going on nine years. Mary Poole and uncle Pike have got their refuge, both of 'em. Where's cousin 'Cretia's?"

"There, there!" counseled Lucretia. "You come in, dear, an' se' down."

The minister cleared his throat. He was momentarily dashed by this onslaught of the human, and the natural man in him agreed with Lucrece. Yet officially he could not concur.

"All these trials," said he, with no abatement of his former emphasis, "will be stars in her crown of rejoicing."

"Oh!" returned the girl bitingly. She came in and stood by the mantel, her head held high, as if it carried a weight she scorned. "But what about now? They're having their refuge now. What about cousin 'Cretia's?"

"Crechy!" came a wheezing voice from above. "Crechy, you step up here a minute!"

This might have been a signal for concerted effort. Another voice, dramatically muffled, issued from the west room.

"Crechy, you mind what I say! You come in here first! Crechy, you come!"

Lucretia rose in haste and made her capable way out of the room, fitting on her glasses as she went.

"There!" said Lucrece triumphantly, having seen the proving of her point, "they're both calling on her at once. That's what they do. They're neck and neck when it comes to trouble. If one finds a feather endwise in the bed, the other falls over a square in the car-

pet. And cousin 'Cretia's got to smooth it all out."

The minister felt his poverty of resource. The young creature interrogating him at white heat would have flouted his divine commonplaces. He knew that, and decided, with true humility, that he should only be able to meet her after a season of prayer.

"I cannot account for it," he said, rising with dignity. "I fear I must be going. Please say good-by to Miss Lucretia."

The girl accompanied him to the door with all the outward courtesy due him and his office; but her mind seemed suddenly to be elsewhere. She shook hands with him; and then, as he walked down the path between beds of velvet pinks, her fighting blood rose once more, and she called lightly after him, "What about cousin 'Cretia?'"

But he made no answer, nor did she wait for one. On the heels of her question she turned back into the sitting-room and flung herself at full length on the broad lounge, where she lay tapping the white line of her teeth with an impatient finger. Presently Lucretia came down the stairs and, entering the room, gave a quick look about. Her eyes interrogated Lucrece.

"Yes," said the girl carelessly, "he's gone. He thinks I'm awful."

Lucretia sat down again by the window and took up her work. There was an abiding stillness about her. She was very palpably a citizen of the world, and yet not of it, as if some film lay between her and the things that are.

"Have both of 'em had a drink of water?" asked the girl satirically.

"Yes, both of 'em!"

"Have they ordered what they want for supper?"

A slow smile indented the corners of Lucretia's mouth. "Well," said she indulgently, "I b'lieve they did mention it."

"I bet they did! And to-morrow it'll be just the same, and to-morrow,

and to-morrow. It's all very well to talk about Caves of Adullam. Where's your cave?"

Lucretia dropped her work and gazed at the girl with unseeing eyes. She had the remote look of one who conjures up visions at will. "Don't you worry," said she. "I don't mind them no more than the wind that blows."

"Well," said Lucrece moodily, "I suppose everybody's got to have something. Only it seems as if you had everything. They all come and sponge on you. So do I. To-day I'm madder'n a hatter, and I put for you."

Lucretia's glance returned to a perception of tangible things.

"What is it, Lucrece?"

The girl spoke with the defiance of one who combats tears.

"I'm not going to be married."

"Why not?"

"All the money Tom saved he put in with his father. He wants it out now, to go into the lumber business, and his father won't let him have it. And Tom's got nothing to show for it."

Lucretia sat motionless, a slow flush rising into her face. One might have said she looked ashamed. The room was very still. A bee buzzed into the entry, and described whorled circlets of flight. The sound of his wandering was loud, out of all proportion to its significance.

"That means putting off our marrying for a year or two," said Lucrece indifferently. Then, having cried a few tears and angrily wiped them away with her hand, she crushed her pink cheek into the sofa pillow for a moment, and, as if she flung aside an unworthy mood, rose to her feet with a spring.

"Tom pretty much hates his father," said she. "He's ashamed to be the son of a miser. He's afraid he might catch it. But he need n't worry. Tom's as good as they make 'em." She walked to the door and then, returning, stooped over Miss Lucretia and kissed the top of her head. "Don't you mind," said

she. "It 'll all come out right. I 'm just like them two upstairs, only mine 's temper where they 've got nerves and dropsy. Why, cousin 'Cretia, what is it?"

Two tears were rolling down Lucretia's cheeks. They splashed upon her hand. Lucrece had never seen her look so moved and broken.

"Why," said the girl, "you taking it so hard as that, just my being married? It 's only put off."

Lucretia rose and folded her work conclusively. Her cheeks were pink under their tears, and her voice trembled.

"Don't you worry, dear," said she, a humorous smile beginning to flicker on her lips. "I s'pose I can have my mad fit, too, can't I? There! you run along now. I 've got to get in the clo'es."

It was a dismissal not to be gainsaid, and Lucrece went wonderingly away. At the door she hesitated.

"I guess I 'll go across lots," said she. "There 's old Armstrong coming up the road. I can't talk to him as I feel now." She took the narrow path skirting the house front, and stepped over the low stone wall into the orchard. There she walked away with a lilting motion, and still with the erect pose of one who carries a burden lightly.

Miss Lucretia stood in the middle of the sunny room, so still that all the little noises of the day seemed loud about her. There was the ticking of the clock, the booming of bees on the jessamine sprays, and chiefly the thickened beating of her heart. Suddenly, as if mounting thought had cast her forth on one great wave, she hurried out of doors and down the path to the gate. There, her hand on the palings, she waited for Dana Armstrong. Yet she did not glance at him, as he came striding along the road, but into the green field opposite, and again her eyes had the unseeing look of one to whom visions are more palpable than fact.

Dana Armstrong was over sixty, but he carried himself like a youth, with the free step and sinewy vigor of one whose time is yet to come. And still, in spite of that assertive strength, the years had marked him with their tell-tale tracery. His cheeks were deeply scored with long, crisp lines; his mouth dropped slightly at the corners. The gray eyes were cold, though a fanciful mind might have found in them some promise, however unfulfilled, some hint of blue.

"Dana Armstrong," called Miss Lucretia, "you come here! I want to talk with you."

He quickened his walk, his eyes warming a little at sight of her. She swung open the gate, and he stepped inside.

"Anything happened?" he asked concernedly.

"No. You come in a minute."

She preceded him along the path, her short steps breaking in upon the time of his. They crossed the sun-lighted entry into her sitting-room, and there Dana took off his hat with a grave deliberation much like reverence. It had been years since he entered this room, and the memory of time past shook him a little, dulled as he was by the routine of life and its expediency.

"Be seated," said Miss Lucretia, taking her accustomed place by the window. He laid his hand upon a chair, and then withdrew it. This had been grandfather Blaine's chosen spot, and he remembered how the old man used to sit there thumbing over his well-worn jokes when Dana Armstrong came courting the girl Lucretia, all those years ago. He could not have taken the chair without disturbing some harmony of remembrance; so he sat down on the sofa where Lucrece had lain, and held his hat before him in his stiff, half-bashful way.

"I hear Tom ain't goin' to be married this year," said Miss Lucretia, "him and my Lucrece!" Her voice

came from an aching throat. It sounded harsh and dry.

Armstrong started slightly.

"Well!" said he.

"I'm told Tom's money's in with yours, an' you won't give it up to him."

Dana's eyes darkened. His forehead contracted into those lines she remembered from a vivid past, when his face made her one book of life, to be coned with loyal passion. Yet she was not looking at him now; there was no need. Only it was the young Dana, not the old one, who sat there. That gave her courage. She could throw herself back into that time when no mischance had come between them, and speak with the candor of youth itself, which scorns to compromise. Her eyes were fixed upon the square of sunlight on the floor. Little shadows were playing in it, and once the bulk of a humming bird swept past. The sunlight had a curious look, as if in that small compass lay the summer and all the summers she had lived, witnesses now to her true testimony. She began in an unmoved voice, and Dana listened. She seemed to be speaking from a dream, and inch by inch the dream crept nearer him, and gradually enfolded him without his will.

"When I heard that, not an hour ago, I says to myself, 'Ain't Dana Armstrong got over the love o' money? Ain't he killed that out of him yet?'"

"There, there!" said Dana hastily, exactly as he had used to check her years ago.

"No, it ain't any use to say 'There, there!'" But she was not speaking as the girl was wont to speak. The girl had been quick-tempered, full of beseechings, hot commendation, wild reproach. "We've got to talk things over. It's a good many years, Dana, since you an' I were goin' to be married that fall, an' you give me up because my sister was in consumption, an' you would n't have her live with us."

He turned full upon her, and seemed

to question her face, the stillness of her attitude. These were strange words to be spoken in the clear New England air. They shook him, not only from their present force, but because they held authority from what had been. They seemed to be joining it to what still was, and he felt the continuity of life in a way bewilderingly new. His voice trembled as he answered with some passion, —

"I did n't give you up!"

"No, not in so many words. You only said Lindy might live for years. You said there 'd be doctors' bills, an' my time all eat up waitin' an' tendin' — an' so I told you we would n't consider it any more. An' you went an' married Rhody Bond, an' she helped you save — an' you got rich."

The words, meagre as they were, smote blightingly upon him. He saw his life in all its barrenness. Yet he was not the poorer through that revelation. A window had been opened, disclosing a tract of land he had hitherto seen only by inches. It was hopelessly sterile, — but the window was wide and he could breathe, though chokingly. The woman's voice sounded thin and far away.

"I thought when I lost you my heart broke. I don't know now what happened. Somethin' did; for after that I was different. For I did set by you. I knew your faults, an' they 'most killed me: that is, one of 'em did, — your lovin' money so. But even that never 'd ha' separated us if it had n't bid fair to hurt somebody that could n't fight for herself. Nothin' could ever have separated us." She spoke recklessly, as if none but the great emotions were worth her thought. In spite of outer differences, she was curiously like the young Lucrece. There was the same audacity, the courage strong enough to challenge life and all its austere ministrants. But still she did not look at him. If she had looked, it might have been impossible to go on.

"I did n't give you up, Dana Armstrong," said she. "I never give you up one minute."

The man leaned forward and bent his brows upon her, over burning eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked, with the harshness of emotion leashed and held.

"I never give you up one minute. When Lindy died, I was here all alone. You were married then, but I set by you as much as ever. I did n't even blame you for choosin' money instead o' me. I could n't blame you for anything, any more 'n if you was my own child. You could hurt me. You could n't make me blame you." Her voice ended in one of those lingering falls that stir the heart. It was quite unconsidered. She had as yet no purpose in moving him, even by the simplest eloquence: only her own life was eloquent to her, and she could not voice it save with passion.

"I thought it all over," she said rapidly, like one giving long considered testimony. "I thought it over that summer you an' Rhody moved into the new house. I used to set here nights, with the moon streamin' in through the elms an' consider it. I knew I could n't give you up, and it come over me it wa'n't needful I should. I prayed to God. I made a bargain with Him. I said, 'If I won't speak to him, or look at him, or sin in my thoughts, You let me have some part of him!' An' God was willin'. From that time on it was as if you an' me lived here together: only it was our souls. I never touched your life with Rhody. I never wanted to. Only every day I talked to you. I told you how I wanted you to be good. I tried to be good myself. I tried to do all I could for them that was in need. But I never lived my life with 'em, even when I was tendin' upon 'em an' gettin' kind of achy trottin' up an' down stairs. You an' me were always together, your soul an' mine. The minister says everybody has a refuge. I guess he 'd say

that was my refuge. He 'd say 't was my cave." Her voice broke upon the word, and she laughed a little in a whimsical fashion.

He stretched out his hand, and his face softened in an uncomprehending sympathy. But she seemed not to see the movement, and went on.

"There was no harm in it. I've come to the conclusion we can set by folks as much as we've a mind to, so long as we don't clutch an' grab, — so long as it's all spirit. I don't know what spirit is, but I know it's suthin' we've got to take account of in this world, same as any other. Well, I went with you, step an' step. When little Tom was born I could have eat him up, I loved him so."

Famished mother-longing had come into her voice, and thenceforward she spoke recklessly. Rehearsing her devotion to the man, she bound herself in stiffer phrasing; when it came to the child, she could name the great name and feel no shyness over it.

"Up to then, I'd said my prayers for you. Then I had the boy to pray for — him and you. When he went to school, he was stronger 'n heartier 'n any of 'em, an' I was proud of him. When he begun to wait on my Lucrece, I got sort of acquainted with him, an' I says to myself, 'He don't set by money the way his father did.' An' I thanked my God for that."

Dana's hands were trembling. He put up one of them to cover his betraying mouth.

"I kep' near you every step o' the way," said Lucretia mercilessly. "When you got the better o' yourself an' give the town that schoolhouse, I kneeled down an' thanked God. When you done suthin' mean, I tried to go through it with you an' make you see how mean it was. I ain't been away from you a minute, Dana Armstrong, not a minute all your life. I've tried to help you live it the best that ever I knew how."

The man started up in irrepressible passion. "God!" he said brokenly. "If I'd only known!" But he could not have told what it was he should have known. This was only a blind arraignment of a sterile past.

"When Rhody died," said the woman, with the least little break in her voice, "I guess I dropped away a mite. I could n't do no less. Seemed as if 't would be stretchin' out my hand to you, an' that I never did."

"I come over here a year an' a day after she died," said Dana hotly. "You would n't so much as walk downstairs to see me!"

"No," answered Lucretia softly, "I would n't."

"You would n't take the gift of me!"

"Them things were past an' gone," she told him gently, as if she feared to bruise some piteous memory. "There's a time for all things. The minister said so last Sunday. The time for some things ain't ever gone by; but for some it is. If you an' I could have grown old together" — A spasm contracted her face, and it was a moment before she could go on. "But we are old, an' we've got there by different roads. 'T would be like strangers livin' together. But our souls ain't strangers. Mine has lived with you, day in, day out, for forty year."

Pure joy possessed her. She was transfigured. Her face flushed, her eyes shone, each with a spark in it, a look not altogether of this earth. She was radiant with some undefined hope: perhaps of that sort bred, not of circumstance, but out of things unseen. The man was chiefly puzzled, as if he had been called on to test an unsuspected bond. This plain speaking about the eternal was quite new to him. It had an echo of Sunday talk, and yet without that weariness attendant on stiff clothes and lulling tunes. He seemed to be standing in a large place where there was great air to breathe. Hith-

erto he had been the servant of things palpable. Now it began to look as if things were but the tools of Life, and Life herself, august, serene, sat there in the heavens beside her master, God, in untouched sovereignty.

"There!" said Lucretia suddenly, as if she broke a common dream. "I only wanted to tell you how I've battled to have you do what's right. I don't know as I've earned anything of you by battlin', for maybe you'd ha' forbidden it if you'd had your way. But I wanted to tell you there's things fightin' for your soul, an' you better think twice afore you kill out anything in them that's young. Tom an' Lucrece — they've got it all before 'em. You let 'em come together afore it's any ways too late." The note of pleading in her voice seemed as much for herself as for another. She might have been demanding compensation for her years. She had shown him the late blooming of her life, for him to justify. Something he mysteriously owed her, and, with that obedience men give to women when the cry is loud and clear, he knew it, must be paid. He rose and stood regarding her. His face worked. His eyes held blue fire. He felt young again, invincible. But though thoughts were crowding on him, he had only one word for them, and that her name.

"Lucretia!"

"What is it?" she asked quietly.

He hesitated and then broke forth blunderingly, like a boy. "Should you just as soon I'd come in here, once a week or so?"

She answered as a mother might who refuses because she must, for hidden reasons.

"I don't think we've any call to see much of one another. We've both got a good deal to think over, an' if Tom an' Lucrece should get them a house, you'd want to run round often an' set with them."

He bent his head in an acquiescent courtliness, and went haltingly out at

the door. Miss Lucretia sat there, her hands dropped loosely in her lap, not thinking, but aware of life, as if the years were leaves fluttering down about her in autumnal air. They prophesied no denial, nor hardly yet decay: only change, the prelude to winter and then again to spring. She sat there until a voice came querulously, —

“Ain’t it ’most supper time? You come up here! I’ll ventur’ you forgot to blaze the fire!”

Next morning, a little after ten, Miss Lucretia went into the garden, to do her weeding. The sun lay hotly on her hair and burnished it to gold. Her cheeks were warm with sunlight and her hands thick coated with the soil. Life and the love of it were keen within her, strong enough to grip eternal things, sane, commonplace like these of earth, and make them hers forever.

The gate clanged, and then there came a rush of skirts. Lucrece was on her like a swooping wind.

“Cousin ’Cretia!” she cried. “Cousin ’Cretia! Get up here! I’ve got to speak to you.”

Miss Lucretia rose and found the throbbing creature ready to grasp and hold her. Young Lucrece was lovely,

like the morning. The moodiness of yesterday had quite gone out of her. Sweet, quivering sentience animated her, obedient to the call of life. Her beauty clothed her like a veil: it seemed a wedding veil.

“What do you think?” she said rapidly, in a tone like the brooding note of birds. “Mr. Armstrong’s paid over all Tom’s money, every cent. And he’s given him the deed of the house in the Hollow. And this morning he came over and kissed me — old Armstrong did! — and said he hoped we’d be married right away. I’m awful happy, cousin ’Cretia!”

Lucretia stood there holding the trowel in her earthy hand. Her voice dropped liquidly.

“Did he?” she said, not looking at Lucrece at all. “Did he?”

The tension of her tone struck keenly on the girl and moved her to some wonder.

“What makes you so pretty, cousin ’Cretia?” she asked, half timorous because the other woman seemed so far away. “What makes you speak so? Is it because I’m glad?”

“Yes,” answered Lucretia softly. “An’ I’m glad, too!”

Alice Brown.

RAPIDS AT NIGHT.

HERE at the roots of the mountains,
 Between the sombre legions of cedars and tamaracks,
 The rapids charge the ravine:
 A little light, cast by foam under starlight,
 Wavers about the shimmering stems of the birches:
 Here rise up the clangorous sounds of battle,
 Immense and mournful.
 Far above curves the great dome of darkness
 Drawn with the limitless lines of the stars and the planets.
 Deep at the core of the tumult,
 Deeper than all the voices that cry at the surface,
 Dwells one fathomless sound,
 Under the hiss and cry, the stroke and the plangent clamor.

(O human heart that sleeps,
 Wild with rushing dreams and deep with sadness!)
 The abysmal roar drops into almost silence,
 While over its sleep plays in various cadence,
 Innumerable voices crashing in laughter;
 Then rising calm, overwhelming,
 Slow in power,
 Rising supreme in utterance,
 It sways, and reconquers and floods all the spaces of silence,
 One voice, deep with the sadness,
 That dwells at the core of all things.

There by a nest in the glimmering birches,
 Speaks a thrush as if startled from slumber,
 Dreaming of Southern ricefields,
 The moted glow of the amber sunlight,
 Where the long ripple roves among the reeds.

Above curves the great dome of darkness,
 Scored with the limitless lines of the stars and the planets;
 Like the strong palm of God,
 Veined with the ancient laws,
 Holding a human heart that sleeps,
 Wild with rushing dreams and deep with the sadness,
 That dwells at the core of all things.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

BRET HARTE.

BRET HARTE would still have been a genius and a great writer if gold had never been discovered in California; but history records no happier union of the man and the hour than his advent to the Pacific coast close upon the heels of the pioneers. Some writers of fiction, those who have the very highest form of creative imagination, are able from their own minds to spin out the web and woof of the characters that they describe; and it makes little difference where they live or what literary material lies about them. It is true that even such writers do not construct their heroes and heroines quite out of whole cloth; they have a shred or two to begin with. But their work is in the main and essentially the result

not of perception but of creation. The proof of this creative power is that the characters portrayed by it are submitted to various exigencies and influences; they grow, develop, — yes, even change, and yet retain their harmony and consistency. The development of character, or at least the gradual revelation of character, forms the peculiar charm of the novel, as distinguished from the short story.

A few great novels have indeed been written by authors who did not possess this highest form of creative genius, especially by Dickens; but no novel was ever written without betraying the author's deficiency in this respect, if the deficiency existed. It is betrayed in the case both of Kipling and Bret Harte,

each of whom has written a novel, and in each case the book is a failure. Gabriel Conroy, Bret Harte's novel, is so bad as a whole, though abounding in gems, its characters are so inconsistent and confused, its ending so incomprehensible, that it produces upon the reader the effect of a nightmare. It is evident that he took little interest in it, and it reinforces the impression, derived from a careful study of his stories and confirmed by his own statement, that his characters were copied from life. But they were copied with the insight and with the emphasis of genius.

The ability to read human nature as Bret Harte could read it is almost as rare as the higher form of creative ability. How little do we know even of those whom we see every day, whom we have lived with for years! Let a man ask himself what his friend, or his wife, or his son would do in some supposable emergency: how they would take this or that injury or affront, good or bad fortune, a great sorrow or great happiness, a sudden temptation, the treachery of a friend. Let him ask himself any such question, and it is almost certain that, if he is honest with himself, he will have to admit that he can only conjecture what would be the result. This is not because human nature is inconsistent; the law of character is as immutable as any other law: it is because human nature eludes us.

But it did not elude Bret Harte. One who was intimate with him in California says: "He found endless enjoyment in the people whom he saw and met casually. He read their characters as if they were open books." Another early friend of his, Mr. Noah Brooks, in his reminiscences of Bret Harte narrates the following: "In Sacramento he and I met Colonel Starbottle, who had, of course, another name. He wore a tall silk hat and loosely fitting clothes, and he carried on his left arm by its crooked handle a stout walking stick. The colonel was a dignified and benign

figure; in politics he was everybody's friend. A gubernatorial election was pending, and with the friends of Haight he stood at the hotel bar, and as they raised their glasses to their lips he said: 'Here's to the Coming Event!' Nobody asked at that stage of the canvass what the coming event would be, and when the good colonel stood in the same place with the friends of Gorham he gave the same toast, 'The Coming Event.'"

The reader will recognize the picture at once, even to the manner in which the colonel carried his cane.

Bret Harte (christened Francis Brett) was born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839, of an ancestry which, it is said, combined the English, German, and Hebrew strains. His father was a teacher of Greek in the Albany Female College, but he died while his son was still a child, and Bret Harte's only instruction was obtained in the Albany public schools, and ceased when he was thirteen or fourteen years old. At the age of eleven he wrote a poem called *Autumn Musings*, which was published in the *New York Sunday Atlas*, but the household critics treated it with that frank severity which is peculiar to relatives, and the youthful poet wrote no more, so far as anybody knows, until he electrified the world with *The Heathen Chinee*.

In the spring of 1854, Mrs. Harte and her son sailed for California, — an adventurous step for a poor widow with a boy of fifteen; but no woman not adventurous could have borne such a son. Upon their arrival at San Francisco, Bret Harte walked thence to Sonoma, where he started a school. The school soon closed its doors, but so long as the English tongue remains, it will survive in the pages of *Cressy*. In all literature there are no children drawn with more sympathy, more insight, more subtlety, more tenderness than those sketched by Bret Harte. He apprehended both the sav-

agery and the innocence of childhood. Every reader is the happier for having known that handsome and fastidious boy Rupert Filgee, who, secure in his avowed predilection for the tavern-keeper's wife, rejected the advances of contemporary girls. "And don't you," to Octavia Dean, "go on breathing over my head like that. If there's anything I hate, it's having a girl breathing around me. Yes, you were! I felt it in my hair."

Upon the failure of the school, Bret Harte tried mining, but that, too, proved unprofitable. Later, at the age of seventeen, he became a deputy collector of taxes, and was sent into the lawless mining camps, where no taxes had ever been collected. But the miners yielded to the unarmed boy what armed men had not been able to extort, and, to the surprise of his superiors, he returned to San Francisco with the taxes in his pouch. Afterward he became a messenger for Wells, Fargo & Company's Express, and traveled upon the box of a stagecoach, presumably with Yuba Bill as the driver. It was a dangerous business: his predecessor had been shot through the arm by a highwayman, his successor was killed; but he escaped without injury. "He bore a charmed life," writes another of his early friends, Mr. C. W. Stoddard. "Probably his youth was his salvation, for he ran a thousand risks, yet seemed only to gain in health and spirits." Later, he drifted to San Francisco, where he began by setting type for a newspaper; from that he soon passed into being a contributor to the newspapers, writing, among other things, *The Heathen Chinee*, the *Condensed Novels*, and his first story, *M'liss*, which was published in the *Golden Era*. It was at this time that he held the position of Secretary in the United States Mint, a sinecure, or very nearly that, such as in the good old days was properly bestowed upon literary men. In 1868 he became the editor of the *Overland Monthly*, and finally he served for a

brief period as Professor of Literature in a San Francisco college.

It will thus be perceived that Bret Harte knew by personal experience almost every form of life in California; and it was such a life as probably the world never saw before, as, almost certainly, it will never see again.

When Bret Harte first became famous he was accused of misrepresenting California society. A philosophic and historical writer of great ability once spoke of the "perverse romanticism" of his tales; and since his death these accusations, if they may be called such, have been renewed in San Francisco with bitterness. It is strange that Californians themselves should be so anxious to strip from their state the distinction which Bret Harte conferred upon it, — so anxious to show that its heroic age never existed, that life in California has always been just as commonplace, respectable, and uninteresting as it is anywhere else in the world. But be this as it may, the records, the diaries, journals, and narratives written by pioneers themselves, and, most important of all, the daily newspapers published in San Francisco and elsewhere from 1849 to 1859, fully corroborate Bret Harte's assertion that he described only what he saw and, in almost every case, only what actually occurred. The fact is that Bret Harte merely skimmed the cream from the surface. The pioneers and those who followed them in the early fifties were mainly young men, many of them well educated, and most of them far above the average in vigor and enterprise. They were such men as enlist in the first years of a war; and few wars involve more casualties than fell to their lot. They were sifted again and again before the survivors reached their destination. Many were killed by the Apaches in the valleys of the Rio Grande and the Colorado; many died of hunger and thirst; many had no other food during the last part

of their journey than the putrefying bodies of the horses and oxen that had perished along the way.

In the story called *Liberty Jones's Discovery*, Bret Harte has sketched the wan and demoralized appearance of a party of emigrants who just managed to reach the promised land. Many were caught by storms in the late autumn, and were snowed up in the mountains. In *Gabriel Conroy* are described the sufferings of such a party, a few of whom were rescued in the spring; and the horrors which Bret Harte relates are only the actual facts of the case upon which his account is based. Those who came by sea had to face a long, wearisome voyage in lumbering craft, besides the deadly Panama fever, and the possible violence of the half-breeds on the Isthmus, who killed fifty out of one ship's company.

Nor was life in California easy: the toil was severe, the food often bad, the exposure productive of rheumatism. Still more wearing upon the nervous system were the excitements, the chances and changes of a miner's life. It has been remarked of the California pioneers, as of the veterans of the Civil War, that they have grown old prematurely. Few of them acquired wealth. Marshall, the sawmill foreman, who discovered those deposits which in five years produced gold to the tune of \$50,000,000, died poor. No millionaires are found among the "Forty-Niners," those time-worn associates who gather annually to celebrate their achievements beneath the folds of the Bear Flag, — the ensign of a premature, half-comic, half-heroic attempt to wrest from Spain what was then an outlying and neglected province. Pioneers do not, as a rule, gather wealth; they make it possible for the shrewd men who come after them to do so.

But the California pioneers enjoyed an experience that was better than wealth. They had their hour. The conditions of society then prevailing were those which

the Almighty and the American Constitution intended should prevail on this continent, but from which we are daily drifting further and further. All men felt that, whether they were born so or not, they had become free and equal. Social distinctions were rubbed out. A man was judged by his conduct; not by his bank account, nor by the class, the family, the club, or the church to which he belonged. Where all are rich equality must prevail, and how could any one be poor when the simplest kind of labor was rewarded at the rate of eight dollars per day; when the average miner "cleaned up" twenty or thirty dollars as the fruit of his day's work, and a taking of from three hundred to five hundred dollars a week for weeks together was not uncommon. Servants received about \$150 a month; and washerwomen acquired fortunes and founded families. It was cheaper to send one's clothes to China to be laundered, and some thrifty persons availed themselves of the fact.

Everybody was young. A man of fifty with a gray beard was pointed out as a curiosity. A woman created more excitement in the streets of San Francisco than an elephant or a giraffe; and little children were followed by admiring crowds eager to kiss them, to shake their hands, to hear their voices, and humbly begging permission to make them presents of gold nuggets and miners' curiosities. Almost everybody was making money; nobody was hampered by past mistakes or misdeeds; all records had been wiped from the slate; the future was full of possibilities; and the dry, stimulating climate of California added its intoxicating effect to the general buoyancy of feeling. Best of all, men were thrown upon their own resources; they themselves, and not a highly organized police and a brave fire department, protected their lives and their property. We pay more dearly than we think for such conveniences. The taxes which they involve

are but a small part of the bill, — the training in manliness and self-reliance which we lose by means of them is a much more serious matter. In the mining camps of California, as in the mediæval towns of England, every man was his own policeman, fireman, carpenter, mason, and general functionary, — nay, he was his own judge, jury, sheriff, and constable. With pistol and bowie knife, he protected his gold, his claim, and his honor. There is something in the Anglo-Saxon nature, left to itself and freed from the restraints of a more or less effete public opinion, which causes it to resent an insult with whatever weapons are sanctioned by custom in the absence of law.

In the early days of California society reverted to this militant, heroic type. The reversion was inevitable under the circumstances, and, it was greatly assisted by the social predominance of the Southern element. The class represented and partly caricatured in Colonel Starbottle was numerous, and, for reasons which we have not space to recall, was even more influential than its numbers warranted. An editorial defense of dueling was published in a San Francisco paper of Southern proclivities. The senior editor of the *Alta California* was killed in a duel; and at another time an assistant editor of the same paper published a long letter, in which, with an unconscious humor worthy of Colonel Starbottle himself, he denied the charge of having sought two rival editors with homicidal intent. "I had simply resolved," he wrote, "to pronounce Messrs. Crane and Rice poltroons and cowards, and to spit in their faces; and had they seen fit to resent it on the spot, I was prepared for them." In those early days, when it was impossible to turn a neighbor in distress over to the police, or to a hospital, or to some society, charitable or uncharitable, or to dismiss him with a soup-ticket, — in that barbarous time, men were not only

more warlike, they were more generous, more ready to act upon that instinctive feeling of pity, which is the basis of all morality. In short, the shackles of conventionality and tradition were cast off, and the primeval instincts of humanity — the instincts of pride, of pugnacity, and of pity — asserted themselves.

Such was the society in which Bret Harte, at the age of fifteen, "a truant schoolboy," to use his own words, was plunged. Few writers have shown more well-bred reticence about themselves, but we have seen how varied was his experience, and we catch a single glimpse of him in the exquisite poem, that "spray of Western pine," which he laid upon the grave of Dickens: —

"Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — for the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

"The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with 'Nell' on English
meadows
Wandered and lost their way."

The extent of the influence which Dickens exercised upon Bret Harte has been much discussed, and the critics commonly agree that this influence was wholly bad. It is true that on the surface we see only the bad effects of it, — certain faults of style, certain mannerisms, a certain mawkishness of sentiment. Bret Harte had a morbid passion for splitting infinitives, and he misuses a few words, such as "gratuitous" and "aggravating," with malice aforethought. The truth is that a spice of self-will, a modest but radical unconventionality were just as much parts of his character as was the fastidiousness which in general controlled his style.

Occasionally, moreover, he lapses into a strange, pompous, involved manner, making his heroes and heroines, in moments of passion or excitement, deliver themselves in a way which seems ludicrously out of place, as, for example, in

Susy, where Clarence says: "If I did not know you were prejudiced by a foolish and indiscreet woman, I should believe you were trying to insult me as you have your adopted mother, and would save you the pain of doing both in *her* house by leaving it now and forever." Or, again, in *A Secret of Telegraph Hill*, where Herbert Bly says to the gambler, whom he has surprised in his room hiding from the vigilance committee: "Whoever you may be, I am neither the police nor a spy. You have no right to insult me by supposing that I would profit by a mistake that made you my guest, and that I would refuse you the sanctuary of the roof that covers your insult as well as your blunder." And yet the speaker is not meant to be a prig.

So again he imitates, or at least resembles, Dickens when he admires his heroes in the wrong place, representing them as saying or doing something quite out of keeping with their real character, and hardly to be described by any other word than that of vulgar. The reader will remember that passage in *Our Mutual Friend*, where Eugene Wrayburn, in his interview with the schoolmaster, taking advantage of both his natural superiority and the superiority of the circumstances in which they happen to be placed, treats the schoolmaster with an arrogance which Dickens evidently feels to be the natural manner of a fine gentleman, but which is really an example of that want of chivalry which is the essence of an ungentlemanly character. Bret Harte in several places makes Jack Hamlin act in almost precisely the same manner, playing the part of a bully in respect to men who were inferior to him socially, and inferior also in that capacity to shoot quickly and accurately, which made Mr. Hamlin formidable. Such, for example, was Hamlin's treatment of Jenkinson, the tavern-keeper, whom the inimitable Enriquez Saltello described with Spanish courtesy as "our good Jenkinson, our host, our father;"

or again, in *Gabriel Conroy*, where Hamlin insults the porter and threatens, as Bret Harte says, falling into the manner as well as the spirit of Dickens at his very worst, "to forcibly dislodge certain vital and necessary organs from the porter's body."

On the whole, however, it seems highly probable that Bret Harte derived more good than bad from his admiration for Dickens. The reading of Dickens must have stimulated his boyish imagination, must have quickened that sympathy with the weak and suffering, with the downtrodden, with the waifs and strays, with the outcasts of society, which is the keynote of both writers. Sentiment and satire are the two moulds in one or the other of which must be cast all portrayal or discussion of human nature provided that it has any emotional character, — is anything more than coldly analytical. Sentiment furnishes the subjective, and satire the objective method. Sentiment is sympathy, and satire is antipathy. Swift's weapon was satire; that of Lamb was sentiment sharpened by satire. Sterne dealt almost entirely with sentiment. Thackeray could use both instruments with equal skill, but he is known chiefly as a satirist; whereas Dickens was strong in sentiment, and commonly failed when he resorted to satire. Sentiment is an infinitely more valuable quality than satire. Satire is merely destructive, whereas sentiment is constructive. Becky Sharp is a warning; but Colonel Newcome is an inspiration. Satire convicts: sentiment regenerates. The most that satire can do is to clear the ground, to lay bare the follies and vices of human nature, to show how the thing ought not to be done. This is an important and necessary office; but sentiment goes much further: it prompts to action; it supplies the dynamic force of benevolence, of affection, of ambition. It makes the tears flow, the blood kindle. Satire is almost as objectionable as reform; and reformers are noto-

riously unlovely persons. The reformer, like the satirist, can tear down, but he cannot build up; and it is so much more important to build than to destroy that the office of the man of sentiment is far more valuable to the world than that of the man of satire. This is the justification of that popular judgment which, despite the critics, sets Dickens above Thackeray. Dickens, though perhaps the inferior, both as man and artist, is worth more to the world.

Bret Harte, like Dickens, deals mainly with sentiment, but, unlike Dickens, he is a master of satire as well. His satire is directed chiefly against that peculiar form of cold and hypocritical character which sometimes survives as the very dregs of Puritanism. This is the type which he has portrayed with almost savage intensity in the character of a woman who combines sensuality and deceit with the most orthodox form of Protestantism and horse-hair sofa respectability. Occasionally Bret Harte's humor takes a satirical form, as when, after describing how a stranger was shot and nearly killed in a mining camp, he speaks of a prevailing impression in the camp "that his misfortune was the result of the defective moral quality of his being a stranger;" or again in Cressy, where Mrs. McKinstry, the stern survivor of a Kentucky vendetta, is said to have "looked upon her daughter's studies and her husband's interest in them as a weakness that might in process of time produce an infirmity of homicidal purpose, and become enervating of eye and trigger finger. 'The old man's worrits hev sorter shook out a little of his sand,' she explained."

In the main, however, Bret Harte was a writer of sentiment, and that is why he is so beloved. Sentiment resolves itself into humor and pathos; and both humor and pathos are said to consist in the perception of incongruities. In humor, there is the perception of some incongruity which excites derision

and a smile; in pathos, there is the perception of some incongruity which excites pity and a tear. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that in no other writer in the world are humor and pathos so nearly the same as they are in Bret Harte. There are sentences and paragraphs in his stories and poems which might make one reader laugh and another weep, or which, more likely yet, would provoke a mingled smile and tear. Perhaps the most consummate example of this is found in the tale, *How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar*.

The reader will remember that Johnny, after greeting the Christmas guests in his "weak, treble voice, broken by that premature hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-possession can give," and after hospitably setting out the whiskey bottle and some crackers, creeps back to bed, and is then accosted by Dick Bullen, the hero of the story.

"'Hello, Johnny! you ain't goin' to turn in agin, are ye?'" said Dick.

"'Yes, I are,'" responded Johnny decidedly.

"'Why, wot's up, old fellow?'"

"'I'm sick.'"

"'How sick?'"

"'I've got a fever, and childblains, and roomatiz,'" returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bedclothes, — 'And biles!'

"There was an embarrassing silence. The men looked at each other and at the fire."

I might quote many similar passages. There is one in *Gabriel Conroy* which describes Olly, Gabriel's little sister, getting out of bed to ask what it was that seemed to be troubling him. "She went up to him so softly that she startled him, — shaking a drop of water on the hand that she suddenly threw around his neck. 'You ain't worrying about that woman, Gabe?'"

"'No,'" said Gabriel, with a laugh.

Olly looked down at her hand. Gabriel looked up at the roof. "There is a leak thar that has got to be stopped to-morrow. Go to bed, Olly, or you 'll take your death.'"

In discussing Bret Harte, it is almost impossible to separate substance from style. The style is so good, so exactly adapted to the ideas which he wishes to convey, that one can hardly imagine it to be different. Some thousands of years ago, an Eastern sage remarked that he "would like to write a book such that everybody should conceive that he might have written it himself, and yet so good that nobody else could have written the like." This is the ideal which Bret Harte fulfilled. Almost everything said by any one of his characters is so accurate an expression of that character as to seem inevitable. It is felt at once to be just what such a character must have said. Given the character, the words follow; and anybody could set them down! This is the fallacy underlying that strange feeling, which every reader must have experienced, of the apparent easiness of writing an especially good or telling conversation or soliloquy.

In Bret Harte, at his best, the choice of words, the balance of the sentences, the rhythm of the paragraphs, are very nearly perfect. He had an ear for style just as some persons have an ear for music. In conciseness, in artistic restraint, he is the equal of Turgenieff, of Hawthorne, of Newman. All this could not have been achieved without effort. Bret Harte had the conscience of an artist, if he had no other conscience; his masterpieces were slowly and painfully forged. "One day," wrote Mr. C. W. Stoddard, who was his friend in California, "I found him pacing the floor of his office in the United States Branch Mint. He was knitting his brows and staring at vacancy. I wondered why. He was watching and waiting for a word. . . . I suggested one; it would not answer; it

must be a word of two syllables, or the rhythm of the sentence would suffer. Fastidious to a degree, he could not overlook a lack of finish in a manuscript offered him. He had a special taste in the choice of titles, and I have known him to alter the name of an article two or three times, in order that the table of contents might read handsomely and harmoniously."

The truth is, Bret Harte was essentially an artist, with all the peculiarities, mental and moral, which are commonly associated under that name; and this fact explains some apparent anomalies in his career. Why did he leave and never revisit California? Why did he make his home in England? Bret Harte left California when the glamour had departed from it, when, if not in the state generally, at least in San Francisco, where he was living, a calculating commercialism had in some degree replaced the generous mood of earlier days. It is well known that respectable San Francisco stood aghast at *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, the alarm having been sounded by a feminine proof-reader who was shocked by what she conceived to be the indecency of the tale. Not equally well known is the contrasting fact, now recorded, that another young girl, an assistant in the office of *The Atlantic Monthly*, first called Mr. Fields's attention to the story, upon its publication in the *Overland Monthly*; and Mr. Fields, having read it, wrote that letter, soliciting a contribution to the *Atlantic*, which, as Bret Harte himself has related, encouraged him and confounded his critics. Even the sense of humor must have been weakened in a community which insisted that the newspapers should skip lightly over the facts of a recent and destructive earthquake, lest Eastern capital should become alarmed.

Nor did Bret Harte find elsewhere in this country any rest for the sole of his foot. Fate took him to Cambridge, — a spot which, with all its virtues, could

hardly have been congenial to a poet who had breathed the free air of the Sierras. New York and Boston were only one degree less crude than San Francisco, and almost as provincial. In London, he doubtless found not only a more literary and artistic atmosphere, but also a greater simplicity, — a cultivated simplicity different from, and yet essentially resembling the unsophisticated naturalness of a mining camp. Bret Harte's incapacity to generalize, to deal with abstract notions or general propositions, is another trait of the artistic nature. Everything presented itself to him in a concrete form. He seldom attempts to point the moral of his tales, and when he does so he is apt to go astray. Nor is it easy to persuade one's self that Bret Harte was a very conscientious man, or that he was actuated by lofty motives. Finally, there can be discerned in him that streak of coarseness which so often accompanies extreme refinement and fastidiousness.

But this is all that can be said in disparagement; and one blushes to have said it, when one reflects upon the nobility of the characters with whom Bret

Harte has enriched the world. It is related that of all his stories he himself preferred *Tennessee's Partner*; and this is easy to believe, because the hero of that tale is actuated by love and pity entirely unalloyed, without the slightest admixture of passion or self-interest. We must not stop to call the roll of Bret Harte's heroes and heroines; two characters only shall be mentioned, and first that of the schoolmistress in the *Idyl of Red Gulch*, who, true to her New England instincts and training, gathers her white skirts about her and flies from the temptation, though few would now call it such, which involved the happiness of her life. Not Hawthorne himself could have conceived a character actuated by purer motives, or could have told the story more delicately. The second is the *Rose of Tuolumne*, that beautiful figure, as brave, as womanly, as passionate as *Juliet*, who, in garments stained with the blood of the man whom she loved, dared his cowardly rival to turn his pistol upon her. Such women make the mothers of heroes, and the genius who can portray them is an element in the formation of an heroic race.

H. C. Merwin.

THE PRINCESS OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

THE Princess was washing dishes. On her feet she would barely have reached the rim of the great dish-pan, but on the soap-box she did very well. A grimy calico apron trailed to the floor.

"Now this golden platter I must wash *extry* clean," the Princess said. "The Queen is v-ry particular about her golden platters. Last time, when I left one o' the corners — it's such a nextremely heavy platter to hold — she gave me a scold — oh, I mean — I mean she tapped me a little love pat on my cheek with her golden spoon."

It was a great brown-veined, stone-ware platter, and the arms of the Princess ached with holding it. Then, in an unwary instant, it slipped out of her soap-sudsy little fingers and crashed to the floor. Oh! oh! the Queen! the Queen! She was coming! The Princess heard her shrill, angry voice, and felt the jar of her heavy steps. There was the space of an instant — an instant is so short! — before the storm broke.

"You little limb o' Satan! That's my best platter, is it? Broke all to bits, eh? I'll break" — But there was a flurry

of dingy apron and dingier petticoats, and the little Princess had fled. She did not stop till she was in her Secret Place among the willows. Her small lean face was pale, but undaunted.

"Th-the Queen is n't feeling very well to-day," she panted. "It's wash-day up at the Castle. She never enjoys herself on wash-days. And then that golden platter — I'm sorry I smashed it all to flinders! When the Prince comes I shall ask him to buy another."

The Prince had never come, but the Princess waited for him patiently. She sat with her face to the west and looked for him to come through the willows with the red sunset light filtering across his hair. That was the way the Prince was coming, though the time was not set. It might be a good while before he came, and then again — you never could tell!

"But when he does, and we've had a little while to get acquainted, then I shall say to him, 'Hear, O Prince, and give ear to my — my petition! For verily, verily, I have broken many golden platters and jasper cups and saucers, and the Queen, long live her! is sore — sore'" —

The Princess pondered for the forgotten word. She put up a little lean brown hand and rubbed a tingling spot on her temple — ah, not the Queen! It was the Princess — long live her! — who was "sore."

"I beseech thee, O Prince, I shall say, 'buy new golden platters and jasper cups and saucers for the Queen, and then shall I verily, verily be — be'" —

Oh, the long words — how they slipped out of reach! The little Princess sighed rather wearily. She would have to rehearse that speech so many times before the Prince came. Suppose he came tonight! Suppose she looked up now, this minute, toward the golden west and he was there, swinging along through the willow canes toward her!

But there was no one swinging along through the willows. The yellow light

flickered through — that was all. Somewhere, a long way off, sounded the monotonous hum of men's voices. Through the lace-work of willow twigs there showed the faintest possible blur of color. Down beyond, in the clearing, the Castle Guards in blue jean blouses were pulling stumps. The Princess could not see their dull, passionless faces, and she was glad of it. The Castle Guards depressed her. But they were not as bad as the Castle Guardesses. They were mostly old women with bleared, dim eyes, and they wore such faded — silks.

"My silk dress is rather faded," murmured the little Princess wistfully. She smoothed down the scant calico skirt with her brown little fingers. The patch in it she would not see.

"I shall have to have the Royal Dress-maker make me another one soon. Let me see, — what color shall I choose? I'd like my gold-colored velvet made up. I'm tired of wearing royal purple dresses all the time, though of course I know they're appropriater. I wonder what color the Prince would like best? I should rather choose that color."

The Princess's little brown hands were clasped about one knee, and she was rocking herself slowly back and forth, her eyes, wistful and wide, on the path the Prince would come. She was tired today and it was harder to wait.

"But when he comes I shall say, 'Hear, O Prince. Verily, verily, I did not know which color you would like to find me dressed — I mean arrayed — in, and so I beseech thee excuse — pardon, I mean mine infirmity.'"

The Princess was not sure of "infirmity," but it sounded well. She could not think of a better word.

"And then — I think then — he will take me in his arms, and his face will be all sweet and splendid like the Mother o' God's in the picture, and he will whisper, — I don't think he will say it out loud, — oh, I'd rather not! — 'Verily, Princess,' he will whisper, 'Oh, verily,

verily, thou hast found favor in my sight! And that will mean that he does n't care what color I am, for he — loves — me."

Lower and lower sank the solemn voice of the Princess. Slower and slower rocked the little lean body. The birds themselves stopped singing at the end. In the Secret Place it was very still.

"Oh, no, no, no, — not *verily*!" breathed the Princess, in soft awe. For the wonder of it took her breath away. She had never in her life been loved, and now, at this moment, it seemed so near! She thought she heard the footsteps of the Prince.

They came nearer. The crisp twigs snapped under his feet. He was whistling.

"Oh, I can't look! — I can't!" gasped the little Princess, but she turned her face to the west, — she had always known it would be from the west, — and lifted closed eyes to his coming. When he got to the Twisted Willow she might dare to look, — to the Little Willow Twins, anyway.

"And I shall know when he does," she thought. "I shall know the minute!"

Her face was rapt and tender. The miracle she had made for herself, — the gold she had coined out of her piteous alloy, — was it not come true at last? — Verily, verily?

Hush! Was the Prince not coming through the willows? And the sunshine was trickling down on his hair! The Princess knew, though she did not look.

"He is at the Twisted Willow," she thought. "Now he is at the Little Willow Twins." But she did not open her eyes. She did not dare. This was a little different, she had never counted on being afraid.

The twigs snapped louder and nearer — now very near. The merry whistle grew clearer, and then it stopped.

"Hullo!"

Did princes say "hullo!" The Princess had little time to wonder, for he was there before her. She could feel his

presence in every fibre of her trembling little being, though she would not open her eyes for very fear that it might be somebody else. No, no, it was the Prince! It was his voice, clear and ringing, as she had known it would be. She put up her hands suddenly and covered her eyes with them to make surer. It was not fear now, but a device to put off a little longer the delight of seeing him.

"I say, hullo! Haven't you got any tongue?"

"Oh, verily, verily, — I mean hear, O Prince, I beseech," she panted. The boy's merry eyes regarded the shabby small person in puzzled astonishment. He felt an impulse to laugh and run away, but his royal blood forbade either. So he waited.

"You are the Prince," the little Princess cried. "I've been waiting the longest time, — but I knew you'd come," she added simply. "Have you got your velvet an' gold buckles on? I'm goin' to look in a minute, but I'm waiting to make it spend."

The Prince whistled softly. "No," he said then, "I did n't wear *them* clo'es to-day. You see, my mother" —

"The Queen," she interrupted, "you mean the Queen?"

"You bet I do! She's a reg'lar-buil'er! Well, she don't like to have me wearin' out my best clo'es every day," he said gravely.

"No," eagerly, "nor mine don't. Queen, I mean, — but she is n't a mother, mercy, no! I only wear silk dresses every day, not my velvet ones. This silk one is getting a little faded." She released one hand to smooth the dress wistfully. Then she remembered her painfully practiced little speech and launched into it hurriedly.

"Hear, O Prince. Verily, verily, I did not know which color you'd like to find me dressed in — I mean *arrayed*. I beseech thee to excuse — oh, *pardon*, I mean" —

But she got no further. She could endure the delay no longer, and her eyes flew open.

She had known his step; she had known his voice. She knew his face. It was terribly freckled, and she had not expected freckles on the face of the Prince. But the merry, honest eyes were the Prince's eyes. Her gaze wandered downward to the homemade clothes and bare, brown legs, but without uneasiness. The Prince

had explained about his clothes. Suddenly, with a shy, glad little cry, the Princess held out her hands to him.

The royal blood flooded the face of the Prince and filled in all the spaces between its little gold-brown freckles. But the Prince held out his hand to her. His lips formed for words and she thought he was going to say, "Verily, Princess, thou hast found favor" —

"Le' 's go fishin'," the Prince said.

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

SILL'S POETRY.

THE appearance of the Poems of Edward Rowland Sill as one of the Limited Editions of the Riverside Press draws attention to a poetic reputation singularly gradual and persistent in its growth. It is nearly thirty-five years since the first slender volume of Sill's work came from the press of Leypoldt & Holt in New York. It was followed at long intervals by four other thin books, of which the later issues were in part reprints, and now, fifteen years after the poet's death, the first collection approximating completeness is ready.

The causes for the slow growth of Sill's fame are not difficult to find. He was notably unconcerned for his reputation. Most of his poems appeared unsigned or over a *nom de plume*, and his poetry was of the undramatic, reflective order that lends itself but indifferently to wide republication or quotation. It was, moreover, peculiarly personal in its appeal. The secret of Longfellow's popularity as a poet, it has been remarked, is that he "expresses a universal sentiment in the simplest and most melodious manner." Sill had no such secret. He had not the secret of form: he never approached Longfellow's mastery of melody. He had even less the secret of matter. The

sentiments he dealt with were not universal, but markedly individual. He did not voice the general mood, but the tingling personal thought that was stirring in his own mind. He once made the distinction in one of his charming bits of prose between the uses of prose and verse, — that prose is the language of one's profession, verse the language of one's heart. Content with giving expression to his own moods, reflections, and sentiments, he was not concerned for the effect upon the public, and he has been sought not by the general throng of readers, but by the constantly growing number who have found their experience reflected in his, who have found themselves in sympathy with the struggle, the doubt, the hope that are voiced in his verses.

Sill was, as the late Mr. H. E. Scudder admirably put it in reviewing the little volume called *Poems in the Atlantic* fifteen years ago, a "battling spirit." Such his inheritance, his temperament, and his environment united to make him. He was born of New England stock, and joined the two strains of preacher and of doctor, which in other times were conceived to possess a subtle opposition, as standing for rival devotions, to body and to spirit. His father and grandfather were physicians, but his

mother's father and grandfather were ministers, and the antinomy which we may imagine dimly suggested in his ancestry was more fully realized by his lack of health, which kept him on the verge of invalidism all his life, and made him sadly familiar with the unending feud of sense and soul. He was born, too, into an environment of moral and spiritual struggle. His youth was passed in the time of preparation for the Civil War. He was an undergraduate at Yale when Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared to open a strife of opinions hardly less significant in the world of thought than the great war was in the world of affairs.

What share each of the elements of strife had in Sill's life it is not easy to say, but together they gave its prevailing tone of unrest that classed him among the Stoics of his time, and made him, with Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough, a poet of doubt and spiritual struggle. His best known poem is a prayer; the one which most nearly shares that place is a song of the battlefield; the most musical and equable of his longer poems, *The Venus of Milo*, is of the strife between the higher and the lower love; the most frequently recurring note in his lyrics is that of desire, of a soul disquieted, of longing and aspiration. This turmoil of spirit was a true reflection of Sill's inner state. For years he was in doubt what he was to do. He had expected, while an undergraduate, to enter the ministry, but left college out of heart for it; after six years in the West he returned to Cambridge still undetermined. This long uncertainty, which closed in the realization that he could not find his place in the profession of his choice, gets frequent voice in his poems. The experience of religious doubt which to sensitive and devout souls comes with mortal pangs has had few more touching and wistful expressions than he gave it in the last stanza of *Spring Twilight*. In another poem, *The Thrush*, there is

added to the note of wistfulness and sympathy a somewhat pathetic touch of regret, as if he questioned whether the price in capacity for pain that marks the scale of rank in nature were not too high a price to pay for man's difference from the bird.

Sill's intense sensibility to the pain and ache of the world, and to the pathos of human fate, came to utterance in the plaintive verses, *A Foolish Wish*, with their poignant refrain "Before I go," voicing the world-old shrinking from death like a thin echo from Omar's

"Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the
Rose!"

but made more touching by their chiding of self and their sense of larger issues:—

"'T is a child's longing, on the beach at play :
' Before I go,'

He begs the beckoning mother, ' Let me stay
One shell to throw ! '

'T is coming night ; the great sea climbs the
shore, —

' Ah, let me toss one little pebble more,
Before I go ! '

So his refined consciousness of the discords of life and its ceaseless contest drove him to ask the old, unanswered questions, — of the nature of things and men, and the constitution of the universe. He did not find the world as Browning found it, subject to man's control, but perceived that,

" Sullen earth can sever souls
Far as the Pleiades."

And as to man's place in it, he wrote, with at least a touch of scorn, in *The Hermitage*, —

" 'T is ludicrous that man should think he
roams

Freely at will a world planned for his use.
Lo, what a mite he is ! Snatched hither and
yon,

Tossed round the sun, and in its orbit flashed
Round other centres, orbits without end ;
His bit of brain too small to even feel
The spinning of the little hailstone, Earth.
So his creeds glibly prate of choice and will,
When his whole fate is an invisible speck
Whirled through the orbits of Eternity."

And in a briefer poem, *Five Lives*, he makes a parable of the utter ephemerality of human life, its pitiful triviality, the folly of its ambitions, the futility of its aims, the emptiness of its honors. A community of Infusoria in a drop of water is the figure under which he presents human society, and the end of it is

"The little ghost of an inaudible squeak
 . . . lost to the frog that goggled from his
 stone."

But this merely scornful rendering of *Vanitas Vanitatum* could satisfy no one, least of all so earnest a soul as Sill. It serves only to express a mood and sheds no light on the deeper aspects of life. Far profounder is the poem, *The Fool's Prayer*, of which Professor Royce has made such impressive use in the final chapter of his *Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. In this there is sadness but no scorn. It touches on the lack of dramatic cohesion in the universe, the apparent triviality of the causes of sorrow, in some respects the most perplexing element in life: —

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
 Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
 'T is by our follies that so long
 We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire,
 Go crushing blossoms without end;
 These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
 Among the heart-strings of a friend."

These are the deeper notes of Sill's message, and to some measure color all his work. Yet they do not justify the impression that the poems are predominantly sombre. Though the mood never rises to serenity, it does partake of that Wordsworthian calm based on

"the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering."

As Sill wrote a friend in one of his later verses, he came in time to feel, "how life is a pretty fair general thing after all, and how happiness evidently is n't the only thing the gods consider good for man." For the most part the poems

are bright-spirited, cheerful with a sort of deliberate cheerfulness; for Sill resembled Stevenson in this, that he took the "great task of happiness" as a true obligation. More contemplative by nature, more given to seeking the springs of motive, Sill lacked the merry daring, the unquenchable high spirits of his fellow invalid and craftsman. Closer kin in spirit to Arnold and Amiel than to Stevenson, he turned like them to nature, and found in the vast calm and sublimity of the Western mountains, as they in the Alps, soothing for his spirit. He has nowhere put this better than in the lines *On a Picture of Mt. Shasta* by Keith: —

"How should a man be eager or perturbed
 Within this calm? . . .

Seest thou yon blur far up the icy slope,
 Like a man's footprint? Half thy little town
 Might hide there, or be buried in what seems
 From yonder cliff a curl of feathery snow,
 Still the far peak would keep its frozen calm,
 Still at the evening on its pinnacle
 Would the one tender touch of sunset dwell,
 And o'er it nightlong wheel the silent stars.

What is this breathing atom, that his brain
 Should build or purpose aught or aught desire,
 But stand a moment in amaze and awe,
 Rapt on the wonderfulness of the world?"

With the process of the years there came to Sill other consolation than that of nature. The ministry of calm, impersonal, and exterior forces was supplemented by a growing mellowness within. His doubt lost its bitterness and softened into a not unkindly irony; his perplexity took on some coloring of faith and trust. The poem entitled *Roland* may be a true forecast of the port he might have made, as it was a true account of the course he was on. The last stanza of this poem, —

"The weary doubt if all is good,
 The doubt if all is ill,
 He left to Him who leaves to us
 To know that all is well,"

and the concluding lines of *A Morning Thought*, —

"And what if then, while the still morning
brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's
breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say, 'My name is
Death,'"

are admirable expressions of the cautious wistful faith, more hopeful than secure, that is typical of our time.

We have given close attention to the personal aspects of Sill's poetry, its self-revelatory character, — not that it is in any close sense autobiographical, but there are correspondences deeper far than those of time and place, — because Sill was essentially a poet of personality, and could reach the general heart only in the measure that he faithfully interpreted his own. This pre-occupation with the inner life had important consequences for his work. It made him vastly more concerned for the substance than the form of his poems. We miss in his work some familiar graces, — sensuous charm of language, warmth and breadth of feeling. Though here and there we come upon lines of simple native beauty, — of minutely appropriate words, like

"Fresh hope upon me every amber dawn,
New peace when evening's violet veil is drawn,"
from *The Venus of Milo*; the line

"And hear the oratorio of the sea,"
from *The Hermitage*, and

"All the holy hills and sacred waters;
When the sea-wind swings its evening censor,"
from *The Singer's Confession*, — we miss the perfect union of music and truth that delights us in the masters of poetry, finding no Spenserian delight in melodious sounds, nor yet the quieter Wordsworthian richness and depth of harmony.

The robuster side of life was in fact hidden from Sill. With all his zest for life, his eager, flashing interest in the thousand facets of existence, he lacked that deeper appetency, that gusto which marks the large, vigorous nature, and

gives rise to that high form of courage which we call humor. This Sill, in common with Arnold and Clough, lacked, and though he possessed irony, which is humor at a lower stage, — humor on the defensive, — there remained an apparent void. Sure as we may be that if Sill had lived he would have arrived at greater mastery of form, increased grace and flexibility of phrase, we must consider this lack beyond remedy. It was a limitation he shared with Arnold and Clough, and may account in all of them for a certain narrowness of range. But in coming from the work of the two elder poets to Sill's we feel a sense of contraction. There is about their poetry an ampler air. It is not alone that Sill's poems are more personal, more lyrical, but they show, perhaps because they have taken rise upon a soil less cultivated, less opulent of historical and literary associations, a more confined aspect. In spite of a similar temper and a common heritage of unrest, they possess less amplitude and poise of power. No poem of Sill's voices the perplexity and confusion of human fate in tones so impersonal and sure as Arnold's *Dover Beach*. It is the same note as Sill has sounded in *The Fool's Prayer*, and in the passage which we have quoted from *The Hermitage*, but beside Arnold's fuller tone how slender seems this pipe. Similarly on the side of hope, though Sill went farther than Clough, he came to no such clear-voiced utterance of faith as that in *Say not the Struggle naught Availeth*.

With all his limitations — and they suffice to determine his rank among the minor poets even of his own time — Sill holds a secure place in the hearts of his readers because of his uncompromising idealism. His clear devotion to the ideal gives the key to which most of his songs are set, and explains, in spite of the often sombre nature of their subjects, the general luminous effect of his poems, which is like that of sunlit spaces, of shining surfaces. No doubt

the brevity of the poems, the pellucid quality of the thought, and the finish of detail have much to do with it, but we feel in such a poem as *The Things that will not Die* a passion for perfection that is a sufficient source of illumination, and is the thing that must suffice, if anything can, to keep Sill's fame alive:—

“And I am glad that neither golden sky,
Nor violet lights that linger on the hill,
Nor ocean's wistful blue shall satisfy,
But they shall fill

With wild unrest and endless longing still
The soul whose hope beyond them all must lie.

“And I rejoice that love shall never seem
So perfect as it ever was to be,
But endlessly that inner haunting dream
Each heart shall see
Hinted in every dawn's fresh purity,
Hopelessly shadowed in each sunset's gleam.”

In this fine strain of ardor and aspiration, with its minor chords of the sadness attending all beauty and the passing of all living, Sill has beaten his

music out. This is his native song. Yet even here his kinship to Clough is apparent. It is the note the elder poet sounded in, “I have seen holier things than these.” Sill's spiritual affinity to Clough is in fact too close to be concealed. They were much alike in their outward lives as well as in their inner moods. Both were of infirm health; both found their lifework in teaching; both died before their lives or their tasks seemed near completion. And what Lowell wrote of Clough might, with some modifications of time and place, be applied to Sill: “We have a foreboding that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, and dying before he had subdued his sensitive temperament to the sterner requirements of his art, will be thought, a hundred years hence, to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived.”

W. B. P.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

SUMMER FICTION.

Most people work pretty hard in summer, but subscribe to a theory of idleness; for whatever contrary practice one may fall into under stress of special conditions, in summer it is one's real business to be idle, and one's solemn duty to be gay. Corollary to this melancholy proposition are the theories of the summer girl, of summer music, and of summer reading. There are, of course, books which especially fit the unforced holiday mood; as a class they will be light, free, somewhat detached from problems and from passions, a little pleasant, a little commonplace, perhaps. They fit a mood rather than a season; but it may be partly a sign of

the season as well as of a natural reaction, that few of the novels which have been published during the past few months belong to the dread historical genus. The truth is, not even pure romance looks its best in the strong light of midsummer; its glamour belongs to the fireside and the softly shaded lamp. In August all this cut-and-thrust business is out of place: it lowers the spirits in the very act of raising the temperature. What we want is life, but the cool life of sanity, well below the fever heat; we resent the artificial stimulation, grateful enough at another season, offered by the licensed victualers of romance. There is no better time to

take one's Jane Austen than while the dog-star burns.

The books which are here recommended for summer reading have this in common: they are not artificial and they are not, with one possible exception, over-intense. They may be counted upon, as a showman may say, to reach the sympathy without tickling the sensibilities, and to stir the brain agreeably without getting upon the nerves.

If he desires the quality of pure effervescence, the reader cannot do better than to take the earliest opportunity of acquaintance with *The Lady Paramount*.¹ He will not find that the level of *The Cardinal's Snuff-box* has been quite reached; but that was not to be expected. It may seem, in spite of our premise, that the conception of this story is a little artificial. In the earlier tale the unlikeliness of the situation was reduced to a minimum without being waived or, a worse error, deprecated. In *The Lady Paramount* a certain loss of delicacy is perceptible, of a distinction dependent on subtleties of sentiment and phrase, a distinction more nearly resembling Sterne's than any other writer's. For one thing the motive is in all respects lighter and broader than that of *The Cardinal's Snuff-box*, though the properties are similar. There is the same Anglo-Italian atmosphere, there are the same delicate descriptions and glancing dialogue. "It was gay June weather, in a deep green English park: a park in the south of England, near the sea, where parks are deepest and greenest, and June weather, when it is n't grave, is gayest. Blackbirds were dropping their liquid notes, thrushes were singing, hidden in the trees. Here and there, in spaces inclosed by hurdles, sheep browsed or drowsed, still faintly a-blush from the shearing. The may was in bloom, the tardy may, and the laburnum. The sun shone ardently, and the air was quick with the fragrant re-

sponses of the earth." In this key the story begins and ends. Susanna, with her piquancy, strength, and beauty, is the younger sister of Mr. Harland's earlier heroine; she and her anticipated move in a similar artfully interrupted solitude for two. But the total effect of the later story is quite different, mainly because at all junctures an unaccountable low-comedy element insists upon thrusting itself forward. It does not matter to the discriminating listener how melodious a serenade may be progressing under one window if somebody is bellowing a ragtime ditty under the next. The affected clown Adrian could very happily be spared from the delightful group at Craford New Manor: altogether delightful except for their compromising toleration of that facetious person. And for the Protestant taste, at least, unable as it is entirely to sink the man in the office, that serving of the mass by Adrian must mar the brief scene in the chapel, the effect of which is otherwise so perfect. Mr. Harland's heroines are a charming type, sparkling and feminine, thoroughly modern, but by no means the latest novelty in womanhood.

It is a little hard to say how they differ from Penelope and Mrs. Wiggin's other vivacious adventuresses. But there is a difference. It may arise partly from the fact that Mr. Harland, being a man, is in love with his own sweet ladies, while Mrs. Wiggin is, through no fault of her own, simply able to see that men might be in love with hers. Certainly her heroines do not lack the quality of sex; if they lack anything of its charm, it is because their femininity is altogether unabashed. A mere man is not sure that he enjoys this humorous exposure of the feminine point of view. He admires the idea of a neat reticence veiling the operations of the feminine mind and heart. It is right for man to blurt, but too free speech in woman connotes a certain baldness, and the glory of a woman is otherwise con-

¹ *The Lady Paramount*. By HENRY HARLAND. New York: John Lane. 1902.

ditioned. The adventures of the Goose Girl at Barbury Green¹ are of the playful Penelope sort, and her comments on life rural and urban have a familiar pungency, not to say impudence. "There is nothing on earth so feminine as a hen," says the Goose Girl unblushingly. We feel that she deserves the rebuke Celia once bestowed upon Rosalind. Rosalind knew how to be flippant at times, but she did not make a business of it.

Having said this, I might well hesitate to name the one among all heroines recently invented, the first sight of whom induces love as a matter of course: the "Virgie" of that very charming story, *The Master of Caxton*.² Virgie is undeniably flippant, often to the point of bad taste, sometimes to the point of barbarity even. But her superiority over the Goose Girl, and over the Lady Paramount as well, is that she is real; not an alias or a fancy, but, with all her faults, an incarnation of the actual human femininity in which, as a rule, the hen and the heroine are equally deficient. What she is speaks eloquently in her favor no matter what her tongue may testify. But how do we know her for what she is? Where do we get this sense of the richness and fineness of a nature which we have many reasons to disapprove of? I suppose we can pretend to answer the question only by conceding the fact that in some indefinable way we feel her to have been created and not invented at all. It is not altogether clear whether her creator grasped her significance or not; whether the comparatively colorless interlocutress, Cassandra Dale, plays the part of foil by design or by accident. Never mind: here is the one vital figure to accept and give thanks for. There are other interesting figures. Mr. Peyton-Call appears at the outset to be a con-

ventional exemplar of patrician indolence, but we are not long in discovering that his lassitude is a rôle and not a true thing. The Dale boys are of strong individuality, especially Bud, like the lilies for beauty and idleness, and a thorough good fellow. The whole story is worthy of gratitude; a clean, simple, straightforward tale.

So is *The Virginian*,³ — and something more. Mr. Wister may be said to have given us a final apotheosis of the cowboy: a type which the author laments in his preface as already obsolete. *The Virginian* is a figure of splendor, and of splendor all the more irresistible because our recognition of it does not depend upon what the author says about him, though he has a good deal to say. Strong and shrewd, and gentle in all senses except the sense of formal breeding, the *Virginian* wins his successes fairly by force of character. His early career as we know it at the beginning of the story gives no decided promise of success. He ran away at fourteen, and during the ten years following picked up very little book education. When he falls under the sway of the little schoolmistress and is inspired to read, he retains his practical acuteness, and judges by his own canons. "I have read that play *Othello*," he writes. "No man should write down such a thing. Do you know if it is true? I have seen one worse affair down in Arizona. He killed his little child as well as his wife, but such things should not be put down in fine language for the public. I have read *Romeo and Juliet*. That is beautiful language, but *Romeo* is no man. I like his friend *Mercutio* that gets killed. He is a man. If he had got *Juliet* there would have been no foolishness and trouble." This is the respectable judgment of a man of action, reared in what Mr. Wis-

BROOKS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

³ *The Virginian*. By OWEN WISTER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

¹ *The Diary of a Goose Girl*. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

² *The Master of Carton*. By HILDEGARDE

ter calls "the great playground for young men," not holding himself above any of its work or play, and satisfied to refine upon its standards rather than to change them. Some of the cowboy play is decidedly rough, not to say vicious, as the East knows sufficiently well. The Virginian's biographer frankly makes allowance, as in his comment upon a scene in a Rocky Mountain saloon: "Youth untamed sat here for an idle moment, spending easily its hard-earned wages. City saloons rose into my vision, and I instantly preferred this Rocky Mountain place. More of death it undoubtedly saw, but less of vice, than did its New York equivalents. And death is a thing much cleaner than vice. Moreover, it was by no means vice that was written upon these wild and manly faces. Even where baseness was visible, baseness was not uppermost. Daring, laughter, endurance, — these were what I saw upon the countenances of the cowboys. And this very first day of my knowledge of them marks a date with me. For something about them, and the idea of them, smote my American heart, and I have never forgotten it, nor ever shall, as long as I live. In their flesh our natural passions ran tumultuous; but often in their spirit sat hidden a true nobility, and often beneath its unexpected shining their figures took on heroic stature."

Nothing draws one more strongly to the Virginian, the type of this nobility, than his savage health, moral as well as physical. There are, indeed, certain acknowledged facts of his early experience which might be cited to the contrary. "He told me of a Thanksgiving visit to town that he had made with Steve," says the narrator, long after we have learned to trust the Virginian. "We was just colts then," he said. He dwelt on their coltish doings, their adventures sought and wrought in the perfect fellowship of youth. 'For Steve and me most always hunted in couples back in them gamesome years,'

he explained. And he fell into the elemental talk of sex; such talk as would be an elk's or tiger's; and spoken so by him, simply and naturally, as we speak of the seasons, or of death, or of any actuality, it was without offense. But it would be offense should I repeat it." The Virginian's code was the code of his fellows. But he was incapable of meanness; he had never, we are sure, harmed a weaker than himself, as he had never (according to an ill-advised phrase to the mother of his betrothed) "killed for pleasure or profit."

If his schoolmistress, Molly Wood, lacks this superb aboriginal simplicity, her New England blood and training are at fault. She cannot quite free herself from conventional qualms, but is essentially fine-grained and sound, fit to be grafted upon this wild offshoot of a good Southern stock. And the great triumphs of her love, first over social, and second over moral fastidiousness, give one the impression of a richer if not more charming personality than Bud Dale's Virgie.

The Wyoming in which the action of Owen Wister's story takes place has much in common with the California of Bret Harte. Substituting cattle for gold, the conditions are very similar: a society of men, a society untrammelled and unaided by the machinery of civilization. But Owen Wister's interpretation of that life is very different from his predecessor's. In his last book,¹ as the title indicates, Bret Harte returned to the trail which he himself had blazed, and which the feet of his successors had turned into one of the thoroughfares of American fiction. There could in the nature of things be only one Luck of Roaring Camp; but the tales here collected retain much of the old flavor, and even renew our acquaintance with ancient favorites, notably Colonel Starbottle and Mr. Hamlin.

¹ *Openings in the Old Trail.* By BRET HARTE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

Bret Harte's treatment of the character of Jack Hamlin suggests very well his limitations as an interpreter of Western life. He was interested in the people who live in the far West, and in the things which happen there, as a connoisseur in the materials of fiction rather than as a passionate student. We do not, of course, ask for statistics, or a complete philosophy, or a long face, from the creative artist. Mr. Wister offers none of these things. Yet he contrives in the very act of pleasing us to make us think; Bret Harte was content to make us wonder. He was not greatly concerned, therefore, that his reading of that life should be profoundly significant; it must be picturesque. Mr. Jack Hamlin is a rascal under a film of smooth manners. Part of his attraction consists in our knowledge of his rascality, a lure a good many centuries older than Jack Hamlin or Jack Sheppard. Owen Wister's Virginian is a gentleman under a coat of roughness. This also is an immemorial type of hero. So far as they are individuals, it is proper that one should get as much pleasure out of one type as out of the other. But the reader can hardly yield to Jack Hamlin and the Virginian the immunities of the individual. If the phenomena of the West really interest him, he will find himself considering the claims of each in turn to be taken as representative of the frontier phase of civilization. And weighed in such a mood, Mr. Jack Hamlin, with all his fascinations, is found wanting; one must be lightly pleased with him, or not at all. The Virginian (who may never become as famous as Mr. Hamlin) is far more edifying. For all of that young vigorous integrity which Mr. Wister takes to be the sound base of the frontiersman's character is embodied in this healthy, jesting, deeply loving, victorious cowboy of his.

¹ *The Desert and the Sown*. By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

The Desert and the Sown,¹ unlike most of its predecessors by the same hand, can hardly be called a Western story. Part of the action takes place in the West, it is true, but the central figure is Eastern born and bred, and his problem would have been no problem at all to the Virginian. Under gross provocation, and then mainly by accident, he kills a man. Human law cannot touch him, but he feels himself under the ban of a higher ruling. He therefore chooses to disappear, though desertion of his young wife and child is involved, and to devote himself to a lifelong penance of solitude. No frontiersman would have brooded over the killing of a man under such circumstances; but this Adam Bogardus, with his inherited rigidity of mind, cannot get away from the fact that according to the code of the East, the only code for him, he is, technically, a criminal. So he suffers, like Hamlet, a bitter penalty for having fallen upon a day for the urgencies of which moral refinement could only disqualify him. With his painful fidelity to his vow, his reluctance to accept favors from the son to whom fortune at last makes him known, and his final renunciation of his tardily restored family, Bogardus comes very near being a tragic figure. We may turn with some relief to a story of far less complication, though a story of the Old World.

*Bread and Wine*² reminds one strongly of some of the peasant idyls of George Sand's. The peasant, hardy as his life is, has almost nothing in common with the frontiersman; his limitations are more difficult to make picturesque, and his virtues are hardly spectacular enough for the purposes of fiction. His qualities are idyllic rather than heroic. Mrs. King's style is sympathetic and restrained, exactly fitted for the treatment of this simple

² *Bread and Wine*. By MAUDE EGERTON KING. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

episode in the married life of her two peasants of Graubünden. It is pleasant to find America producing so delicate an example of the *genre* which the Latins are wont to manage so much better than we. For a taste of the sweetness and purity of its style, we may quote the concluding sentence of the tale: "By this time the twilight sky had deepened and darkened all about the stars so that the eye could see how many and large and bright they were; and night, like an unspoken benediction, came down upon Sertig Dörfli."

To speak of *The Rescue*¹ in this connection would be incongruous if it were not for the simplicity and clarity of manner which it possesses in common with the story of which we have just spoken. Its theme is unusual, and by no means simple; a theme possible only for the student of a sophisticated, not to say decadent society. Henry James might have hit upon it, though his treatment of it would have been more deliberately subtle, and one is not sure that matters would have been allowed to turn out as well as they do. Not that Miss Sedgwick employs the living happy ever after solution; the most sanguine handling could hardly have brought that about. The conclusion is sombre, though it is as favorable as it can well be under the conditions. No special considerations whatever can make the marriage of a man of thirty to a woman of forty-seven a comfortable consummation. It must be in an even stronger sense than usual a beginning rather than an end. But to have brought about such a beginning, so that the fact seems to have some degree of propriety and even palatability, is a rare feat. Perhaps feat is not the word to use, for unusual as the relation between Damier and Madame Vicaud is, it cannot have seemed to the author abnormal or even improbable; and in the end, I think

it does not seem so to the reader. The conception of Claire, one may have two minds about. Bad daughters do sometimes come of good mothers, and the paternity in this case was as bad as it well could have been. But Claire comes dishearteningly near being the totally depraved nature which Shakespeare and experience teach us does not exist. We see in the end that she does not quite achieve this; and we even come to suspect that without the counter-irritant of her mother's intolerable virtue and refinement, her own heart and manners might have developed naturally to a point of respectability at least.

Damier escapes being inconsiderable by virtue of his extreme sensitiveness and the invincible ardor of his feeling for Madame Vicaud. One feels, nevertheless, that in spite of her disadvantage in years and experience, she brings more heart to their union than her young lover is capable of. Their likeness in point of intensity, almost as much as their disparity in years, suggests that as we leave them Madame Vicaud has been rescued, not from trouble altogether, but from futility.

There is a temptation to enlarge a little upon the literary quality of the story. The Virginian would not have cared for it; he probably would have failed to understand Damier, even if he had not classed him with Romeo.

"She pressed his hand, still smiling at him, and then, resuming her sewing, 'Sit near me,' she said, 'so I can see that you are not fancying that I am harsh with you!'

"At such moments he could see in her eyes, that caressed one, made sweetest amends to one, touches of what must once have been enchanting roguishness.

"'But I am still going to risk your harshness,' he said. . . . 'I don't want to justify man's ways to man; and yet ordinary human nature, with its almost inevitable self-regarding instinct, its climb toward happiness, its ugly

¹ *The Rescue*. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Company, 1902.

struggle for successful attainment of it, is more successful than cruel toward unhappiness. . . . And then you must remember — I must, for how often I have struggled with these thoughts — that misfortune is a mask, a disguise. One can't be recognized and known when one wears it; one can't show

one's self; if one could there would perhaps be responses.' ”

Perhaps it would have been fairer not to quote this. It is like attempting to show the flawlessness of a crystal by knocking off a chip at random. The crystal is marred, and the fragment itself appears insignificant.

H. W. Boynton.

FRENCH MEMOIRS IN ENGLISH.

EVERY additional volume of the Versailles Historical Series — a series now extending in time from Brantôme's Book of the Ladies to the Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne and Count Fersen — deepens the reader's impression of the excellent manner in which the translator and editor and the publishers have worked together to produce in English a social and, in certain aspects, a political history of seventeenth and eighteenth century France drawn from the memoirs and correspondence of those who were a part of the tale they told. Brantôme's *Dames Illustres* is in truth somewhat too early to fit naturally into the scheme, yet no one will be likely to wish it away. The books, attractive in their make-up, are really embellished and enriched by a generous number of well-selected and admirably reproduced portraits, — pictures often pleasingly unhackneyed. Of course Miss Wormeley's most important and difficult task was in dealing with the greatest of all French memoir writers. To reduce Saint-Simon to one fourth of his true size called not only for large omissions, but for much condensation as well. The reader may think that at least one or two volumes more might have been allowed him, but, as it is, Miss Wormeley has done wonders

in retaining so many of the indispensable passages and in keeping the continuity of the narrative. Her merits as a translator no longer need to be dwelt upon; her editorial notes are concise and to the purpose, and more of them would have been welcome. No one, for instance, will be likely to read even an abridgment of Saint-Simon without wishing for some more definite knowledge of his later life than is to be gleaned from scattered hints, for some account of his children and their children, — in short, the after history of the house. And such information can be put in very small compass.

One of the latest volumes of the series is devoted to a selection from those papers of Count Fersen, collected and published by his grandnephew.¹ There is no figure so noble in the court of the last days of old France as the young Swede, in describing whom the much misused word "chivalrous" in its best meaning is instinctively used. As modest as brave, as unassuming as accomplished, honorable, upright, true, in that atmosphere of falsehood and self-seeking, he must have seemed to the girl-queen, the object of his romantic but profoundly respectful admiration, and whose most loyal and devoted friend he

¹ *Diary and Correspondence of Count Axel Fersen, Grand-Marshal of Sweden, relating to the Court of France.* Translated by KATHARINE

PRESCOTT WORMELEY. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co. 1902.

was to remain till her life's end, something very like a visitant from another sphere. To the attractive stranger with "the handsomest face, the quickest intelligence" Parisian society showed its most amiable and engaging aspect, but that he "thought nobly and with singular loftiness" was beyond its ken. That a gracious word from the queen was sufficient excuse for calumniating her in a court where all gossip was vile Fersen soon learned, and was thereby strengthened in his resolve to join the expedition to America. As an aide-de-camp to the Comte de Rochambeau he served till the end of the war, and the letters of so clear-sighted an observer have a special interest, when we remember how often the French element in the Revolutionary War has been a subject to treat romantically rather than historically. On parting with his chief, he says, "M. de Rochambeau was the only man capable of commanding us here, and of maintaining that perfect harmony which has reigned between two nations, so different in manners, morals, and language, and who at heart do not like each other." Count Axel, himself, did not learn greatly to like his allies, but he could also view his comrades from the outside.

It is a matter for regret that the fear of a domiciliary visit impelled the friend to whom Fersen had entrusted his diary from 1780 to 1791 to destroy it. Thus were lost his daily notes during the American war, and his observations in the last years of the old order and the first of the great upheaval, — observations of a very competent and sane looker-on, sharing neither the illusions nor the frenzies of the time. Early in 1791 he writes to his father, and after recalling the favors shown him by the king and queen in happier days, he says: "I should be vile and ungrateful if I abandoned them now when they can do nothing more for

me, and while I have still the hope of being useful to them. To all the many kindnesses with which they loaded me they have now added a flattering distinction — that of *confidence*." How well he deserved that trust need not be said. He organized the flight to Varennes, successful so long as he controlled it; later he revisited Paris, at the risk of his life, with new plans; as the representative of his own sovereign, the one disinterested royal friend of the hapless prisoners, he traveled from court to court doing everything that absolute devotion could inspire in a man both wise and capable, fully conscious of the all but treachery of the French princes, the follies of the *émigrés*, the madness in Paris, yet hoping against hope till the long-drawn tragedy ended. And little but disappointment and sorrow were to mark his later years, though he rose to high honor in his own country. But Sweden was torn by dissensions, and the question of the royal succession was the cause of virulent animosities. While Count Fersen was officially superintending a state function, on June 20, 1810, he was torn from his carriage by a body of rioters and tortured to death, — one of the most senseless and brutal of all mob murders. It was the nineteenth anniversary of the flight to Varennes.

All the other works in this collection, whatever may be their biographic interest, are distinctly historical, but the Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse¹ are emphatically, it may be said poignantly, personal in their appeal. They give us scarcely a glimpse of that salon, where daily gathered encyclopædists, academicians, philosophers, churchmen, distinguished strangers, most brilliant but diverse elements held and harmonized by a woman without beauty, name, or fortune, but with measureless charm, exquisite tact, delicate insight, quick sympathy,

¹ *Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse*, with Notes on her Life and Character by D'Alembert, Marmontel, De Guibert, etc., and an Introduc-

tion by C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co. 1902.

and, above all, never failing power of drawing forth the best in every guest. Those of her letters which chanced to be preserved are the record, still palpitating with life, of the passion, or, it may be said, the two passions, which like consuming fires burnt away the writer's life. They belong to the little group of the great love-letters of the world, and as in the century that has passed since their publication no earlier attempt has been made to translate them, the volume can be accepted thankfully, even if it stands somewhat by itself among its present

companions. The story of this brilliant and most unhappy woman, vivified by her letters, impresses itself so strongly upon some readers, that they feel a peculiar interest in following the career, yet incomplete, of a contemporary heroine, who appears to be in the intention of her gifted creator a reincarnation in another country and century of Julie de Lespinasse. In considering the degenerate state into which the noble art of historic fiction has fallen, this method of restoring a distinguished figure of the past has much to commend it.

S. M. F.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is an experience in reading which I dare say is very common, but don't remember hearing anybody speak of. You are jogging along comfortably through some quiet prose country, enjoying the fine weather and good plain company, when you are brought up short by an unexpected obstacle in the road, — the noon-day spectre of metre. As if it were n't bad enough to write poetry of purpose, and with plain intent to kill, here we must have the thing doing itself, imposing its marshaled iambs or rearing its horrid front of anapests in the midst of the most humdrum surroundings.

Poets, it is interesting to note, are not likely to make this mistake; they have too much respect for both poetry and prose; they would as soon think of breaking into a two-step at a crowded reception, or going to market in ragtime. It is a pretty frequent slip among prose writers: witness the well-known passages in Lorna Doone, and in Dickens, *passim*; or, to compare small things with great, the opening paragraphs in Mr. Seton-Thompson's recent story of The Kootenay Ram: —

“So in this land of long, long winter night,
Where Nature stints her joys for six hard
months,
Then owns her debt and pays it all at once,
The spring is glorious compensation for
The past. Six months' arrears of joy are paid
In one vast lavish outpour.”

And so on; very decent blank verse, such as even a Markham might not be ashamed to sign to.

Now there is, of course, only one thing to be said of such sham prose as this: it is an affront to the ear and to the understanding. Whether he is conscious of it or not, the writer has been guilty of a “break.” Yet I must admit that for my part, without believing in metrical prose, or even in rhythmical prose as a set product, my skepticism has a proviso. For now and then in reading the soberest prose, I am conscious of a sudden exquisite thrill such as may follow the lone voice of a bird in the dark, or the discovery of a single pure blossom somewhere among the rocks above the snow line: I have stumbled, that is, on a fragment of pure poetry. And often when I come to examine the few little words which have moved me, I am not able to find much in them but music,

and, as a rule, the formal music of metre. Perhaps the refrain echoes for days upon that inward ear which also has something to do with the bliss of solitude. Sometimes it slowly fades; and sometimes it abides, to develop into some fuller metrical form. And then it is I who must plead guilty.

Reading over FitzGerald's letters not long ago, two such refrains took possession of me. Oddly enough, they both suggested the anapestic measure, with which I believe Old Fitz never meddled; and both eventually shaped themselves into something a little like triolets, not at all like FitzGerald, and, I should say, not very much like me. Never mind: here they are, and the refrains, at least, worth reading: —

I.

Grass will be green, if the tide should be out,

And a seat in the arbor for no one but you;
There will be swallows and robins about:
Grass will be green, if the tide should be out.
Pleasant to wing to the offing, no doubt,

Yet the nether but mimics the loftier blue,
And by sea or by land I have comfort for
two:

Grass will be green, if the tide should be out.

II.

*I was looking for Keats and I stumbled on
Browne,*

Browne, the hydriotaphic: a whimsical turn,
I thought, of the die, from a seer to a clown,
"What! a pedant on urns for the Bard of
The Urn?"

Nay, then, old Incinerability, burn!"

Half a pace from the hearth I paused — fal-
tered — sat down . . .

Thumbed a leaf — smiled — read on . . . and
forgot to return:

*I was looking for Keats and I stumbled on
Browne.*

I WONDER if any readers of the *Atlantic* will sympathize with me in liking and disliking certain words for their own sake, with a kind of personal feeling. Just as one enjoys or dislikes encountering certain acquaintances from something in themselves, apart from the transactions in which they are encountered, so there

are certain words which it makes me feel better to see, hear, or use; and others which produce exactly the opposite effect.

I do not mean the dislike I have to certain words as ugly and intensive aliens ("furriners" expresses the feeling) which seem taken up by a sort of fad, without any necessity derived from a want in our own tongue. Macaulay has justly commented on the offensiveness of Dryden's putting "fraicheur" for "freshness." But my special aversions in this way are aliens masquerading as natives, and presenting a mien neither one thing nor the other.

"Pedagogy!" What self-respecting teachers can desire their noble calling travestied by this name, uncouth to look at; and uncouth to say, misused Greek passing through unnatural German into bad English! Every one who studies Greek — but that we are told nowadays we should not — knows that a "pedagogue" is not a schoolmaster at all, but the slave who escorted boys to and from school to guard them from immoral associates. One may forgive "pedagogue" in consideration of its always having a certain air of joke, — it just suits Shakespeare's Holofernes. But to think there is any technical propriety in calling the art or science of teaching pedagogy! Granting that we must have a Greek name for a science, the proper word is *pædeutics*, more accurate at once and more euphonious.

And "silhouetted." Are we to be saddled forever with this needless coinage from a French word, which in its own language is remarkably like slang? Every writer seems bound to haul it in by main force. A lover of nature, kept in all day by the raging sun, goes out at the softer hours to gaze on a line of mountain peaks, standing in dark outline against the golden glow of sunset, — and he must needs dub them "silhouetted!" A French noun violently turned into an English participial adjective, — and to what end? with what

profit? A recent writer speaks of General Grant's and General Sherman's profiles "en silhouette." Why not say that their hats were "en chapeau," and their trousers "en pantalon"? The Matterhorn, that awful monster that looks down on Zermatt to see what new climber it may devour, to be spoken of as "parsimonious-French-ministered" against the deep blue!

No! I refer to pure English words, — words we use every day, and cannot possibly dispense with, slipping as they do from our mouths without effort; yet which to me are not mere tokens of thought, but friends and enemies. "Button." I cannot hear or use this word without feeling fidgety. It reminds me of the days when I knew I was a boy, and was treated as a child; when I was dressed and undressed by female hands, and taunted by my elder brother, who dressed himself; a slave and victim to a mass of needless and sordid details in nursery life, devised by a bevy of empresses to exalt their own autocracy and circumscribe my manly liberty. Oh, how blest and exalted in those days seemed to me savages, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, anybody who was not confined by buttons; such an earthborn word. In Scott's magnificent picture of the chivalrous James IV. there is to me a note of repulsion when I read

"His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare."

Could not Sir Walter have made it a stud, or "knop," or anything but a button, — a base thing of horn or bone or cloth — not of ruby?

"Belt." There's a word for you! A grand, manly, classic, chivalrous, athletic word; the symbol of emancipation, of dressing yourself, of the "toga," or rather the "tunica virilis." There is richness and energy in the very sound, the very look. It suggests a man, all succinct and equipped whether for fields of peace or fields of war; his needful garments confined and supported by a band to be proud of. In con-

trast to the monarch described above, how thoroughly satisfactory is Lord William Howard, as he advances — fifty years too soon, indeed — to the siege of Branksome, —

"His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Whence in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Call noble Howard, 'Belted Will.'"

Gallant John Gilpin trusted to both belt and button; and how much more faithful was the former than the latter! Truly, to one who appreciates the whole force of language words may be enemies or friends.

I HAVE read with interest the experiences of some of your contributors. I venture to give those of another. In the early days of my efforts to reform the world, when I was a somewhat callow youth, I had sent a few articles to leading newspapers. I felt very much gratified and elated when I read them in cold type. The idea that any editor would pay for them had never entered my head. One day I was taking lunch with one of my friends of the newspaper press who got his living by his work, and he asked me how much I charged by the column. "Charge!" said I, "you don't suppose I expect to be paid, do you? I am only a duffer at this sort of thing, and am only too glad to see my articles in print." "But," said my friend, "that's not fair. A man who can write as you do has no business to take our bread from us by serving as a space writer without pay." I did not then know exactly what he meant by "space writer," but I said nothing.

There was a question pending in which I felt a great interest, and when I got home I said to myself, "By Jove! I will write an article for The Atlantic Monthly, and try it on." I will confess that I devoted a whole rainy Sunday to this work of necessity and charity. The words ran off the end of my pen without

any conscious effort on my part, and as I had never studied English grammar, and always use the shortest words I can find, when I read my article over I thought it was clear and strong, and that every-day business folks who do not care much for philosophic dissertations might get some ideas from it. I had a fair copy made by one of my clerks, and I sent it to the editor. The article was accepted promptly, put in type, and duly appeared. I have forgotten what it was about. When in December I received a check for one hundred dollars I confess that I was astounded! I looked at the check, — I laid it down, — I took it up again and said to myself, "I never earned this money. My double, of whom I have always had an inner consciousness, did this. What would he do with the money?" My double then put an idea into my head that Christmas was coming. I invested the cash in presents for the children and others, to their great delight. But after that I charged for space writing in the newspapers, and put the money mostly into books.

Sequel: The next Christmas was near, and my little girl of about six said, "What are you going to give us for presents this year, papa?" To which I replied, "Not much; I can't spare the money this year." To this the *enfant terrible* responded, "Why don't you write another article for the Atlantic? Anybody can do that!" Presently I received an invitation to dine with the contributors, and when called upon to make a few remarks I began to tell this little story. I had been accustomed to cause some hilarity at dinners of my business friends. You may imagine the shock to my mind when the remark that the hundred dollars did n't seem to belong to me was met by a shout of obloquy and derision. I recovered, and presently I repeated the remark of my little girl, "Anybody can do that!" Then came a turmoil! I was threatened with bottles, pie plates, and other

missiles, but the stern Chairman read the Riot Act, and I escaped without personal injury.

I once knew a little about editors and publishers. I know them a good deal better now. My relations with them have been uniformly pleasant and profitable. When I send out some good copy which one refuses I am very sure that another will take it, and I am rarely mistaken. Having had about forty years' experience of a desultory kind, I have been inclined to turn editor myself as a recreation for old age.

My advice to young contributors who want to instruct their fellows would be:

1. Be sure that you know enough to get your own living by hard work before you begin to write.

2. If you feel an impulse to instruct your fellows, be sure that you know your subject so well that you can make it clear to them.

3. Use the shortest words, but don't try to be literary or make any attempt at style. The subject makes the style if you know it. Set up one William Shakespeare as your model. Omitting proper names and geographical expressions, he averages only four letters to a word, and is unique among writers in using more words of four letters each than of three.

I AM not a millionaire myself. I am not even worried by the prospect of having eventually to face the millionaires' responsibilities, but I do not fail, as I hope, to appreciate their good points. They are, taken as a whole, unostentatious. They are indisputably generous. They are eminently patriotic. But not even their most uncritical admirers can deny that they are sadly deficient in originality. One ought perhaps to qualify this word of disparagement. In the game of Commerce they commonly evince an appalling fertility of resource. But if they showed no more originality in making money than they do in giving it away for charitable purposes they would have

**On a Certain
Lack of Ori-
ginality in
Millionaires.**

remained paupers along with the rest of us. In their philanthropic essays they follow one another like lost sheep, in the same beaten track, endlessly endowing universities, and forever founding public libraries. Their imagination seems atrophied except on the acquisitive side. One picks up the *Morning Light* only to read that Millionaire A has given two hundred thousand, to build a biological laboratory. One glances at the *Evening Shade* only to find that Millionaire B has donated another million for a school of veterinary surgery.

The benumbing effect of riches upon the millionaire's faculty of initiative was illustrated recently in striking fashion in the case of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Here was a man who had, we are told, a genuine contempt for riches merely as riches. His imagination blocked out the map of South Africa before the Muse of History had dipped her pen in her ink bottle. His possessions lifted him beyond "the dreams of avarice." Moreover, he cherished the far-reaching hope of "working" his fellow beings "a perpetual peace." Surely he might expect as the result of Mr. Rhodes's bequests a veritable Jameson raid upon the anti-social foes of humanity. What does he enjoy upon his trustees? To send half a hundred American boys and half a dozen German youths to be educated at that "home of lost causes," the University of Oxford! Somehow or other, benevolence seems to take the nerve out of the millionaire. Sooner or later they all reëcho Robert Morris's plaint, — "Experience hath taught me to be cautious even when trying to do good."

Is there, then, no opportunity for originality or noble venturesomeness in the domain of philanthropy? May the lover of his kind never

"mount to Paradise

By the stairway of Surprise?"

Are colleges and libraries and hospitals and missions to monopolize the business of social betterment? Why not found

an independent Theatre or an incorruptible Press? If the popular æsthetic sense must needs be cultivated, why not found a national Anti-Landscape Advertising League? Are none of the approaches to Utopia untried? Why not institute a propaganda against the use of patent medicines? They are said on good authority to absorb more money annually than the national drink bill; and they fail to give even the momentary exhilaration that must be set to the credit of that poor creature, small beer.

Indeed, the only likely capacity for promising social experimentation that any millionaire has shown of late is Mr. Carnegie's offer to pay the Philippine solatium of twenty millions for the privilege of assuring the Filipinos that they should be free. Mr. Carnegie is on the right track. The big profits from altruistic investments are coming only to those who take big risks, not to those who are content with such Savings Bank interest as the orphan's gratitude or the widow's prayers.

If all this be insufficient to move the phlegmatic millionaire philanthropists, let them reflect upon the history of benevolent and educational foundations. How many of these foundations have outlived a century? Did the French Revolution spare the pious donations of ecclesiastical patrons? How many millions of pounds have been given to benefices in England, and yet how many donors have thereby won themselves an everlasting name? Who besides William of Wykeham? Moth may fret and rust ruin, but the ravages of Confiscation are greater than all. Will our friends, the Socialists, if once they get into the saddle, hesitate to confiscate wealth because it is in the hands of universities, or in the trust funds of public libraries?

The moral of all this is, my dear millionaires, that Fame is difficult to secure and harder to perpetuate; and that Fame builded on the lines of conventional

benevolence cannot be said to be *perennis ære*.

It has been paradoxically affirmed that "no man who deserves a monument ever ought to have one," which is a puzzling way of saying that the deserving man has one already, erected by his genius, his originality, or his philanthropy, and that, in view of this, his friends and countrymen may well refrain from setting up a petty marble slab in memory of the departed.

What is more sadly comic or incongruous than the imposing medley of stone and marble in a great cemetery? The towering columns loom over the resting places of such small citizens. The "dove of peace" alights where it would never have brooded of its free will. The guardian angel bends over the vixen's tomb, while mediocre bits of slate denote the graves of many saintly and gifted pilgrims.

Yet it is best to pause before one attempts to criticise the apparent inconsistency and incongruity and strange misrepresentation spread out before him. Well is it to reflect that these same monuments are not the emblems of the departed, but the insignia of the living.

These awkward blocks and heathen urns and dreadful graven images are the expression of living human hearts. This mournful medley of badly sculptured marbles is but their pitiful endeavor to render final tribute to their beloved ones, and to insure perpetual remembrance of names and dates that mean so much to them.

The monuments have naught to do with those that rest beneath them; they speak not of the travelers gone, but of those left behind. These blocks and columns belong not to the city of the dead, but are the property of living ar-

chitects. They tell us naught of the departed, but merely something of their friends. Have they good taste? Much money? Are they pretentious, or sentimental?

So with the epitaphs. We read them and take note that the remaining relatives were fond of scriptural quotations, or poetry. This composition was done to show the rhymers' skill rather than to set forth the merits of the dead. These sorrowing friends doted on decorative scrolls, those, upon ornamental lettering. The owner of this lot does not forget to bring his individual offering of potted plants, while the proprietor of that grand iron-fenced inclosure leaves the selection of flowers to the gardener.

Let him who gazes at the innumerable monuments of stone and marble fail to exclaim, "Behold the city of the dead!" Rather let him muse on this curious description of the surviving multitude. This inartistic and conglomerate mass of ugly slabs voices their sentiment and pictures them alone.

These are their crude and primitive devices. Some day perchance they will look back upon it all and wonder.

The city of the dead lies all below the surface of the earth, wrapped in the tender folds of nature's burial shroud. Over this peaceful vale mother earth spreads a delicate green verdure. Wild roses waft their fragrance upon the gentle breezes. Up from stout hearts spring sturdy oaks and splendid pines. The weeping willows droop over the gentle sleepers, and maples, birches, and aspens murmur their soothing lullabies above the weary and the heavy laden. Life more abundant and more beautiful everywhere thrills and has its being. This is the city of the dead that are not *dead*, but have awakened.

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OF THE TRAINING OF BLACK MEN.

FROM the shimmering swirl of waters where many, many thoughts ago the slave-ship first saw the square tower of Jamestown have flowed down to our day three streams of thinking: one from the larger world here and over-seas, saying, the multiplying of human wants in culture lands calls for the world-wide co-operation of men in satisfying them. Hence arises a new human unity, pulling the ends of earth nearer, and all men, black, yellow, and white. The larger humanity strives to feel in this contact of living nations and sleeping hordes a thrill of new life in the world, crying, If the contact of Life and Sleep be Death, shame on such Life. To be sure, behind this thought lurks the afterthought of force and dominion, — the making of brown men to delve when the temptation of beads and red calico cloys.

The second thought streaming from the death-ship and the curving river is the thought of the older South: the sincere and passionate belief that somewhere between men and cattle God created a *tertium quid*, and called it a Negro, — a clownish, simple creature, at times even lovable within its limitations, but straitly foreordained to walk within the Veil. To be sure, behind the thought lurks the afterthought, — some of them with favoring chance might become men, but in sheer self-defense we dare not let them, and build about them walls so high, and hang between them and the light a veil so thick, that

they shall not even think of breaking through.

And last of all there trickles down that third and darker thought, the thought of the things themselves, the confused half-conscious mutter of men who are black and whitened, crying Liberty, Freedom, Opportunity — vouchsafe to us, O boastful World, the chance of living men! To be sure, behind the thought lurks the afterthought: suppose, after all, the World is right and we are less than men? Suppose this mad impulse within is all wrong, some mock mirage from the untrue?

So here we stand among thoughts of human unity, even through conquest and slavery; the inferiority of black men, even if forced by fraud; a shriek in the night for the freedom of men who themselves are not yet sure of their right to demand it. This is the tangle of thought and afterthought wherein we are called to solve the problem of training men for life.

Behind all its curiousness, so attractive alike to sage and dilettante, lie its dim dangers, throwing across us shadows at once grotesque and awful. Plain it is to us that what the world seeks through desert and wild we have within our threshold, — a stalwart laboring force, suited to the semi-tropics; if, deaf to the voice of the *Zeitgeist*, we refuse to use and develop these men, we risk poverty and loss. If, on the other hand, seized by the brutal afterthought, we debauch the race thus caught

in our talons, selfishly sucking their blood and brains in the future as in the past, what shall save us from national decadence? Only that saner selfishness which, Education teaches men, can find the rights of all in the whirl of work.

Again, we may deery the color prejudice of the South, yet it remains a heavy fact. Such curious kinks of the human mind exist and must be reckoned with soberly. They cannot be laughed away, nor always successfully stormed at, nor easily abolished by act of legislature. And yet they cannot be encouraged by being let alone. They must be recognized as facts, but unpleasant facts; things that stand in the way of civilization and religion and common decency. They can be met in but one way: by the breadth and broadening of human reason, by catholicity of taste and culture. And so, too, the native ambition and aspiration of men, even though they be black, backward, and ungraceful, must not lightly be dealt with. To stimulate wildly weak and untrained minds is to play with mighty fires; to flout their striving idly is to welcome a harvest of brutish crime and shameless lethargy in our very laps. The guiding of thought and the deft coördination of deed is at once the path of honor and humanity.

And so, in this great question of reconciling three vast and partially contradictory streams of thought, the one panacea of Education leaps to the lips of all: such human training as will best use the labor of all men without enslaving or brutalizing; such training as will give us poise to encourage the prejudices that bulwark society, and stamp out those that in sheer barbarity deafen us to the wail of prisoned souls within the Veil, and the mounting fury of shackled men.

But when we have vaguely said Education will set this tangle straight, what have we uttered but a truism? Training for life teaches living; but what training for the profitable living to-

gether of black men and white? Two hundred years ago our task would have seemed easier. Then Dr. Johnson blandly assured us that education was needful solely for the embellishments of life, and was useless for ordinary vermin. To-day we have climbed to heights where we would open at least the outer courts of knowledge to all, display its treasures to many, and select the few to whom its mystery of Truth is revealed, not wholly by truth or the accidents of the stock market, but at least in part according to deftness and aim, talent and character. This programme, however, we are sorely puzzled in carrying out through that part of the land where the blight of slavery fell hardest, and where we are dealing with two backward peoples. To make here in human education that ever necessary combination of the permanent and the contingent — of the ideal and the practical in workable equilibrium — has been there, as it ever must in every age and place, a matter of infinite experiment and frequent mistakes.

In rough approximation we may point out four varying decades of work in Southern education since the Civil War. From the close of the war until 1876 was the period of uncertain groping and temporary relief. There were army schools, mission schools, and schools of the Freedman's Bureau in chaotic disarrangement, seeking system and coöperation. Then followed ten years of constructive definite effort toward the building of complete school systems in the South. Normal schools and colleges were founded for the freedmen, and teachers trained there to man the public schools. There was the inevitable tendency of war to underestimate the prejudices of the master and the ignorance of the slave, and all seemed clear sailing out of the wreckage of the storm. Meantime, starting in this decade yet especially developing from 1885 to 1895, began the industrial revolution of the South. The land saw glimpses

of a new destiny and the stirring of new ideals. The educational system striving to complete itself saw new obstacles and a field of work ever broader and deeper. The Negro colleges, hurriedly founded, were inadequately equipped, illogically distributed, and of varying efficiency and grade; the normal and high schools were doing little more than common school work, and the common schools were training but a third of the children who ought to be in them, and training these too often poorly. At the same time the white South, by reason of its sudden conversion from the slavery ideal, by so much the more became set and strengthened in its racial prejudice, and crystallized it into harsh law and harsher custom; while the marvelous pushing forward of the poor white daily threatened to take even bread and butter from the mouths of the heavily handicapped sons of the freedmen. In the midst, then, of the larger problem of Negro education sprang up the more practical question of work, the inevitable economic quandary that faces a people in the transition from slavery to freedom, and especially those who make that change amid hate and prejudice, lawlessness and ruthless competition.

The industrial school springing to notice in this decade, but coming to full recognition in the decade beginning with 1895, was the proffered answer to this combined educational and economic crisis, and an answer of singular wisdom and timeliness. From the very first in nearly all the schools some attention had been given to training in handiwork, but now was this training first raised to a dignity that brought it in direct touch with the South's magnificent industrial development, and given an emphasis which reminded black folk that before the Temple of Knowledge swing the Gates of Toil.

Yet after all they are but gates, and when turning our eyes from the temporary and the contingent in the Negro

problem to the broader question of the permanent uplifting and civilization of black men in America, we have a right to inquire, as this enthusiasm for material advancement mounts to its height, if after all the industrial school is the final and sufficient answer in the training of the Negro race; and to ask gently, but in all sincerity, the ever recurring query of the ages, Is not life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? And men ask this to-day all the more eagerly because of sinister signs in recent educational movements. The tendency is here, born of slavery and quickened to renewed life by the crazy imperialism of the day, to regard human beings as among the material resources of a land to be trained with an eye single to future dividends. Race prejudices, which keep brown and black men in their "places," we are coming to regard as useful allies with such a theory, no matter how much they may dull the ambition and sicken the hearts of struggling human beings. And above all, we daily hear that an education that encourages aspiration, that sets the loftiest of ideals and seeks as an end culture and character rather than bread-winning, is the privilege of white men and the danger and delusion of black.

Especially has criticism been directed against the former educational efforts to aid the Negro. In the four periods I have mentioned, we find first, boundless, planless enthusiasm and sacrifice; then the preparation of teachers for a vast public school system; then the launching and expansion of that school system amid increasing difficulties; and finally the training of workmen for the new and growing industries. This development has been sharply ridiculed as a logical anomaly and flat reversal of nature. Soothly we have been told that first industrial and manual training should have taught the Negro to work, then simple schools should have taught him to read and write, and finally, after years, high and normal schools could

have completed the system, as intelligence and wealth demanded.

That a system logically so complete was historically impossible, it needs but a little thought to prove. Progress in human affairs is more often a pull than a push, surging forward of the exceptional man, and the lifting of his duller brethren slowly and painfully to his vantage ground. Thus it was no accident that gave birth to universities centuries before the common schools, that made fair Harvard the first flower of our wilderness. So in the South: the mass of the freedmen at the end of the war lacked the intelligence so necessary to modern workmen. They must first have the common school to teach them to read, write, and cipher. The white teachers who flocked South went to establish such a common school system. They had no idea of founding colleges; they themselves at first would have laughed at the idea. But they faced, as all men since them have faced, that central paradox of the South, the social separation of the races. Then it was the sudden volcanic rupture of nearly all relations between black and white, in work and government and family life. Since then a new adjustment of relations in economic and political affairs has grown up — an adjustment subtle and difficult to grasp, yet singularly ingenious, which leaves still that frightful chasm at the color line across which men pass at their peril. Thus, then and now, there stand in the South two separate worlds; and separate not simply in the higher realms of social intercourse, but also in church and school, on railway and street car, in hotels and theatres, in streets and city sections, in books and newspapers, in asylums and jails, in hospitals and graveyards. There is still enough of contact for large economic and group cooperation, but the separation is so thorough and deep, that it absolutely precludes for the present between the races anything like that sympathetic and effective group train-

ing and leadership of the one by the other, such as the American Negro and all backward peoples must have for effectual progress.

This the missionaries of '68 soon saw; and if effective industrial and trade schools were impractical before the establishment of a common school system, just as certainly no adequate common schools could be founded until there were teachers to teach them. Southern whites would not teach them; Northern whites in sufficient numbers could not be had. If the Negro was to learn, he must teach himself, and the most effective help that could be given him was the establishment of schools to train Negro teachers. This conclusion was slowly but surely reached by every student of the situation until simultaneously, in widely separated regions, without consultation or systematic plan, there arose a series of institutions designed to furnish teachers for the untaught. Above the sneers of critics at the obvious defects of this procedure must ever stand its one crushing rejoinder: in a single generation they put thirty thousand black teachers in the South; they wiped out the illiteracy of the majority of the black people of the land, and they made Tuskegee possible.

Such higher training schools tended naturally to deepen broader development: at first they were common and grammar schools, then some became high schools. And finally, by 1900, some thirty-four had one year or more of studies of college grade. This development was reached with different degrees of speed in different institutions: Hampton is still a high school, while Fisk University started her college in 1871, and Spelman Seminary about 1896. In all cases the aim was identical: to maintain the standards of the lower training by giving teachers and leaders the best practicable training; and above all to furnish the black world with adequate standards of human culture and lofty ideals of life. It was

not enough that the teachers of teachers should be trained in technical normal methods; they must also, so far as possible, be broad-minded, cultured men and women, to scatter civilization among a people whose ignorance was not simply of letters, but of life itself.

It can thus be seen that the work of education in the South began with higher institutions of training, which threw off as their foliage common schools, and later industrial schools, and at the same time strove to shoot their roots ever deeper toward college and university training. That this was an inevitable and necessary development, sooner or later, goes without saying; but there has been, and still is, a question in many minds if the natural growth was not forced, and if the higher training was not either overdone or done with cheap and unsound methods. Among white Southerners this feeling is widespread and positive. A prominent Southern journal voiced this in a recent editorial:

"The experiment that has been made to give the colored students classical training has not been satisfactory. Even though many were able to pursue the course, most of them did so in a parrot-like way, learning what was taught, but not seeming to appropriate the truth and import of their instruction, and graduating without sensible aim or valuable occupation for their future. The whole scheme has proved a waste of time, efforts, and the money of the state."

While most fair-minded men would recognize this as extreme and overdrawn, still without doubt many are asking, Are there a sufficient number of Negroes ready for college training to warrant the undertaking? Are not too many students prematurely forced into this work? Does it not have the effect of dissatisfying the young Negro with his environment? And do these graduates succeed in real life? Such natural questions cannot be evaded, nor on the other hand must a nation naturally skeptical as to Negro ability assume an

unfavorable answer without careful inquiry and patient openness to conviction. We must not forget that most Americans answer all queries regarding the Negro *a priori*, and that the least that human courtesy can do is to listen to evidence.

The advocates of the higher education of the Negro would be the last to deny the incompleteness and glaring defects of the present system: too many institutions have attempted to do college work, the work in some cases has not been thoroughly done, and quantity rather than quality has sometimes been sought. But all this can be said of higher education throughout the land: it is the almost inevitable incident of educational growth, and leaves the deeper question of the legitimate demand for the higher training of Negroes untouched. And this latter question can be settled in but one way — by a first-hand study of the facts. If we leave out of view all institutions which have not actually graduated students from a course higher than that of a New England high school, even though they be called colleges; if then we take the thirty-four remaining institutions, we may clear up many misapprehensions by asking searchingly, What kind of institutions are they, what do they teach, and what sort of men do they graduate?

And first we may say that this type of college, including Atlanta, Fisk and Howard, Wilberforce and Lincoln, Biddle, Shaw, and the rest, is peculiar, almost unique. Through the shining trees that whisper before me as I write, I catch glimpses of a boulder of New England granite, covering a grave, which graduates of Atlanta University have placed there: —

"IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THEIR FORMER TEACHER AND FRIEND AND OF THE UNSELFISH LIFE HE LIVED, AND THE NOBLE WORK HE WROUGHT; THAT THEY, THEIR CHILDREN, AND THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN MIGHT BE BLESSED."

This was the gift of New England to the freed Negro: not alms, but a friend; not cash, but character. It was not and is not money these seething millions want, but love and sympathy, the pulse of hearts beating with red blood; a gift which to-day only their own kindred and race can bring to the masses, but which once saintly souls brought to their favored children in the crusade of the sixties, that finest thing in American history, and one of the few things untainted by sordid greed and cheap vainglory. The teachers in these institutions came not to keep the Negroes in their place, but to raise them out of their places where the filth of slavery had wallowed them. The colleges they founded were social settlements; homes where the best of the sons of the freedmen came in close and sympathetic touch with the best traditions of New England. They lived and ate together, studied and worked, hoped and harkened in the dawning light. In actual formal content their curriculum was doubtless old-fashioned, but in educational power it was supreme, for it was the contact of living souls.

From such schools about two thousand Negroes have gone forth with the bachelor's degree. The number in itself is enough to put at rest the argument that too large a proportion of Negroes are receiving higher training. If the ratio to population of all Negro students throughout the land, in both college and secondary training, be counted, Commissioner Harris assures us "it must be increased to five times its present average" to equal the average of the land.

Fifty years ago the ability of Negro students in any appreciable numbers to master a modern college course would have been difficult to prove. To-day it is proved by the fact that four hundred Negroes, many of whom have been reported as brilliant students, have received the bachelor's degree from Harvard, Yale, Oberlin, and seventy other

leading colleges. Here we have, then, nearly twenty-five hundred Negro graduates, of whom the crucial query must be made, How far did their training fit them for life? It is of course extremely difficult to collect satisfactory data on such a point, — difficult to reach the men, to get trustworthy testimony, and to gauge that testimony by any generally acceptable criterion of success. In 1900, the Conference at Atlanta University undertook to study these graduates, and published the results. First they sought to know what these graduates were doing, and succeeded in getting answers from nearly two thirds of the living. The direct testimony was in almost all cases corroborated by the reports of the colleges where they graduated, so that in the main the reports were worthy of credence. Fifty-three per cent of these graduates were teachers, — presidents of institutions, heads of normal schools, principals of city school systems, and the like. Seventeen per cent were clergymen; another seventeen per cent were in the professions, chiefly as physicians. Over six per cent were merchants, farmers, and artisans, and four per cent were in the government civil service. Granting even that a considerable proportion of the third unheard from are unsuccessful, this is a record of usefulness. Personally I know many hundreds of these graduates, and have corresponded with more than a thousand; through others I have followed carefully the life-work of scores; I have taught some of them and some of the pupils whom they have taught, lived in homes which they have builded, and looked at life through their eyes. Comparing them as a class with my fellow students in New England and in Europe, I cannot hesitate in saying that nowhere have I met men and women with a broader spirit of helpfulness, with deeper devotion to their life-work, or with more consecrated determination to succeed in the face of bitter difficulties than among Negro college-bred men.

They have, to be sure, their proportion of ne'er-do-weels, their pedants and lettered fools, but they have a surprisingly small proportion of them; they have not that culture of manner which we instinctively associate with university men, forgetting that in reality it is the heritage from cultured homes, and that no people a generation removed from slavery can escape a certain unpleasant rawness and *gaucherie*, despite the best of training.

With all their larger vision and deeper sensibility, these men have usually been conservative, careful leaders. They have seldom been agitators, have withstood the temptation to head the mob, and have worked steadily and faithfully in a thousand communities in the South. As teachers they have given the South a commendable system of city schools and large numbers of private normal schools and academies. Colored college-bred men have worked side by side with white college graduates at Hampton; almost from the beginning the backbone of Tuskegee's teaching force has been formed of graduates from Fisk and Atlanta. And to-day the institute is filled with college graduates, from the energetic wife of the principal down to the teacher of agriculture, including nearly half of the executive council and a majority of the heads of departments. In the professions, college men are slowly but surely leavening the Negro church, are healing and preventing the devastations of disease, and beginning to furnish legal protection for the liberty and property of the toiling masses. All this is needful work. Who would do it if Negroes did not? How could Negroes do it if they were not trained carefully for it? If white people need colleges to furnish teachers, ministers, lawyers, and doctors, do black people need nothing of the sort?

If it be true that there are an appreciable number of Negro youth in the land capable by character and talent to receive that higher training, the end of

which is culture, and if the two and a half thousand who have had something of this training in the past have in the main proved themselves useful to their race and generation, the question then comes, What place in the future development of the South ought the Negro college and college-bred man to occupy? That the present social separation and acute race sensitiveness must eventually yield to the influences of culture as the South grows civilized is clear. But such transformation calls for singular wisdom and patience. If, while the healing of this vast sore is progressing, the races are to live for many years side by side, united in economic effort, obeying a common government, sensitive to mutual thought and feeling, yet subtly and silently separate in many matters of deeper human intimacy — if this unusual and dangerous development is to progress amid peace and order, mutual respect and growing intelligence, it will call for social surgery at once the delicatest and nicest in modern history. It will demand broad-minded, upright men both white and black, and in its final accomplishment American civilization will triumph. So far as white men are concerned, this fact is to-day being recognized in the South, and a happy renaissance of university education seems imminent. But the very voices that cry Hail! to this good work are, strange to relate, largely silent or antagonistic to the higher education of the Negro.

Strange to relate! for this is certain, no secure civilization can be built in the South with the Negro as an ignorant, turbulent proletariat. Suppose we seek to remedy this by making them laborers and nothing more: they are not fools, they have tasted of the Tree of Life, and they will not cease to think, will not cease attempting to read the riddle of the world. By taking away their best equipped teachers and leaders, by slamming the door of opportunity in the faces of their bolder and brighter minds, will you make them satisfied with their

lot? or will you not rather transfer their leading from the hands of men taught to think to the hands of untrained demagogues? We ought not to forget that despite the pressure of poverty, and despite the active discouragement and even ridicule of friends, the demand for higher training steadily increases among Negro youth: there were, in the years from 1875 to 1880, twenty-two Negro graduates from Northern colleges; from 1885 to 1890 there were forty-three, and from 1895 to 1900, nearly 100 graduates. From Southern Negro colleges there were, in the same three periods, 143, 413, and over 500 graduates. Here, then, is the plain thirst for training; by refusing to give this Talented Tenth the key to knowledge can any sane man imagine that they will lightly lay aside their yearning and contentedly become hewers of wood and drawers of water?

No. The dangerously clear logic of the Negro's position will more and more loudly assert itself in that day when increasing wealth and more intricate social organization preclude the South from being, as it so largely is, simply an armed camp for intimidating black folk. Such waste of energy cannot be spared if the South is to catch up with civilization. And as the black third of the land grows in thrift and skill, unless skillfully guided in its larger philosophy, it must more and more brood over the red past and the creeping, crooked present, until it grasps a gospel of revolt and revenge and throws its new-found energies athwart the current of advance. Even to-day the masses of the Negroes see all too clearly the anomalies of their position and the moral crookedness of yours. You may marshal strong indictments against them, but their counter-cries, lacking though they be in formal logic, have burning truths within them which you may not wholly ignore, O Southern Gentlemen! If you deplore their presence here, they ask, Who brought us? When you shriek, Deliver

us from the vision of intermarriage, they answer, that legal marriage is infinitely better than systematic concubinage and prostitution. And if in just fury you accuse their vagabonds of violating women, they also in fury quite as just may wail: the rape which your gentlemen have done against helpless black women in defiance of your own laws is written on the foreheads of two millions of mulattoes, and written in ineffaceable blood. And finally, when you fasten crime upon this race as its peculiar trait, they answer that slavery was the arch-crime, and lynching and lawlessness its twin abortion; that color and race are not crimes, and yet they it is which in this land receive most unceasing condemnation, North, East, South, and West.

I will not say such arguments are wholly justified — I will not insist that there is no other side to the shield; but I do say that of the nine millions of Negroes in this nation, there is scarcely one out of the cradle to whom these arguments do not daily present themselves in the guise of terrible truth. I insist that the question of the future is how best to keep these millions from brooding over the wrongs of the past and the difficulties of the present, so that all their energies may be bent toward a cheerful striving and coöperation with their white neighbors toward a larger, juster, and fuller future. That one wise method of doing this lies in the closer knitting of the Negro to the great industrial possibilities of the South is a great truth. And this the common schools and the manual training and trade schools are working to accomplish. But these alone are not enough. The foundations of knowledge in this race, as in others, must be sunk deep in the college and university if we would build a solid, permanent structure. Internal problems of social advance must inevitably come, — problems of work and wages, of families and homes, of morals and the true valuing of the things

of life; and all these and other inevitable problems of civilization the Negro must meet and solve largely for himself, by reason of his isolation; and can there be any possible solution other than by study and thought and an appeal to the rich experience of the past? Is there not, with such a group and in such a crisis, infinitely more danger to be apprehended from half-trained minds and shallow thinking than from over-education and over-refinement? Surely we have wit enough to found a Negro college so manned and equipped as to steer successfully between the dilettante and the fool. We shall hardly induce black men to believe that if their bellies be full it matters little about their brains. They already dimly perceive that the paths of peace winding between honest toil and dignified manhood call for the guidance of skilled thinkers, the loving, reverent comradeship between the black lowly and black men emancipated by training and culture.

The function of the Negro college then is clear: it must maintain the standards of popular education, it must seek the social regeneration of the Negro, and it must help in the solution of problems of race contact and coöperation. And finally, beyond all this, it must develop men. Above our modern socialism, and out of the worship of the mass, must persist and evolve that higher individualism which the centres of culture protect; there must come a loftier respect for the sovereign human soul that seeks to know itself and the world about

it; that seeks a freedom for expansion and self-development; that will love and hate and labor in its own way, untrammelled alike by old and new. Such souls aforesaid have inspired and guided worlds, and if we be not wholly bewitched by our Rhine-gold, they shall again. Herein the longing of black men must have respect: the rich and bitter depth of their experience, the unknown treasures of their inner life, the strange renderings of nature they have seen, may give the world new points of view and make their loving, living, and doing precious to all human hearts. And to themselves in these the days that try their souls the chance to soar in the dim blue air above the smoke is to their finer spirits boon and guerdon for what they lose on earth by being black.

I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of Evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars, I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they come all graciously with no scorn nor condescension. So, wed with Truth, I dwell above the Veil. Is this the life you grudge us, O knightly America? Is this the life you long to change into the dull red hideousness of Georgia? Are you so afraid lest peering from this high Pisgah, between Philistine and Amalekite, we sight the Promised Land?

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

In the Thousand and One Nights the vizier's daughter, Shahrazád, told all the stories; but in our single *séance* the tales were told by five men, gathered round the hearthstone of a New England roadside tavern, in which they had sought shelter from a blizzard and were snow-bound for the night. The sleighing party thus circumstanced found themselves, after supper, in a comfortable sitting-room with a blazing fire of hemlock logs in front of them, and for lack of more original entertainment fell to story-telling. Though each of the five narratives which then took shape in the firelight had its own proper *raison d'être*, I shall reproduce only one of them here. The narrative so specialized owes its consequence, such as it is, to the fact that the narrator — nearly a personal stranger to me — was obliged to leave it in a manner unfinished, and that I, by singular chance, was able to supply what might be called the sequel.

This story, which I have named *The White Feather*, was related by a Massachusetts veteran of the Civil War, who had left one arm behind him on the field and in the record of his regiment a reputation for great bravery. The Major, as I subsequently learned, had received a military education at a period when the army held out but scant inducements, and had turned aside from it to study law. At the beginning of hostilities in '61 he offered his services to the Federal government, and was placed upon the staff of General —, with the rank of captain. The grade of major was afterward won in a Massachusetts regiment. Severely wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, and permanently disabled, he resigned his commission, and, after a long invalidism, took to the law again.

With the fullest claim to the later title of judge, he prefers to be thought of and addressed as the Major. Today, his sinewy, erect figure and clear blue eyes, gentle and resolute by turns behind their abattis of gray eyebrow, give no hint of his threescore years and ten, especially when he is speaking.

"Some men," began the Major, setting his half emptied tumbler a little farther back from the edge of the table, "some men have a way of impressing us at sight as persons of indomitable will, or dauntless courage, or sterling integrity — in short, as embodiments of this or that latent quality, although they may have given no evidence whatever of possessing the particular attribute in question. We unhesitatingly assume how they would act under certain imaginable circumstances and conditions. A gesture, a glance of the eye, a something in the intonation of the voice, hypnotizes us, and we at once accept as real what may be only a figment of our own creating. My story, if it's what you would call a story, deals incidentally with one of these curious prepossessions."

The Major paused a moment, and beat a soft tattoo with two fingers on the arm of the chair, as if he were waiting for his thoughts to fall into line.

"At the outbreak of the war, Jefferson Kane was in his senior year at West Point. The smoke of that first gun fired in Charleston harbor had hardly blown away when he withdrew from the Academy — to cast his lot, it was surmised, with that of his native state, as many another Southron in like circumstances was doing; for Kane belonged to an old Southland family. On the contrary, he applied for service in the

army of the North — in the then nebulous Army of the Potomac. Men of his training were sorely needed at the moment, and his application was immediately granted.

“Kane was commissioned first lieutenant and provisionally assigned for duty in a camp of instruction somewhere in Massachusetts, at Readville, if I recollect. There he remained until the early part of '62, doing important work, for the recruits that passed through his hands came out finished soldiers, so far as drill was involved. Then Kane was ordered to the front, and there I fell in with him — a tall, slender young man, with gray eyes and black hair, which he wore rather long, unlike the rest of us, who went closely cropped, Zouave fashion. I ought to say here that though I saw a great deal of him at this time, I am now aware that the impression he produced upon me was somewhat vague. His taking sides with the North presumably gave mortal offense to his family; but he never talked of himself or of the life he had left behind him in the South. Without seeming to do so, he always avoided the topic.

“From the day Kane joined our regiment, which formed part of Stahl’s brigade, he was looked upon as a young fellow destined to distinguish himself above the common. It was no ordinary regiment into which he had drifted. Several of the companies comprising it were made up of the flower of New England youth — college seniors, professional men, men of wealth and social rating. But Kane was singled out from the throng, and stood a shining figure.

“I cannot quite define what it was that inspired this instant acceptance of him. Perhaps it was a blending of several things — his judicial coolness, his soldierly carriage, the quiet skill and tact with which he handled men drawn from peaceful pursuits and new to the constraints of discipline; men who a brief space before were persons of consideration in their respective towns and

villages, but were now become mere pawns on the great chessboard of war. At times they had to be handled gingerly, for even a pawn will turn. Kane’s ready efficiency, and the modesty of it — the modesty that always hitches on to the higher gifts — naturally stimulated confidence in him. His magnetic Southern ways drew friends from right and left. Then he had the prestige of the West Pointer. But allowing for all this, it is not wholly clear what it was that made him, within the space of a month, the favorite of the entire regiment and the idol of Company A, his own company. That was the position he attained with apparently no effort on his part. Company A would have died for him, to a man. Among themselves, round the mess table, they did n’t hide their opinion of Jeff Kane, or their views on the situation at large. The chief command would have been his could the question have been put to vote. ‘I would n’t like to lose the kid out of the company,’ observed Sergeant Berwick one day, ‘but it would be a blessed good thing if he could change shoulder straps with the colonel.’”

Here the Major suddenly remembered the unfinished Bourbon and Apollinaris in his glass and reached out for it.

“The colonel alluded to,” he resumed, “was a colonel of politics, and ought to have stuck to his glue factory down East. In those days we had a good many generals and colonels, and things, with political pulls. I think there were more than a few of that kidney in our recent little scrimmage with Spain. I don’t believe in putting protégés and hangers-on out of employment over the heads of men who have been trained to the profession of arms. Some fine day we’ll be convinced of the expediency of stowing the politicians. We ought to have a National Cold Storage Warehouse on purpose. But that’s another story, as our friend Kipling remarks — too frequently.”

The Major flicked off a flake of cigar ash from the looped-up empty sleeve that constantly gave him the oratorical air of having one hand thrust into his shirt-bosom, and went on with his narrative.

"We were as yet on only the outer edge of that lurid battle-summer which no man who lived through it, and still lives, can ever forget. Meanwhile vast preparations were making for another attempt upon Richmond. The inertia of camp-life with no enemy within reach tells on the nerves after a while. It appeared to be telling on young Kane's. Like the regiment, which hitherto had done nothing but garrison duty in forts around Washington, he had seen no active service, and was ready for it. He was champing on the bits, as the boys said. His impatience impressed his comrades, in whose estimation he had long since become a hero — with all the heroism purely potential.

"For months the monotony of our existence had been enlivened only by occasional reconnaissances, with no result beyond a stray *minié* ball now and then from some outlying sharpshooter. So there was widespread enthusiasm, one night, when the report came in that a large Confederate force, supposed to be Fitz-Hugh Lee, was in movement somewhere on our left. In the second report, which immediately telescoped the first, this large force dwindled down to a small squad thrown forward — from an Alabama regiment, as we found out later — to establish an advanced picket line. A portion of Company A was selected to look into the move, and dislodge or capture the post. I got leave to accompany Lieutenant Kane and the thirty-five men detailed for duty.

"We started from camp at about four o'clock of an ugly April morning, with just enough light in the sky to make a ghastly outline of everything, and a wind from the foothills that pricked like needles. Insignificant

and scarcely noticed details, when they chance to precede some startling event, have an odd fashion of storing themselves away in one's memory. It all seems like something that happened yesterday, that tramp through a landscape that would have done credit to a nightmare — the smell of the earth thick with strange flowering shrubs; the over-leaning branches that dashed handfuls of wet into our faces; the squirrel that barked at us from a persimmon tree, and how private Duffy raised a laugh by singing out, 'Shut up, ye young rebel!' and brought down upon himself a curt reprimand from Kane; for we were then beyond our own lines, and silence was wholesome. The gayety gradually died out of us as we advanced into the *terra incognita* of the enemy, and we became a file of phantoms stealing through the gloaming.

"Owing to a stretch of swamp and a small stream that tried to head us off in a valley, it was close upon sunrise when we reached the point aimed at. The dawn was already getting in its purple work behind the mountain ranges; very soon the daylight would betray us — and we had planned to take the picket by surprise. For five or ten minutes the plan seemed a dead failure; but presently we saw that we had them. Our approach had evidently not been discovered. The advantages were still in our favor, in spite of the daybreak having overtaken us.

"A coil of wet-wood smoke rising above the treetops, where it was blown into threads by the wind, showed us our nearness to the enemy. Their exact position was ascertained by one of our scouts who crawled through the underbrush and got within a hundred feet of the unsuspecting bivouac.

"On the flattened crest of a little knoll, shut in by dwarf cedars and with a sharp declivity on the side opposite us, an infantry officer and twelve or fifteen men were preparing to breakfast. In front of a hut built of boughs and at

some distance from the spot where the rifles were stacked, a group in half undress was sniffing the morning air. A sentinel, with his gun leaning against a stump, was drinking something out of a gourd as unconcernedly as thank you. Such lack of discipline and utter disregard of possible danger were common enough in both armies in the early days of the war. 'The idea of burning damp wood on a warpath!' growled the scout. 'If them tenderfoots was in the Indian country their scalps would n't be on their empty heads a quarter of an hour.'

"We did n't waste a moment preparing to rush the little post. A whispered order was passed along not to fire before we sprang from cover, and then the word would be given. There was a deathly stillness, except that the birds began to set up a clatter, as they always do at dawn. I remember one shrill little cuss that seemed for all the world to be trying to sound a note of alarm. We scarcely dared draw breath as we moved stealthily forward and up the incline. The attacking party, on the right, was led by Kane and comprised about two thirds of the detachment; the remainder was to be held in reserve under me. The row of cedars hung with creeper hid us until we were within forty or fifty yards of the encampment, and then the assaulting column charged.

"What happened then — I mean the dark and fatal thing that happened — I did n't witness; but twenty pairs of eyes witnessed it, and a score of tongues afterward bore testimony. I did not see Lieutenant Kane until the affair was over.

"Though the Confederates were taken wholly unawares, the first shot was fired by them, for just as our men came into the open the sentinel chanced to pick up his musket. A scattering volley followed from our side, and a dozen gray figures, seen for a moment scuttling here and there, seemed to melt into the smoke which had instantly blotted out nearly

everything. When the air cleared a little, Kane's men were standing around in disorder on the deserted plateau. A stack of arms lay sprawling on the ground and an iron kettle of soup or coffee, suspended from a wooden tripod, was simmering over the blaze of newly lighted fagots. How in the devil, I wondered, had the picket-guard managed to slip through their hands? What had gone wrong?

"It was only on the return march that I was told, in broken words, what had taken place. Lieutenant Kane had botched the business — he had shown the white feather! The incredible story took only a few words in the telling.

"Kane had led the charge with seeming dash and valor, far in advance of the boys, but when the Confederate officer, who was pluckily covering the flight of the picket, suddenly wheeled and with sweeping sabre rushed toward Kane, the West Pointer broke his stride, faltered, and squarely fell back upon the line hurrying up the slope to his support. The action was so unexpected and amazing that the men came to a dead halt, as if they had been paralyzed in their tracks, and two priceless minutes were lost. When the ranks recovered from their stupor not a gray blouse was anywhere to be seen, save that of the sentry lying dead at the foot of the oak stump.

"That was the substance of the hurried account given me by Sergeant Berwick. It explained a thing which had puzzled me not a little. When I reached the plateau myself, immediately after the occurrence of the incident, Kane's men were standing there indecisive, each staring into his comrade's face in a dazed manner. Then their eyes had turned with one accord upon Lieutenant Kane. That combined glance was as swift, precise, and relentless as a volley from a platoon. Kane stood confronting them, erect, a trifle flushed, but perfectly cool, with the point of his sabre resting on the toe of one boot. He could n't have

appeared cooler on a dress-parade. Something odd and dramatic in the whole situation set me wondering. The actors in the scene preserved their hesitating attitude for only twenty seconds or so, and then the living picture vanished in a flash, like a picture thrown from the kinetoscope, and was replaced by another. Kane stepped forward two paces, and as his sword cut a swift half circle in the air, the command rang out in the old resonant, bell-like tones, 'Fall in, men!' I shall never forget how he looked every inch the soldier at that moment. But they — they knew!

"There was no thought of pursuing the escaped picket with the chances of bringing up against an entire regiment, probably somewhere in the neighborhood. The men silently formed into line, a guard was detailed to protect the rear of the column, and we began our homeward march.

"That march back to Camp Blenker was a solemn business. Excepting for the fact that we were on the double-quick and the drum taps were lacking, it might have been a burial. Not a loud word was spoken in the ranks, but there was a deal of vigorous thinking. I noticed that Second Lieutenant Rollins and three or four others never took their eyes off of Jefferson Kane. If he had made a motion to get away, I rather fancy it would have gone hard with him.

"We got into camp on schedule time, and in less than fifteen minutes afterward Jefferson Kane's name was burning on every lip. Marconi's wireless telegraph was anticipated that forenoon in Camp Blenker. On a hundred intersecting currents of air the story of the lieutenant's disgrace sped from tent to tent throughout the brigade.

"At first nobody would believe it — it was some sell the boys had put up. Then the truth began to gain ground; incredulous faces grew serious; it was a grim matter. The shadow of it gathered and hung over the whole encamp-

ment. A heavy gloom settled down upon the members of Company A, for the stigma was especially theirs. There were a few who would not admit that their lieutenant had been guilty of cowardice, and loyally held out to the end. While conceding the surface facts in the case, they contended that the lieutenant had had a sudden faint, or an attack of momentary delirium. Similar instances were recalled. They had happened time and again. Anybody who doubted the boy's pluck was an idiot. A braver fellow than Jeff Kane never buckled a sword-belt. That vertigo idea, however, did n't cut much ice, as you youngsters of to-day would phrase it. There were men who did not hesitate to accuse Lieutenant Kane with the intention of betraying the detachment into the hands of the Confederates. Possibly he did n't start out with that purpose, it might have occurred to him on the spot; the opportunity had suggested it; if there had been more than a picket-guard on hand he would have succeeded. But the dominant opinion was summed up by Corporal Simms: 'He just showed the white feather, and that's all there is about it. He did n't mean nothing, he was just scared silly.'

"In the meantime Kane had shut himself in his tent on the slant of a hill, and was not seen again, excepting for half a moment when he flung back the flap and looked down upon the parade ground with its radiating white-walled streets. What report he had made of the expedition, if he had made any report, did not transpire. Within an hour after our return to camp a significant meeting of the captains of the regiment had been convened at headquarters. Of course a court-martial was inevitable. Though Lieutenant Kane had not as yet been placed under actual arrest, he was known to be under surveillance. At noon that day, just as the bugle was sounding, Jefferson Kane shot himself."

The Major made an abrupt gesture

with his one hand, as if to brush away the shadow of the tragedy.

"That was over forty years ago," he continued, meditatively, "but the problem discussed then has been discussed at odd intervals ever since. In a sort of spectral way, the dispute has outlasted nine tenths of those who survived the war. Differences of opinion hang on like old pensioners or the rheumatism. Whenever four or five graybeards of our regiment get together, boring one another with 'Don't you remember,' the subject is pretty sure to crop up. Some regard Kane's suicide as a confession of guilt, others as corroborative proof of the mental derangement which first showed itself in his otherwise inexplicable defailance before a mere handful of the enemy — a West Pointer! So we have it, hot and heavy, over a man who nearly half a century ago ceased to be of any importance."

"What is your own diagnosis of the case, Major?" asked young Dr. Atwood, who always carried the shop about with him.

"Personally," returned the Major, "I acquit Kane of disloyalty, and I don't believe that he was exactly a coward. He had n't the temperament. I will confess that I'm a little mixed. Sometimes I imagine that that first glimpse of his own people somehow rattled him for an instant, and the thing was done. But whether that man was a coward or a traitor, or neither, is a question which has never definitely been settled."

"Major," I said, hesitating a little, "I think I can, in a way, settle it — or, at least, throw some light upon it."

"You?" — and the Major with a half amused air looked up at me from under his shaggy, overhanging eyebrows. "Why, you were not born when all this happened."

"No, I was not born then. My knowledge in the matter is something

very recent. While wintering in the South, two or three years ago, I became acquainted, rather intimately acquainted, with the family of Jefferson Kane — that is, with his brother and sister."

"So?"

"It was not until after the surrender of Lee that Jefferson's death was known as a certainty to his family — the manner of it is probably not known to them to this hour. Indeed, I am positive of it. They have always supposed that he died on the field or in the hospital."

"The records at the War Department could have enlightened them," said the Major.

"They did not care to inquire. He had passed out of their lives; his defection never was forgiven. The Confederate officer before whose sword Lieutenant Kane recoiled that day was his father."

"So!"

"Captain Peyton Kane was a broken man after that meeting. He never spoke of it to a living soul, save one — his wife, and to her but once. Captain Peyton Kane was killed in the second day's battle at Gettysburg."

My words were followed by a long silence. The room was so still that we could hear the soft pelting of the snow against the window-panes.

Then the old Major slowly rose from the chair and took up the empty glass beside him, not noticing that it was empty until he had lifted it part way to his lips. "Boys," he said, very gently, "only blank cartridges are fired over soldiers' graves. Here's to their memory — the father and the son!"

Other stories, mirthful and serious, were told later on; but the Major did not speak again. He sat there in the dying glow of the firelight, inattentive, seemingly remote in an atmosphere of his own, brooding, doubtless, on

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

WHEN I SLEEP.

WHEN I sleep I do not know
 Where my soul makes haste to go
 Through wide spaces faring forth,
 To the South or to the North,
 Faring East or faring West,
 Or on what mysterious quest.

When I sleep my sealed eyes
 Ope to marvels of surprise!
 Buried hopes come back to me,
 Long-lost loves again I see,
 Present, past and future seem
 But as one, the while I dream.

When I sleep I wake again,
 Wake to love and joy and pain;
 Wake with quickened sense to share
 Earth's beatitude of prayer;
 Wake to know that night is done
 And a new, glad day begun!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

 THE DOVE.

O BIRD that seems't in solitude
 O'er tearful memories to brood
 What sorrow hast thou known?
 Or is thy voice an oracle
 Interpreting the souls that tell
 No vision of their own?

Thy life, alas, is loneliness
 Wherein, with shadowy caress,
 Soft preludings of pain
 Tell that some captive of the heart
 Is preening, ready to depart
 And ne'er to come again.

John B. Tabb.

MEMORIES OF A HOSPITAL MATRON.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

WHEN the war broke out, we were living in Fairfax County, Virginia. We boasted of fifteen families of "cousins" with whom we were in constant and most affectionate intercourse. This the neighborhood of the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia is renowned for its delightful society. Besides our kinsfolk, we had as neighbors the families of the professors at the seminary, the family of Bishop Johns, the Fairfaxes of Vacluse, Captain Forrest, U. S. N. and C. S. N., Mrs. Scott of Bush Hill, and others. Through President Pierce our older boy (the son of my widowed sister) received an appointment to West Point. He had been there but two years, and the other boy had just received his warrant for the navy, when the war came to break up our home and drive us forth wanderers for four long years. I heard in Congress the impassioned and sorrowful appeals of Mr. Davis, General Breckinridge, Mr. Pendleton, and others in the interests of peace, and saw the bitterness and anger of our foes. But it was impossible for us who had never seen war to realize what would be the invasion of our country. And who could believe that armed men (Americans like ourselves) could be brought to enter our beloved Virginia with hostile intent, — that "Old Virginia" which all professed to honor?

I was in Washington the night that the troops crossed the Potomac. Never can I forget the dull, heavy tramp of the armed men as they passed under my window. Each foot seemed to fall upon my heart, while tears rained from my eyes. Next day I bade adieu to the city I was not to see again for twenty-five years. Already I found sentries stationed along our roads, and before evening we were prisoners in our own house. My sister

had a few hundred dollars in Mr. Corcoran's bank. How to get this money before we were entirely cut off from the North was the question. Already our "West Pointer" had gone to join the Virginia forces, and our neighbors and friends who had sons and husbands were following them South. My sister and her family were anxious to go. Our younger boy, a lad of sixteen, volunteered to find his way on foot through the woods, to cross the Potomac above Georgetown, get to the bank in Washington, and bring safely the money which would be so much needed. This was a fit beginning for his after adventures. Chased by soldiers, fired upon by sentinels, he managed to conceal himself in the woods, and came in after dark, weary and footsore, after twenty-five miles of travel, with the money concealed in his bosom, — the last United States money we saw for four years.

I resolved to remain at home and take care of my property. Having been much associated with the army, I was sure to find old friends among the officers to protect us. We were non-combatants, and in modern warfare it was never known that women had been disturbed in their homes. To our anxious friends I quoted how, in the late Italian and Austrian war, the women stood on the balconies of the Italian villas and looked down upon the battlefields of Magenta and Solferino. But the French and Italians had no "Billy Wilson's men," recruited from the purlieus of New York, no raw levies, ignorant and prejudiced, who thought to do their country service by insulting "Secesh" women. Our houses were entered with pretense to search for arms; in reality to steal thimbles and jewelry, and even to take ear-

rings from the women's ears. Trees were cut down, gardens rifled, store-rooms invaded. In vain was complaint made to the commandant in Alexandria. He said he had no power over such men, and advised our retreating (where it was possible) to the security of our own "lines," then about Manassas; but I held out a little longer. Barricading, at night, windows and doors with tables, piano, and bookcases, we were alarmed by thumps upon the doors and threats to break in; and at mealtimes soldiers would enter and devour everything which was set before us. They robbed the henroost and the cellar, burned our fences, and insulted us in every way. My sister resolved to take refuge, with her daughters, at a friend's house just within our lines. She was not allowed to take her own vehicle, but was forced to pay thirty dollars to the military authorities for a carriage to convey the party of four (including the son, who was eager to enter the army) about ten miles. Only one trunk was allowed for all of this family, who were leaving their home never to enter it again! How often, in the after days of the Confederacy, had they reason to regret the warm flannels, furs, and silk gowns left behind! Our house, occupied at first by friends from Alexandria, was not allowed to remain long out of the enemy's hands. General Phil Kearny, commanding the New Jersey troops, soon took forcible possession of house and furniture. Happily, I was spared the distress of witnessing these things. My niece and adopted daughter, living in New Jersey, and married to an officer of General Scott's staff, became ill, and I was asked to come to her; her husband feeling certain that he had it in his power to send me home when my presence should be no longer needed. Alas, he little knew how impossible would be what he so confidently promised, and I so confidently believed! Advising with the officer in command at Alexandria, I turned my back upon my dear home, and

went to the North; not, however, before I had seen how rapidly the work of destruction was going on in our neighborhood. The glass of our greenhouse was wantonly broken by muskets, our roses were trampled down, and the carriage was cut into bits; a neighbor's piano sharing the same fate. In my last walk in the neighborhood, for which I was obliged to get a permit (as well as for the cow to go to pasture, and the man to go to the market), I saw a party of rude soldiers sitting on the porch of one of our clergyman friends, reading and tearing up his correspondence! I wonder how they liked mine, which they had soon after?

No sooner did I reach New Jersey than I found myself an object of interest and suspicion. Only those who lived through that terrible time can understand the excited state of the public mind, North and South. I saw myself announced in the papers as a "Secesh spy," sent by General Beauregard to arouse the Catholics of the North, and by Mr. James M. Mason to stir up the Democrats. A full description of my person was given, and my "qualifications" for such a task. These were infinitely flattering to my abilities; for it was confidently asserted that I was clever enough to take in every detail of "fortifications," and ingenious enough to establish an underground system of communication with the "Rebels"! My letters were intercepted, and the people were so clamorous to read them at the post office that the mayor of the town was obliged to take them out and bring them to me, which he did with every apology. He behaved in the most gentlemanlike manner. But my position became every day more painful and embarrassing, especially as it involved the peace and security of the family with whom I was staying, who were naturally regarded as my "accomplices." They besought me not to go out, or speak to any one. It was not difficult to obey in this last point, for no-

body would speak to me. A leper could not have been avoided with surer signs of horror and aversion. Having gone to early church to ease my anxious heart, I read in the paper that I went at that early hour to meet my "confederates," and threats were made that a few days would see me safe in Fort Lafayette!

To give an idea of the extraordinary system of espionage carried on at this time, I must relate the following incident. Being a Catholic, and never having seen Archbishop Hughes, who was famed for his eloquence, I yielded to the suggestion of a friend of mine in New York, a Protestant lady, and a firm "Republican," who offered to introduce me. She came for me and took me to New York, and we went in the street omnibus to the archbishop's door, were most amiably received, and had a pleasant talk, all of us carefully avoiding a subject on which we could not agree,—the war. Both going and coming, I remarked a man who sat near the door of the omnibus and often looked at us, got out where we did, and even accompanied us to the ferry on our return. After this I received a most anxious letter from an officer in Washington, a friend, telling me he had been at a dinner at Mr. Seward's with Archbishop Hughes and others, and Mr. Seward was called out on business of importance. Presently the archbishop was sent for. When he returned he said to this officer: "What a curious thing has happened, showing the state of the public mind! A Catholic lady, Miss Mason, calls upon me, as does every Catholic coming to my diocese. She is followed and watched, and here comes a telegram to Mr. Seward telling him that I have received this 'spy.' He calls me out, and I tell him the lady is no more a spy than I am." Fancy the feelings of my friend! He was ready to fall from his chair with alarm. And no sooner was he at home than he wrote to beseech me not to leave the house again, lest something befall me.

This incident determined me to get away, if possible. I was distracted about my people. Six months had elapsed; I could get no letters, and the newspapers were filled with the most exaggerated accounts of the suffering in the South. I was told that if I attempted to leave the North I would be arrested. But I resolved to risk this rather than suffer, and make my friends suffer, such anxiety. First I wrote to some Sisters of Charity, who were announced to be going South, to ask if I might go with them in any capacity. Then I prayed the bishop, who was full of concern for me, to send me off "some way." In vain. He said that if I were found with these Sisters it would injure their mission; that I could never escape the vigilance of the government; and he advised me to be patient. But *that* I could not be. Some Sisters from New York came to see me soon after, to say that they were sure I would get through "somehow," and to beg me to take some letters with which they were charged, from agonized wives and mothers whose husbands and sons had been taken prisoners at the battle of Manassas, and were now in the military prisons of Richmond. I could not carry the letters, but I promised to learn them by heart, take the names of the men, and, if I ever reached Richmond, find the prisoners, and repeat the news and messages from their families,—which I really did, as much to my own satisfaction as to theirs.

After many plans revolved, and dismissed as impracticable, some friends living at Easton, Pennsylvania, came to spend a week with us, and it was arranged that one of these ladies' trunks should be left behind, at her departure, and mine taken in its stead; and that when an opportunity arrived, I should slip away, go to Easton, take up my luggage, and go to Kentucky via Philadelphia. Once in Kentucky, I was sure I could be concealed for a time, and find a way to get into the Confederacy

through Western Virginia, where General Rosecrans was in command of a division of the Union army. Months before I set out I wrote to Newport, Kentucky, to my cousins there, that I should make the attempt to see them "on or about the 2d of November." And this message, couched in most ambiguous terms and without signature, received an equally ambiguous answer, — "Ready to hunt with you at time specified." To have money for this undertaking, I must go to New York, to a bank in which my brother-in-law had some money and North Carolina bonds which I might use. Hardly had I entered the ferry when I saw the same man who had accompanied me on my visit to the archbishop, weeks before. He kept his eye upon me till I entered my friend's house on Second Avenue. To her I told my fears and my errand. She assured me I should dodge my persecutor, and after a time led me through the back yard to the stable, where we entered her carriage, drove out by the alley far away to Bloomingdale, and then, by circuitous streets, to the bank, where my friend's husband brought me my moneys. We concealed them in the puffings of my sleeves, and at the ferry we bade good-by with many tears.

I mingled with the crowd, and thought myself safe, when somebody touched me upon the arm. Looking round, expecting to see my detective, I found the face of one of my childhood friends from Kentucky, who, reading in the papers of my peril, came to see if he could aid me, being a "good Union man." He had not the courage of a Cæsar, but he had the heart of a Kentuckian, and he told me how for days he had been watching and waiting for an opportunity to communicate with me. It was agreed that I should make my attempt the next day. He would go on to Philadelphia, and wait for me till the following midnight. Driving out with my invalid niece the next morning, I left her for a moment,

ostensibly, but I took the first train for Reading, in fear and trembling, picked up my luggage, and, under the escort of a stout journalist whose paper had been burned the day before for sympathizing with my side, I reached Philadelphia at the appointed hour. I drew a long sigh of relief when once on the railway, bound for the West. Arrived at Newport, I found my young cousins on the ferry-boat, armed and equipped as for a "hunt," bade good-by to my old friend, and went to consult as to what should be my next move.

It was resolved that my best chance would be to throw myself upon the charity of the old Archbishop of Cincinnati, an ardent Union man, who had known my family, and whom I had known, in other days. To his door I went, shut in a close carriage, to find him out of town. Turning to go away, his brother appeared in the hall, and said: "Miss Mason! My brother has been expecting you for some days." "Expecting me?" I rejoined. "Impossible! I have just run away from the North, and am concealing myself near here." "Yes," said he, "my brother saw your name at the custom house in a list of a thousand 'suspected,' and opposite your name was, 'Dangerous. To be watched.'" I dropped into a chair, exclaiming: "I wish the earth would open and swallow me! It is plain I shall never get away to my people, with whom I have not communicated in six months." He consoled me with the assurance that if I got into prison his brother would be able to get me out, since he knew I had done nothing against "the government." I explained that I had come to pray him to find means to get me home, and he promised to inform me when his brother should return and be able to see me. Anxious days passed while I lay *perdue*, afraid to go out. Yet among the "initiated" my presence was known, for I had offers of aid from many quarters. A poor little priest and

some poorer Sisters offered me their tiny all, to help me on my perilous way. At last came a note from the good bishop, to whom I went with my tale of woe. "God bless my soul!" said he. "I have already thirteen women on my hands, some of them French Sisters, who are trying to get to New Orleans." I prayed him to get me off first, as I had been his old friend. And having eaten of the stale cakes and drunk of the sour wine which he offered me, I was ready to go. He then pulled from his pocket a long, lean purse, from which, after much searching, he drew forth a gold piece, the only one, and pressed it upon me, saying, "You will want it for some poor soul, if not for yourself." God rest his soul, and reward his charity a thousandfold, in that country where there is no North, no South, no Catholic, no Protestant, but all are as the children of God!

In an article published in the *Charleston News and Courier*, some years ago, I gave an account of my journey through the lines, by Western Virginia, and this appeared afterwards in a book, *Our Women of the War*. But as this book was little known, and is now quite rare, the story may well be repeated here. Armed with a letter from the bishop, I went to a hotel in Cincinnati where were some gentlemen going on a government steamer to carry forage and provisions to the Federal army in Western Virginia. I had a letter to General Rosecrans, whom I had known in happier days, and was sure he would send me into the Confederate lines by flag of truce, if I could reach him before he received communications from Washington. The gentlemen to whom I was recommended were to set out the next morning, and were most kind in offering to take me with them. So behold me on board, with two well-bred men, — one a volunteer officer, the other his brother-in-law, a physician, and both from Boston. They were too polite to ask my errand, and I was too prudent

to disclose it. If they assumed that I was going to the Union army to nurse soldiers, it was not necessary to disclaim it. We discussed everything but politics on that journey of three weeks, and became fast friends. We traveled by day only, as both sides of the river were said to be infested by Rebel scouts, ready to fire upon us at any moment; and I was not allowed to go upon the guards of the boat, lest I should be a mark for their bullets. Longingly I looked for the Rebel cavalry, and prayed they would come and take us, and thus end my difficulties. But they did not come, and one day we ran upon a snag, and to save our steamer we were obliged to give to the waters all our grain and forage. My trunk only was saved from the wreck, and empty-handed we proceeded to our destination. When about ten or twelve miles from "headquarters" my gentlemen left me, to report the disaster, and by them I sent my letter of introduction to the commanding general, with one of my own, reminding him of our former acquaintance, and stating the circumstances which had brought me to his camp; saying that I waited at a respectful distance, not to see what he would wish concealed from my people, and assuring him, if he would let me pass through his hosts and send me to my own lines, I would not in any way make use of any knowledge I might obtain, to his disadvantage. In a few hours came a telegram, saying that a flag of truce would go out at daylight next morning, and that his own servant and ambulance would be sent for me during the night.

While awaiting an answer, I had observed that the steamer was being loaded with great bundles discharged from wagons on the high bluff above us, and that these bundles came sliding down from the banks on a plankway, falling heavily upon the lower deck.

"What are you loading?" I asked one of the boatmen.

"These are sick men come in from camp," he replied.

"An outrage upon humanity!" I exclaimed, and ran down the companion way to examine the live bundles, which were coughing, groaning, and moaning. Here were men in all stages of measles, pneumonia, camp fever, and other disorders incident to camp life, sent in wagons over thirteen miles of mountain road, on a December evening, without nurses, without physician, and with no other covering than the blanket in which each man was enveloped. They assured me they had been sent out in the early morning, without food or medicine, and were expected to remain without any attention till the sailing of the steamer to a hospital twenty miles below. In spite of the remonstrances of the boatmen, who declared the "company" had let the boat to the government to transport horse feed, and not men, I had the poor fellows taken into the cabin and placed in the berths, denuded of mattresses and bed covers, and then proceeded to physic and feed them as best I could. No entreaties could prevail upon the steward of this "loyal" company to give me anything for them to eat. I had tea, however, in my stateroom, and some crackers. The doctor had a box of Seidlitz powders, a great lump of asafœtida, and a jug of whiskey. There were thirty men to be doctored. To the chilly ones I gave hot whiskey and water, the most popular of my remedies; to those who wailed the loudest the pills of asafœtida proved calming; and the Seidlitz powders were given to the fever patients, whose tongues and pulses I examined with great care; and where there was doubt, and fear of doing harm, the tea was safely given. Hardly was the jug emptied and the last pill and powder administered, when the captain and the doctor returned from camp, and announced that the ambulance waited for me. The doctor was not a little indignant at my having appropriated

his whole medical supply, but was kind enough to go around the group of patients, examine them, and tell me their real condition: so that I left them in his hands, and departed with their thanks and blessings. And this was the beginning of my ministrations amongst soldiers, which lasted to the end of the war, and which became the life of my life.

It was midnight when I left the steamer, with a thankful adieu to my kind hosts. Once more on my native heath, though seated upon my trunk, with rain and sleet beating in my face, I felt neither cold nor fatigue, for at last I saw home and friends before me. After crossing a mountain, over the worst road imaginable, we reached the camp at daylight, through miles of white tents and formidable-looking outposts. We drove to the general's tent, and his orderly came to say that I must go to a lady whose house was within the camp: and there I should rest, get breakfast, and be ready to set out at eight o'clock. By this time my strength had given out; want of sleep, fatigue, and excitement had made me really ill. I had to be lifted from the ambulance, put to bed, and fortified by sundry cups of strong coffee, to prepare me for an interview with the general and for my departure. I have had the opportunity many times since to thank this lady for her kindness, and to talk over with her the strange fortune which brought us together at this juncture. The camp was upon her plantation, and on the top of the mountain above us was stationed her husband, an artillery officer of the Confederate army, whose guns were pointed toward the camp, but who could not fire without endangering the lives of his wife and children. The kind general came to greet me and give instructions for the journey. He warned me to be careful of my luggage, as he was obliged to employ on escort duty men noted in camp as thieves and freethinkers. But over these men he placed two experienced

officers, to see that the men did their duty and treated me with proper respect. How accomplished his thieves must have been may be inferred from the fact that, though I sat upon my trunk and carried my bag in my hand, not only were my combs and brushes stolen, but my prayer book and my Thomas à Kempis, for which they could have had no possible use.

The general further reminded me that I should follow in the path of war, that ruin and desolation would be on every side, and that there was but one house which he could count upon where I might find shelter before I reached the Southern lines. In this house, once the finest in the country, I would find a woman as beautiful as Judith, and as fierce. He declared that she had been a thorn in his side for many months. Driven almost to madness by the depredations of his soldiers, her husband and son in the Confederate lines, her cattle and horses stolen or mutilated, she waged war upon her enemies with relentless fury. Leading his men into ambushes, she would betray them to the Southern scouts, and, while the fighting went on, would sit upon her horse and pick off his men with her pistol. She had been summoned to his camp to answer these charges, but always defied him, bidding him "come and fetch her." In vain had he tried to appease her. As she lived in this fine house at the foot of a great mountain, he counseled me to force myself upon her, if necessary, and demand shelter for a night; if I should be ill, to stop there, and send on the flag of truce for succor.

I parted with tears from this the last friend of "the other side;" and though I invited the general to come to Richmond, and he promised to do so, he never got so far! My friend loaded me with messages for her husband and family, begging them to come and release her from her forced sojourn with the enemy, and at the last moment gave me a package of clothing for a poor woman

on the mountain side, whose house had been burned the previous day, and whose loom, her sole means of support, had been destroyed by the soldiers. As we drove off, the general dropped a gold piece into my lap, saying, "That's for the poor woman on the mountain," and before I could thank him the escort "closed up," and we were off to Dixie's Land.

We found the poor woman sitting amidst her ruins, the snow making more hideous the scene of desolation. The road on every side was marked by burned houses and barns, and torn and disordered fences. Now and then a half-starved dog or a ragged negro would peer from some ruins, and then hide from us. Crossing over mountains and fording streams, we reached at last the inhospitable mansion at which the general had recommended me to knock so loudly. In answer to our summons appeared a tall, dark woman, with flashing eyes and jet-black hair, behind whom peeped a fair girl, in contrast to our virago. The latter, without waiting for us to speak, waved us off with a most imperious gesture. "Go on," she said; "this is no place for you. You have done me harm enough. There is nothing more for you to steal."

Leaning from the ambulance, I implored her to take me in for the night. Half dead with cold and fatigue, I could go no farther. I assured her that I was a Southern woman trying to get to my family, of whom I had had no news in six long months.

"You are in very bad company for a Southern woman," she rejoined, "yet as you are a woman I will let you come in; but these men shall not enter my doors."

After explaining that we had a flag of truce, and that if they abandoned me I could never get on, as she had neither horse nor wagon to give me, she consented to admit the two officers, and to allow the men to sleep in an outhouse. By a blazing fire she told me the story

of their sufferings, gave me a good supper and bed, and next morning I took my last taste of real coffee for many a long day. But the officers did not find the coffee so good, as the pretty blonde daughter vented her spite upon them by withholding the sugar, and they were too much afraid of her to ask for it.

The next evening brought us to our lines. As we approached these the escort became unwilling to go on, and declared they were afraid of "bushwhackers." It was necessary to use blows and drawn swords to get them on. How my heart bounded when I saw the first "man in gray"! I soon found that, in spite of all reports to the contrary, he was well armed, well dressed, and looked well fed. We fell upon the pickets from a South Carolina regiment, and I was proud to show to my escort that the men were all gentlemen of refinement and elegance. It was impossible for me to get to the Confederate camp that night, and impossible to allow the flag of truce to approach nearer. I was forced to sleep in one of the two log huts belonging to the pickets, while the other was allotted to the Ohio officer who had me in charge and his Confederate host. They had but one bed. What was to be done? I was informed next day by the Ohioan that there was a long struggle between the representatives of the contending armies as to who should occupy the bed. At last it was determined they should sleep together. "I had no objection to sleep with a South Carolinian," said the Northern officer, "but I can imagine what it cost him to sleep with a Yankee!" The flag of truce went back next morning, with a letter of thanks from me to the general. Then came from the Confederate camp a carriage exhumed from some long-disused coach house. It was driven by a little Irishman, who announced that he had heard a "Yankee lady" had come through the lines, and he wanted to see how she looked. So far already

had the two countries drifted apart that the people spoke as if the separation had endured years instead of months. Mounting the ladder-like steps of this primitive vehicle, I drove through a camp of thousands without finding one familiar face, though every man came to stare at the unwonted sight of a carriage and a woman. As my courage was about to give way, I was greeted by the familiar voice of a young physician, — a family connection, — who hurried to my assistance, got into the carriage, and promised to find me shelter and set me on to Richmond. Alas, shelter was not easy to find. Every house near the camp, every barn, every cabin, was filled with sick and wounded soldiers. There was no town within twelve miles, and the stage to Richmond passed only twice a week. I must wait somewhere two days. We drove from house to house. The poor people either had their rooms filled, or they had suffered so much from disease, resulting from their hospitality, that they were afraid to take any one in. I was fainting with fatigue, when, at the door of a neat-looking house, a young girl, who heard her father's refusal, cried: "Father, let the lady come in! I will give her my bed!" Upon the assurance of the doctor that I had no disease, and was ill only from fatigue, they admitted me to a delicious feather bed, from which I emerged the next day for dinner.

At the table I observed the mistress of the house preparing Sunday messes of "bacon and greens" to send to some sick men in one of her outhouses. I followed the servant, to find seven East Tennesseans lying on dirty straw, in every stage of camp fever. The air was stifling; the men were suffering in every way, especially for medicine and for clean beds and clothing. With the aid of the one least ill, we brought in clean straw, had water heated in the big iron pot standing in the chimney corner, while bits of rag served for towels and toothbrushes,

and we soon changed the atmosphere and the aspect of things. The water of boiled rice made them a drink, and when the doctor came to see me he prescribed, and agreed to come out from the camp every day and visit them. "Do not be afraid of losing them," he added. "You cannot kill an East Tennessean." I did not feel so sure of this. So before parting we prayed together (they were good Baptists), and begged that God would spare us to meet again. I promised to come back in a week or ten days, armed with power to open a hospital and bring them into it; and here I will add that at the end of a fortnight I had the happiness to see my East Tennesseans drive up to the hospital, waving their caps to me, — not one of the seven missing.

The night before the anxiously expected stage arrived, I saw drive to our door a wagon, which deposited a fine-looking young officer. He walked feebly, and I went to meet him. He was looking for the coach to take him to his family in Richmond. I saw that he was very ill, and found that he had been six weeks in camp with fever. He begged that I would not let the people of the house know it, or they would refuse him a lodging. We took into our confidence the young girl whose kindness had secured me entrance, and soon we helped our patient up the steep ladder stairs, and saw him fall heavily upon the bed. While she went for hot water, I drew off, with difficulty, the heavy spurs and wet boots, rubbed the cold feet and bathed them, washed the fevered mouth, and administered hot tea. When fairly in bed, and after I had promised under no circumstances to leave him behind, he exclaimed, "This is heaven!" And heaven sent him refreshing sleep.

Next morning we left our kind hosts, the sick man resting his weary head on my shoulder; and so we jolted over the rough way till we reached the neighboring town, Lewisburg, and drove to the

office of the medical director to ask what should be done with our precious burden, by this time delirious and unable to proceed farther. After some delay (for the town was filled with the sick and dying) we found a good lady who agreed to take him, though every room in the house was full. I saw the poor fellow comfortably disposed in her drawing-room, where he was as carefully tended as by the mother who was soon summoned to his aid.

This was the first campaign of a terrible winter, which proved so fatal to Southern men, called from luxurious homes, where they had never known ice and snow, to die amidst these cruel mountains, with every disease incident to cold and exposure. In this town all the women opened their houses and gave their services. The churches and courthouse were turned into hospitals. I went through one of the former to aid in giving food and medicine. In every pew lay a patient, cheerful sufferer, and into the inclosure round the altar they were constantly carrying the dead, wrapped in a single blanket. Side by side lay master and servant, rich and poor. War, like death, is a great leveler. I saw come in from the camps ambulance after ambulance with their sad loads, the dead and dying in the same vehicle, and tried in vain to stay many a parting breath. How could I leave such scenes, where there was so much to do? Impelled by the hope of coming back with aid and comfort, I hurried away.

There was no way of communicating with my family to tell them of my escape, and arriving in Richmond alone and at night, I did not know how to find any one. At last, as I was passing along one of the main streets, I saw through an open window, seated by a bright fire, my cousin Mrs. Sidney Smith Lee. Entering unannounced, I was informed that they all thought me in a "Yankee prison." It was not long before I found all my dear ones, and I told them of my resolve to leave them again, after a few

days' preparation, to return to the mountains, gather up my patients, and go to work. The President said to me at parting: "God bless your work! Remember, if you save the lives of a hundred men, you will have done more for your country than if you had fought a hundred battles." From him and from the surgeon general I had *carte blanche*, free transportation wherever I should go, hospital stores, and nurses *ad libitum*, could I have found any of these willing to encounter the winter's snow on the mountains, where were defeat and disaster, sickness and suffering. With one faithful man servant I set out, so full of enthusiasm as not to feel cold and fatigue, everywhere encountering that sympathy and kindness from our people which never failed me in all my wanderings. We slept at Staunton; and when I asked for my bill, the landlord said that he had none for a woman who went to nurse soldiers: and so it befell me everywhere.

"Jim" was my protector on my journey; and when we opened the hospital at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, he was my cook, nurse, maid, sympathizer, everything, and he did all things well. He slept in the room adjoining mine, and I would often wake in the night and cry out: "Jim, I am frightened! I cannot sleep! I see the faces of the men who died to-day!" "Go 'long, Miss Embly," he would grumble out, "dead men ain't agwine to hurt you. You was good to them. Go 'long to sleep." My fears thus quieted, I slept.

We had our own little troubles. Looked upon as an interloper, I was also viewed with suspicion as having recently come from "Yankeedom." But my kind chief surgeon, Dr. Hunter, stood by me, and soon stilled the evil spirits. Also the neighbors, the Caldwell family, to whom the springs belonged, were most kind. With the family of Mr. Cowardin

¹ The Daughters of the Confederacy, in West Virginia, as throughout the whole South, have

of Beauregard — near by — I formed an intimacy, cemented by our mutual trials, which has continued ever since. Thrown together again in Richmond (where Mr. Cowardin was editor of the *Despatch*), we saw the last act of our great drama; and my association with the younger generation through all changes and chances has never been interrupted. In the summer of 1889 I saw again, for the first time since the war, the scene of my early hospital experiences. With what emotion I found myself upon the spot sacred to such memories! Every room had its own story; and saddest of all was the place where we had laid the dead, unmarked by a single stone! I had difficulty in finding the spot. Oh, my poor fellows! Was it for this you left your Southern homes, the "land of flowers," Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Carolina, — to die amidst these cold mountains, and be forgotten?¹ In the ball-room, in the dining room, where now the gay world assembled, I saw a sight they could not see, I heard a voice they could not hear. Yonder were sixty typhoid cases, there sixty wounded men. Every cottage had its quota of the eighteen hundred men we gathered in. "Carolina Row" held the diphtheria patients, and here, in one room, on a bright, sunshiny winter's day, died four men at the same hour, while I ran in vain from one to the other, trying to tear with my fingers the white, leathery substance which spread over the mouth, and even came out upon the lips. Up to the time of the war I had seldom seen death. A merciful Providence had spared me the sight of it in my own family, in the cases of my parents. And now, in this great family, I saw eighteen die daily, and could not go fast enough from one to the other, to say a last prayer and hear a "last word."

Both the North and the South soon found that it was necessary not only to this sacred duty now in charge, — the care of Confederate graves.

have love and devotion, to nurse well, but also that successful nursing required knowledge and experience, which few of us had. The Sisters of Mercy of Charleston, South Carolina, were offered by the bishop of that state to go wherever they were needed, and I was the happy person to secure their aid. They arrived at midnight Christmas Eve, in a blinding snowstorm; but they soon cleared the sky about them. Our labors were systematized, and I learned much from their teachings. The men were shy of them at first, few of them having ever seen a Catholic, much less a "Sister." But very soon my pet patients hesitatingly confessed: "You see, captain" (as I was called), "they are more used to it than you are. They know how to handle a fellow when he's sick, and don't mind a bit how bad a wound smells." It was not that they loved me less, but they loved the Sisters more — and I forgave them.

Here we labored until the spring brought a "Yankee raid" from the west, and we "fell back" to Charlottesville, where we were under the supervision of the famous Dr. Cabell. But soon came the Seven Days' Fight before Richmond, and I was sent to Lynchburg to open the Methodist College building and prepare for the wounded, who already filled Richmond to overflowing, and polluted the air with the odor of blood and wounds. At Lynchburg we had also a camp of Federal prisoners, which I visited with the priest. But there were no wounded, and few sick. Here, as elsewhere, we met with the greatest hospitality and kindness. Mr. McDaniel's carriage met me at the station, and to his house I was taken while we made ready the new hospital, which the McDaniels helped to stock with dainties from their own stores. My sister, Mrs. Rowland, who had been nursing soldiers, since the battle of Manassas, at Warrenton Springs, joined me at Charlottesville, and together we labored to the end. The Sisters of Mercy

had been called away to another field of duty. At Lynchburg arrived, day after day, hundreds of mutilated bodies, with unbroken spirits, and many to whom fatigue and exposure brought pneumonia and fever.

I frequently visited the camp of Federal prisoners, who had been captured by Jackson in the Valley of Virginia, carried dainties to their sick, and wrote many letters for them to their homes. Then I became ill, the only time during the war that I lost a day from "duty." The odor of wounds poisoned me, and for a fortnight I gave orders from my bed. It was here that I met Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart. She lost a lovely little girl of ten or twelve years, who vainly asked to see her father, then far away with the army. The skill of our chief surgeon, Dr. Owings, and the pure mountain air brought healing to us all, and we were sorry when the investiture of Richmond obliged us to leave this beautiful region to open the great Camp Winder Hospital, near Richmond, where my sister and I took charge of the Georgia Division, numbering about eight hundred men.

What stories of heroism I might relate, of faith and endurance, amongst men the most illiterate and the most uninteresting in exterior; of sufferings from fevers, of agonies from wounds and amputations; arms and legs with gangrene, the flesh all sloughed off or burned off with caustic, leaving only the bone, the blue veins, and muscle visible! I must put cotton wet with camphor in my nostrils, to stand by these cases. Man after man I have seen carried to the amputating room, singing a Baptist or Methodist hymn as he passed on his stretcher. As I walked beside him, holding his hand, he would say: "Tell my mother I am not afraid to die. God knows I die in a just cause. He will forgive my sins." Standing by the table upon which lay a man to be operated upon for an enormous aneurism, whose chances for life were small (this must

have been in Lynchburg), I wrote down his last words to his family, while he coolly surveyed the instruments, the surgeons with bared arms, and the great tub prepared to catch his blood. The doctor held his pulse, and assured me that, with all these preparations in view, it never quickened its march. His courage saved him; but he was so weak, after so great a loss of blood, we could not move him from the table, nor even put a pillow under his head. He was one of the "tar-heels" of North Carolina, who are hard to beat.

It was after the battle of Fredericksburg, or perhaps the Wilderness, that we were ordered to have ready eight hundred beds; for so many our great field hospital accommodated. The convalescents, and the "old soldiers" with rheumatism and chronic disorders who would not get well, were sent to town hospitals, and we made ready for the night when should come in the eight hundred. The Balaklava charge was nothing to it! They came so fast it was impossible to dress and examine them. So upon the floor of the receiving wards (long, low buildings, hastily put up) the men nurses placed in rows on each side their ghastly burdens, covered with blood and dirt, stiff with mud and gravel from the little streams into which they often fell. The women nurses, armed with pails of toddy or milk, passed up and down, giving to each man a reviving drink to prepare him for the examination of the surgeons; others, with water and sponges, wet the stiff bandages. As I passed around, looking to see who was most in need of help and should first be washed and borne to his bed, I was especially attracted by one group. A young officer lay with his head upon the lap of another equally distinguished-looking man, while a negro man servant stood by in great distress. I offered a drink to the wounded man, saying, "You are badly hurt, I fear." "Oh no," he replied. "Do not mind me, but help the poor

fellow next me, who is groaning and crying. He is wounded in the wrist. There is nothing so painful as that. Besides, you see, I have my friend, a young physician, with me, and a servant to ask for what I need."

So passing on to the man with the wounded wrist, I stopped to wet it again and again, to loosen the tight bandage, and to say a comforting word; and then on and on, till I lost sight of this interesting group, where there was so much to absorb my attention, and forgot it till in the early morning I saw the same persons. The handsome young officer was being borne on a litter to the amputating room, between his two friends. His going first of all the wounded heroes proved that his was the most urgent case. Rushing to his side, I reproached him for having deceived me with his cheerful face. "Only a leg to be taken off," he said, — "an everyday affair."

I followed to see him laid upon the terrible table which had proved fatal to so many. Not only was his leg to be taken off at the thigh, an operation from which few recovered, but he had two wounds beside. From this moment I rarely lost sight of the doomed man. He was of a Louisiana regiment (the Washington Artillery, I think, for he came from Washington, on the Red River). One could see that he was of a refined and cultivated family; that he was the darling of the parents of whom he constantly spoke. Yet he never complained of his rude straw couch, or seemed to miss the comforts which we would fain have given him; nor did he lament his untimely fate, or utter a murmur over pangs which would have moved the stoutest heart. He could not lie upon his back, for a gaping wound extended from his shoulder far down upon it, nor could he get upon one side, for his arm was crushed. We were forced to swing him from the ceiling. Soon the mutilated leg became covered with

the fatal gangrene, and all the burning of this "proud flesh" could not keep death from the door. Even in his burning fevers, in his wild delirium, every word betrayed a pure and noble heart, full of love to God, to country, and to home. He could be quieted only by the sound of music. We took turns, my sister and I, to sit beside him and sing plaintive hymns, when he would be still, and murmur: "Sing. Pray, pray." Thus we sung and prayed for three long weeks, till we saw the end draw near, and lowered him into his bed, that his "dull ear" might hear our words, and his cold hand feel our warm touch. One evening he had been lying so still that we could hardly feel his pulse, and the rough men of the ward had gathered about the bed, still and solemn. Suddenly the pale face lighted with a lovely glow, the dim eyes shone brilliantly, and rising in his bed with outstretched arms, as if to clasp some visible being, his voice, clear and cheerful, rang out, "Come down, beautiful ladies, come!" "He sees a vision of angels!" cried the awestricken men. We all knelt. The young soldier fell back, dead!

In another ward lay upon the floor two young men just taken from an ambulance, — dead, as was supposed. Their heads were enveloped in bloody bandages, and the little clothing they had was glued to their bodies with mud and gravel. Hastily examining them, the surgeon gave the order, "To the dead-house." I prayed that they might be left till morning, and bent over them, with my ear upon the heart, to try and detect a faint pulsation, but in vain. Yet neither of them had the rigidity of death in his limbs, as I heard the surgeon remark. Turning them over, he pointed to the wounds below the ear, the jaws shattered, and one or both eyes put out, and reminded me that even could they be brought to life, it would be an existence worse than death, — blind, deaf, perhaps unable to eat; and he muttered

something about "wasting time on the dead which was needed for the living."

"Life is sweet," I replied, "even to the blind and the deaf and dumb, and these men may be the darlings of some fond hearts who will love them more in their helplessness than in their sunniest hours."

And so I kept my "dead men;" and the more I examined the younger one, the more was my interest excited. His hands, small and well formed, betokened the gentleman. His bare feet were of the same type, though cut by stones and covered with sand and gravel. After searching for a mouth to these bundles of rags, we forced a small tube between the lips with a drop of milk punch, and had the satisfaction to perceive that it did not ooze out, but disappeared somewhere; and all night long, in making our rounds and passing the "dead men," we pursued the same process. At last, with the morning, the great pressure was over, and we found a surgeon ready to examine and dress again the wounds, and we were permitted to cut away by bits the stiff rags from their bodies, wash and dress them, pick out the gravel from their torn feet, and wrap them in greased linen. With what joy we heard the first faint sigh and felt the first weak pulsation! Hour after hour, day after day, these men lay side by side, and were fed, drop by drop, from a tube, lest we should strangle them. The one least wounded never recovered his mind, which had been shattered with his body, and he afterwards died. The younger one, though he could neither speak nor see, and could hear but imperfectly, showed in a thousand ways, though his mind wandered at times, that he was aware of what went on about him, and he was gentle and grateful to all who served him. As he had come in without cap or knapsack, and there was no clue to his identity, over his bed we wrote, "Name and regiment unknown."

In the meanwhile, by flag of truce

from the North, had come newspapers and letters making inquiries for a young man who, in a fervor of enthusiasm, had run away from school in England to fight the battles of the South. His mother having been a South Carolinian, he wrote his father he had gone to fight for his mother's country and for his mother's grave. Traced to Charleston, he was known to have gone to the Army of Northern Virginia, and to have entered the battle of the Wilderness as color bearer to his regiment, in bare feet. As nothing had been heard of him since the battle, he was reported dead; but his distracted friends begged that the hospitals about Richmond might be examined, to learn if any trace of him could be found. We perceived instantly that this runaway boy was our patient. Informed of our convictions, the assistant surgeon general came to see and examine him, being himself a Carolinian and a friend of the mother's family. But the boy either would not or could not understand the questions addressed to him. Many weeks and months passed in the dimly lighted room to which he was consigned, before we could lift the bandage from the one eye, before he could hear with the one ear and eat with the wounded mouth. Fed with soups

and milk, he grew strong and cheerful, and was suspected of seeing a little before he confessed it, as I often noticed his head elevated to an angle which enabled him to watch the pretty girls who came from the city to read to him and bring him dainties. These, moved by compassion for his youth and romantic history, came to help us nurse him, and risked daily choking him in their well-meant endeavors to feed him. At last all the bandages were removed, save a ribbon over the lost eye, and our "dead man" came forth, a handsome youth of eighteen or nineteen, graceful and elegant. Now the surgeon general claiming him for his father, with much regret we gave him up to the flag-of-truce boat, and he was lost to us till the end of the war. He had a new eye made in England, and came to see us after the fall of Richmond, bringing me a fine present, his enthusiasm and his gratitude nothing damped by time and change. Even with the two eyes, he saw so imperfectly that he was soon obliged to seek for a life companion to guide his uncertain steps. In Charleston he fell in love with one of his own family connection, and, like the prince and princess in the fairy tale, "they were married, and lived happy ever after."

Emily V. Mason.

(To be continued.)

GOING INTO THE WOODS.

EVERY man of culture and intelligence feels at times the need of a recurrence to nature and to primitive life. These times are usually about the summer solstice or the autumnal equinox. The desire to break away from his surroundings becomes irresistible; he yearns for space, for solitude, for desolation, and he flies to the forest, the ocean, or

the desert. Such a man should dwell in a world-city or a university town, and these spots should alternate with the waste places of earth; for, though he may find recreation in the former, it is in the latter only that he meets with re-creation. There is no halfway house between the metropolis and the desert for the man of imagination, of

ideality and spirituality. He must live in each: in one to sustain his intellectual force by association with man and art, in the other to deepen and make broad his spiritual life by fellowship with simple nature. 'The forest, the ocean, the desert, these are where exhausted Antæus renews his strength at the touch of mother earth: the sky, the winds, the waters, the trees, the rocks, the stars, these are counselors that feelingly persuade him what he is.

"This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods, I better brook than flourishing peopled towns."

Think of it, ye atoms of crowds and cities, ye have cut yourselves off from the most soulful source of inspiration, solitude; ye have turned your backs upon simplicity, and are bending your heads to the gutter, indifferent to the sublimest spectacle of the world, the vast dome of stars. Simplicity, the first of man's conditions when he enters life, but which wanes constantly as he advances to his prime, has its fastnesses in the woods, on the waters, and among the rocks and sands.

It is singular how little admiration of wild scenery and fondness for wild life have come down to us from the ancients. There is more of these in a week's publications of to-day than remains in the literature of Greece and Rome taken together. Of the waste places as sources of introspection and inspiration, the Greeks and Romans seem to have had no conception whatever: and as with them, so with their descendants. We know where the institutions of these races came from; they came from the cities and towns: but of the Teutonic institutions, it is just as certain that they came out of the woods. Equally inspiring were the deserts of the East. Let it not be forgotten that the Decalogue itself was given to man from the heights of a savage mountain, and that it was from the wilderness that the prophets and leaders, like John the Baptist and Mahomet, emerged after their long discipline to realize by their deeds the

visions of the desert. Solitude is a stern creator and taskmaster, but to him who has the will to endure it is bounteous, filling his soul with deep feeling and lofty aspirations, hardening his fibre and enduing him with great thoughts and the force to express them. When it has done these things, when it has fed him on locusts and wild honey, it sends him forth to subdue men. Forty years in the desert were not deemed by the God of Israel too long, nor their privations too great, to weld the Jews into a chosen people; and when Jesus of Nazareth felt the need of inspiration, he withdrew from the crowd and went up into a mountain to pray. The whole history of the Jews, the most poetic and prophetic of all mankind, is alive with their sensitiveness to the spiritual uses of the desert. It was a realm where reigned a brooding mother to them, solitude; a place in which great souls sought the forces and the development that could not else be found, but where little men were crushed under the weight of the awful silence they had not the strength to break. The Jew and the Arab found solitude in the desert, and drew from it inspiration; the Egyptians found there solitude also, and typified it with one solitary Sphinx; they perpetuated an impression but no inspiration. The Greeks and Romans were no friends to solitude; they feared it, and they drove it away before hordes of fauns, satyrs, and bacchanals.

Of all the forest-loving races of Europe, none has sought the woods for the woods' sake like unto the English-speaking people; nor has any ever afforded the spectacle of an annual migration to the wilderness in such magnitude as do the Americans of to-day. They go with the eagerness of hounds loosed from the leash, and, buoyant with the spirit of adventure, accept adventure's strokes or rewards with the indifference or delight of a knight of La Mancha. Nor have the Americans stayed at the mere enjoyment of their

adventure; they have embodied it in their literature. They have been the first people to introduce into fiction the life, savage and civilized, of the forest, and to portray in classical accents the real life of the woods, the lakes, and the plains. Their first novelist of reputation, Cooper, laid his scenes in the forests of the upper Hudson, of the Susquehanna, and in the oak openings of Michigan; Irving descends the Big-horn in a bull-boat, and follows the adventurers across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains, and through the desolation of Snake River, to the Oregon; and Parkman, enlightened by his tribeship with the Ogallalas, has endowed history with the spirit of the wilderness, and has drawn inspiration from its woods and streams. The greatest and best of the Americans, their writers, poets, philosophers, and statesmen, all have worshiped Great Pan in his groves. Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, made annual pilgrimages to the woods; Webster composed a part of his Bunker Hill Monument oration on a trout stream; death overtook Governor Russell on the banks of a salmon river; and the present President of the United States was called out of the Adirondacks to assume his office, while President Harrison, the moment his duties were done, turned his back on the White House and sought repose in a cabin on the Fulton Chain. These are a few only of the worthies of our land out of the great number who have hied to the woods for rest, recreation, observation, and inspiration; who, indeed, have gone into the woods for the woods' sake. We can say of the American forest what Jaques de Boys said of the forest of Arden: "Every day men of great worth resorted to this forest."

Is this tendency to revert to primitive life a survival of latent savageness inherited by us, or is it an outcome of culture and of healthy aspiration that has sprung up out of the dust of ages?

Happily we can reach our goal with no great effort, and it is due to this fact that the annual migration is partly accountable: for from the latitude of 44° north to the barrens of Labrador and the Great Lone Land extends a vast forest from the Atlantic to the western prairies. Stretching southward from Northern Pennsylvania to Georgia, another clothes the Appalachian range of mountains; the Rocky Mountains have their woods and parks, and the Coast Range, with its wonderful growth, runs from Alaska to Mexico. East of the Mississippi, this northern belt of woodland is drained by streams and broad rivers, and is broken by innumerable lakes of every size, and all are glacial lakes. Steamboats on the rivers and lakes, and railroads on the land, provide speedy and easy access. There is everything to tempt the adventurer: he "must to the greenwood go," but not in banishment.

We are prone to regard things from the standpoint of our own personality, and we limit the application of the word "new" to what relates to ourselves. The word "ancient," for the same reason, is apt to be restricted to what belongs to humankind; the Pyramids and the Rig-Veda are ancient, and even the Greeks and Romans are now the ancients: but this forest south of 41° latitude is older than man, for it must have existed ages before the Neanderthal man was born. North of 41°, it sprang up in the wake of the retreating ice-cap. Forests there have been far back in the palæozoic age, but this northern forest must have sprung up since the glacial epoch. Even from its latest origin, then, it has the prestige of prehistoric antiquity, for, when the melting ice-cap had left behind the lakes it had scooped out and dammed up, these very woods speedily clothed their banks, and not even the floods of the Champlain epoch could wash them from the uplands. This is what the forest primeval means.

All of the land covered by the Adirondacks, and all north of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, has a still higher claim to antiquity, for it is the oldest geological formation known to man, and it was the sole land washed by the boundless seas. It was so old when it rose above the waters that not a living thing, not even a sponge, existed upon it. Animal life had not yet visited the earth: the age was azoic. Of this land, the example best known to our people is that of the Adirondacks; and these mountains are the most accessible and are nearest to the densest population. They are exquisitely picturesque, they inclose the most charming lakes and ponds, and they are covered by a dense growth. It is true that they are now despoiled, and that their solitude has been broken or can be found only in the farthest recesses; but the beauty of the mountains will endure forever, and somewhere will be always

“Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves.”

Of a character quite different from the Adirondacks, though of the same geological formation, are the Laurentides, which extend from Lake Superior to Labrador, and, after passing Lac St. Pierre, are in full sight of the voyager down the St. Lawrence. They rise in elevation as they run northward, and are not grouped nor massed like the Adirondacks, but constitute a long drawn-out range of hills, never lofty, but of height exceedingly illusory to the distant observer. This range is all that is left of mighty mountains whose bases once withstood the shock of palæozoic oceans, and they have been likened by Joseph Le Conte, in homely phrase, to the wornout and ground down teeth in the jaw of an old and decayed animal. Should you wish to see them in their best estate, seek on a clear evening the northern end of the Dufferin Terrace at Quebec, or mount the glacis of the Citadel, and look nearly due north at

the break in their outline. You will then be looking up the valley of the Montmorenci and into the heart of the Laurentides. As the sun stoops to his bed, the beautiful and changing lights and colors of the hour play along the range, and the forms of the mountains through which the Montmorenci has broken on its way to its final leap into the St. Lawrence are softened by haze, but are still perfectly discernible. You cannot fail to be struck with a character new to one who views them for the first time; they seem to be tumbling in upon each other. They are exquisitely beautiful, and the eye dwells upon them until the crimson has deepened into purple, and the purple into darkness.

Take the Saguenay steamer and descend the St. Lawrence. One gets a nearer view as the mountains come to the water's edge and are under a morning light. They continue to rise in height, — a feature perfectly apparent from the Terrace, — and become bold and savage: at Tadousac the ascent of the Saguenay is begun, and one passes through the chain. The grandeur of the passage is too well known for description here, but it will add interest to the scene to recall that in gazing upon the Laurentides one is looking at the most ancient objects in the world; hills to which the Andes and the Himalaya are but things of yesterday.

At the bases of these worn-down mountains are charming lakes, all glacial, of which Lac Beauport and Lac St. Joseph are well-known examples, and all lakes, ponds, and streams are trout waters. The largest lakes are at the sources of the mountain torrents, away up near the watershed which runs between the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, such as Lac des Neiges, or Snow Lake, at the head of the Montmorenci, Grand Lac Jacques Cartier, at the head of the river of this name, and Lac Edouard, or Lake Edward, the source of the Batiscan.

Far otherwise than beautiful is the

southern shore of the St. Lawrence. The geological formation is a different one; the lower Silurian stretches from the foot of the Laurentian chain to the Atlantic, and the character of the landscape has altered at once; it is flat, inane, and barren to the eye, but none the less inviting to the hunter, and, with the New Brunswick and Baie des Chaleurs salmon rivers, to the angler.

He, therefore, whose inclination to the woods has a root in sentiment and in love of the picturesque, will start from the foundation and look to his geology before setting forth. He will be sure of the picturesque and ancient if he hie to the Laurentian formation, wherever it may be. Next to this, let him seek the less savage but ever beautiful Devonian.

The character of the Laurentian rivers, such as the Ste. Anne *en haut*, the Ste. Anne *en bas*, the Montmorenci, the Jacques Cartier, and the Batiscan, differs widely from that of the rivers of Maine and of the Adirondack country; they are torrential. From Ste. Anne de Beaupré, near where the Laurentides touch the St. Lawrence, to the St. Maurice, their courses are short and precipitate, and they rush down the mountain slopes broken by falls and rapids. Canoeing on them is difficult and toilsome, and is done by poling; the portages are numerous. Not so the Moose River of Maine or the Raquette of the Adirondacks. These flow through alluvial soil in curves and ox-bows; the banks are clothed with dense vegetation, and the streams are fed by copious outlets of back-lying lakes and ponds; lake-like expanses are more common, but, in comparison with the Laurentian rivers, rapids are few and falls still fewer.

The Jacques Cartier is one of the most picturesque of the Quebec streams, which may be described as mountain torrents broken by numerous rapids, the water even in the pools being "quick;" but I am better acquainted with the upper Montmorenci, which I have ascend-

ed and descended many times. Always has my heart leaped up, when, the Flat rapid passed, and poling up the reach, the murmur of the Paquet rapid has broken upon my ear. The scene is wild and savage. The valley — but there is none; the mountains on either side and ahead (for they seem to bar the way) rise from the shores of the stream, and have been stripped of their growth of timber by fire, by landslides, and by the lumberman. The rapid comes in sight as we painfully round a bend. If it is a clear day, with a bright sun, the river is intensely blue and crossed by a line of white water: it is the rapid tossing its mane in the air. We pole into the pool at its foot, where there is a portage to be taken by the angler. This portage is a short one and cuts across a bend to the head of the rapid. The canoe-man, at low water, poles upstream, leaving one to follow the path alone. The transition from the roar of the waters to the stillness of the woods is abrupt, and never has been wanting the momentary impression of being deserted and lost in the woods. The further end of the portage reached, one throws himself upon a patch of grass and waits for the canoe, which at last appears, the pole of the toiling canoe-man ringing against the rocks. We are now on the *pêche* Ste. Anne, a trout pool famous for generations as one of big scores of heavy weights.

These torrents rise and fall quickly. Two years ago I came down the Paquet on a flood, and the descent was an exhilarating one. There is just enough danger in running rapids to quicken the nerves, but it is at low water that the greatest danger lies, for the sunken rocks are then most apt to be those upon which the canoe may split: at high water the canoe runs over everything. Often have I ascended rapids. This is done by hugging the shore and taking advantage of the back water; and, when the canoe-man stops to take a rest, pleasant it is to lie in the canoe, with the

water a few feet off rushing and roaring, and smoke a pipe. In fishing on the rapids, one makes his way up or down midstream, anchors, and casts in the back waters and edges of the current. We push on to the camp, which is surrounded by scarred and tempest-beaten ridges, some still having crests of pyramidal firs on their sharp outlines, while others, like the Snow River range, are absolutely bare. Below us is the Paquet rapid; above us is the Meeting of the Waters, immediately beyond which is the Rapide Noire or Black rapid; and still further beyond is the Snow River pool, above which the river of that name falls in, with its wealth of water pouring in multitudinous streams.

The little lakes that lie at the feet of the Laurentides in the vicinity of Quebec are mostly isolated, though here and there are small systems; but these systems do not compare with those of the Adirondacks or of Maine, where one can start from the Lower Saranac and go to the head of Fish Creek, through twenty lakes and ponds, or to Blue Mountain or to the Tupper lakes and beyond; or, leaving Jackman, go around the Bow up river, or down river by way of Moosehead to the St. John or lower Penobscot and tidewater. Nevertheless, the Quebec lakes exceed these in beauty, for the reason that the Laurentides are at their very heads; one is always sure of changing lights and colors such as mountains only can afford, and in stormy weather of shower after shower chasing along the hills. One tempestuous day, when caught at the first sand beach in the upper part of Lake St. Joseph, we counted five of these gusts scurrying in ghostly flight one after another. For the reason that the lakes at the feet of the Laurentides are so beautiful, — the fact that the hills rise from them in full height, — the larger lakes up on the divide are not so impressive in scenic effect: the relief of the background is not so high, the observer being near the summit of the

range and not at its foot. One gets a glimpse, though, from Lake Edward, of the Bostonnais chain, which, in the full glory of autumnal color and under a bright sun, is very striking. There are beaches on the Quebec lakes, but few good landing places on the rivers, and the whole Laurentian formation, be it in the Adirondacks, in Maine, or in Canada, is lacking in springs, such as there are being impregnated with lime or iron. The best water is that which flows from alder swamps on the hillsides; this is rain water which has percolated through moss, and, descending in the shade of dense growth, comes to one's lips, clear, sweet, and cold.

There is a note of warning to be given concerning the flies that swarm in the woods, and which are a veritable curse during their period of existence. The Jesuit Le Jeune, in his Relation of 1632, enumerates the various kinds, from the house fly to the fire fly, dwelling with sanguinary particularity upon those that bite and sting. He says that he had seen men whose cheeks were so swollen from the stings that one could not distinguish their eyes; and adds that they draw blood from whomsoever they light upon, — an experience few have escaped who have ventured into the woods in "fly-time." He says, further, that they attack some in preference to others, a discrimination confirmed to this day by the claim of the habitant to immunity from their assaults. Thoreau, also, in his article on The Allegash and East Branch, gives his enumeration under the headings, first, second, third, and fourth, putting mosquitoes first, then the black flies, next moose flies, and lastly the No-see-ums, or sand flies.

I have never been molested by the moose or deer fly, but there are three places that will remain always in my recollection in connection with mosquitoes, and these are Barnegat, on the Jersey coast, Lac aux Ecorces, and Lake Edward; these last localities be-

ing in the Laurentides. Those at Bar-negat were plentiful and vigorous, but it seems that the further north we go the worse they get, for a member of Hayes's party told me that he had never seen a swarm denser than one which was hovering over a snow bank in the harbor of Upernavik, Greenland. At Lac aux Ecorces I learned why the Indian sleeps with his head buried in his blanket, — he has to do so, or be devoured. Of them all, the bruleau, or sand fly (Thoreau's No-see-ums), is the worst. The black fly goes to rest with the sun, the mosquito at midnight, but the sand fly stays at its work all night. Once established in the cabin, it gets into the clothing, and, as a capping climax, into one's blankets. The mosquito and sand fly puncture, but the black fly bites, and bites a piece out; this makes a bad and slow-healing wound; the sand fly pierces the skin with a red-hot needle, and hence its name, the burner. The angler is driven off the pools by sudden irruption of bruleaux, and in the daytime I have seen the inside of a cabin's windows yellowish green with them. There are palliatives against these pests, but little prevention. The bruleaux will fly into a fire, but those that have got into the clothing of man or bed remain. When once the tormentors have taken possession of the voyager and his hut there is but one of two things to do, — change camp, or return to the settlements until the pest has abated. From the middle of June until August, the woods of that vicinity are not friendly to the intruder, and he had better give them a wide berth.

When may a man go into the woods? Leaving winter out of the question, the lover of the forest has from the middle of May to the middle of June, when the foliage is fast expanding to perfection, the wild flowers are in bloom, the streams are full, and the trout are jumping; and from the middle of August to November, when the wind blows fresh and bracing, when the woods are masses

of color sharply contrasted with dark evergreens, and when the stags are leaping.

We lose much, however, if we leave winter out of the question, for yearly I meet caribou hunters, among whom are true lovers of nature, who tell me that to their minds the woods are in their glory during the subarctic winter. I recall one of these who was famous for his woodcraft, his love of adventure, his hardihood, his powers of observation, and his skill; and for his gentle disposition withal. He had held a responsible position for years in a noted line of steamers whose fleet plies between our ports and the tropics; but he had never made a voyage. His love for the woods was a passion. "Where," said he to me one day, "do you suppose I shall go, should I ever tear myself away for a winter?" "To the tropics," I answered. "No; I detest their very name." "To Europe." "No." "Around the world." "No; I shall take my axe, my snowshoes, my rifle, some provisions and books, and go into the wilderness north of the Saguenay, and there, with no neighbors but Montagnais Indians, and they fifty miles away, I shall build a cabin, and pass the livelong winter reading, studying the trees, the weather, and the snow-birds, and be happy in absolute solitude and contact with nature." His was a voice for the woods in winter!

The latest picture of John Burroughs represents him standing in the snow, on the verge of a thicket, gazing intently at the tracks left by a roving animal.

Who should go into the woods? All who would seek them for the woods' sake. If I could have my way, none others should go. I should bar out every one and all who seek them merely to slaughter four-footed game; merely to kill fish or to kill time; merely to say, when they return home, that they have been there. These are sweeping restrictions, but my tyranny would be a beneficent one. How shocking, the vulgar

incongruities of the Adirondacks! Take the train from Greenville to Bangor during the open season for moose and deer, and hear the loud-voiced narrations of the "good times" the swashbucklers have been having up Penobscot way, or down the Allegash. The good times have been due, not to what the woods have given them, but to what they took into the woods with them; times which they might have had more fully and more appropriately at a fish-house on Coney Island than in a camp on Caucogomoc Lake. These men are intruders into "God's first temple" as much as they would be were they to pitch their tents in a church. They bring back nothing worth having; not even a pair of horns. For them the stars have twinkled to blind eyes, and the music of the wind through the pines and of the wash of the waves on the shore has fallen on deaf ears; nor has the silence of the woods aroused awe in their bosoms, nor has their misspent energy produced an aspiration hitherto unfelt: they have exerted powers other than the power of an endless life. "Too low they build who build beneath the stars."

He should go, on the contrary, who is open to that influence of nature which the forest alone exerts, and which can be had nowhere else than in its depths; who would see "how the pine lives and grows and spires, lifting its evergreen arms to the light;" what the streams are working at, now building up, now sweeping away their own work; what the rushes, struggling for life on a sandbar, are doing; what the winds of heaven, and the mosses, the lichens, the trees and the mould under them are achieving, and how they perform their tasks. He who delights in the sighing of the evergreens, the rustle of leaves, the murmur of ripples, the roar of rapids and falls, and of the gale lashing the chafed bosom of the lake, or bending the tops of trees before its blast; he who can find tongues in trees,

books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything, he should go, must go, to the woods.

To catch fish and to shoot deer and ruffed grouse are perfectly legitimate acts, like all true sport, when they are incidental to higher purposes: but there are other and better things, touching the soul of man, which the woods offer and which imperious nature insists shall be first in his regard, to the subordination of everything else except sustenance, which is a need. This none know better than the sportsmen, who have ever contended that sport ceases to be sport when the pursuit is not founded on something higher than greed or labor, or when its enjoyment involves the sacrifice of higher things.

To competent skill in angling or hunting there should be added that in woodcraft. In these days of professional guides, it is true that one could live out his time in the woods without either knowledge or skill in the sylvan arts; but, apart from a possible need of such attributes, much pleasure is lost by not having them. The chase is natural to all animals, and he is wise who indulges in it within the limitations of true sport. As for woodcraft, there should be some knowledge, if only to understand what is going on before one's eyes, to favor self-reliance, and to feel that one is not standing in jeopardy every hour.

Should one be interested in subjects for which the woods offer opportunity to study, great is the gain, for mere sensuous enjoyment of the forest, the waters, and the sky, or, on the other hand, mere idealization of them, is not enough: there should be acquisition of knowledge and reasoning thereon. A taste for geology, mineralogy, meteorology, botany, ornithology, or star-gazing, will meet with many an occasion for exercise on the lakes, in the woods, and in the clearings. Let it not be carried, though, to the sacrifice of higher delights. Once I met at my resting place in a remote corner of Canada a

famous botanist, who, on the rumor of a high prize in plant life, had traveled eight hundred miles with the hope of winning it. We fished out of a quiet tarn, to his great joy, a long, snaky, and slimy water-weed, specimens of which, a day or two after, were labeled with the addresses of all the great universities and collections in Christendom. On our way back, I took note that he kept his eyes bent on the trees, bushes, and grasses that lined the road. "I suppose," said I, "that you know every leaf, flower, and blade that you see." There was real regret in his response: "Sometimes I wish that I did not know them so well as I do, and that I were not so possessed with plant hunger; for I should see many a beautiful thing that I am now blind to, and should be the better for."

The woods offer a busy life to him who will lead it, but one tempered with sweet restfulness. What with the pursuit of some subject of natural science, with a pair of glasses for star-gazing, and a judicious exercise of woodcraft and angling or hunting, there is plenty to do, and we should come back to camp healthily tired, to a good book, and, not least, to a good meal and a good bed. It is a great mistake to go into the woods with the vulgar notion of "roughing it;" a term commonly expressive of hard toil and squalid living. There need not be and should not be anything of the kind. Gentle living is easily managed in these days of delicate supply and clean camp-keepers, and there is no excuse for subjecting one's self to the labor and squalor of aboriginal savagery. Cabins can be made weather-proof and comfortable, and be kept kempt and tidy. Men should seek the woods to enjoy rest and tranquillity, and not to toil and worry; and, so far from roughing it, they should smooth it. We hie to the greenwood to escape the stress and rudeness of daily life in the world at home; it would be a downright failure to exchange one asperity

for another. A change of mental labor may be mental rest, but no change of care can make one glad. The wise man will betake himself where no daily paper can reach him: it is essential to the success of his adventure that he cut himself off from the world. He who would carry his care and worry with him has no business in these still recesses: let him be wise in time and stay at home, for, if he will not be spiritually minded, he shall not have life and peace. "Man's goings are of the Lord; when he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

I once saw a noted poet, tired and dusty after a day's journey, alight on the shore of the Lower Saranac. At the sight of the well-remembered lake and woods he broke forth in recitation of Fletcher's Ode to Melancholy. "Hence, all you vain delights!" was at once his rejection of the world's frivolities, upon which he had turned his back, and his salutation to the beloved wilds which then were clasping him to their bosom.

The man that goes into the woods ungoaded by the furies of trout killing or deer killing, but who is content to take these woods as he finds them, will so apportion his time as to have his nooning a long and restful one. Bird, beast, and fish unite in permitting him repose for several hours. This is the period that he can give to reading. There is no better place in the world than the camp to refresh one's memory, to recall passages long ago familiar, but now growing dim; and no better time than when the body is resting, and resting on a bed of balsam boughs. Particularly is this the case with poetry. One does not wish in these surroundings to enter on the serious work of mastering an epic, or of familiarizing one's self with a new poet; but there are times when it becomes fitting to brush up past readings, and the camp is a capital place for a task of this kind, and, for the hour, there is none better. Short poems or

well-thumbed lyrical collections are what is wanted. There is nothing to distract the attention, and it is astonishing how speedily a dulled memory brightens up and sets to work to revive the old favorites, and to renew in activity as lively as ever the half-forgotten lines that once had stirred the blood and had become elements of the intellectual forces. Go back to the ancient lyrics, the favorites of your youth: they will renew a right spirit within you. If you are old, they will make you young again: if you are young and they are strange, you will take home with you friends that you had not when you entered the woodland, and friends they will be for a lifetime. Take one of the old odes and learn it by heart: you will be amazed at the rapidity with which it comes back; it runs to meet you, or, rather, you will discover that all along it has been a part of you, but that, to your confusion, you have neglected it. Now you are making amends: a recovered force is a new force, you have lost and have found, and your joy is great. One can hardly imagine a busy man subtracting hours from the daily life of a city to get back his poetry, a task long ago primitive to him: but the woods themselves are primitive, life there is primitive, and there, if anywhere, is the place to renew the lore of one's youth, or to equip a young man with noble thoughts. They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts, said Sir Philip Sidney. Observe, O ancient and O youth! that you do not go into the woods for intellectual work, but to rest from such work, and that the task here set you is a gentle one, requiring no greater exertion of the memory than that which exercised your body when you cast your fly in the morning's angling, — and thus the inward man is renewed day by day.

There is no place where the imagination is appealed to more effectively than the woods. Who has ever stumbled upon the merest hunter's camp, perhaps

the resting place for a single night only, and not felt a thrill? The charred chunks of wood, where the fire had blazed and lighted up the trees around, and had sent its beams into the cavernous darkness; the red, rusty, flattened balsam beds, where tired men had slept; a few tent pegs; these are worthless things, but they move deeply our social sense, and, mere vestiges though they be, remind us that we are indifferent to nothing that once has had the touch of a human being. It is the man's footprint on the desert shore, and, as it affected Crusoe, so it affects us. A few months since I turned aside from my course to see what was left of a cabin in which I had passed some days a long time ago. As I neared the spot the canoe grazed a rock and I exclaimed, "How thoughtless in me! I should have remembered that fellow;" for we had been careful of old, in leaving or returning to camp, to steer clear of this obstruction. This came back to me with startling stress, and I thought I could now recognize every stone at the landing place. I found the scene a picture of desolation. Parts of one end and of a side were all that was left of the cabin. The blackened marks of fires on the ground showed that the logs which had composed it had been burnt by passing anglers, probably, who had made it a nooning place. Bushes and tall weeds were growing rank inside, where the stove, table, and bunks had stood. The place, which had been one of the model camps of my wood life, and which had kept its hold on my memory as the tidiest habitation I had ever been in during my forest wanderings, was unkempt and dirty. Trees, wantonly cut, had fallen over against others, and literally had died in their neighbors' arms. The scene was forlorn, repulsive, and I was sorry that I had become a victim to my desire to revisit an ancient resting place. I had survived one of my habitations and one of the episodes that had made up my life. Decay without new

growth, desecration by humankind, — the wreck was complete, and we paddled sadly away.

Let me impress upon the voyager an underlying truth: the pursuits that flow from one's intellectual tastes, and the cultivation of special subjects, by no means constitute the main occupation of a sojourn in the wilds; like hunting and fishing, they are incidental only. The real study that is ever constant and enduring, the real study of the woods, is the woods themselves; what they are, how they are born, grow up, pass their days, and die; what is over them, in them, and under them; to see intelligently, to observe, this is the true study of the woods. When the power of observation has been developed, one of the great steps has been taken toward knowing and enjoying the processes of creation; for creation is ever going on. This gained, one at last is face to face with nature, and not until then can we reap the harvest of our surroundings. Further knowledge of sylvan life is acquired almost unconsciously, so easy is the advance into the field. Nature, indeed, takes her disciple by the hand and leads him on. The faculty to observe is as dirigible and expansive as any other faculty, and when it has been well started on its course, when it has been directed aright and has been faithfully sustained, it is as susceptible to development as are the rest of our faculties. Men saw this long ago and gave the seer a high place in their estimation. To see correctly, to observe intelligently, is a difficult task; but once gained, the power becomes a possession for eternity. Observation is not a mere accomplishment; it is an art.

So much for what a man can make of himself in observing. What he can derive from the woods depends on himself and his own volition. To this point he has been a seer, and the woods have been the object of his endeavor, and all this endeavor has been that of his mind. His action has been limited by his in-

tellekt, which alone has been called into play. Quite different are the relations between man and nature, when Nature exerts her influence upon the man of imagination, of ideality, of feeling, and of aspiration. This influence is of the loftiest character, and has the soul of man for its field of action; not the mind only, but the very soul itself. Consider what led the prophets and leaders of old to the solitudes of the desert, and why the shrines of Great Pan were placed in thickets. It was not to study plant, beast, or bird, nor to recall the enthusiasms of youth: it was to pray, to commune with the infinite, to exert self-discipline, to invigorate and expand the soul. The seekers after God sought these wilds to subdue the lusts of the flesh and to beat down Satan under their feet: it was soul-need that took them to the waste places. Away from the distractions of the world, from its waywardness, its perversity, its brutality, its pollution; away from their false selves, they sought their true selves, and concentrated all the forces of their being on the contemplation of the highest and best.

Thoreau exemplifies the distinction between action of the mind and expansion of the soul when in the woods; the difference between the mental activity and the spiritual life called forth by his surroundings. He was a naturalist, and, as he pursued his way, studied trees and plants, birds and butterflies, four-footed beasts and waterfowl: he was indifferent to nothing that he could see and observe, and he carried his book with him, but, likewise, he was an idealist, and he possessed spirituality. Read, then, his apostrophe to Matter evoked by his passage over a tract of burnt lands in his descent from the summit of Ktaadn: "And yet we have not seen pure Nature, unless we have seen her thus drear and inhuman, though in the midst of cities. Nature was here something savage and awful, though beautiful. I looked with awe at

the ground I trod on, to see what the Powers had made there, the form and fashion and material of their work. This was that Earth of which we have heard, made out of Chaos and Old Night. . . . Man was not to be associated with it. It was Matter, vast, terrific, — not his Mother Earth that we have heard of, not for him to tread on, or be buried in, — no, it were being too familiar even to let his bones lie there — the home, this, of Necessity and

Fate.” How responsive is he also to the sights and sounds of the forest; the thunder storm, the falling of a tree, the death of a moose, the laughter of a loon, the plaint of the white-throated sparrow, the chatter of a jay! All these things call forth the soul that is in him, and this it is that appeals to us from the pages of Burroughs and Muir more than do their lore or their science, for we feel that, when in the woods, “they dwell with the King for his work.”

Eben Greenough Scott.

A NATIONAL STANDARD IN HIGHER EDUCATION.

It is generally agreed that there are already too many universities in America. That is the reason why one more is urgently needed.

The greater the number of banks in a city, the more necessary is a clearing-house. It is the multiplicity, not the paucity, of magazines that has brought into existence a Review of Reviews. In like manner, the very energy which America has shown in the establishment of places of higher education requires that these institutions be supplemented. The rapidity of their growth and extension is the strongest reason for devising a scheme to coördinate and systematize the miscellaneous educational forces of the country.

The necessity of simplification is especially evident when an attempt is made to appraise the value of a university degree. As long as degree-giving bodies were few, it meant something to be a graduate. To-day the mere statement that a man is an A. B. gives scarcely any indication of his intellectual quality. A distinct value is of course attached to a degree won at a university which possesses a national reputation, but it would be difficult for even the Commissioner of Education himself to gauge accurately the comparative worth of the

degrees granted by all the institutions which he admits to his list of colleges and universities. It is absolutely impossible for an average member of a board of trustees or of any kind of appointing committee to tell whether a graduate of a college in one latitude and longitude is likely to be a better scholar than one whose *alma mater* is to be discovered on another part of the map. In England no such difficulty confronts those who have the task of making appointments to educational posts. The universities likely to be represented among candidates for a position may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and it does not take much pains to become acquainted with their various requirements for honors and degrees. The appointing board is therefore able, by merely noting the university record of various applicants, to gauge exactly their respective qualifications on the score of ability and scholarship. I can see no reason why such estimates should not become at least as easy in America as they are at present in England. The one thing needed is the establishment of a common standard, by reference to which it will be possible to fix the academic position of individual students,

whether they come from Walla Walla or from Tallahassee, and indirectly to estimate the comparative value of the training given in the colleges which send them out.

Such a standard could be provided without dislocating whatever educational system exists already, and without requiring such an outlay as to compel an appeal to the benevolent millionaire for another check. The first step would be the creation of a new university or degree-giving body on the following lines. (My suggestions are of course tentative, and are open to considerable modifications in detail if the general principle is accepted.)

(1.) The nucleus of the new university would be a board of experts, representing the most authoritative educational opinion of the country. These would constitute a senate. The senate would draw up the curriculum for degrees, and would appoint examiners in various subjects. In due time the alumni of the university would naturally be admitted to a share in its government.

(2.) All candidates for a degree, in whatever faculty, would be required to have first passed an entrance or matriculation examination, to which no one would be admitted who had not completed his sixteenth year. This examination would not be of an advanced nature, but would be thorough as far as it went, and would include in its range all the necessary elements of a liberal education. Certain options would be allowed, as, for instance, between one modern language and another, and between one branch of science and another, but the syllabus would be so drawn up that a candidate whose strong point was science could not escape a test in language and literature, and *vice versa*.

(3.) Having matriculated, each student would have to decide in what faculty — for example, arts, science, laws, etc. — he would take his degree. In each faculty it would be necessary, for

the bachelor's degree, to have passed two examinations subsequent to matriculation. These might be called respectively junior and senior, or intermediate and final. In the event of his selecting the faculty of arts, he would pursue the study of classics, modern languages, and literature (including English), history, mathematics, and philosophy. In science the curriculum, except for mathematics and philosophy, would be entirely different from the course in arts, it being presumed that success at the matriculation examination was evidence of the possession of a sufficient basis of literary knowledge. It would have to be considered whether, in the curriculum for these degrees, an honors examination in individual subjects should be added to the pass examination for the benefit of specialists.

(4.) The degrees of master and doctor would be conferred on graduates who had given satisfactory evidence of having successfully pursued specialist studies after taking the bachelor's degree. In higher work of this kind the presentation of a thesis might be required to supplement an examination as the test of proficiency.

(5.) An interval of at least one year would be required between any examination and the next above it. There would be no limitation on the other side. A successful candidate at the intermediate examination might allow five years to elapse, if circumstances made it necessary or desirable, before entering for his final. An unsuccessful candidate at any examination might repeat his attempts to pass it year after year, until his perseverance was either rewarded or exhausted. But no piecemeal system of "conditioning" would be allowed. A candidate who could not pass his examination as a whole would be counted as having failed.

(6.) Except in the case of candidates for medical degrees, from whom some practical acquaintance with hospital work

would be demanded, there would be no requirement of previous study at a college. A candidate for a degree might have been educated at any college in America or out of it, or at no college at all; he might have to his credit a million recitations or none; it would not make the least difference to his eligibility for a degree. He would be judged by his examination, and by that alone. The university would require, however, from each applicant — at any rate in the lower examinations — a certificate of good character signed by a responsible person.

(7.) No degree or other certificate from an outside authority would be recognized as giving exemption from any examination, in whole or in part. The university would thus be entirely freed from the invidious duty of putting its own estimate upon the character of the education given either in colleges or in academies and preparatory schools. It would pass its verdict upon each candidate by direct inspection.

(8.) No honorary degrees would be conferred, on any conditions.

(9.) The university would have its offices in the national capital, but its examinations would be conducted simultaneously, according to uniform regulations, but under the direction of local supervisors, at a large number of centres in all parts of the country. The names and fees of all candidates would be sent a few weeks previously to the registrar, who would compile a list of entries and number them in alphabetical order. Each candidate would be informed of his allotted number, with which he would label his papers, without mention of his name or residence or place of education. When the batch of papers was collected and sent to the examiners via Washington, they would have no clue to the identity of any candidate.

(10.) Candidates would be admitted to all examinations without any limitations of sex, or race, or creed.

It may be well to anticipate some objections that will be raised against any such scheme as that which I have just outlined. It will probably be urged in the first place that the establishment of a university of this kind would interfere with the autonomy of existing colleges, and impair academic freedom to a far greater extent than in the most arbitrary silencing of a heterodox professor. There is no real ground for this apprehension. It would be within the power of any college either to send its students up for these examinations or to refrain from sending them. Colleges whose reputation was already more than local would not expect any profit from contributing to the examination lists of the new university, and would accordingly ignore it, though after a few years some of their students might find it worth while, on their own account, to obtain its degrees. Those colleges which took advantage of the scheme would be affected by it to the extent of the influence exerted by its curriculum upon their own. If they pleased, they might adopt the examinations of the new university as their own graduating tests, in which case they could still add whatever conditions might seem desirable in the way of residence, attendance at recitations, etc. Each college would retain its present powers of self-government in respect to such matters as the appointment of its staff, its conditions of entrance, its methods of teaching, its disciplinary regulations, and the administration of its revenues. As far as the examinations of the new university were concerned, a college might, of course, require all its own undergraduates to sit for them, or leave it to the choice of individual students.

It will doubtless be objected further that examinations are an insufficient test, and tend to encourage cramming rather than true education. The fact is, however, that an examination is both the only uniform test that is possible, — every one knows that the value of

recitation credits differs not only in adjacent colleges, but even in adjacent classrooms, — and the only real test that can be devised at all. A man who has been studying the classics for years either can or cannot write a good piece of Latin prose; if he cannot, he does not acquire a greater claim to be called a Latin scholar from the fact that for so many hours he occupied a certain bench in a certain college. In all departments of human activity the competent man is he who knows and can do. Society, especially in America, does not trouble to inquire how he came to know or learnt to do; the fact that the results are indisputably good is accepted as proof that the processes leading to them cannot have been very far wrong. After all, the flower is the best evidence alike of seed, soil, and climate. Except in subjects the study of which consists mainly in the acquisition of a body of facts by memory, there is no ground for the suspicion that a capable examiner may be outwitted by a crammer. No trick of unintelligent rote learning has yet been invented that will communicate the power of turning an extract from Burke into Ciceronian Latin, or of solving a problem in the higher mathematics.

Again, it will be said that the true university is much more than a degree-giving body; it must at least provide teaching and encourage research. Indirectly a university such as I have proposed would promote both teaching and research. It must be admitted, however, that neither of these objects would be its main function. Accordingly, it would not be an ideal university; not the type to which educational institutions all the world over should endeavor to approximate. Yet there is high classical authority for the principle that we should seek, not what is absolutely the best, but what is the best for us; and the fact remains that in America, in the beginning of the twentieth century, higher education would be further advanced by such

an agency than by the founding of several universities of the more usual kind. We have to consider not so much what is the dictionary definition or the historical tradition of the word "university" as what reform is most urgent at the present stage of the educational development of this country. If, however, our academical jurists are shocked by the suggestion that the name "university" shall be given to a body which does not profess to teach, but which, nevertheless, carries out thoroughly the examinations it undertakes, — though it is thought no degradation that the name should be flaunted by institutions whose teaching and examination are so ideal as to cease to be actual, — an alternative may be suggested. It would answer the purpose equally well for the board to be known simply by the name of the *Senatus Academicus*. A degree of A. B. (*Senat. Acad.*) would be intelligible from the first, and would in a few years acquire its own connotation.

Over against these objections, which I have tried to show are not by any means vital, may be set the following distinct advantages in favor of my proposal: —

(1.) It would provide a new opportunity for ambitious youths of narrow means. As things are, the private student, remote and unfriended, if not melancholy and slow, cannot obtain any adequate academic recognition of such self-educational work as he may have done, however deserving it may be. Unless he can raise money for his support while at college, or is willing to endanger his health for life by pursuing some money-getting occupation simultaneously with his college course, he can never expect to gain the coveted degree. The opening of a new avenue to intellectual distinction would communicate a fresh stimulus to many whose pursuit of knowledge is now hampered by poverty or physical weakness. At no expense but that of their examination fees, they would have within reach a hall-mark which the

graduate of the most famous seat of learning need not disdain to bear.

(2.) It would furnish an intelligible standard of proficiency in the case of graduates seeking posts as teachers. The certificates of this truly national university would make it possible to compare the merits, as regards scholarship, of men coming from all parts of the country and educated in different institutions. The practical convenience of such a simplification need not be emphasized.

(3.) It would give the smaller colleges a chance. At present, a new or otherwise unknown college cannot hope to win a name except by its wealth or by the distinction of individual members of its faculty. Neither of these things necessarily implies efficient teaching. A college, however, whose students acquitted themselves honorably for a succession of years in the examinations of the new university would gain a reputation extending far beyond the boundaries of its own state. No slight contribution would be made to the soundness of higher education if it were rendered possible for a professor to do as much for the credit of his college by giving himself diligently to teaching as by writing a book or sending articles to the learned reviews. Under the new conditions well qualified men would be much more ready than they are now to begin their educational career by taking comparatively obscure posts, knowing that if the true light were shining within them there would be no bushel to hide it.

(4.) Within a few years it would sensibly raise the standards of colleges which have hitherto been content with low aims and still lower performances. A board constituted in the way I have suggested would not tolerate any scamped or slovenly work. And by persistent refusals to set its seal upon "knowledge falsely so called" it would gradually banish pretense and superficiality from the higher education of America. Its stringent matriculation examination

could not fail to raise the quality of the teaching, not only in colleges but also in academies and high schools. This examination would in itself come to be regarded as a creditable distinction for a youth of from sixteen to eighteen, and would probably be taken by many who did not intend to pursue later studies with a view to graduation. A considerable outcry might be heard at first from colleges which fared badly in such examinations, and they might be faced with the alternatives of improvement or disappearance. But such as are really places of sound learning and instruction would have reason to welcome the severity of the ordeal. For we may apply to educational reform what Thomas Carlyle said of a far more revolutionary movement: "Sans-culottism will burn many things; but what is incombustible it will not burn."

It is not unlikely, however, that some readers of this article, while admitting that my project, as it appears on paper, seems to offer real advantages, will doubt whether, after all, it would work. My answer is that it has actually stood the test of experience, for in essentials it is identical with a system that has already been in successful operation for nearly half a century. It is to be regretted that the work of the University of London is not better known in America, for the history of that institution is full of suggestion for educational reformers in this country. It was established in 1828, mainly in the interests of Nonconformists, who at that time were prevented by theological restrictions from graduating at Oxford or Cambridge. At first it imposed upon applicants for its degrees the condition of previous study in one of a number of affiliated colleges, but in 1858 its examinations were thrown open to all comers, with the exception of women. Twenty years later this restriction was removed, the University of London being the first academic body in Great Britain to ignore the distinction of sex. It also

deserves the credit of a pioneer for its introduction of modern science into its curriculum when the older universities were still hesitating to admit such an innovation. One of its most notable features has been the severity of its examinations, which has naturally made its degrees eagerly coveted. It has been by no means unusual for fifty per cent of the candidates to be rejected at an examination. The result is that a B. A. pass degree at London is everywhere regarded as a much better evidence of ability and education than a similar degree at Oxford or Cambridge. The London M. A. has also a value of its own, for it is earned by an examination in which none but specialists have any chance of success, instead of being conferred, as in the case of the Oxford or Cambridge M. A., upon all bachelors of arts who have kept their names upon the books and paid their dues for a prescribed period.

The very difficulty of obtaining a London degree made the ambition to gain it attractive, from the first, to many able men. Among those who, but for the existence of this university, would never have had an opportunity of wearing any academic distinction at all — except, of course, for the honorary degrees conferred upon some of them when they had already made their reputation — may be mentioned such men as Lord Herschell and Sir George Jessel, among lawyers; Lord Lister, Sir Richard Quain, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir J. Russell Reynolds, Sir William Jenner, and Sir W. W. Gull, among surgeons and physicians; R. W. Dale, A. Maclaren, and W. F. Moulton, among theologians; Walter Bagehot and W. Stanley Jevons, among economists; and Richard Holt Hutton among journalists. Some others, such as Dean Farrar, were encouraged by successes at the University of London to proceed later to a residential university. Others, again, have thought it worth while to add a London degree to honors previously or simultaneously won

at Oxford or Cambridge. High Cambridge wranglers have in particular shown a great appetite for the gold medal offered annually to the highest candidate in mathematics at the London M. A., though even the senior wrangler himself is not excused by his Cambridge successes from passing through the preliminary stages of the matriculation and intermediate and final B. A. examinations. The fact that London distinctions should have become to so great an extent an object of ambition indicates how faithfully the university has maintained its standard. But the greatest service that the University of London has rendered to English education has been in the effect it has had in improving the quality of the teaching given in those places of higher education which were not closely in touch with Oxford or Cambridge. Although it has been for most of its history nothing but an examining body, it has exerted an incalculable indirect influence upon all such institutions. Inefficient schools either have been compelled to make themselves efficient, or have suffered in reputation from the public evidence of their inefficiency. Quite recently this university has been made the nucleus of a scheme for the coördination of higher education in London, and has thus become to some extent a teaching university, but it will continue to render, concurrently, its special service as a national institution to private students and small colleges in all parts of the country.

There is good reason to believe that a university of this type is just now the chief need of American higher education. The scheme with which Mr. Carnegie's name has recently been connected is, as an ideal scheme, wholly admirable. The provision of greater opportunities for post-graduate study naturally appears to be one of the most wholesome methods possible for the absorption of surplus wealth. In certain circumstances this would be so. But I am not sure that this is precisely the direction in which

the next advance may most profitably be made. In the present condition of things an increase of the facilities for post-graduate study might even aggravate one of the most serious dangers now threatening the educational system of America. For the principal trouble with American education to-day is that it is top-heavy. The ultimate stage is reached too early. Men are attempting the work of specialists in post-graduate classes when they are still freshmen in everything except the name. The consequence is that this excess of zeal for

original production defeats its own end, and that what are supposed to be finished products show painful signs of crude workmanship. The remedy is to be found — if one may compare the educational system to a building — not in putting additional masonry into the highest story, but in laying more substantial foundations and strengthening the main structure. And this most necessary reform would, I believe, be accomplished to a considerable degree by the execution of such a scheme as has been outlined in this paper.

Herbert W. Horwill.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES.

II.

“GOOD-MORNING, DR. SAXE!”

Saxe started up from the pine needles on which he had been lying flat on his back. She stood at a little distance, slim and cool-looking in a violet linen dress, with a sailor hat that cast a shadow on her face, leaving in the light only her beautiful mouth and rosy, cleft chin.

“I was afraid you were asleep, and it would have been a pity to waken you.”

Not a trace of embarrassment about her. He remembered the hesitancy in his voice the night before, and wondered.

“I was not asleep. I was merely dreaming” —

He touched her proffered hand lightly, and joined her as she took the way to the camp.

“Dreaming?” She was n't even afraid to ask him that, it appeared.

“Yes. Dreaming about a half invented anæsthetic that occupies my thoughts most of the time, even here in the woods.”

“If I were a man I should be a doctor,” she answered, picking up a pine cone and sniffing at it.

“I have not practiced for years, however.”

“No? What a strange thing! I should think — However, no doubt you do more real good in your laboratory.”

Saxe turned and looked at her. “How do you know I have a laboratory?” he asked.

“Every one has heard of Richard Saxe and his discoveries.” Her momentary hesitation was hardly noticeable, and she went on with the leisurely calm of the clever woman of the world. “I read the other day that your new book is the success of the year. That must be very gratifying?”

“It is gratifying. You have not read it?”

She turned her clear brown eyes full on him, as devoid of expression as two pools of woodland water.

“No, I fear I should understand very little of it. Ah, here we are. I wonder whether you could give me a glass of water?”

Saxe took a dipper and a cup and went to the spring. So that was how it was to be. Very good. If she could keep it up, — and she evidently could, —

he would be able to, also. It would be very amusing. He dipped up the cool water and filled the cup. It annoyed him to remember his agitation of the night before. It always annoys a man to find a woman unembarrassed in a situation that he himself is unable to carry off with ease. So be it. Not a word or a hint to recall any former acquaintance. He frowned savagely as he went back to the mossy path. It had been more than an acquaintance, it had been a friendship, but as she chose to ignore it, it should be ignored.

She drank the water with a delightful childlike graciousness, holding out the cup to be refilled.

"I have n't seen a tin dipper since I was a small child," she said, watching it flash in the sun as he shook it free of the last drops of water.

"You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes. But I have lived in Europe for many years. As a matter of fact this is my first visit since I married!"

She said it as she would have to an utter stranger. Then, with a change of tone: "What a perfectly beautiful place you have chosen for your camp! Have you been here long?"

"Just a week. I was at Bar Harbor, but it grew too gay to suit me, so I wired Leduc, with whom I have camped before, and came on at a day's notice. He is a charming old scamp, and will amuse you."

"He was always a scamp, and always charming. I remember as a wee child having a decided and unabashed preference for him, somewhat to Annette's disgust."

Annette appeared in the doorway of the cabin as she spoke, a pair of brown velvet trousers over her arm.

"Lucien!" she called.

"Leduc is skulking behind the bushes there by the lake," said Saxe in an undertone, "but he might as well give up; his day of reckoning has come."

"Lucien! Mademoiselle, have you seen him?"

The young woman turned. "Yes, I have seen him, but I am not going to betray him."

"Betray him! His clothes are in a state, — and the key of his chest is not in the pocket as he said. I can at least darn his socks if I can get at them."

She called again, and then went reluctantly back into the cabin.

"I confess to an unregenerate feeling of sympathy for Leduc," remarked Saxe, looking toward the place where the old man had disappeared.

"So do I! Oh, so do I! If he does n't want his socks darned, why darn them? By the way, Dr. Saxe, are you going to ask us to stay to breakfast, — I mean dinner?"

"It had not occurred to me to ask, 'Mademoiselle,' — I had taken it for granted. Leduc has a fine menu arranged, — fried fish as chief attraction, I believe, only — By Jove, I was to catch the fish!" He looked at his watch. "After eleven. Dinner is at twelve. Would you care to go with me? The boat is perfectly dry, and it will not be very warm."

She rose. "Of course I care to go, and I shall also fish."

"I doubt it. I bait with worms."

"Do you? Then I, too, bait with worms."

He laughed. "I don't believe you ever baited a hook in your life. Now did you? — 'cross your heart?'"

"No. But to-day I bait — with worms."

They walked to the lake, and found Leduc busily digging, a tin box beside him on a fallen log.

"Worms?"

"Oui, M'sieu."

"What's in the bundle?" asked Saxe curiously, poking with his foot an uncouth newspaper package that lay near the hole. The old man looked up, his face quivering with laughter.

"M'sieu will not betray me? Nor Mademoiselle?"

"No," she answered for them both.

Leduc unrolled the paper and displayed a collection of brown and gray knitted socks, heelless and toeless for the most part, as well as faded and shabby.

"I've had holes in my socks for twenty years and more," he explained in French; "I'm used to 'em, I like 'em, and I mean to have 'em. She's a good woman, Annette, and I'm very fond of her, but she is as obstinate as a mule, and" — He broke off, finishing his sentence by rolling the bundle together again, and driving it with a kick firmly into the end of a hollow log.

Still laughing, Saxe and his companion got into the boat and pushed off.

"She is the gentlest and tenderest of women as a rule; this is an entirely new phase to me."

"The effect of Leduc's 'shadow' on her," commented Saxe absently, rowing out into the brilliant water.

She looked at him sharply, and then set to work disentangling her fishing line. She had long white hands with rather square-tipped fingers, and supple wrists. He noticed that she wore only one ring, a ruby, besides her wedding-ring. She baited her hook without finching, or any offer of help from him, and silence fell as the fish began to bite. Saxe, absent-minded, lost several big fellows, but she pulled in one after the other with childish delight, expressed only by a heightened color and a trembling of pleasure on her lips.

At length Leduc came down to the shore and hailed them. "Time to come back if you want to eat them fish to-day," he called. "Especially if all their heads has to be cut off first."

"What does he mean?" she asked, as Saxe obediently pulled up the big stone that served as anchor.

"He is laughing at me, the cheeky old beggar. I cleaned one for my supper last night" —

"The one that burnt?"

"The one that burnt. And I cut off its head, — a great mistake, it seems. How many are there?"

She bent over, poking the gasping things with one finger. "Two — three — five — seven!"

The scent of the pines was strong in the noon sun as they landed; the darkness of the thick boughs pleasant and cool. Leduc put the fish in a net, and went up to the cabin by a short cut.

Saxe took off his hat. "It is very warm; are you tired?"

"Not a bit. I live a good deal in the country, and often am hours tramping about in much rougher places than this."

"Ah! Then you will rather enjoy a few days spent in this way."

"Yes. But Annette and Lucien will be off to-morrow, and I shall bore myself to death on the veranda of the Windsor House."

"That must be rather bad. Are your fellow victims quite impossible, or can you amuse yourself with any of them?"

"There are only two. One an old lady from Dover, who is perfectly deaf, the other a young man of the shop-keeping class, — very ill, poor boy. He told me, with pride, that one of his lungs is entirely gone."

"Then let us hope that the grave of Le Mioche is not too far. Leduc is such a slow-moving creature that but for fear of being de trop, I should go with them to urge him on, that your martyrdom may not be too long."

She looked at him, a smile twitching the corners of her mouth. "What *have* I done?"

"What have you done?" He stared back relentlessly.

"I am not a bit afraid of you, you know! Come, don't be cross any more."

With a sudden access of perfectly frank coquetry, she held out her hand to him. "Are you nice again? Remember you have sworn allegiance to" —

He smiled as he took her hand, but his eyes were grave.

"To Our Lady of the Beeches."

III.

Leduc, pressed by his wife for information as to the whereabouts of the little grave, was vague. "It was off to the northwest," he said. "The trees he had planted around it were big now."

Then, urged to greater explicitness, he subsided into a ruminating silence, which Annette apparently knew of old, for she made no effort to break it, but sat with folded hands watching the afternoon sun on the trees. She was a handsome old woman, with a fine aquiline profile and a velvety brown mole on one cheek. Saxe liked her face, and decided, looking at it with the thoughtful eye of the student, that after all she had done well in leaving her husband, so much her inferior, and developing her character in her own way.

The two women had stayed on at the camp all day with a matter-of-factness that he knew must have originated in the younger of them. She chose to stay, and chose to stay in her own way, without discussion, without fuss. It was she who had, without any mention of the missing socks, persuaded Annette that her husband's habits, fixed for over twenty years, need not be disturbed, and the old woman had followed her back to the fire without protest.

They sat for two hours, Saxe and the women, talking little; drowsy with the aroma of the woods, and full each of his or her own thoughts. Saxe would not have offered to move till night. All initiation he had determined, perhaps with a touch of malice, should come from her. His malice, however, failed, for toward sundown she turned to him, and in the sweetest voice in the world, asked whether there was no place near from which they might see the sunset.

"Yes, if you are good for a rather rough tramp of a quarter of an hour."

"I am. Will you take me?"

He rose. "With pleasure."

She gave a few directions to the old woman, and then, joining him, they went in silence through the trees. After a few minutes the ground, slippery with dead leaves and rough with hidden stones, rose abruptly. She looked down suddenly, and up, and then, still without speaking, into Saxe's face, which remained perfectly stolid. The trees were beeches.

"Beeches are my favorite trees," she said calmly, pausing and breaking off a tuft of the fresh green leaves.

"Are they? We are just on the edge of a rather large tract of them. Be careful, the ruts are very deep. There used to be a logging-camp about a mile ahead of us, and this is the old road to it."

"I shall not stumble."

The silence, half resentful, senseless as he felt such resentment to be, on his side, was apparently that of great interest on hers. She moved deliberately, with the grace of considerable, well distributed strength, pausing now and then to look at some particular tree, once to pick a long fern which she carried like a wand. When they had reached the height and come out on the narrow ledge, below which a clearing, stretching to the horizon, gave them a full view of the sinking sun, she uttered a little cry of pleasure, and then, sitting down on a stump, was again still.

Just below the ledge ran a thread of a brook in a wide rocky bed; beyond it a broad strip of silver beeches swayed in the light, dying wind, and then came the plain, the stumps of the trees already half covered with a growth of rough grass, young trees, and bracken. Saxe was fond of the place, and, though sunsets made him vaguely unhappy, had often walked up there at that hour.

He leaned against a tree and watched the scene. It was very beautiful, now that the sky was a glare of crimson and

gold, but he had seen it before, and for the first time he could study in safety the face of the woman. Her profile, outlined against a wall of rough rock, was clear-cut and strong; her head, bare in the light, a glow of warm gold divided by a narrow parting from the forehead to the knot at the crown. It was a well-shaped head, and well placed on the broad, sloping shoulders. Her mouth, red and curved, was a little set, the deep-dented corners giving it a look of weary determination. In spite of the radiance of her hair, she looked her full age.

Suddenly she turned and caught his eyes fixed on her.

"A penny" — she said carelessly.

He swooped down on his glasses and took them off. "I was wondering — you must n't be offended — whether or no your hair was dyed."

"And what did you decide?"

"I had n't decided at all. You interrupted me."

She laughed the little laugh that made her both younger and older: "I am so sorry. Pray — go on considering." And she turned again to the sky.

Her perfect unconcern made him feel like a snubbed schoolboy, but his face only hardened a little as he sat down in the grass near by, and directed his eyes to the banks of purpling clouds that hung, gold-edged, over the horizon.

At last it was over; the light died away; the moon, nearly full, became visible; night had come.

"I think we'd better go down," Saxe observed, rising, and putting on his hat. "It will be dark under the trees, and supper will be ready. I hope you're hungry?"

"I am ravenous. And — thanks, so much, for bringing me up here. It has been the delightful finish to a delightful day." There was a little tone of finality in her voice that hurt him.

"I hope it is n't the last time," he said politely, as they reached the rough road and began the descent.

"I fear it must be, Dr. Saxe. Leduc — I mean Lucien — will surely take her to-morrow, and I can hardly roam about in the woods after nightfall with you, without even their nominal chaperonage, can I?" She smiled at him, as if amused by the absurdity of her own question.

"I suppose not," he returned. "It is a pity, though, for the sunsets are always good, and you seem really to care for such things."

"Yes. I really care for such things."

They neither of them spoke again until they reached the camp, fragrant with the odors of coffee and frying ham.

To Saxe the day had been one of disappointments, he did not quite know why nor how.

It was not that she had kept him at a distance, for he had expected that, and had several times taken a sort of pleasure in doing as much to her. It was not that he was disappointed in her herself; she was beautiful, well-bred, all that he had known she must be. And yet he was dissatisfied and a little sore. He remembered a phrase in one of her letters: "If your eyes happened to be blue instead of brown, or brown instead of gray, I should be disappointed. More — if you had a certain kind of mouth I should be quite unable to like you." He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly as he combed his hair in his tent. "That must be it. She does not like me. She is 'unable to like me.'"

He went back to the fire resolved not to care. During supper he was very gay, almost brilliant, with the brilliance mental pain sometimes gives; he talked of many things, skillfully ignoring any subject that could spoil the mood to which he was grateful. Leduc, never shy, had his full share of the conversation, and also of the whiskey punch which, as the evening was cool, Saxe insisted on making, and made very well. Old Annette, sad and absent, spoke little.

"The boy is coming with the wagon

at nine," the young woman said at last, bending to the firelight to look at her watch. "It is a quarter before, now."

She rose and put on her hat.

"Thank you again," she said, holding out her hand to Saxe, "for a most enchanting day. I shall never forget it."

"You are very kind. The pleasure was mine." Then turning to Leduc, he went on, "You will want a few days' leave, I understand, beginning with to-morrow? How far is the — place you are going to?"

The old man, taken by surprise, hesitated. "Non, non, not to-morrow, M'sieu. It is not so far."

"Then why not to-morrow? Mademoiselle and your wife cannot have much time to devote to you and your caprices. Allons!"

"It is not so far, — but also it is not so near. I — have a very bad knee. A knee to make pity, could you see it, Mademoiselle. Rheumatism, and — a fall I got this morning. I am a lame man."

"He lies, M'sieu," interrupted Annette, her lips shaking. "I know his face when he lies."

"So do I. I'll arrange it for you, Annette. Ah, there is the wagon."

He helped them to it, and saw them off without asking about their plans for the next day. Then he went back to Leduc, whom he found rummaging busily in a box for a bottle of arnica.

"Very foolish of M'sieu to take sides with *her*. She is a silly old woman. And then, when we go, M'sieu will be *all alone*," he observed, as Saxe approached.

"Shut up, Leduc. And either you go to-morrow, or you get no dog. Compris?" Then he went into his tent and let down the flap.

IV.

The next morning Leduc, bringing an armful of wood to the cabin, slipped,

fell, and twisted his ankle. Saxe, missing him, and led by his groans, bent over him with a skeptical smile that disappeared as he saw the old man's face.

"It is a judgment on you," he could not resist saying, when he had half dragged, half carried, the much more helpless than necessary invalid into the cabin and cut off his boot.

Leduc grinned in the midst of his pain. "Bien — how you will, M'sieu. Leduc badly hurt. Leduc lame man. Maintenant il ne s'agira plus des pélerinages."

Unable to guess the reason for the old man's objections to conducting his wife to the child's grave, and unwilling to gratify him by questions, Saxe dressed the foot in silence, and then set off himself to the village to do certain errands and fetch the mail. Mrs. Lounsberry, the postmistress, with whom he was rather a favorite, questioned him, with the delighted curiosity of a lonely woman, about the mysterious guest at the hotel.

"Henry says he drives 'em every day over to your place, and fetches 'em again after sundown. Any relations?"

"Yes. The young lady is my cousin, the elder one the wife of — a friend of mine. Have I no newspapers?"

"Did'n't I give 'em to you? Oh, here they are. Well, as the lady's your cousin, I presume you know how to pronounce her name. It does beat all, that name. More than *I* can make out. There's a couple of letters for her, if you happen to be going that way."

"I'll take them," he returned, with a sudden resolve, "but there's no use my telling you how to pronounce her name, — I can hardly manage it myself. Good-morning."

He put the letters in his pocket and went down the straggling village street to the "hotel," a large white house, girdled by a slanting veranda.

"If she is in sight I'll go up. If not, I'll send for Annette. I'll have

to tell her about Leduc, anyway," he decided.

When he turned the corner of the building he saw a small group of rocking-chairs in a shady corner of the veranda, and over the back of one of them a mass of gold-brown hair that he knew. The other chairs were occupied by Annette and a fiddle-headed young man drinking a glass of milk. Annette saw him first, and rose, with a resumption of manner that she had not found it necessary to use toward the milk-drinking youth.

"Bonjour, M'sieu."

"Bonjour, Annette. — Good-morning."

The younger woman looked up from her embroidery and held out her hand. "Good-morning. How kind of you to come."

"I have letters for you" — He handed them to her without a word of explanation or assurance, and she took them as unconcernedly. "Thanks."

She wore a pink gown of a kind that convinced him of her intention of staying at home that day, and rocked her chair slowly with deliberate pattings of a foot in a high-heeled shoe adorned with a large square buckle. Saxe sat down in the chair vacated by the youth, and took off his hat.

"I have bad news for you," he began presently, as she finished reading her letters. "Leduc has hurt his foot and — and cannot possibly go — anywhere — for three or four days."

Annette clasped her hands. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! Is it true, M'sieu, or is it only one of his tricks?"

"It is true, Annette."

"Annette, fetch the book that's lying on my table, — and put these letters in my writing-case."

The old woman obeyed, leaving them alone.

"Has Leduc really hurt his foot, Dr. Saxe?"

There was no trace of insolence in her

tone, but he understood, and the question brought the blood to his face.

"Did you not hear me tell Annette that he has?" he answered, his brows knitting.

"Yes, I heard you."

"Then why — tell me why should I take the trouble to lie about such a trifle?"

She bit her lip. "I thought you might possibly let him keep up the pretense of being unable to go" —

"That I might have the pleasure of detaining you here for a few days longer? Believe me, dear lady, I have no fancy for unwilling companionship, even yours."

He had gone farther than he had intended, and stopped, a trifle ashamed of his vehemence. Another second, and he would probably have lost his point by apologizing, when she said, with such unexpected gentleness that he almost gasped: "But you are so wrong! My companionship, such as it is, is anything but unwilling, Dr. Saxe. I enjoyed yesterday so much, and had hoped" —

"You had hoped" — he repeated.

"That you would let us come over to the camp this afternoon again, — in case Leduc was obstinate and refused to go."

Saxe walked to the edge of the veranda and stood looking down at a bed of sprawling nasturtiums at his feet. When he turned, his eyeglasses were in his hand.

"I don't understand you," he said bluntly, "and I might as well own that I don't. Tell me what it is you want, and Heaven knows I'll give it to you if I can."

"Very well. I will be perfectly frank: I like you, I like the camp, and I wish you'd be nice, and just 'begin over,' as you promised the night before last."

"You ask a good deal."

"I know it. But it's the only way. Don't you see, we are strangers, yet we know each other embarrassingly well;

I have told you things that no one else knows, — shown you a side no one else ever saw” — She said it bravely, her face full to the noon sun.

“And now you regret it?” he asked gently.

She paused. “No, I do not regret it, only *you* are not my Pessimist, and I am not your — your Lady of the Beeches.”

“But that is just what you are. My Lady of the Beeches. You are that, and neither you nor I can help it! You told me in those letters not a word that you should not have told, there was not a word of harm in them, and I can’t see why you won’t have me, Richard Saxe, for the friend you yourself declared the Pessimist to be to you. If you would let me, I would be to you the best friend a woman ever had.”

She shook her head. “No, no.”

“You mean that you don’t believe in such friendships? Good! no more do I. But — I love you. You know that. You knew it long ago, yet you let me keep on being your friend. Is not that so?”

She acknowledged his statement with a slow nod, and he went on.

“That can’t hurt you. You know who I am; you know all about me. Surely you can trust me never to make love to you?”

“Yes.”

“And — even if I were a fool and a cad, and a man would have to be both to dare to make love to you — you must know that you are perfectly capable of — keeping me in order.”

She smiled meditatively. “Yes, I think I could.”

“Well, then, don’t you see, — what is the use of trying to pretend that the last year has not existed, — that we do not know each other? What I propose is unconventional, but you surely are not afraid of that — at least up here in the wilderness. Give me your hand and let us be friends until you go away, or until

you choose to send me away. ‘Et puis, bonsoir!’ I do not know your name; you know I will never learn it against your will. Trust me.”

“My name is Winifred Zerdahélyi,” she answered, giving him her hand, “and I do trust you.”

“Thanks.”

He dropped her hand as some one came up the board walk toward them. It was Henry Cobb, the boy who drove the two women to and from the camp. He had come for orders.

“We are going in half an hour, Henry,” Winifred said, “if you can be ready.”

Then she turned in a matter-of-fact way to Saxe. “I must go and put on another gown. Will you wait and drive over with us?”

V.

He noticed when she and old Annette came down a few minutes later that she carried a little green bag with satin strings. It was very warm, and the first part of the drive being through bare fields, she wore a big hat with a wreath of hop-flowers on it, a charming hat that he liked. He sat in front with Cobb, but arranged himself sideways that he might both see and hear her. She was in a merry mood, rattling on carelessly about the scenery, the hotel, and a thousand different things, rather to help him, he realized. For he himself found talking an effort; even thinking bothered him, and his mind hovered aimlessly between the hop-flowers on her hat and the green bag.

For a man of his age and character, the declaration he had made was a very momentous one, and curiously enough it seemed the more momentous in that it must of itself prove absolutely without results of any kind. He knew that she did not care for him, and was glad of it; but the fact of his having blurted

out in that bold way that he loved her had momentarily dazed him. The memory of his one other declaration of the kind came back to him as they jogged over the rough road: the moonlight, the long gravel walk leading up between fragrant rosebushes to the white house, the garden gate on which she had leaned while he talked. Of course he had not been a saint, and like other men he had had his experiences with women, but he had loved twice in his life, and he knew it.

He also felt, his eyes resting on her hands as they held the green bag, that he was not so old as he had fancied himself to be.

"We had a college professor up here once," Cobb was saying, "but we never had no countesses before."

"Countesses are very common in Europe, though," she answered, laughing, "thousands of us."

They had reached the edge of the wood, and leaving the road, drove across a broad tract of hummocky land, the hummocks treacherously hidden by a thick low growth of blueberries and scrub oaks.

"There's a bad bit of broken road down yonder that we avoid, comin' 'round this way," explained Cobb, urging his horse to a rather reckless gait.

Saxe wondered vaguely whether they would upset.

They reached the camp to find Leduc busy with the fire.

"M'sieu can live on letters, perhaps, but Leduc not. Mon Dieu, les dames!"

He swept off his hat with an ironical smile at his wife. "Desolated to be unable to rise, but my foot is very bad — very bad, as M'sieu will tell you."

Saxe laughed with sudden gaiety. "Not very bad, old sinner. Just bad enough, that is all."

There was nothing to eat, and they were hungry. Annette, touched by the look of pain in her husband's face, helped him to a tree, arranged him comfortably,

and with a peremptory gesture forbade his moving. Then she set to work to prepare the dinner. Luckily, Saxe had brought meat and a fresh loaf of bread from the village, so by two o'clock they were eating a very appetizing little meal.

"M'sieu objected very much last year to being so near the village," Leduc, most graceful of invalids, explained in French, as he drank his third cup of coffee; "but Leduc has lived in the woods long enough to know the advantages of civilization and butcher's meat. Leduc's teeth, too, are old for dog-biscuits, such as the young swells from New York eat when out hunting."

"Why do you speak of yourself in the third person? And why do you call yourself Leduc?"

The Countess fixed her direct gaze on him as she asked her questions.

He laughed. "I lived for years with French half-breeds up in the north, — they always use the third person. As to Leduc — they called me 'le duc' because I had a manner. You will admit, Mademoiselle, that the name is prettier than Bonnet, va!"

Saxe tried to reason away his own senseless happiness that expressed itself in what he felt to be a boundless grin. "It will be over in a few days; she will be gone; she will never think of me again," he told himself. But it was in vain. She was there; she knew that he loved her, and she still was there; he could hear her voice, see the sun on her hair; she met his eyes fearlessly, if also indifferently, and life was one great heart-throb of joy.

After dinner he helped Annette carry the dishes into the cabin, and coming back found Leduc stretched out on his face, sound asleep, the Countess, the bag open beside her, working placidly on the big square of embroidery he had seen that morning at the hotel. Saxe's head swam. She looked so comfortable, so much at home. She pointed smilingly at the old man as Saxe sat down. "No

one ever so enjoyed the advantages of a sprained foot before. Just look at him!"

"Ill-mannered old wretch! What are you making?"

He stretched out his hand, and taking the linen by one corner spread it over his knees.

"It is a tea-cloth, of course. Do you like it?"

The design was a conventional one, done in different shades of yellow. Saxe could not honestly say he admired it, and she laughed at his hesitation.

"Would n't — well — flowers be prettier?" he ventured.

"What kind of flowers?"

"M — m — m. I always liked wild roses — pink ones."

She paused while she re-threaded her needle, and then answered gayly, "Would you like a tea-cloth with pink wild roses all over it?"

"Would I like one!"

"I will make you one. Only I am sure that you never drink tea, now do you?"

"No, hang it, I don't! I never drink anything but an occasional whiskey and soda." He passed his brown, slim hand gently over the silks and drew back.

"We'll call it a 'whiskey and soda cloth,' then," she returned.

"Tell me," he began, after a long pause, during which she worked busily, "did you ever get even with that — that beast in London?"

She flushed. "Yes. That is — I told my husband, and he convinced him of his — mistake."

"How, with a bullet?"

"Oh, dear, no! It was n't worth that, was it? I don't quite know what Bela said to him, but it answered the purpose."

"'Bela.' It is a pretty name. Tell me about him."

"What shall I tell you? He is thirty-four, tall, handsome, — what men call a good sort."

Saxe lay down and tilted his hat over his eyes.

"You don't mind my asking about him? It interests me."

"No, I don't mind."

"He must be very proud of you."

She laughed quietly. "Proud? I don't know. He is very fond of me."

"That of course. I meant proud."

But she shook her head. "No, poor fellow, I think he is somewhat ashamed of me, at times. You see, Hungarian women are very brilliant, — very amusing, — and I am rather dull."

"Dull!" Saxe sat up, and took off his eyeglasses. "You!"

"Yes, I. You remember I wrote you of my unfortunate passion for trees, and that kind of thing. Things that other women like bore me to death, and when I am bored I am" —

"Horrid!"

They both laughed. "Then," she went on, laying down her work and leaning against the tree, "I don't know anything about horses, and every one else there is mad about them. Bela runs all over Europe, and I won't go with him. It is not nice of me, but it does bore me so!"

"Tell me more," said Saxe greedily.

"But it is n't interesting! And I don't know what you want to know."

"I want to know all you will tell me," he answered, his voice falling suddenly.

She took up her work and went on without looking at him. "Last year we went to Russia for some bear-hunting. I stayed in St. Petersburg with his uncle, who is Austrian Minister" —

"That was when you supped with an Emperor!"

"Yes. I did n't mean that I sat at his right hand, you know!"

"I know. Tell me, — where is the beech forest?"

"It is in Hungary, about two hours from Budapest. Bela hates the place; it is lonely, so I usually go there alone."

"That is one reason why" — he began, and stopped short.

She looked up inquiringly; then her

eyes changed, and she went on. "One reason why I love it so. Yes. You are right. I do love to be alone sometimes."

"If you are awake, Leduc, why don't you say so?" cried Saxe suddenly, with a fierce frown.

Leduc rolled over, blinking helplessly. "Oui, oui, M'sieu, — what time is it? Leduc — Sacristi, mon pied!"

In spite of his anger, Saxe could not refuse to re-dress the swollen ankle, and to his surprise the Countess put away her work, and helped him with something more than mere handiness. He realized, however, with a grim amusement at his own folly, that the bandage would have been better had he done it alone.

VI.

"You will laugh at me, — think me an old fool, — but I am going to tell you anyway," Saxe began, as they left the camp and made their way up the hill toward Sunset Ledge.

She looked at him in silent inquiry, in a way he liked, for her eyes met his with perfect confidence, and he could see the light in their clear depths.

"This tree here," he went on, pausing and laying his hand on a patch of moss on the trunk, "is the Dream Tree."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Yonder, in the little clearing, you can see the Butterfly Tree. The Wisdom Tree, alas, I have not yet found, — and, candidly, I cannot say I am in a fair way of finding it."

She laughed. "I fear you are not. But — do you really love them? You used to laugh at me and call me a dreamer. How you did snub me at first!"

"I was a brute. I *do* really love them, though, and they, through you, have taught me much. Last year, as I wrote you, I was restless and unhappy here; the solitude got on my nerves; I

could n't sleep. This year the beauty of it all came home to me; the quiet quieted me; I lived on from day to day in a sort of dream, — and then you came."

"We interrupted! A charming interruption, of course, but still we *are* one. How small the world is, that we should have come *here*!"

"How good the gods are!"

She stood still, leaning against a tree to rest. "Are they? Are you sure? I mean, we have met, and it has been a pleasure to us both, but we have also lost much." Her face was serious, she spoke slowly.

"What have we lost?"

"I can't just explain, but I feel it. I shall miss the Pessimist!"

"But why not keep him?"

She looked at him absently. "Oh, no. That is over and gone. We never could find each other again, — as we were. Surely you understand that as well as I."

"You mean because of what I told you this morning? But you knew it before I told you."

"Yes, I knew it; it is different now."

Saxe protested. "I don't see why! I'm no boy to lose his head and make scenes. You can trust me, and you know it, or you would n't be here."

She shrugged her shoulders gently, and went on up the difficult way.

"But, when you go away, — you will surely let me write to you, and you will answer?" he insisted, as he followed.

"No."

"But why?"

"Because it is to be bonsoir."

"That is not a sufficient reason." His voice was dogged, and she turned.

"But it is! I am the most obstinate woman in the world. I always do as I like."

"And what you 'like' is to throw me over when" —

She turned again, her eyes cold this time. "There is no question of 'throwing over,' Dr. Saxe. I have given way

to you in the matter of staying on here and taking up our — acquaintance where it ended in the letters, but I have not bound myself in any way to write you, or see you again. We will say no more about it, please."

Saxe was silent for a few minutes, then he said briskly, as she stopped again to draw breath: "You are right, Countess, and I beg your pardon. I have grown so used to the pleasure your letters have given me that I shall miss them tremendously at first, but of course I shall get used to it, and I am very grateful to you for giving me these few days."

"I shall miss the letters, too," she returned, with one of the sudden softening that perplexed him. "I'm not saying I shall be *glad* to — to lose you altogether."

"Thanks, you are kind."

They reached the ledge of rock, and sat down. It was early, and they discussed for some time the possibility of Leduc's being able to start off on the pilgrimage in three days, before the spectacle that they had come to see began.

"If the old ruffian would tell me how far the place is, I could judge better, but I can't get a word out of him," Saxe avowed. "He says 'it is n't so far, but then it is n't so near!'"

"It is not charitable of me, but I am inclined to believe that he has himself forgotten where it is!"

"No — no. You wrong him there. He does know." Saxe hesitated for a minute and then told her the story of the thirty-one white stones.

Her eyes filled with tears. "Poor old man! thirty-one years is a long time."

"Yes. Thirty-one years ago I was eleven years old, and you — did not exist! When you were born, I was already a big boy of thirteen." When is your birthday?"

"The 6th of December."

She sat with one arm around the silvery trunk of a young birch, her cheek pressed to it. Saxe realized that he

would be sure to invent a fantastic name for that tree.

She asked him some questions about his new book, and he launched into an attempted explanation of it, she listening with earnest eyes and what he called, quoting himself with a smile, her "intelligent ignorance." The first shafts of the sunset found him deep in metaphysics, and he broke off short when her upraised hand led his eyes to the sky.

As they went back to the camp, a squirrel darted down a tree and across their way, not two feet in front of them. The Countess gave a little cry of delight, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Look!"

But Saxe looked at her flushed face, and felt suddenly very old and tired. She was so young! He determined never to talk to her of "metaphysics and such stuff" again. He would show her things that made her look like that. He wondered whether there were no late-nesting birds, as there are late-bearing fruit trees. He knew she would love a bird's nest with eggs in it. And then, as the sight of the smoke rising among the trees told them that they were within a stone's throw of the camp, she said suddenly, —

"But all that is materialistic, and you are an idealist!"

Saxe stood still. "I an idealist!"

"Yes. And you have strong principles, which you have no business to have, if you believe all that."

"Then a materialist has no principles?"

"According to Hobbes, no," she answered demurely.

He burst out laughing. "Oh, if you have read Hobbes, I give up. But after all you are wrong; Hobbes says 'a materialist can have no morals.' He does n't mention principles. And then, how many men's principles agree with their actions, Fair Lady? Not many. I mean men who have passed their lives trying to think? Do you know anything of Spinoza's life?"

"No; only that he was a good man."

"He was a good man. We must go to supper, but first let me tell you that his opinions, his avowed principles, were such that he was excommunicated for blasphemy."

She nodded, going slowly down the path, her head bent. "I know, I remember."

"So, while God knows I am no idealist, admit that I may have principles and be a decent sort of fellow, and yet fully believe in my book!"

She smiled at him in the charming way some women have of smiling at a man they like, — as though she knew him much better than he knew himself, — and they went on without speaking.

Bettina von Hutten.

(To be continued.)

THE END OF THE QUEST.

UNARM him here. Now wish him rest.
His was the fate of those who fail;
Who never end the knightly quest,
Nor ever find the Holy Grail.

He was the fieriest lance in all
That virgin honor called to dare;
The courtliest of the knights in hall,
The boldest at the barrière.

Joyful he took the sacred task
That led him far by flood and field;
His lady's favor at his casque,
God's cross upon his argent shield.

See where the Paynim point has cleft
The crimson cross that could not save!
See where the scimitar has reft
The favor that his lady gave!

For this poor fate he rode so far
With faith untouched by toil or time;
A perfect knight in press of war,
Stainless before the Mystic Shrine.

One finds the Rose and one the rod;
The weak achieve, the mighty fail.
None knows the dark design but God,
Who made the Knight and made the Grail.

The single eye, the steadfast heart,
The strong endurance of the day,
The patience under wound and smart —
Shall all these utterly decay?

The long adventure resteth here;
 His was the lot of those who fail,
 Who ride unfouled by sin or fear,
 Yet never find the Holy Grail.

Frank Lillie Pollock.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIETY.

WE plead for effort to promote, between the classes spiritually severed, a common life of mind, heart, and desire. But this does not mean that we desire men to abandon their natural vocations and devote themselves to philanthropy at large. Experiments with benevolence as an occupation are rarely a success, and general sociability, even with the poor, can never constitute a worthy existence. So abnormal is our situation, indeed, that different means of helping or handling our less fortunate brethren are, almost against their will, running into a formal mould, and becoming professions in which the amateur is helpless. But these developed social agencies, — organized charities, working girls' clubs, college settlements, and the like, — necessary though they be, can never furnish in full measure the unifying force we need. They can but point the way; more, their very professionalism prevents. The history of each of these movements is the same: they begin with a human passion, they end with a crystallized system. As the process goes on, they slough off to a greater or less degree the theories that initiated them, and become increasingly efficient, but also increasingly limited in scope. Their representatives, imbued with horror at the idea of applying mere untrained sentiment to the complex problems of our society, often speak as if the perfecting of these agencies were the chief thing needful. This is not so. Perfected they must indeed be; but as they become more and more useful factors in the existing machinery, more and

more competent means to retrieve certain phases of social disaster, the spirit that yearns toward full social regeneration, the spirit of the amateur, the lover, leaves them and passes on.

But if neither benevolence at large nor benevolence focused can furnish the lead to the closer fellowship we desire, where may we look for it? The world clamors for brotherhood and finds it not; a whole literature grows on our hands, taxing for its absence church, state, the business system, what you will. Constructive efforts, often radical enough, are not wanting. To glance at one type only, during the last decade of the nineteenth century, several groups of Americans withdrew from a world dedicated to enmity, and in a spirit of impassioned consecration shaped their community life into socialistic forms. The gradual failure of one after another of these heroic little communities saddens and almost perplexes; yet brooding over it, surely one comes to feel that the ideal of unity can never be enshrined in an experiment which begins by cutting itself off from the common life, imperfect and even evil as this life may be. Unconsciously to themselves, these communities, like the old monastic orders, were separatist at heart. Seeking to escape the burden of the common guilt, to them it was not given to redeem.

It is surely well for us to realize that Nature is not in the habit of making fresh starts. She brings no new matter into existence; rather, by that action of law which forever makes for fuller life, she consecrates the old to new and

higher uses. In our ceaseless impatience to get a clean sweep and begin over again, we need to remember that Resurrection is a process in which we have more share than in Creation, — even though we also remember that the life of the resurrection is not attained save through anguish. Schemes abound, large and little, for establishing new enterprises to express new ideas. Were it not more to the point to consider how the agencies that we already possess may be sacrificed that they may arise? Democracy is no external form, but a transforming force. The eighteenth century gave birth to it; the nineteenth saw its long struggle to achieve recognition in the spheres of theory and fact. It remains for the twentieth century, in the gray dawn of which we move, to discover by experiment and reflection in detail the spiritual transformation that it is to achieve. For re-creation, not destruction, is its watchword. Slowly the democratic idea pervades life at every point, and transfigures the abiding, normal activities of men into a new likeness. In these activities, inspired by democratic passion and shaped to a democratic type, is it not possible that we may find, in large measure, the unifying agents that we seek?

Faint and scattered glimpses of this transforming process are all that can be vouchsafed to-day to any thinker; but to chronicle such glimpses may be to help the process on. Glance, for instance, at the opportunities to help the cause of social unification possessed, did they but realize it, by the professional classes. Allied to the manual workers by their status as wage-earners, to the children of privilege by their mental conditions, these classes form a natural link between the two; moreover, although we have as yet no "intellectual proletariat" such as is found in Europe, the state of things economically in professional life is becoming more and more like that which obtains in the trades. The fact, whether we rejoice in it or

lament it, throws open a door: labor becomes predisposed to sympathy with the professions, and professional men might, on the other hand, bring a singularly close comprehension to the problems of labor. Fairminded professional men, claiming, as they have logical right to do, a place within the ranks of organized labor, would have rare power as interpreters, if not as peacemakers, in times of stress. Such a suggestion, to be sure, makes demands on the imagination, and draws a smile to the lips; yet at least one Federal Labor Union exists, open, by constitution approved by the American Federation of Labor, to "members of otherwise unorganized trades," — a title under which certain college professors, authors, and clergymen are pleased to rank themselves.

But before such an impulse can be widespread, it is obvious that the professions, one by one, must be socialized. If we cannot with impunity transmute our attitude into a profession, we can at least transform our profession by our attitude. Through almost any profession, even through the most unlikely, the great work of social unification may be advanced. To the individualistic mood of the central nineteenth century, who seemed farther from "the commons" than did the artist? "*La haine du bourgeois*," so entertainingly voiced by Théophile Gautier, had not yet been supplemented by devotion to the proletariat, and the lover of art gathered his cloak about him to avoid the touch of vulgarity, cast off the dust of democracy from his feet, and mused upon the Beautiful. "All art," wrote a disciple of Gautier, "is entirely useless." To-day art is returning to the people, and seeks to revive her old alliance with the crafts; for she realizes that until the instinct for beauty in use reawakens through a quickening of the creative power in the workman, the higher beauty that is beyond use can never flourish among us. Artists turn socialists, like Crane, Morris, Brush; like Watts, they dedicate

their noblest powers to the service of the many instead of to the select appreciation of the few. The time draws near — it is almost here already — when art will be more affected than any other profession by the democratic ideal.

The transformation advances; yet there are still professions in which it is hardly guessed. How splendid, and how seldom realized, the chance of the journalist to serve as social interpreter! Without accusing the press of a partisan spirit, still less of venal devotion to the interests of capital and privilege, any one who knows must admit that, except when some histrionic effect is to be obtained, it is strangely blank to the inner realities of working-class life. But the social profession par excellence — that which offers greatest opportunity for truly social action — is that storm-centre of the modern world, the profession of the employer of labor. This profession above all others needs to be socialized, but in the nature of the case it will probably be the last to yield to the ethical transformation that is going on in the professional world at large. More than forty years ago, Ruskin pointed out that to the Christian merchant, no less than to clergyman or doctor, the first object should be, not personal success, but the service of the community, and that the merchant has his "occasion of death" in the duty to suffer financial ruin rather than to put dishonest goods on the market or to pay his workmen less than a "living wage." We touch on burning ground. From all quarters arise protests and objections: the time-worn argument, which might as well be adduced against laying down the life in battle, that a man has no right to make his family suffer; the more specious objection that in the intricate network of commercial relations the ruin of one falling firm causes misery more widespread than the underpayment of a few hundred employees. However these things may be, it is evident that nowhere in the great struggle

to realize social justice is there a post so charged with opportunity, perplexity, and spiritual danger, as that of the employer impassioned for human brotherhood. Industry has already, and in high places, its martyrs as well as its victims; it counts in every state of the Union more than one employer who has the martyr spirit, and only waits for the blow to fall. In view of the moral tension that pervades the industrial world, and of the vast and involved questions to be decided there, one feels that a business life may well attract young men of heroic temper and keen desire for moral adventure: one is also inclined to feel that only entire readiness for sacrifice can justify a young man in whom the social conscience is fully awake in venturing upon it.

But, indeed, readiness for social sacrifice in the name of democracy is the need of the hour. The profession of employer is that which to-day most directly calls for its martyrs; yet it is obvious that the social transformation, like all great changes, can in no case be fully accomplished without heavy cost. Times will arise when the social conscience will keep one poor where one might be rich, or, what is more grievous far, prevent one from reaching the highest point of professional activity. Is the sacrifice worth while? The answer comes without hesitation from men and women who make it quietly every day. Looking at the situation of our people to-day with the eyes of a patriot, one must surely say that a strong determining influence in the choice of a profession should be found in the opportunities for social activity of the higher type which it offers. Naturally, no such statement can be made without reserve. There are clear vocations not to be withstood; though the inward call summon the young man to a region far from human fellowship, he can but rise and follow. But such calls are rare. The average person is helped to decision by no irresistible summons of temperament;

he is simply aware of a certain modicum of inward force, which within limits he may direct as he will. In this our time of class alienation and civic stress, the professions that make for social unity and peace should as naturally draw the flower of our patriotic youth, as the profession that defends the nation from enemies without draws them in time of war.

But the transforming power of the democratic ideal must affect society at large as well as special functions in society. Before democracy can do its perfect work, men must be in democratic relations to one another, not only politically, not only professionally, but socially, — a short sentence that looks forward to a long evolution. Despite our faint theories to the contrary, class rules in America all but as rigidly as in the Old World. True, it is almost a rarity among us to find people on the same social level as their fathers; but a society is not democratic because it accepts the aristocrat of intellect or money, whatever his antecedents: it is only democratic when the natural instinct of selection in fellowship, according to the mysterious harmonies of temperament, can have free play, irrespective of class distinction. It is to be feared that the feeling of some people is not unlike that of a French general who remarked to the writer, "I am a democrat, in a sense a socialist. I am always severe, to be sure, with my servants, — why not? I am the master. But I am always cordial, unless angry." The public applauds a President of the United States who in his hospitality ignores the color line; to ignore the class line were a different matter. Perhaps our attitude is right, or at all events inevitable; only in this case let us "clear our minds of cant," and put some clear and vigorous thinking on the rational limits of democracy. A theory which does not translate itself into act is a sentimental delusion. Seldom, indeed, at least in the great cities, does one

find sons or daughters of privilege who have formed with working men or women the sort of relation that might naturally lead to an invitation to dinner. A trivial fact, certainly; yet it is mournfully true that if this one relation — the sign and seal of social equality — be tabooed, no other will in the long run avail to create fellowship beyond suspicion. For between fellowship and benevolence the working people draw the line unerringly. So long as there are large sections of the private life of the privileged classes which no outsider is invited to enter, the workers will never believe that our desire for social unity is real. Most of them, indeed, take the present state of things for granted; but let us beware of assuming that they hold it satisfactory or righteous. The shrinking suspicion displayed by the more self-respecting in the presence of our best-intentioned philanthropies is the measure of the sensitive pride with which they realize and resent their social ostracism. This may be a false attitude on their part; in order to dissipate it, however, we must remove American air from their nostrils, and import an entire atmosphere from the Old World.

To seek personal relations, free from any philanthropic flavor, with those who are doing the practical work of the world is the most direct means possessed by most people of helping to create the new society. This we are learning to recognize; although, as many an enthusiastic young person has found to his sorrow, fellowship cannot be attained by sudden means. One cannot pounce upon a fellow mortal, demand his friendship, and seek to penetrate the citadel of his soul, simply because he is a laboring man. A community of interests must exist before relations of a personal kind can arise in a natural and simple way; and the difficulty of discovering any such community is as striking comment as could be found on the alienation of classes. Nevertheless,

tact, wisdom, above all, patience without limits and entire indifference to conventions, can establish or create it. Herein lies the chief value of settlements, and also of certain other agencies, less democratic, more philanthropic in cast,— they furnish a method of approach between members of the separated classes.

Yet just here one must signal a danger that besets even the settlement movement, — nearest approach that we have evolved to a true expression of democracy, but imperiled by its very success. Our end of social unity will never be reached by establishing special centres wherein the arts of brotherhood shall be practiced. It is easy for any one to pass a few months, or even years, comfortably enough, as a rule, in a house dedicated to a pleasant theory, — to dance and talk and entertain, and find hence satisfaction in the play. But the test comes afterward. Settlements are means, not ends; they fail unless they foster in the children of their spirit an attitude which will cause each and all to exercise ceaseless, loving, democratic activity in the normal and permanent life. The true centre of social unification, the strategic point where the battle of the spiritual democracy will be lost or won, is the ordinary home. If this be Utopian, then will democracy remain forever located in Utopia.

It is obvious that the average American home is otiose, so far as distinctive service to the democratic cause is concerned. And it is probably often impracticable to make any new demands on homes of the older generation. The contretemps and discomforts attendant in such cases on any attempt to extend social relations on unconventional lines defeat the aim, and witness to the distance which we have traveled *de facto* from our American assumptions. But new homes are forming every day: many of them are founded by young men and women trained in colleges where the theory of social equality is edging its way, and in settlements where

the practice of social equality is attempted. Is it too much to hope that every such home might become a centre of brotherly love practiced deliberately beyond the bounds of class distinction? In no arbitrary nor sudden manner can be overcome the prejudices and the indolence of generations: nor can we wonder if incredulity, reluctance, and perhaps rudeness, meet our efforts to know our poorer brethren without reserve. But the invincible power of a high conception can put to flight the evil phantoms of timidity, distrust, distaste, and create fellowship unhampered. In the familiar interchange of thought and feeling that results, the common life we seek is born at last.

“Cabined, cribbed, confined,” as we are within the limits of class-consciousness, the life of untrammelled fellowship is yet nearer than we often think. The attitude which we desire lies behind us as well as before, and we have a tradition to which we may return, as well as an ideal toward which we may strive. A large degree of democratic feeling and practice still exists in America, — more, to be sure, in the West than in the East, more in country than in city. The simpler New England of our forefathers; for instance, represented a social ideal which may well rebuke us of these later days; here, there was no need consciously to seek what existed as a matter of course. Many of us probably still know, in our summer wanderings, innocent and lovely regions where the relation between servants, hosts, and guests is happily unformulated, and a gentle simplicity of manners produces hospitality without limits of convention; and most people who are fortunate enough to share for a season the life of such pleasant valleys or mountain nooks find in them an image of abiding freedom and peace. The very fluidity and freedom of American life, moreover, the easy escape of the individual from barriers once impassable, may introduce, though it do not in itself

constitute, a democratic society; for the majority of Americans who have arrived within the pale of what for lack of a better term we call the privileged classes can find, if they will, natural ties with the manual workers. Best of all, greatest and strongest help toward the achievement of the new society, is the indubitable fact that the democratic life, when once attained, is the natural home of the human spirit.

Three things hold us apart: the mere physical distance which, especially in cities, separates the homes of rich and poor; the tension of American life, keeping us all as busy as we can possibly be, whether the heavy flails we wield thresh wheat or chaff; and our own sense that the psychical distance is insuperable, supplemented by the curious instinct to limit our relations to people who like the same books, or art, or manners, as ourselves. Obstacles real and great; but overcome the first two, and the last mysteriously vanishes. When the socializing impulses of democracy are vitally at work within us, we become aware, to our own surprise, that the desire to consort with people better endowed than ourselves with wealth or intelligence is an impulse less profoundly natural than the yearning, for our soul's health, to know a wider fellowship with those by whose labor we live. True, so abnormal is our situation that artificial means must often be sought in order to get into normal relations with our fellow-citizens. But once initiate these relations, and difficulties are over; one discovers in one's self, with amazed delight, a sense of social ease and pleasure, of enlargement and peace, such as he has probably never known before. This is a strange experience, but it is known to many of us. Will not fellowship between the educated and the uneducated be a make-believe after all? asks some bland inquirer with a choice enunciation. Let us whisper in reply: he of whom you ask has found true and

nourishing intercourse more possible with some hard-working man or woman who knew no grammar, and could converse on neither art nor letters, than with the cultured questioner. For friendship rests on nothing so simple as the inheritance of the same class tradition. Knowledge of similar books, use of similar speech, a kindred taste in jokes or art, — these things are the basis of agreeable acquaintance. From deeper mysteries of temperament and character flashes that light whereby soul recognizes soul; a light potent to dissipate all mists that rise from alien race, class, or circumstance. It is only the first step that costs, — a rude step, it may be. Those who have taken it — their number is goodly and increasing — awaken as it were suddenly in the fair and joyous country of brotherhood, where all that divides us is forgotten illusion, and we find ourselves united in the primal realities of experience and desire.

Slowly, surely, beneath its surface failures, democracy is transforming civilization, but its most vital transformation is the most inward, for it is wrought in the hearts and minds of men. The need of our society lies deep. A mere sense of social responsibility, in professions or in daily life, such as one constantly meets in England, is an excellent thing, but it is of limited value. We in America must go beyond that. The motive impelling to wider fellowship must be quite different from the subtle impulse toward the disbursal of spiritual alms, or even from the uneasy sense of a debt to be paid, a justice unfulfilled. It must be borne to us from a future as yet unrealized. In any movement toward social unity which shall be acceptable and effective, two influences must rule: the conviction of the mind that only by breaking down the social barriers that isolate the classes can our higher national aims be secured, and the desire of the heart to draw near, for our own sakes, to those meek of the earth,

who, if Christian ethics speak true, are the possessors of the highest wisdom.

Granted this transformation of our inward and outward life in the likeness of the humanity to be, and all we long for will follow. There is no need of radical theory, no need of violent subversions of the existing order, to overcome the bitterness that holds our producing classes in isolation. Great changes, indeed, industrial and social, are essential before social justice can be seen,— are for the matter of that on the way whether we will or no. To help them forward, when they make for righteousness, with what vigor and consecration he may, is the duty of every man. But such changes come slowly. If we would have them also come wisely, come securely, come without endangering the unity and loyalty of our national life, the power is in our hands. Not

one of us needs to be simply a passive spectator of the sad social pageant. To help onward the cause of the civilization we desire, we have only, as individuals, in our professional and in our private activities, to live out, without delay, cordially, thoughtfully, in readiness to dedicate energetic effort to the deed, the conception of our function and our attitude demanded by the democratic state. "Thou wast in my house while I sought for thee afar," exclaims a restless hero of an Italian novel to the wife in whom he finally recognizes a long - desired ideal. Close at hand, in the conditions of our daily living, not far away in some impossible land, are to be found the means that shall create harmony out of discord, and begin at least to bring those most distant from one another into that common national consciousness which democracy demands.

Vida D. Scudder.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

MOVEMENT I: SLEEP.

ON that October day, nothing was visible at first save yellow flowers, and sometimes a bee's quiet shadow crossing the petals: a sombre river, noiselessly sauntering seaward, far away dropped with a murmur, among leaves, into a pool. That sound alone made tremble the glassy dome of silence that extended miles on miles. All things were lightly powdered with gold, by a lustre that seemed to have been sifted through gauze. The hazy sky, striving to be blue, was reflected as purple in the waters. There, too, sunken and motionless, lay amber willow leaves; some floated down. Between the sailing leaves, against the false sky, hung the willow shadows,— shadows of willows overhead, with waving foliage, like the train of a bird of paradise. One standing on a

bridge was seized by a Hylean shock, and wondered as he saw his face, death-pale, among the ghostly leaves below. Everywhere the languid perfumes of corruption. Brown leaves laid their fingers on the cheek as they fell; and here and there the hoary reverse of a willow leaf gleamed in the crannied bases of the trees.

One lonely poplar, in a space of refulgent lawn, was shedding its leaves as if it scattered largess among a crowd. Nothing that it gave it lost; for each leaf lay sparkling upon the turf, casting a splendor upwards. A maiden unwreathing her bridal garlands would cast them off with a grace as pensive as when the poplar shed its leaf.

One could not walk as slowly as the river flowed; yet that seemed the true pace to move in life, and so reach the great gray sea. Hand in hand with the

river wound the path, and that way lay our journey.

In one place slender coils of honeysuckle tried to veil the naked cottage stone, or in another the subtle handiwork of centuries had covered the walls with lichen. And it was in the years when Nature said

“incipient magni procedere menses,”

when a day meant twenty miles of sunlit forest, field, and water,

Oh! moments as big as years,

years of sane pleasure, glorified in later reveries of remembrance. . . . Near a reedy, cooty backwater of that river ended our walk.

The day had been as an august and pompous festival. Burning like an angry flame until noon, and afterward sinking peacefully into the soundless deeps of vesperal tranquillity as the light grew old, on that day life seemed in retrospect like the well-told story of a rounded, melodious existence, such as one could wish one's self. . . . How mild, dimly golden, the comfortable dawn! Then the canvas of a boat creeping like a spider down the glassy river pouted feebly. The slumberous afternoon sent the willow shadows to sleep and the aspens to feverish repose, in a landscape without horizon. Evening chilled the fiery cloud; and a gray and level barrier, like the jetsam of a vast upheaval, but still and silent, lay alone across the west. Thereafter a light wind knitted the willow branches against a silver sky with a crescent moon. Against that sky, also, one could not but scan the listless grasses bowing on the wall top. For a little while, troubled tenderly by autumnal maladies of soul, it was sweet and suitable to follow the path toward our place of rest, — a gray immemorial house with innumerable windows.

The house, in that wizard light “sent from beyond the sky,” — for the moon cast no beams through her prison of oak

forest, — seemed to be one not made with hands. Was it empty? The shutters of the plain, square windows remained unwhitened, flapped ajar. Up to the door ran a yellow path, leveled by moss, where a blackbird left a worm half swallowed, as he watched our coming. Some one had recently let fall a large red rose, that, divided and spilt by birds, petal by petal, lay as beautiful as blood, upon the ground. This path and its fellow carved the lawn into three triangles; and in each an elm rose up, laying forth auburn foliage against the house, in November even.

The leaves that had dropped earlier lay, crisp and curled, in little ripples upon the grass. There is a perfect moment for coming upon autumn leaves, as for gathering fruit. The full, flawless color, the false, hectic well-being of decay, and the elasticity are attained at the same time in certain favored leaves, and dying is but a refinement of life.

In one corner of the garden stood a yew tree and its shadow; and the shadow was more real than the tree, — the shadow carved upon the sparkling verdure in ebony. In the branches the wind made a low note of incantation, especially if a weird moon of blood hung giddily over it in tossing cloud. To noonday the ebony shadow was as lightning to night. Toward this tree the many front windows guided the sight; and beyond, a deep valley was brimmed with haze that just spared the treetops for the play of the sunset's last, random fires. To the left, the stubborn leaves of an oak wood soberly burned like rust, among accumulated shadow. To the right, the woods on a higher slope here and there crept out of the haze, like cloud, and received a glory, so that the hill was by this touch of the heavens exaggerated. And still the sound of dropping waters, “buried deep in trees.”

Quite another scene was discovered by an ivy-hidden oriel, lit by ancient light, immortal light traveling freely

from the sunset, and from the unearthly splendor that succeeds. There the leaves were golden for half a year upon the untempestuous clouds. Rain never fell, or fell innocently, in sheaves of perpendicular diamond. Snow faded usually into glistening gray as it dropped, or flew in prismatic dust before the dispersing feet of wayfarers. Nevertheless, the tranquillity, the fairness, the unseasonable hues, were *triste*: that is to say, joy was here under strange skies; sadness was fading into joy, joy into sadness, especially when one looked upon this gold, and heard the dark sayings of the wind in far-off woods, while these were still. Many a time and oft was the forest to be seen, when the chilliest rain descended, fine and hissing, — seen standing like enchanted towers, amidst it all, untouched and aloof, as in a picture. But when the sun had just disappeared red-hot in the warm, gray, still eventide, and left in the west a fiery tissue of wasting cloud, when the gold of the leaves had a freshness like April greenery, in a walk through the sedate old elms there was “a fallacy of high content.”

Several roses nodded against the gray brick, as if all that olden austerity were expounded by the white blossoms that emerged from it, like water magically struck from the rock of the wilderness. In the twilight silence the rose petals flew down. So tender was the air, they lay perfect on the grass, and caught the moonlight.

In ways such as these the mansion speaks. For the house has a characteristic personality. Strangely out of keeping with the trees, it grows incorporate with them, by night. Behold it, as oft we did, early in the morning, when a fiery day is being born in frost, and neither wing nor foot is abroad, and it is clothed still in something of midnight; then its shadows are homes of awful thoughts; you surmise who dwells therein. Long after the sun was gay, the

house was sombre, unresponsive to the sky, with a Satanic gloom.

The forest and meadow flowers were rooted airily in the old walls. The wildest and daintiest birds had alighted on the trees.

Things inside the house were contrasted with the lugubrious wall as with things without. The hangings indeed were sad, with a design of pomegranates; but the elaborate silver candelabra dealt wonderfully with every thread of light entering contraband. One braided silver candlestick threw white flame into the polished oaken furniture, and thence by rapid transit to the mirror. An opening door would light the apartment as lightning. Under the lights at night, the shadowy concaves of the candelabra caught streaked reflections from the whorls of silver below, and the Holy Grail might have been floating into the room when a white linen cloth was unfolded, dazzling the eyes.

In the upper rooms, the beds (and especially that one which commanded the falcon's eye of an oriel) — the beds, with their rounded balmy pillows, and unfathomable eider down that cost hours of curious architecture to shape into a trap for weary limbs, were famous in half a county. All the opiate influence of the forest was there. Perhaps the pillow was daily filled with blossoms that whisper softliest of sleep. There were perfumes in the room quite inexplicable. Perhaps they had outlived the flowers that bare them ages back, flowers now passed away from the woods. The walls were faded blue; the furniture snowed upon by white lace; the bed canopy a combination of three gold and scarlet flags crossed by a device in scarlet and gold, “Blest is he that sleepeth well, but he that sleeps here is twice blest;” of which the explanation was — at the midday breakfast, every one told the dream he had dreamed (or would have dreamed), and he who, by a majority of suffrages (each lady having

two), dreamed best had the great tankard full of Amontillado, and left his name and a device upon it. The tankard was downstairs, deeply worn, with a few surviving inscriptions, some of which were remarkably applicable both to wine and life: ΠΑΝΤΑ ΠΕΙ; and The Old is Better; and Menteries Joyeuses; and ΣΗΕΝΔΩΜΕΝ ΤΑΙΣ ΜΝΑΜΑΣ ΗΙΑΙΣΙΝ ΜΩΣΑΙΣ, by one who knew how delicately memory contributes to the fashioning of dreams.

The whole room was like an apse with altar, and pure, hieratic ornament. To sleep there was a sacramental thing. Sleep there and die! one reflected. Such dreams one had, and yet one forwandered soul had left his lament upon the oriel glass: —

“ ΕΗΕΥ!
VITA
SPLENDIDIOR VITRO
FRAGILIOR VITRO
ΕΗΕΥ!”

Against that window were flowers whose odor the breeze carried to one's nostrils when it puffed at dawn. If excuses could be found, it was pleasant to be early abed, in summer, for the sake of that melancholy western prospect, when the songs of the lark and nightingale arose together. One fell suddenly asleep, with a faint rush of the scent of juniper in the room, and the light still fingering your eyelashes. Or, if one closed the window, in that chamber —

“That chamber deaf of noise and blind of sight,”

one could hear one's own thoughts. Moreover, there was a graceful usage, that was almost a custom, of making music while the owl hooted vespers; for a bed without music is a sty, the host used to say, — as the philosopher called a table without it a manger.

Alongside the bed, and within reach of the laziest hand, ran two shelves of books. One shelf held an old Montaigne; the Lyrical Ballades; the Morte Darthur; The Compleat Angler;

Lord Edward Herbert's Autobiography; George Herbert's Temple; Browne's Urn Burial; Cowper's Letters. The other shelf was filled by copies, in a fine feminine hand and charmingly misspelt, of the long-dead hostess's favorites, all bound according to her fancy by herself: Keats's Odes; Twelfth Night; L'Allegro and Il Penseroso; the twenty-first chapter of St. John and the twenty-third Psalm; Virgil's Eclogues; Shelley's Adonais; part ii. section ii. member 4, of the Anatomy of Melancholy, called Exercise rectified of body and mind; Lord Clarendon's eulogy of Falkland, in the History of the Great Rebellion; and Walter Pater's Child in the House and Leonardo da Vinci, added by a younger but almost equally beautiful hand.

What healing slumbers had here been slept, what ravelled sleeve of care knit up! Ancient room that hadst learned peacefulness in centuries, — to them whose hunger bread made of wheat doth not assuage, to those that are weary beyond the help of crutches, thou, ancient room in that gray immemorial house, heldst sweet food and refuge.

Rest for the weary, for the hungry cheer. To the bereaved one, sleeping here, thou redeemedst the step that is soundless forever, the eyes that are among the moles, the accents that no subtlest hearing shall ever hear again; bringest the child bemoaned, —

“Thou bringest the child, too, to its mother's breast.”

You, ancient bed, full of the magic mightier than “powerfullest lithomaney,” hadst blessings greater than St. Hilary's bed, on which distracted men were laid, with prayer and ceremonial, and in the morning rose restored. With you, perhaps, was Sleep herself. Sleep that sits, more august than Solomon or Minos, in a court of ultimate appeal, whither move the footsteps of those who have mourned for justice at human courts, and mourned in vain. Sleep, by whose equity divine the cuffed and dungeoned

innocent roams again emparadised in the fields of home, under the belgard of familiar skies. Sleep, whose mercy is not bounded, but

“droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,”

even upon the beasts; for the hound in his dream breathes hot upon the scent of his prey. Sleep soothes the hand of poverty with gold, and pleases with the ache of long stolen coronets the brows of fallen kings. Had Tantalus dropped his eyelids, sleep had ministered to his lips. The firman of sleep goes forth: the peasant is enthroned, and accomplished in the superb appurtenances of empire; the monarch finds himself among the placid fireside blisses of light at eventide; and those in cities pent sleep beguiles with the low summons,

“Ad claras Asiæ volemus urbes.”

Because sleep clothes the feet of sorrow with leaden sandals and fastens eagles' wings upon the heels of joy, I wonder that some ask at nightfall what the morrow shall see concluded: I would rather ask what sleep shall bring forth, and whither I shall travel in my dreams. It seems indeed to me that to sleep is owed a portion of the deliberation given to death. If life is an apprenticeship to death, waking may be an education for sleep. We are not thoughtful enough about sleep; yet it is more than half of that great portion of life spent really in solitude. “*Nous sommes tous dans le désert! Personne ne comprend personne.*” In the hermitage what then shall we do? One truly ought to enter upon sleep as into a strange, fair chapel. Fragrant and melodious antechamber of the unseen, sleep is a novitiate for the beyond. Nevertheless, it is likely that those who compose themselves carefully for sleep are few as those who die holily; and most are ignorant of an art of sleeping (as of dying), that clamors for its episcopal head. The surmises, the ticking of the heart, of an anxious child,

— the awful expectation of Columbus spying the fringes of a world, — such are my emotions, as I go to rest. I know not whether before the morrow I shall not pass by the stars of heaven and behold the “pale chambers of the west,” returning before dawn. To many something like Jacob's dream oft happens. The angels rising are the souls of the dreamers dignified by the insignia of sleep. Without vanity, I think in my boyhood, in my sleep, I was often in heaven. Since then, I have gone dreaming by another path, and heard the sighs and chattering of the underworld; have gone from my pleasant bed to a fearful neighborhood, like the fifth Emperor Henry, who, for penance, when lights were out, the watch fast asleep, walked abroad barefoot, leaving his imperial habiliments, leaving Matilda the Empress. And when the world is too much with me, when the past is a reproach harrying me with dreadful faces, the present a fierce mockery, the future an open grave, it is sweet to sleep. It is a luxury at times, and many times have I closed a well-loved book, ere the candle began to fail, that I might sleep, and let the soul take her pleasure in the deeps of eternity. It may be that the light of morning is ever cold, when it breaks in upon my sleep and disarrays the palaces of my dreams.

“Each matin bell . . .

Knells us back to a world of death.”

The earth then seems but the fragments of my dream that was so high, fallen to earth; yet is it worth while to rouse myself, for if it be June, while that same lark is singing I shall sleep again.

MOVEMENT II: FALLINGS FROM US:
VANISHINGS.

“*Nous ne nous verrons plus, les portes sont fermées.*” — ALLADINE ET CALORNIDES.

One day I was playing with similes, rather contemptuously, perhaps. Comparisons of human life to visible things, comparisons which, by elaboration, became the whole matter of a poem, came

to mind. The trick seemed very easy. Life was like — it was like a score of objects thought of in as many seconds. But finally this became a little serious, as pastimes will; I was in the trap I laughed at. Life, said I, is like a cord weighted at both ends, thrown across a beam. The weight at one end is pleasure; the other pain. Now this, now that, worries the cord: both fall together: and such is death. Just then a straw in my hand was snapped. For a moment I stared vacantly at the gap between the halves. Then a gap was opened in my heart; the reverie was shattered.

That snapping of the straw was a symbol to me of many a parting, of many an eternal cessation, of the interruption of the epic rhythm of the breath by death.

Sharp sorrows, rankling and poisonous regrets, born of the death of the sound of a bell; sorrows at the passing of a year in the still night, even if it have been a hapless year; sorrow at the death, the annihilation, of anything!

Ah! surely nothing dies, but something mourns; for what is death but the sublimest of separations? — separation from the temple of the body, from the touches and smiles of friends, from the sight of the sun. Like a gale that unburthens buttercups of their dew, musically, entered the snapping of the straw among my thoughts, and stirred these sorrows.

For it was then autumn.

At that season there often shines a red moon, hanging close to earth, flushing deeper as night darkens, until it throbs with heat, as though it would burn itself out. It is an enchanter's moon. Indeed, all things now seem to be frail and transitory as the work of an alchemist, — real and imposing at first, true gold, but fading before the eyes, — the golden disk changing to a withered leaf. Yet for a time reigns a deep, sweet tranquillity, filled with odors like embalmers' sanctities in Eastern tombs; the odor

of flowers is no more. . . . The west wind comes and sweeps a new melody out of branches and leaves. The west wind, that was in April their nurse and cherished them, is now become their ghostly father and weaves their shroud. In thousands they are torn from the tree, and the sighs that spring from the depths of the heart at this season are only a fraction of their imperial obsequies, in which red, turbulent sunsets and the west wind's "mighty harmonies" take parts. Number the leaves in Saurnaka, number the curled leaves that pleadingly tap at the doors of London, number the leaves "that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa;" even so many, and more also, are the sighs, the tears, the ah me's of despairing hearts. Leaf is torn from branch; later on, bough from bough. And a moan seems to go up. It is heard in the plaintive silence of unfooted valleys. The wind itself creeps like a scolded child into the remoter corners of houses long ago deserted, there to comfort itself with a threnody that startles him who is light-hearted as he passes by. . . .

For the earth has clothed itself in lustrous green, pranked with flowers of purple and the color of gold. Over this it has raised a dome of divinest blue, swept in daytime by fleeces and moving mountains of white, at dawn and sunset by wings of rose and daffodil, and at night illumined by the moon, by flying splendors of lightning and comet and aurora, and by the glorious company of the stars of heaven. In the midst of these it has tuned the voices of a thousand birds and streams, and winds among the leaves and waters. So it has added beauty to beauty, until one September day, douce and golden, you think all this can never know death or change, and you lie down as if to doze forever, and demand solitude, — solitude to think, —

"To think oneself the only being alive."

No, this can never die, you say; and if, glancing from theme to theme in deli-

cious abandonment, the grim jewelry of winter be once remembered, you think it not merely passed, but dead,

“obiisse hiemem, non abiisse putans,”

as the monkish verses run. But the sun goes down, and that night the leaves itch with an evil breeze: in the morning a sinister band lies athwart the perfect gold of one leaf. . . . Why tell the rest? As you gaze upon the landscape, you have the sense of a great loss, a supreme passing away, a calamity irremediable. Summer will never come again! In sober truth, you yourself may never see it. The thrones and dominations of summer are overthrown, — *ceciditque superbum Ilium*; and the earth is in ashes.

But all partings have a sting, even partings from an acquaintance or a very foe. I know not why. A void, however short, follows close upon; and the heart cannot away with a void. The uncertainties of which parting forces a fresh sense upon you are so great. How many of us are like Lot's wife, and look back! So with partings from one's self: I never do anything habitual for the last time without an inward trouble, even though it have been painful.

There comes a horror as at a doom-ing trumpet when a door is shut between us and one we love; the very sound is

full of tragedy. And who has not felt the pang, when, idling afield at the close of a summer twilight, he has heard a distant gate shut loudly and the last footsteps in all the world die away?

Some of the stormiest sadnesses of childhood are of this kind. . . . We sit reading, — *Crusoe* or *Marmion*, perhaps, — when suddenly a window opposite begins to glimmer with light reflected from the sunset, and casts over our shoulders a long ghostly finger of light. We are touched only by the feebler, outer eddies of London, and these hardly move at such an hour. For one moment, or the interval between two moments, they sleep altogether. The last wagon rolls away. Then what a tumult of the soul as the silence sweeps over us like a great music, and catches us and all things into its bosom! . . . Long after nightfall, it needs the softest of maternal summonses to call us back from the land in which we have been traveling.

By a generous chance, it happens that no line is drawn clearly between the ages of our life; between childhood and infancy, youth and childhood, maturity and youth, old age and maturity. Thus the agony of the untraceable footstep is not felt, or not until time has hedged it round with a charm that is not to be put by.

Edward Thomas.

AN AUTUMN FIELD.

How rich and full in June's all-perfectness
 Was the lush grass which, in this ample field,
 Grew riotously glad! How prodigal the yield
 Of every flower whose absence had made less
 The bounteous whole! Now, where that sweet excess
 Abounded, to itself has bareness sealed
 The thriftless sods: reft, like a glorious shield
 Of all its wrought and painted loveliness.

Yet not quite all; for here and there behold
A flower like those which made the summer sweet
Puts forth some meagre tint of red or gold,
To make the barrenness seem more complete.
Such overflow of life, such wealth of bliss;
Now for remembrance and endurance — this!

John White Chadwick.

THE KANSAS OF TO-DAY.

I.

THE pendulum of comment on the Sunflower State's character and accomplishments ever has swung to far extremes — from extravagant eulogy to bitter abuse. Thereby, the accurate presentation of possibilities and resources that a commonwealth always desires the public to possess often has been obscured, and Kansas, of necessity, has contended with much misunderstanding of the truth that lay between the rival heights of praise and blame.

The responsibility rests largely with the Kansas people themselves, though not alone upon those of this age and generation. The foundation was laid in early-day history. The time was when, in a sense, the state offered a spectacle to the nations. John Brown, the enthusiast, marched, sturdy-souled, at the head of his pioneer troops; Quantrell was a bogie for the settlers' children; the legislators followed the changing capital from place to place in canvas-hooded wagons; the emigrant train and the cattle trail, the prairie fire and the Indian raid, gave a glamour of romance, — and those who from afar watched it all wondered what the future held for this ambitious and earnest, but somewhat turbulent people. Whittier sang in verse, Bayard Taylor and Horace Greeley wrote in prose, and Beecher preached from the pulpit concerning its needs and its triumphs. Kansas, perhaps a little elated at the

prominence it had attained so early in its career, learned to expect an echo of applause, or at least some evidence of attention, following each varying scene in its development.

Seldom was it disappointed. Indeed, so rapidly has the gentle art of manufacturing marvels developed of late years, that Kansas more than once has been surprised and amused at the importance and sensationalism attained by trivial home events when they had traveled a few hundred miles eastward. This influence, together with the lingering memory of its stormy territorial history, has prevented many from seeing the state as it is — from understanding it as do those who have shared its ups and downs and have helped to carry forward its social and business life. The softening touch of time and the establishment of confidence in the state's real worth have done much in modification, and the Kansas of to-day is being discussed by both advocate and accuser with fewer superlatives and greater candor.

It is agreed, for instance, that there has been a positive and substantial improvement in the state's fortunes. This is manifest in so many ways that even the Eastern investor, with the memory of a defaulted mortgage haunting him, as he looks from the car window is forced to concede it. New roofs and fresh paint, new porches and better sidewalks, tell some of the story. On the village lawns are cannas and cala-

diums instead of castor-beans and sun-flowers, clematis instead of wild ivy; striped awnings at wide windows, stained glass, and rubber-tired vehicles, — they are evidence of the improvement come to the prairies. If the stranger may note these signs, one who knows the people in their homes can add to the list. He can mention furnaces and electric lights, china closets and cut glass, davenport and venetian blinds, in hundreds of dwellings, — all visible signs of prosperity and in striking contrast with the former possessions, often those brought from the early home "back East."

It is usual to ascribe all this to the good crops of the past few years, yet that is not entirely fair. During all the dark days, from the bursting of the boom in 1887 until the clouds lifted a decade later, there was in most homes a pinching and saving of which the outside world knew nothing. Those who went through it kept up stout hearts; each summer they hoped for rain and each autumn they cheerfully "guessed" that "times would be better in the spring." They acquired a hatred of debt in every form, and made many a vow of restraint to be fulfilled in that longed-for blessed era when their creditors should be satisfied.

Had it not been so, the prosperity that came at last would have been absorbed and shown little sign. Retrenchment and economy had prepared the way, had cut down the mortgages, and cleared up some of the judgments. Even without unusual crops there would have risen above the surface of the sea of financial discouragement, which had existed since 1890, a stronger and more self-reliant people, and Kansas would have established itself in the end as a safe business state within the limits of its climatic conditions. As it was, the process suddenly was hastened, and a happy result has come like a benediction in reward for the patient struggle.

The best of it is that the recipients

of nature's bounty have learned how to take care of their gift, — they have put it into the comforts of life and the substantial evidences of congenial living, and not into speculation and extravagance.

Time and money — a great deal of both — have been expended by the Kansas people in mastering the intricate problems of Western development. They have learned caution by bitter trial, and have profited by the lesson. This fact often is overlooked by the Easterner who, when he has crossed the Missouri River, expects to find only unbusinesslike settlers, gifted chiefly in hope and suitable prey for the "smooth" man from the city. He forgets that before the mortgage was foreclosed the Kansas debtor walked the floor of his little cabin a good deal more than did the Eastern creditor that of his office, and that there is no pleasure in packing the wife and children into a prairie schooner and starting out from the farm to seek another home.

A young man with a scheme that was good principally for himself visited the business men of several towns of central Kansas last summer with poor results. "Why is it," he asked, "that the Kansans are so critical? Our plan worked all right in the South last winter, and in Ohio and Iowa."

"Well," remarked an old-timer who overheard him, "one reason is that the folks of Kansas have been struggling with schemes of one kind and another for twenty years, and they've learned to be careful. You will find it harder yet in Oklahoma, for the people there have gone all through what we have and a good deal more." The West is filled full of experience."

The Kansan's experience is four-fold.

The experience of settlement came first. On an exaggerated parallelogram, tipped three thousand feet higher at the west end than at the east, a million and a half people settled in two

decades. Many of them did not comprehend that the farming which might succeed in the East, or even along the Missouri border, would be a failure on the high-tilted prairie because of a lack of rainfall. Then there was the experience of the boom, that surging time when town lots spread out until they seemed likely to absorb the farms. The day of reckoning came next. Two hundred thousand people moved out of the state. Some went in Pullman cars, some in wagons, and some walked. Mortgaged claims were deserted, houses and stores were left empty, land in the "additions" once more sold by the acre instead of by the lot.

Out of all this — the misinformation as to the state's climatic conditions, the debts, the declining population, and the discouragement — came political vagaries. Starting with the Farmers' Alliance, the ideas that finally crystallized in Populism swept the state. The new doctrine taught an easy way out of debt-paying, and many, apparently more than willing to be convinced, accepted it as a revelation. Its noisy leaders frightened the East, denounced the "money power" on all occasions, wrote some foolish laws on the statute books, furnished a good deal of material for the sensational newspapers — and did little else.

All this time the people had been working out their financial salvation along other lines. They had learned that kaffir corn and alfalfa would stand the drought, that cattle and sheep would thrive in western Kansas, that diversity of crops would give regular returns, that creameries paid good dividends, that hogs were more profitable than parades, — in short, that farming conducted with due regard for the country's conditions would succeed. From that time the orator of the sub-treasury and fiat money felt his power wane, and today his former hold on the Kansan is gone. It is unlikely that he will ever regain it.

II.

In 1897, the Kansan stopped talking about wanting to sell out that he might go back East; in 1898, he was better contented; in 1899, he raised the price on his real estate and built a porch and bay window; in 1900, other improvements followed, and he congratulated himself on his foresight in having remained while so many left the state.

In the five years ending with the crop of 1901, Kansas raised 323,176,464 bushels of wheat and 681,452,906 bushels of corn. These were indeed fat years. The corn crop of 1889, 273,888,321 bushels, and the wheat of 1901, 90,333,095 bushels, were the largest in the history of the state, — but the average annual yield of wheat for ten years has been 49,450,354 bushels, and of corn, 142,856,553 bushels, the average total value of both crops being over \$60,000,000. The records of the state agricultural board show that for thirty-four years the average yield of corn, including corn territory and that where none at all grew, was twenty-seven bushels per acre, and for twenty-five years the average farm value of Kansas corn per acre has been \$7.31. While sixteen counties raise more than half the wheat of the state, fifty-five counties out of the 105 produce good returns of that cereal. Now that there seems to be a fairly clear understanding of the agricultural limitations, a much better record should be possible. The fact that in two years past the increase in the value of agricultural productions and live stock has been \$51,278,936 over the preceding two years gives good reason for the encouraging outlook. Each year the live stock interests assume larger proportions and greater value, — and the products of the range are affected little by dry weather. The average total product of farm and ranch for twenty years has been \$142,861,380 annually.

The state banks had on deposit in

December, 1896, \$14,553,000; in September, 1901, they had \$42,000,000, while the national banks had \$45,000,000 more. In the past five years, besides reducing mortgages and laying up \$50,000,000 in increased bank deposits, the state has made progress in its public finances. The counties, cities, and school districts refunded \$6,200,000 of bonds at a saving of one to two and a half per cent in interest rate. The actual reduction in the principal of bonds for the year ending July 1, 1900, was \$2,978,321. This was in spite of the fact that many counties issued new bonds for public buildings and other improvements. A Chicago financial paper in July, 1896, said: "There was a man here the other day with six per cent, gold, county bonds. Unfortunately the county happens to be in Kansas. The man learned that he might as well try to sell stock in an irrigating scheme on the planet Mars as to dispose of securities bearing on their face the name of Kansas." In less than three years seven bond houses had salaried representatives traveling from county to county in Kansas, endeavoring to secure refunding bonds at four and five per cent. The fact that a county's issue of bonds becomes optional is to-day a signal for a score of bids, and most of the counties have propositions a year ahead of the time when they can make a new issue at a lower rate.

The smoke of the manufactory is appearing in many towns where it had been unknown. It is not a sign of the coming of immense establishments to rival those of New England, but of smaller concerns supplying the needs of the community, growing as the state grows. This sort will be permanent, but it will not make this a manufacturing state, for such is not Kansas' destiny. It is a state for mixed farming and grazing, for cattle, horses and sheep, wheat and millet, alfalfa and corn, cows and soy beans, windmills and hay.

Statistics are not dry to the West-

erner. Only by tabulated figures can he read the history of his commonwealth's development in material things. It has been somewhat discouraging to the Kansan that the population has not increased more rapidly. The nation at large has done better than Kansas by over one half per cent per annum. In 1890, there were 1,427,096 people here; in 1900, there were 1,469,496. While this is a gain of only 42,400 in ten years, it is a gain of 134,762 over the population in 1895. The rate of increase is now about 25,000 a year, and it is steadily increasing.

Not until there is an end of opening new lands where a man can get a farm for an hour's ride on a swift pony will the gain be as large as it should. The temptation of cheap lands, added to the disappointment growing out of misdirected settlement, has been a steady drain on Kansas. All over the West is an uneasy, dissatisfied race, born with the wandering foot; the prairie schooner is its home, and the fascination of pioneering its delight. Just so long as there are new lands it will be on the move, and keep unstable the population of the prairie states. It is typical of the Westerner that he always sees a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow — yet, if it had not been so in the beginning, there might have been no Sunflower State.

A popular impression exists that many Eastern investors yet own mortgages on western Kansas lands on which they are endeavoring vainly to get interest or principal. Very little of such security remains. It was written in the middle eighties, and long ago one of two things happened, — the mortgagee foreclosed the mortgage, or the mortgagor deeded him the land in order to be released from the debt. The problem of to-day is not the mortgage, but the land, — how to sell it or secure a return from it. Some discouraged investors, failing to pay taxes, have practically forfeited their rights to the counties in

which their lands are; others are holding on, and with the coming of the cattle ranch there is hope for them. The mortgage of central and eastern Kansas draws five or six per cent, and is not easy to find. Neither necessity nor inclination leads the farmer into debt, and his borrowings are confined to the narrowest possible limits. The banks, frequently having more than half their deposits in cash on hand, loan at eight and ten per cent on short time, and complain that the call is not brisker. Many banks in the state do not pay interest on deposits.

Such are some of the conditions that encourage the Sunflower State in its material progress. They do not mean that every citizen is well to do, or that every enterprise is a bonanza. Kansas is yet making experiments, and has yet to meet with some failures. But they do mean that the state as a whole is building on a more substantial foundation than in the past; that it is doing business on cash instead of on credit; that it is mastering the conditions of soil and sky, and is seeking to adapt its agriculture — for Kansas is essentially an agricultural state — to them rather than attempting to force into operation systems and theories for which nature made no preparation. A healthy, unaffected, businesslike sentiment is abroad, and it bids fair to attain permanence. Once before, Kansas was tempted by prosperity to indulge in extravagance — and fell. It should know better now, for it is older in years and richer in experience.

Twenty years ago the autumn and early winter nights were reddened by burning straw-stacks sending up lurid flames on every horizon. Now, the farmer saves the straw, either for sale, or for use in his stockyards, so that it gives back something to the soil from which a crop has been taken. The prairie fire, too, that each year blackened the ranges and pastures, frequently leaping over bounds and destroying

homes and even lives, is being driven farther and farther West. In this conservation of the natural strength of the fertile soil, and in the growing unwillingness to waste in smoke a part of nature's largess, is seen a sign of the economy of these latter days. Joined with the earnest efforts toward making the most of the rainfall by means of small reservoirs, and toward assisting it by windmill or ditch irrigation where practicable, this economy of itself adds materially to the resources of the farmer, and indirectly to the advancement of the entire commonwealth.

III.

Country life in Kansas is not entirely monotonous. There are those who tell of the early days when young folks rode horseback twenty miles to a dance, and declare that the more staid diversions and the necessity of keeping on section-line roads because of the fences have made the pleasure of to-day inferior to that of pioneer times. Country life in the West is in a sense in a transition period. It has left behind the days of settlement when none needed an introduction and every man's history began with the day before yesterday, and has not yet reached the era of long-established families and generations of acquaintanceship. The public gatherings are not so much affected by this as are social affairs. With the advancing years a change is going on, and many a farmer is giving his sons quarter sections that they may, as they marry, settle near him. Then, too, the first comers have so far advanced in life and worldly goods that they are one by one handing over the reins to the next generation, frequently moving to the county seat themselves and resting from their labors. This "retired" class is yet small, but it increases with the years, and the Western communities more closely resemble their Eastern prototypes as the movement becomes more noticeable.

In the country neighborhoods the most prominent public interests are the church and Sunday-school (perhaps only in the summer months) at the district schoolhouse, which is the centre of interest for all neighborhood gatherings. The "literary" yet holds forth in the winter, and the political meeting has a brief season in important campaigns.

For the rest a drive over smooth prairie roads to the nearest town, even if it be a dozen miles, is no great hardship. Dances are common, and the fact that the host's dwelling is small does not make the enjoyment the less hearty. Many of the country hamlets have lodge halls, and the membership of the orders meeting therein is made up from the dwellers on the farms. It has introduced a new interest into lives too much left in solitude. The organization of counties in the church and Sunday-school work of recent years has broadened thoughts, and brought the town and country in closer touch.

The Kansas editor frequently prints items representing the farmer as living like a prince and reveling in luxury. Some basis exists for the hyperbole. Few farmers come to town now in lumber wagons; an astonishingly large number come in as handsome double carriages and surreys as are owned in the villages. New furniture in the homes and better clothes for the whole family have been a part of the earnings of better crops. Thousands of fathers and mothers have recently taken the first trip to the old home in the East since they followed the setting sun to a new dwelling place. They have returned better satisfied with the prairies than ever, for the old scenes and friends had changed, — and then the West keeps its hold firmly upon those who have once become a part of its life.

In the towns of to-day — and there are in the state 111 towns of one thousand and more population — the Kansan has given the best evidence of himself. When the settlement of the state

began, the conditions seemed singularly favorable for the founding of cities and villages that should approach the best models of municipal art. For hundreds of miles the undulating plain lay waiting, people were eager, land was cheap, and the widest possible range was offered for the selection of well-drained, healthful, and convenient locations; but the realization fell far short of the opportunity. The nucleus of the Kansas town was usually the country store and post-office. The blacksmith shop and the schoolhouse followed. Of late years the creamery station preceded all of these. If the railroad did not come, the whole was put on wheels and moved across country a section or two. If a promoter laid out a town site with elaborate detail, the chances were that perverse human nature would not fill out the plan by settlement. Opportune water courses, the construction of a railroad, the outline of a county, — these were here, as in the East, determining factors. Later came the "additions," expansion, and the keenest rivalry in all the nervous, pushing West, — that for municipal supremacy. Men's fortunes, principles, and even their lives have been sacrificed to it, and in a measure it has been the keynote of the Kansas town's development.

The dominant type of early-day architecture on the plains is the long, single-gabled, porchless, unadorned structure, affording the maximum of space with a minimum of expenditure. If used as a store, there is apt to be an absurd square front built to the height of the roof peak. In the smaller towns this is yet seen, a monument to the first settlers' idea of harmony. The buildings vary greatly in size, but all share in the uniform color of weather-beaten, unpainted pine. Brick and stone blocks are succeeding that type, and the new public buildings are artistic in design and a credit to the state.

The tendency of the modern builder is toward better architecture, though in

the struggle upward some incongruous combinations are made, and there is a frequent recurrence of types obsolete a score of years ago. Education is needed in nearly every town, not alone in the construction of the store buildings, but in that of the residences. The fitness of things, the suitability of mixed designs, and the best results for the expenditure are subjects for much future enlightenment.

Few towns have taken the proper amount of ground space for their building. When ambitious landowners have not in their greed huddled the dwellers into crowded, shortened lots, a repellent force seems to have been at work, and the infrequent stores and residences are scattered over a whole section of land. The former mistake cannot be corrected, but the latter is being changed. The suburbs are being moved in, the vacant lots on the desirable streets are being filled, and a better-balanced, more sensible town is the result. In eastern and central Kansas the trees — elms, maples, box-elders, and some cottonwoods — line the streets, and have become so large that they overtop the houses. At a distance the town seems a forest. This is especially so where are good waterworks systems, and there, too, blue-grass lawns, as solid and as restful as a bit of Kentucky meadow, greet the eye. The touch of prosperity of the past few years has done much for the artistic side of things, and more attention is given to lawns and terraces, to flower gardens and to parks, than ever before.

The overbuilding of the boom era is almost repaired. One by one the houses that stood empty during the early nineties have been bought, moved into town or out on a farm, and have become homes. Within the past two years speculators searching for these bargains have found them scarce; it is no longer possible to purchase a handsome cottage for half what the lumber bill was at the beginning; hence after nearly a decade of

practical suspension the building of dwellings has been resumed. Pride is taken in ownership. Hundreds of Western towns there are (for similar conditions exist in other prairie states) in which five years ago half the real estate was owned by Eastern investors or mortgage companies, but where now ninety per cent of it is owned by people of the municipality, — principally by the occupants. This it is that furnishes hope for the coming years, and fills them with promise of greater advancement. The people have suddenly given up the thought that they are mere sojourners; they are at home, and wish to make that home beautiful.

The social life of the towns is varied. The Kansan is by nature a "joiner;" he delights in grips and passwords. Lodges, camps, posts, consistories, temples, tribes, and commanderies in bewildering array attract him. The state always wins in a contest with other jurisdictions for membership, for each citizen is willing to join many orders. Husbands and wives are alike eligible to membership in many of the long list of assessment orders that flourish, and around the lodge rooms clusters a large part of the social enjoyment of many towns. In addition to furnishing a vast amount of insurance and benefits at what is yet an absurdly low rate, the regular sessions of the lodges, the surprise parties, dances, and other features add to their good work.

Then there are card clubs, literary clubs, women's federations, balls, and receptions. Dress suits are more common than they were, even at the height of the boom, and gowns that would be satisfactory to the wearer a thousand miles farther East are the rule.

In one thing the Kansan clings to a surplusage — the church. Towns of two thousand souls with a dozen churches of as many creeds to look after their needs are not rare. Nearly every village has too many churches; that is, so many that the preachers are almost all poorly

paid, and the congregations' finances are in a constant state of depression. Intensity in affairs of the soul pervades the dweller on the plains, and when he is led to take up mission work it is curious to note that he usually seeks not the dark places of his own land, but the farthest possible portion of the globe, scores being thus engaged.

The representations of the drama are of meagre sort. The nearest approach to grand opera is the occasional view of the star's special train as it whirls past the squat-roofed prairie depot bearing a famous company from coast to coast. It is something of a shock to the uninitiated to find that the opera house is the second story of a frame building, twenty-four feet wide and eighty feet long, with a harness shop downstairs, but such is a common experience. The favorite form of dramatic presentation, the outgrowth of hard times, has been through the repertoire troupe, staying a week in a place and raffling a rocking chair among its patrons at the end of the stay. To-day higher-class attractions are booking Kansas again, and within the past two years several artistic amusement places have been given the name theatre instead of opera house; in time there may come to be a town hall occasionally.

Town quarrels are less frequent, town pride is on a higher level, and when, as is becoming the fashion, the village holds open house on the occasion of a carnival or street fair, forgotten are the differences of creed or politics or station, and all unite as one family, intent on making the best showing possible for hospitality.

The eastern Kansas towns are assuming the settled ways of the communities of the Atlantic states. "Old settlers" are there, and they look upon twenty or thirty years of residence as giving them a patent of aristocracy. It does. The men and women who have stayed by the varying fortunes of the average Kansas town for a quarter of a century deserve

honor. These are usually the people who run the banks and leading law firms, who sit in the best pews, and have weight with the city council and school board. They form the stable basis of Kansas society, and for the most part are proof against the ebullitions of boom spirit that animate younger and newer generations.

As one climbs the inclined plane toward the state's western edge, perched high in the semi-arid region of wide horizons, the nervous tension increases. If the inhabitants of the towns there do not feel as do those of more conservative sections, they feel, to use the expression of a Kansas editor, that that is the way they ought to feel. They look forward to making their community substantial and successful. They are trying to build wisely — this time.

IV.

The Kansan has changed the capital of his state seven times before deciding where it should stay. He has laid railroad tracks and then torn up the rails, built towns and deserted them, dug irrigation ditches where there was no water, erected manufactories where there was no market, tried the one-crop style of agriculture and abandoned it, tested devices, schemes, and plans galore for getting money and paying debts without work; he has experimented, theorized, and dreamed, — and then has walked the floor nights, pondering why the way was so difficult. He has ascribed his failures to the "money power," to the "per capita," to Providence, and to nearly everything else that was mysterious. One day he awoke, and discovered that the fault was within himself — and suddenly the path cleared. From that time he sought to adapt himself to his environment, and then began the debt-paying, the improvement of the homes, and the realization of the years of hope; then came the sense of happiness and the accession of

those good things of life that are summed up in the pleasant word Prosperity.

Thus it transpires that there is a New Kansas, better and wiser than the old.

Periods there are when the Kansan reverts to the old times; as when the hot winds blow like furnace breaths out of the Southwest, shriveling and scorching vegetation and wearing out the nerves of the people. So, too, when the early spring breezes send dust and snow careering through the streets and drift the surface of the fields as if it were but sand of the seashore. Then it is that the Kansan pulls his hat well down on his head, leans against the wind, and uses remarks not complimentary to the weather of his state. But when in the fragrant June the air, rich as wine, is laden with the breath of yellow wheatfields and far stretches of young corn and green pastures, when autumn and Indian summer thrill with clear-skied days and crisp, delightful nights, — he forgets it all, and declares that there is no place on earth so favored. He talks about it to his neighbor, and writes a piece for his old home paper setting forth his pride.

Only in one thing does he admit his lack — facilities for recreation. Distances are too great for many enjoyments that come so easily to the Easterner. Even with money, the exertion in securing an outing almost offsets its good. Not a lake exists for five hundred miles; the mountains are as far from the central counties of the state. The rivers are not inviting to seekers after pleasure. The Arkansas, eleven months in the year, is a quarter-mile wide waste of glistening sand with a lonesome ribbon of lazy water, over which an energetic boy of thirteen might leap, winding its way along it. The others are mostly muddy-sided, turbid streams. A few beautiful groves are found in the eastern counties, but they are lost to the great mass of the people. The sea or lake shore and the mountain-top expanse are too remote for

every-day recreation, and a visit to them is a too infrequent luxury.

A great change of sentiment toward the East has occurred among the people of Kansas in the past three years. No more is New England the enemy's country that so many considered it during the days when debts were pressing heavily. Independence has brought a hearty comradeship as a substitute for the former antagonism. Modern innovations are doing much to relieve the loneliness of the prairie farms, once the bitter regret of the settler. Telephone lines between the little towns and rural delivery are bringing the people closer together. Thousands of farmers in central Kansas get their Kansas City morning papers by mid-forenoon.

"I was driving across country one morning last fall," said a minister the other day, "when I saw a good picture of the new Western civilization. A farmer, ten miles from town, was riding on a sulky plough. He was sheltered by an awning fastened above his implement. As I watched him, the rural delivery wagon came along and the driver handed to the farmer, then at the roadside, a bundle of papers. The worker remounted his plough, unfolded the daily paper printed that morning two hundred miles away, and, as the team took its steady course across the half-mile field, read the happenings in China and the news of the campaign."

Then, too, a new generation is growing up. The children of the comers in the sixties and seventies are to-day men and women engaged in the business of the state. Some of them have scarcely been outside its boundaries, and all of them, accustomed to its moods, are its loyal and earnest advocates. They have been educated in Kansas' excellent schools, and have married in their own neighborhoods. Not from these are recruited the ranks of the "movers," — the product of other states and other times who have made Kansas merely a stopping place on their devious way

toward the goal they are doomed never to reach.

Kansas has emerged from the experimental period of her history. That again there will come crop failures and lean years none can doubt; but the manner in which the Kansan meets the reverses will mean much. Schooled in the variations of other seasons he will be prepared in this, — that he will not stake all his fortune on one crop or product; he will meet drought complacently, as becomes one who knows some crops that thrive nearly as well in dry weather as in wet; he will greet the winds contentedly as he looks at the whirring windmills lifting moisture from the earth for the herds and gardens; he will try no more to make farms of the short-grass country, nor to build a metropolis at every cross-roads. Much though he may dislike to do so, he will

admit ingenuously that there are some things his state cannot do.

The watchword of the New Kansas is Stability. The Kansan, after three decades of trial, has pinned his faith to those things that make toward permanence and steady advancement. The hot-headed days of the state's youth are past, and the thrift and saving of the New England forefathers, once mocked at as unworthy this swift age, are looked upon with admiration and respect, if not with longing.

The Kansan is as proud of his commonwealth as ever; he is as valiant in its defense, and as eager in its eulogy; but he exaggerates less and qualifies more. The Sunflower State of to-day is being pictured to the world as it is, and in dealing thus in candor and frankness its children are establishing their own fortunes on surer foundations.

Charles Moreau Harger.

A BIT OF UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN HENRY THOREAU AND ISAAC HECKER.¹

AT first thought, and in the light of later years which revealed such a wide difference in the characters and careers of these two remarkable men, it seems surprising that Henry Thoreau and Isaac Hecker could ever have got into any personal relation whatever. But at the time of this little correspondence they were both young, and youth, no less than misery, acquaints us sometimes with strange bedfellows. To be sure, both were ardent idealists, both were frank and sincere, both of high and knightly courage. Their armor was their honest thought, and simple truth their utmost skill. This must have been the ground of such sympathy as existed between them.

Hecker at this time had just spent the best part of a year in the spring-morning atmosphere of Brook Farm, then in its prime, where his genial and attaching disposition had won him not a few admiring friends, among whom was George William Curtis, who named the aspiring enthusiast "Ernest the Seeker;" and now, with his eager but somewhat irresolute hand in the strong grasp of Orestes Brownson, the youth was being half led, half impelled from within, toward the Catholic Church. He had recently been for some months a lodger in the house of Thoreau's mother at Concord while taking lessons in Latin and Greek of George Bradford, whose rare worth as a teacher he had learned at Brook Farm. That was how his acquaintance with Thoreau came about. His studies, however, always

¹ A paper read before the American Antiquarian Society, at its semi-annual meeting in Boston, April 30, 1902.

fitful and against the grain, had suddenly come to an end, smothered as it were or at least displaced by one of those high tides of inward unrest which visited him at intervals throughout his life. He had gone home to New York and prepared himself for baptism into the church, which appears to have been his destiny quite as much as his choice, when the notion came to him of the adventurous trip to Europe proposed to Thoreau on the spur of the moment in these letters.

This was in 1844, when Hecker was twenty-five. Thoreau, two years his senior, had graduated at Harvard seven years before, had taught school a little, and had tried his hand with effect at literary work. He too, like Hecker, was nearing a crisis in his life, namely, the hermit episode at Walden. For although that "experiment," as he himself called it, lasted in its original form but little more than a couple of years, it formed distinctly the point of departure of his career, and laid out the course from which he never afterwards swerved.

The significance of this correspondence, slight as it is in form and manifestly unstudied in its content, lies in a certain prophetic note, all the more impressive from its unconsciousness, which, especially in the case of Thoreau, discloses the clearness of his self-knowledge and the consistency and firmness of his self-determination. Curtis, writing of young Hecker as he knew him at Brook Farm, says: "There was nothing ascetic or severe in him, but I have often thought since that his feeling was probably what he might have afterward described as a consciousness that he must be about his Father's business." While such a feeling is but vaguely if at all expressed in his two letters to Thoreau, it constitutes the very core and essence of Thoreau's response. Young as the latter was, unengaged as he seemed even to his intimate friend Channing (his best biographer), he had already heard and

heeded the call of his Genius, and his vocation was thenceforth fixed. In his ripest years, in his most considered utterance, he does but reiterate in substance the declaration of these letters when he says, in that masterpiece of his essays, *Life without Principle*, "I have been surprised when one has with confidence proposed to me, a grown man, to embark in some enterprise of his, as if I had absolutely nothing to do, my life having been a complete failure hitherto. What a doubtful compliment this is to pay me! As if he had met me halfway across the ocean beating up against the wind, but bound nowhere, and proposed to me to go along with him! If I did, what do you think the underwriters would say? No, no! I am not without employment at this stage of the voyage. To tell the truth, I saw an advertisement for able-bodied seamen, when I was a boy, sauntering in my native port, and as soon as I came of age I embarked."

On Hecker's side there was undoubtedly far less of serious purpose; his mood seems youthful, almost boyish; but the glow of it is genuine and characteristic, and I think his biographer, Father Elliott, misses its import when he turns the affair off lightly as "but one of the diversions with which certain souls, not yet enlightened as to their true course, nor arrived at the abandonment of themselves to Divine Providence, are amused." To my mind, these two letters of Hecker's clearly reveal the temperament, at once impetuous and volatile, that went with the man through his troubled life, and gave him much of his influence and distinction, as well as cast him oftentimes into the fire and oft into the water.

But it is time to let the correspondence speak for itself.

HECKER TO THOREAU.

HENRY THOREAU, — It was not altogether the circumstance of our imme-

diate physical nearness, though this may have [been] the consequence of a higher affinity, that inclined us to commune with each other. This I am fully sensible [of] since our separation. Oftentimes we observe ourselves to be passive or coöperative agents of profounder principles than we at the time even dream of.

I have been stimulated to write to you at this present moment on account of a certain project which I have formed, which your influence has no slight share, I imagine, in forming. It is, to work our passage to Europe, and to walk, work, and beg if needs be, as far when there as we are inclined to do. We wish to see how it looks, and to court difficulties; for we feel an unknown depth of untried virgin strength which we know of no better way at the present time to call into activity and so dispose of. We desire to go without purse or staff, depending upon the all-embracing love of God, Humanity, and the spark of courage imprisoned in us. Have we the will, we have the strong arms, hard hands to work with, and sound feet to stand upon and walk with. The heavens shall be our vaulted roof, and the green earth beneath our bed and for all other furniture purposes. These are free and may be so used. What can hinder us from going, but our bodies, and shall they do it? We can as well deposit them there as here. Let us take a walk over the fairest portions of this planet Earth and make it ours by seeing them. Let us see what the genius and stupidity of our honored forefathers have heaped up. We wish to kneel at their shrines and embrace their spirits and kiss the ground which they have hallowed with their presence. We shall prove the dollar is not almighty, and the impossible, moonshine. The wide world is before us beckoning us to come, let us accept and embrace it. Reality shall be our antagonist, and our lives, if sold, not at a good bargain, for a certainty. How

does the idea strike you? I prefer at least to go this way before going farther in the woods. The past let us take with us; we reverence, we love it; but forget not that our eyes are in our face, set to the beautiful unimagined future. Let us be Janus-faced, with a beard [-ed] and [a] beardless face. Will you accept this invitation? Let me know what your impressions are as soon as it is your pleasure.

Remember me to your kind family. To-morrow I take the first step towards becoming a *visible* member of the Roman Catholic Church. If you and your good family do not become greater sinners, I shall claim you all as good Catholics, for she claims "all baptized infants, all innocent children of every religious denomination; and all grown-up Christians who have preserved their baptismal innocence, though they make no outward profession of the Catholic faith, are yet claimed as her children by the Roman Catholic Church."

Yours very truly,

ISAAC HECKER.

N. Y., Thursday, July 31, 1844.

THOREAU TO HECKER.

CONCORD, Aug. 14, 1844.

FRIEND HECKER, — I am glad to hear your voice from that populous city, and the more so for the tenor of its discourse. I have but just returned from a pedestrian excursion somewhat similar to that you propose, *parvis componere magna*, to the Catskill mountains, over the principal mountains of this State, subsisting mainly on bread and berries, and slumbering on the mountain tops. As usually happens, I now feel a slight sense of dissipation. Still, I am strongly tempted by your proposal, and experience a decided schism between my outward and inward tendencies. Your method of traveling, especially — to live along the road, citizens of the world, without haste or petty plans — I have often proposed this to my dreams, and still do. But

the fact is, I cannot so decidedly postpone exploring the *Farther Indies*, which are to be reached, you know, by other routes and other methods of travel. I mean that I constantly return from every external enterprise with disgust, to fresh faith in a kind of Brahminical, Artesian, Inner Temple life. All my experience, as yours probably, proves only this reality. Channing wonders how I can resist your invitation, I, a single man — unfettered — and so do I. Why, there are Roncesvalles, the Cape de Finisterre, and the Three Kings of Cologne; Rome, Athens, and the rest, to be visited in serene, untemporal hours, and all history to revive in one's memory, as he went by the way, with splendors too bright for this world — I know how it is. But is not here too Roncesvalles with greater lustre? Unfortunately, it may prove dull and desultory weather enough here, but better trivial days with faith than the fairest ones lighted by sunshine alone. Perchance, my *Wanderjahr* has not arrived, but you cannot wait for that. I hope you will find a companion who will enter as heartily into your schemes as I should have done.

I remember you, as it were, with the whole Catholic Church at your skirts. And the other day, for a moment, I think I understood your relation to that body; but the thought was gone again in a twinkling, as when a dry leaf falls from its stem over our heads, but is instantly lost in the rustling mass at our feet.

I am really sorry that the Genius will not let me go with you, but I trust that it will conduct to other adventures, and so, if nothing prevents, we will compare notes at last.

Yrs. etc.,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

HECKER TO THOREAU.

I know not but I shall receive an answer to the letter I sent you a fortnight

ago, before you will receive this one; however, as the idea of making an indefinite pedestrian tour on the other side of the Atlantic has in all possible ways increased in my imagination and given me a desire to add a few more words on the project, I will do so, in the hope of stimulating you to a decision. How the thought has struck you I know not; its impracticability or impossibility in the judgment of others, would not, I feel assured, deter you in any way from the undertaking; it would rather be a stimulus to the purpose, I think, in you, as it is in me. 'T is impossible; sir, therefore we do it. The conceivable is possible; it is in harmony with the inconceivable we should act. Our true life is in the can-not. To do what we can do is to do nothing, is death. Silence is much more respectable than repetition.

The idea of making such a tour I have opened to one or two who I thought might throw some light on the subject. I asked the opinion of the Catholic Bishop [McCloskey] who has traveled considerably in Europe. But I find that in every man there are certain things within him which are beyond the ken and counsel of others. The age is so effeminate that it is too timid to give heroic counsel. It neither will enter the kingdom of heaven nor have others to do so. I feel, and believe you feel so too, that to doubt the ability to realize such a thought is only worthy of a smile and pity. We feel ourself mean in conceiving such a feasible thing, and would keep it silent. This is not sufficient self-abandonment for our being, scarce enough to affect it. To die is easy, scarce worth a thought; but to be and live is an inconceivable greatness. It would be folly to sit still and starve from mere emptiness, but to leave behind the casement in battling for some hidden idea is an attitude beyond conception, a monument more durable than the chisel can sculpture.

I imagine us walking among the past

and present greatness of our ancestors (for the present in fact, the present of the old world, to us is ancient), doing reverence to their remaining glory. If, though, I am inclined to bow more lowly to the spiritual hero than to the exhibition of great physical strength, still not all of that primitive heroic blood of our forefathers has been lost before it reached our veins. We feel it swell sometimes as though it were cased in steel, and the huge broad-axe of Cœur de Lion seems glittering before us, and we awake in another world as in a dream.

I know of no other person but you that would be inclined to go on such an excursion. The idea and yourself were almost instantaneous. If needs be, for a few dollars we can get across the ocean. The ocean! if but to cross this being like being, it were not unprofitable. The Bishop thought it might be done with a certain amount of funds to depend on. If this makes it practicable for others, to us it will be but sport. It is useless for me to speak thus to you, for if there are reasons for your not going they are others than these.

You will inform me how you are inclined as soon as practicable. Half inclined I sometimes feel to go alone if I cannot get your company. I do not know now what could have directed my steps to Concord other than this. May it prove so.

It is only the fear of death makes us reason of impossibilities. We shall possess all if we but abandon ourselves.

Yours sincerely,

ISAAC.

N. Y., August 15, '44.

To HENRY THOREAU.

THOREAU TO HECKER.

I improve the occasion of my mother's sending to acknowledge the receipt of your stirring letter. You have probably received mine by this time. I thank you for not anticipating any vulgar objections on my part. *Far*

travel, very *far* travel, or travail, comes near to the worth of staying at home. Who knows whence his education is to come! Perhaps I may drag my anchor at length, or rather, when the *winds* which blow *over* the deep fill my sails, may stand away for distant parts — for now I seem to have a firm *ground* anchorage, though the harbor is low-shored enough, and the traffic with the natives inconsiderable — I may be away to Singapore by the next tide.

I like well the ring of your last maxim, "It is only the fear of death makes us reason of impossibilities." And but for fear, death itself is an impossibility.

Believe me, I can hardly let it end so. If you do not go soon let me hear from you again.

Yrs. in great haste,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

(Subjoined note, apparently in Hecker's handwriting: —

"The proposition made to Thoreau was to take nothing with us, work our passage across the Atlantic, and so through England, France, Germany, and Italy. I. T. H.")

It was not permitted the youthful enthusiasts to "compare notes at last." From that hour their paths widely diverged. In a twelvemonth the Atlantic, and more than the Atlantic, lay between them. The novitiate had joined the order of the Redemptorist Fathers at Saint-Trond in Belgium; and the hermit, "the bachelor of thought and Nature," as Emerson calls him, was in his cabin on the wooded shore of Walden Pond. Neither ever looked back, and it is doubtful if they ever met again. The ardent propagandist did indeed pursue Thoreau, as he pursued Curtis, with kindly meant letters of fervent appeal to enter with him the labyrinth of the Catholic Church; but he might as well have called after a wild deer in the forest or an eagle in the upper air.

The work which these men did in after years cannot, it seems to me, be profitably compared. It will inevitably be judged from opposite points of view. It is idle to talk of more or less where the difference is one not of degree but of kind.

However, with aims and means so diverse and exclusive as to be distinctly antagonistic, Thoreau and Hecker possessed in common one predominant characteristic, namely, a redoubtable egotism — using the term in no disparaging sense, something that suggests what is called in physics the hydrostatic paradox, in virtue of which the smallest single drop of water holds its own against the ocean. The manifestation of this quality, however, as a trait of character was wholly unlike in the two, even apparently to the point of diametric opposition. In Thoreau its development was outward and obvious, in rugged features of eccentricity and self-sufficiency, sculptured as it were in high relief against the background of society and custom. He was well practiced in the grammar of dissent. Emerson says, "It cost him nothing to say No; indeed, he found it much easier than to say Yes." It was nothing for him to declare, and to repeat in one form or another on almost every page of his writings, "The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad." This he says without emphasis, as if it were a matter of course, scarcely calculated to provoke surprise or dissent. The selfsame quality in Hecker, on the contrary, took the subtle and illusive shape of obedience to an Inward Voice, never suspected of being his own, always projected as a Brocken spectre upon the clouds, not unlike the dæmon of Socrates, and which thus wore the guise of self-effacement and almost articulate behests of a divine authority. The figure of Hecker's egotism was engraved in his nature like a die or an intaglio, while in Tho-

reau, as I have said, it was reversed and stood out with the bold relief of a cameo. But the lineaments were the same in both, with only this difference, that Thoreau's personal pronoun was *I*, and Hecker's was *It*.

The late Professor Clifford was wont to maintain that there is a special theological faculty or insight, analogous to the scientific, poetic, and artistic faculty; and that the persons in whom this genius is exceptionally developed are the founders of religions and religious orders. It is apparent that Isaac Hecker's nature from his youth partook largely of this quality. He early showed an affinity with the supersensible and the supernatural, was easily "possessed," his mind on that side being primitive and credulous to a degree. Such logic as he had — and his writings are full of it — was the logic of instinct and feeling, not of fact. To him, possibilities, if conceivable and desirable, easily became probabilities, and probabilities certainties. With this temperament, which Curtis mildly characterizes as "sanguine," it is not difficult to understand why the paramount purpose of his life should have been to establish in this country a propaganda of such persuasive power as to sweep the American people *en masse* into the Catholic Church, and it was upon this object that all his energies and hopes were centred in a burning focus of endeavor.

The genius of Thoreau moved in a totally different plane. He was pre-eminently of this world, both in its actual and ideal aspects, and he found it so rich and satisfying to his whole nature that he yearned for no other. Channing aptly names him "poet-naturalist," for he united in harmonious combination accurate perception of external facts and relations with an imaginative insight and sympathy that easily and habitually transcended the scope of mere science and ratiocination. He had not only feet, but wings, and was equally at home on the solid ground

of natural law and in the airy spaces of fancy. Time, which he said was the stream he went a-fishing in, — time and the world about him, these were the adapted and sufficient habitat of his soul. He held it but poor philosophy to make large drafts on the past or the future or the elsewhere. Nature was his heaven, and the present moment his immortality. Hear what he writes in his *Journal*, under date of November 1, 1858, less than four years before his death: "There is no more tempting novelty than this new November. No going to Europe or to another world is to be named with it. Give me the old familiar walk, post-office and all, with this ever new self, with this infinite expectation and faith which does not know when it is beaten. We'll go nutting once more. We'll pluck the nut of the world and crack it in the winter evenings. Theatres and all other sight-seeing are puppet shows in comparison. I will take another walk to the cliff, another row on the river, another skate on the meadow, be out in the first snow, and associate with the winter birds. Here I am at home. In the bare and bleached crust of the earth, I recognize my friend. . . . This morrow that is ever knocking with irresistible force at our door, there is no such guest as that. I will stay at home and receive company. I want nothing new. If I can have but a tithe of the old secured to me, I will spurn all wealth besides. Think of the consummate folly of attempting to go away from *here*. . . . How many things can you go away

from? They see the comet from the northwest coast just as plainly as we do, and the same stars through its tail. Take the shortest way round and stay at home. A man dwells in his native valley like a corolla in its calyx, like an acorn in its cup. Here, of course, is all that you love, all that you expect, all that you are. Here is your bride-elect, as close to you as she can be got. Here is all the best and the worst you can imagine. What more do you want? Foolish people think that what they imagine is somewhere else. That stuff is not made in any factory but their own."

To clarify and keep sane his vision, bodily and spiritual; to observe, to record, to interpret; to glorify and enjoy to the full the life that here and now is, — this was Thoreau's mission, and he fulfilled it to the end, through evil report and good report, "more straining on for plucking back." Nor did his determination waver or his ardor blanch in the very face of death, as the following incident strikingly attests: A few days before he died his friend Parker Pillsbury (of anti-slavery fame) made a brief farewell call at his bedside, and he closes his scrupulous account of the interview in these words: "Then I spoke only once more to him, and cannot remember my exact words. But I think my question was substantially this: 'You seem so near the brink of the dark river, that I almost wonder how the opposite shore may appear to you.' Then he answered: 'One world at a time.'"

E. H. Russell.

ON THE OFF-SHORE LIGHTS.

I.

THE LOSING OF MOTHER.

"'T AIN'T brownkitis, ye don't think, ma?" he croaked.

"Lord, no!" said mother, bringing the smallest washtub and crowding it in between father's chair and the stove. "'T ain't on'y a cold in yer head, father, kinder gone down on yer chest. You've slep' jest like an infant right here 'side the fire this good while. It's 'most midnight. Git yer stockin's off, father."

"I gut ter g'win the light," he protested.

"Well, I guess yer hain't gut ter do no sech a thing," mother replied stoutly. "I guess I kin g'win the light myself an' not kill myself, I guess. Git yer stockin's off, father. An' now you tip yer head back so 's I kin git the salt pork round yer neck good, an' the ki-en 'll fetch the cold out. I'll make yer some ki-en tea when I come out o' the light. My soul an' body! I hain't set the kittle on front. Hev ter hev the water hot or the pepper 'll float."

"I wisht yer hed n't gut ter g'win the light, ma!"

"O Lord! 'T ain't goin' ter kill me! There, now, pa, I guess you kin git both feet in, now — you try."

The old man was dandling a bare foot scarily over the hot water. Mother threw a little woolen shawl across his knees to hang over his long thin legs.

"Dunno when I hain't hed a cold 'fore, ef 't ain't brownkitis, an' prob'ly it's the grip. Blasted gov'munt orter 'low me an' 'sistant."

"Lord, no, pa, anybuddy else 'd be sech a bother 'round, 'sides ourselves. My soul an' body! how it doos blow, to be sure!" The stout little house trembled and rocked in the gale.

"You ketch a holt o' somethin', mother," said the old man anxiously.

"I 'll ketch a holt — the — door jamb," she said, out of breath, stooping to draw on father's long stockings over her shoes. "My goodness gracious! I hain't gut yer balsam, an' ye might ez well be a-snuffin' it whilst I'm gone," she added, trotting hastily out of the room with soft woolen footsteps.

The balsam was set afloat on boiling water in a little yellow and blue pitcher, and given to the old man to hold close under his nose.

"I hain't a bit o' doubt that 'll go straight ter yer pipes an' do 'em a lot o' good," said mother cheerily. "Em'-line said so, when daughter giv it to me three years ago, bein' so fur frum a doctor. 'It's the same her husband took when he died. 'It's good fer chest troubles an' lung difficulties,'" she read, laboriously, from the bottle. "An' here 's a picter of the man thet made it, prob'ly, an' thet shows it's good, an' some of his writin' on the back. Lemme see, you gut ter hev somethin' throwed over yer head. It's the steam o' the balsam's the good part." And she covered his head and the pitcher from view under a generous draping of red flannel.

"Can't breathe!" came from under it.

"Oh yes you kin! You gut ter breathe! Hold yer nose down close. It 'll limber up yer pipes, splendid, pa!"

She lighted the lantern and set it ready on the table, and then wound herself up in a long knitted scarf, over which she put father's reefer with the sleeves turned up, and crowned herself with a big fur cap, with lappet strings tied in a bow under her chin.

"There, ain't thet nice!" she purred. "See how nice an' warm I be, pa! Oh,

you can't see! Well, I guess I 'm ready. Lord! don't the wind blow!" she said, peering out of the window. "Ain't it a pretty night! Don't the water look black! Mercy! Well, I guess I 'll be goin'."

"Blasted gov'munt orter built a passageway 'fore now," the old man said, through the flannel.

"O Lord, no! The gov'munt 's giv us a fence, pa! A real nice fence. Don't yer fret. Keep yer legs covered, pa."

The door banged after her, and the old man listened eagerly for the heavy, muffled bang of the tower door, a few steps beyond the house. There was no bang.

"She orter gut there," he said to himself uneasily.

Mother Tabb crossed the piazza serenely enough, but the wind took her petticoats as she went down the steps, slapping and twisting them round her.

"Lord!" she said, "don't it blow!" cuddling the flickering lantern between two billows of skirts, and turning her back to the wind. "My land! ain't it a pretty night!" The little round island was covered with crusted snow, and the light burned aloft like a candle on a holiday cake.

The pretty was mother's undoing. A less broad back than hers would have tempted the wind to push, so mother never reached the tower.

The wind pushed her, expostulating, surely and steadily down the slippery incline of the garden, forcing her unwilling feet to take unconsidered steps in the sadly wrong direction. In vain she tried to dig the gray woolen heels into the glassy crust. Then she turned, as she scudded, and resolutely dropped on her hands and knees.

But mother was plump and as handy to push one way as another. She went scudding along, dragging the tippy lantern after her, out through the lower garden gate to the brink of the icy hill, where even Father Tabb, in ice

times, always sat down to coast to the beach on the two fat back buttons of his ulster.

"I wisht mother 'd come," said the old man after a time, lifting the flannel off his head, and feeling justified in setting down the balsam. "I don't see what in time 's gut mother," he whined fretfully. "W'y, I seen t' the whole business myself, lightin'-up time. Ma did n't on'y hev ter wind her up."

He fidgeted and waited, and the water in the tub got chilly about his legs.

"I dunno what in time 's gut mother," he said, as he lifted his feet out and felt round for his stockings. He got up stiffly, bent with his hard cough, and pattered to the window. But mother had passed that way some time before.

"Gittin' some worried 'bout ma," he said. "S'pose I gut ter go see what 's gut her." And he warmed his rubber boots one at a time over the glowing stove, and stamped his bare, damp feet into them. Then he felt along the entry wall for his reefer and found his ulster, and felt along for his fur cap and found his sou'wester.

"I dunno hardly which leg I be a-standin' on," he said tremblingly, putting the little woolen shawl over his head and buttoning the sou'wester on over it. "Wind 'd like t' blow m' head off, ef I did n't hev it made fast," he said, and lighted the second best lantern in a panic of clumsy haste.

He did not stop at the house corner to look at the pretty night. He fought the wind across the open space to the tower.

"Ma! Mo-ther!" he called hoarsely at the foot of the stairs, and the hollow tower, full of weird wind noises, took his cry and tossed it up and brought it back, but with it no message from mother. "I gut ter g'wup!" he said anxiously.

He climbed the iron stairs, and the little cramped ladder to the gusty lan-

tern, with the wind roaring through its peaked hood like a chimney afire. "She ain't here!" he gasped breathlessly, peering ahead as he climbed.

"She ain't ben here!" he said, putting the crank on. The lamp had run down.

"I dunno hardly which leg I be a-standin' on," he chattered, coming fast and feebly down the stairs again. "I dunno — I dunno whar ter look," he said. He went round the corner of the house, bowing before the wind, carrying the lantern on his doubled-up arm, and step by step winning his way out of the upper garden gate. He looked down the smooth cold north hill, this way and that. There was nothing mother could hide behind in that long, white slant. The ice floes grated and groaned in the black water below as the tide heaved under them and the waves tore between, and black water lay far and wide, beyond. He turned back helplessly, hustled now the same way mother had gone, but he kept to the path, and presently it brought him to the back door, and the wind hurried him in.

Mother was watching him from the hillock where she had lodged. And frantic about his cold and the danger and all the things left undone and to be done, she started toward the house again, on hands and knees. She lost her hold at times, foothold and handhold, and remembered a certain little toy turtle on her parlor mantel, — a little green turtle that rested, with wildly fluttering feet, on a pivot.

Father Tabb pattered distractedly about the kitchen, fumbling with his coat, and going to the window again and again to look out, and listening to the wind, and poking the fire. Presently mother burst in, her nose red, and her eyes wild, and her fur cap all awry.

"W'y, mother!" the old man said, coming toward her delightedly. "Whar you ben?"

"Where 've I ben! I guess better

say where you ben! W'y, Josiah Tabb, don't yer know you 've prob'ly gut yer death o' cold, or somethin' or ruther, goin' ou'doors right out o' hot water? I declare ter goodness! Here, lemme git my things off! You git right ter bed, quick, this minute, an' I'll fetch the brown jug in out th' oven, an' the ki-en tea. My goodness gracious! I never wuz so scared in all my born days!"

"Oh, I guess 't ain't goin' ter be ez bad ez thet, ma," he said, from the kitchen bedroom, much subdued and comforted, and hurrying into bed. Then when all was still in the bedroom, mother drew the tub across to her chair and emptied it at the sink and softly filled it again with hot water.

"Makes me feel bad hevin' you watch both ends the night, ma!" came from deep down in the bedclothes.

"Oh, you go ter sleep an' stop worryn', pa," mother answered fretfully. "I kin see the light good frum whar I set, an' I shell doze, some." She was fixing the little pitcher with more hot water and balsam, and gathering the shawls handy to her chair.

"Tain't brownkitis, yer don't think, ma?" the old man called out again.

"Lord, no! Go ter sleep, father!"

"Better put yer feet in hot water, ma," he said.

"Lord, no! I don't want no cod-dlin'. Mercy!"

Mother's feet were already in the water, and the balsam steaming beneficently close to her nose. The cold air and the comforting foot-bath made her sleepy. She dropped into a little doze, and waked with a start.

"Bet yer 'll hev brownkitis ef yer don't," he said.

II.

AN ISLAND SORROW.

"I SAYS to him when I bought 'em, says I, 'I don't want no mistake 'bout it, 'long ez they wuz done up in little

tight papers.' I told him, says I, 'I want two papers o' scarlet runner beans,' says I, 'like what my mother used ter hev,' says I; I've lived out ter the island so long I did n't know but what them common garding flowers hed kinder gone by, an' I wanted jest them kind, an' I did n't want no others, so he told me, 'There ain't no mistake,' says he; 'them's the ones yer want.'

'Well, I don't go off'n the island but once in the spring o' the year, an' once ev'ry fall, an' I'd set out all winter ter hev me them beans when I went ashore, an' buy 'em myself, so I did, an' the baigs hed picters o' jest the kind o' beans they wuz, so I dunno ter save my soul how it come ter go ez it did. Husband, he gut the dirt an' fetched it 'crost in the dory fer me ter make me my garding of, an' 't wuz a good job we saved over thet ole pig's trough thet come 'shore high water, thet time the tide riz so, an' pile o' stuff come 'crost thet time frum folkses dooryards we wuz real glad ter git an' use, same ez thet green garding chair come same tide, thet I gut out now, there, front the house. Husband, he nailed it down some ter the plank walk so it hain't never bruk adrift, an' I set out there, consid'ble, summers, with an umbrella, an' the pig's trough come same tide. Husband, he wuz fer breakin' of it up fer firewood, but 'The idea!' I says, 'when there's a plenty plain wood comin' ashore the whole time,' I says, 'an' 'tain't ev'ry day yer git a real nice, handsome pig's trough,' says I, an' good job we saved it. Clear in the middle o' the winter I wuz settin' thinkin' how we 'd fix to hev some green stuff growin' kinder round the house so 's 't would n't wash off'n the rock, an' thet pig's trough come into my head. I gut me a lantern lighted, an' I knocked on the wall fer the other keeper's wife, an' she come in, an' Mis' Hopkins an' me we went ri' down ter the boathouse an' looked at it, where it laid. Then she come in my side, an'

set a spell, an' we hed it over how we 'd hev that flower garding. My idea wuz, we 'd git the beans up fust, jest where it laid, so 's ter give 'em a good start case of an extra bad blow fust o' June same ez sometimes it is. An' so, thet spring, when I fetched the beans back an' the dirt come 'crost, we begun the garding down ter the boathouse, her one side the trough, an' me the other, an' divided it in the middle, an' we gut ri' down on our knees, workin' in the dirt. Don't no more green stuff grow on the rock than out'n the back yer hand, an' real dirt wuz awful good ter feel of an' smell of, an' so we fixed, an' dug, an' planned, an' talked, an' bime-by we stuck in the beans. I dunno to goodness how it ever come ter go ez it did. Them beans looked jest alike, an' the baigs wuz the same. It wuz a good job we gut that garding agoin' inside, when the big blow come. We 'd 'a' lost it, ef we did n't. An' bime-by, come stiddy weather, husband he an' Mr. Hopkins they hed the garding out an' set it long ways up an' down 'tween our two sets o' doorsteps. It warn't more 'n five feet long, an' husband an' Mr. Hopkins they drove in two, three nails agin 'nother blow. An' when them beans really come through, I 'most hed a fit! Seems I 'd 'most fergut how them kind o' things did look, a-loopin' up green an' a-lifitin' up them dry skins, an' keepin' of 'em a spell. I did n't hardly feel to part with them dry skins, hardly. An' bime-by them little plants begun ter kinder reach out an' try ter vine, they wuz five come up each side, an' Mis' Hopkins an' me we put strings to keep 'em sep'ret. Seems they 'd kinder mix in the trough ef we did n't. Well, they done well, both sides of it, her'n an' mine, an' bime-by they begun ter bud. I dunno ter goodness how it ever come out ez it did, an' I wuz real sorry, 'cause I often said ter husband, says I, 'We hain't never hed a fust assistant's wife so easy ter live with sence we ben

out t' the light,' says I. 'Mis' Hopkins an' her husband,' says I, 'they're both fine folks,' I says. But when I come out my door the mornin' them beans fust blowed a leetle mite, Mis' Hopkins she come jest plumb into her door past me, an' she never said a word. She shet her door right square in my face an' eyes, an' she never said a word. Well, I wuz some mad myself, but thinks says I ter myself, 'I dunno ez I know what's the matter,' says I. Well, I felt like a toothpick, myself, but I kep' on a-lookin' my beans over, an' sure 's you live, Mis' Hopkins must o' thought I cheated. Her'n was buddin' white, an' mine wuz buddin' red. Seems mother did hev two colors o' scarlet runner beans when I wuz small. An' it come so sudden. Mis' Hopkins used me splendid when I wuz took sick same time ez Mr. Hopkins hed his lumbago. She 'd set his watch in the tower nights, an' nuss the two of us daytimes. But thet 's what she thought 'bout them beans. 'T war n't no good gittin' her ter hear ter reason. Mr. Hopkins he says to husband, says he, 'She 's ez sot ez a fence-post,' says he, an' so she wuz. Well, I kep' a-goin' over it in my mind all day, an' then I done it. I crep' out after dark same night, wind blowin' good an' seas a-poundin' so 's she could n't 'a' possibly heard my door, an' I felt all roun' them little five vines o' mine, an' I nipped off ev'ry single bud. Them poor little doubled-up blooms. I set 'em in a bottle o' water, them little mites o' green. I felt kinder ez ef somethin' hed happened. That little garding would n't never be the same ter me. Mis' Hopkins's beans come mixed, white an' red, jest a whole tumblin', spreadin' lot o' vines an' blooms. But Mis' Hopkins she hez n't never spoke ter me sence. That 's two years ago, an' the on'y other two of us here on the island jest men, that 's all. So 't is kinder lonesome, not hevin' her talk. Thet 's how she come ter not to."

III.

THEIR WEDDING DAY.

THE tide was over the bar, and the little white tower far from shore stood deep in the rip. The sun was coming up red over the gray sea line, and pines along the shore showed black against the sky. Sounds of breakfast-getting echoed in the tower, and the smell of something long fried rose to the lantern. The keeper was shouting a song as he worked among his wicks and measures and cans and curtains:—

"Hi-tiddy-i-tiddy,
Hi-ti-ti.
Hi-tiddy-i"—

"Ja-y," a mild voice called, far down below.

"Ay! Ay!" he shouted.

"Hi-tiddy-i-tiddy,
Hi-ti-ti."

And he came noisily tramping down the iron stairs, round and round the echoing spiral till he reached the kitchen.

"Haul the table out little mite," said his wife; "hevin' a round kitchen kinder bothers, some, 'bout settin' ter table. Times I wisht we hed a square one. You wash yer face, Ja-y. I gut buttered toast this mornin'. Doos soak the butter consid'ble, an' some says it 's bad fer the indigestion, but I ain't half so 'fraid o' hot butter ez I be of my death pocket. Thet 's why I allus seed my raisins sence brother died of it, but his wuz a cherry stone, I b'lieve. Some folks likes little dried-up toast, an' put yer butter on yerself, but not me. I'm awful glad you fetched over this liver an' sausage yestiddy, Ja-y. I love the two of 'em together, of a Sunday, an' I got some fresh sponge cake I made; I'll git right up an' git it, an' pumpkin pie, whilst I'm on my feet. An' I done some doughnuts fer yer ter eat in yer watch, Ja-y."

"Bully fer you!"

"Case o' my toothache; but I guess

I 'll be able ter set up all right ter-night, my watch out. I hain't felt it jump. Nobody would n't know we come from the Cape, 'thout the pie an' doughnuts. 'T is kinder long ways, ain't it? 'Bout two hundred miles, I guess. Ain't so much here ter tell it 's Sunday ez where we wuz, bells an' all."

"Ain't no diff'unce between ter-day an' yestiddy forenoon, fur 's I see," said Jay, "'thout there 's fog in the air. Good gosh! see them ducks!" he cried, tipping his chair to look out of the deep-set window. "Portland boat 's comin' down, too. She 's kinder late. Ben t' the bottom, mebbe!"

"You did n't oughter make game o' death, Ja-y," murmured his wife.

"That 's right! You keep right on a-sassin' me an' you 'll git fat ez a pollywog, Drusy, an' pretty ez a picter," he said with rough tenderness, squaring himself with the table again, and looking across admiringly at his little fair, sad-eyed wife.

"By Jove!" he cried suddenly, bringing his fist down with a thump that shifted the dishes. "Bet yer don't know what day 't is!"

"Ain't it Sunday?" his wife exclaimed with a nervous flush. Once she washed clothes out at the light on Sunday, mistaking it for Monday.

"Oh yes, it 's Sunday, all right," her husband answered, "but it 's more 'n thet, Drusy! It 's October the twenty-fith!"

"W'y, so 't is! I declare! I dunno how I come ter fergit," said Drusilla.

"Thet 's how I come ter fetch the liver an' sausage over yestiddy," her husband continued triumphantly. "Ketch a weasel asleep!" And then, a little less boisterously, —

"You hain't sorry yer merried me, Drusy, be yer?"

"Lord, no! W'y, no indeed!"

"An' come here ter live?"

"Oh my, no! No indeed! I like here real well. I think it 's real kinder pretty here, summers."

"'Cause ef yer don't, Drusy, I 'll lay by fer a noo light, an' git yer one with a square kitchen. What say ter that?"

"Oh no, Ja-y! Mebbe we 'd git a lot worse one ter live in. I like this one real well. On'y I do git kinder depreat when water gits in the sullar."

"I 'll hev them damn port-holes fixed outer my own pocket, ef the gov'munt 's too stingy," said Jay with spirit.

"An' it gits kinder dark, times, when we hev a good long spell o' weather. An' wind a-hoo-in', an' the seas jigglin' things so when I set here nights, an' I hain't never liked the fog-bell sence brother died."

"Damn fog 's so thick round here, keeps the bell a-goin' out o' all reason."

"I wuz thinkin' it wuz the twenty-six, but I remember thet 's the way we fixed it fust, an' the minister he changed it 'cause of a funeral he hed a-comin' off thet time."

"Gol darn the minister! He mixed me up same way, but I worked it all out pullin' 'cross yestiddy. Too darn smart, thet fellar wuz, fer my taste, but he 'll git his tail pulled one o' these days, all right."

"An' course I 'd kinder like ter go ter church, on'y the bar ain't never out long nuff ter walk. An' thet 's funny, too, 'cause ter home, down ter the Cape, the ones thet lives the furthest off is allus them thet goes."

"Well, Drusy, year 's gone quick; what say?"

"Oh my, yes! Real quick. I wisht I liked ter read books. But I think a lot. Sometimes I wisht I 'd took oil-paint lessons 'fore I wuz merried. I could 'a' done lots o' oil-paint fancy work out here. Sunday 's kind of a long day. Mis' James she 's ben rip-pin' up her ole black dress, two, three Sundays, over to Rockhaven. I hed a letter from her; you seen it. Somehow I can't feel to, myself. Of course ef I hev a button come off, or anythin', thet 's diff'rent. I often says ter Mis'

James when we wuz neighbors, 'Don't yer trim you a hat on the Sabbath; yer won't never like it ef yer do,' I says. She trims hats real pretty."

"Say! What 'll we do ter celebrate?" cried her husband excitedly.

"Oh we 'll, — well, we 've hed the extra breakfast, thet 's one, an' then we could — W'y! w'y not hev three meals, Ja-y?"

"Thet 's the idea!" he shouted. "Hev three meals! Thet 's the idea!"

"Sunday is so kinder long," his wife said, in a sorrowful voice. "Doos seem almost a waste o' time. I jest set an' set on Sunday, thinkin' 'bout Monday. I 'm real glad I slep' late. Thet takes off a lot o' the time. Oh my, yes, the day 'll go real quick ef we hev three meals! An' kinder spin my work out! We 'll hev the pork steak fer dinner, an' we 'll — we 'll" —

"What say ter openin' a can o' sweet stuff fer supper?" her husband suggested with great animation.

"W'y, of course! There 's two of pear, — you git up the pear, Ja-y. Now I 'll be workin' good piece the day, gittin' the meals an' washin' the dishes, an' ef we don't git our supper till after light-up, I kin be washin' my dishes good piece the evenin' whilst I 'm on watch! 'T is long ter set. I wisht I could feel ter play tiddledy-winks," she said wistfully. "You play 'em, Ja-y, on Sunday, 'cause course 't is Sunday all the time you set Sat'dy night, after I turn in at midnight."

"Good Lord! I guess I do," said Jay decisively. "I jest guess I reckon ter do more work an' hev better fun Sundays than Mondays."

"An' ef I ever do crochet a stitch, I don't never feel comfortable afterwards. I can't help it. I wisht I could. I don't mind livin' here in the summer time the least mite. I allus wuz a terrible hand ter git up early, an' it 's real nice an' pleasant here mornin's, sun comin' up 'bout half-past four. I allus like ter lay in the hammock a spell, out on deck, after I 've gut my pies in the oven, 'bout sun-up. I don't fergit them times. The tide kinder brims up so, an' when the bar 's under, yer feel a long ways off from folks, an' vessels movin' 'long so creepy, kinder like meetin' " —

"All right; now hang the rest, Drusy! When 's thet extra grub comin' 'long?" said Jay, rattling his chair back, and drawing off his boots.

"Hev it — say — 'bout low tide," she said. "An' mebbe you kin git two, three clams off'n the bar, fer a soup fer supper, mebbe, after you wake up."

"Thet 's the idea! Clam soup," he said, and trolled away up the winding stairs to the little gray cell bedroom.

"Ja-y," came up after him.

"Ay! Ay!"

"Case I fergit, I 've set them doughnuts — fer night — yer know — right under the fog-bell."

"Hi-tiddy-i-tiddy,
Hi-ti-ti."

Louise Lyndon Sibley.

THE NEW NAVY.

"In times of peace," wrote the first Advisory Board summoned for a new navy by Secretary Hunt, over twenty years ago, in its report November 7, 1881, "ironclads are not required to carry on the work of the United States navy."

"Including the battleships mentioned, the three vessels of the Maine class and the five of the New Jersey class," says that standard authority Brassey's Naval Annual for 1902, "there will be under construction for the United States navy

during the present year no less than ten first-class battleships; a larger number than for any other navy excluding our own." Even the English navy has but three more, thirteen. This contrast between the recommendation of a board which did not lack for ability or fighting blood—Admiral John Rodgers was its head, and commanders (now Admirals) R. D. Evans and A. S. Crowninshield were members and signed this report—and the battleship-building now in progress for the United States measures the change wrought by a new navy which, when it was begun, found us twelfth or fourteenth among the world's navies, and has made us fourth, not to say third, in efficiency.

In any nation, this would be a momentous change for the world and for itself. For the United States, with its internal resources and population, a coast line of some 6000 miles, insular possessions 12,000 miles apart, and a pledge to exclude all foreign interference from a territory of 8,000,000 square miles and a coast line of 19,000 miles in Central and South America, an advance from an insignificant navy to one equal to war with any navies but two, and to war, with a reasonable assurance of success, against all navies but three or four, affects the centre of political gravity in all the Seven Seas. Only two navies are afloat, Great Britain and France, which could confront the United States with such an overwhelming force that a collision would reduce the General Naval Board at Washington to a sole study of the defensive problem. Both these flags are united by so many ties to the fortune and future of the republic that it may be doubted if either enters to-day into the imagination of the American people as a probable or possible foe. Two navies more there are, Russia and Germany, whose force afloat is so strong were untoward circumstances to break the unbroken peace of the past as to render the issue of a collision one about which no

man would hastily venture an opinion as to the outcome guided by considerations alone of tonnage, armor, engines, and guns. A fifth power, Italy, had ten to twenty years ago a powerful navy. It may regain its relative position. At present, its ships are antiquated. Three out of five first-class battleships are over ten years old, and all its second and third class battleships have been afloat from seventeen to twenty-five years. Its founder, Crispi, in 1900, pointed out that in ten years it had sunk from seventh to twelfth place. When the six battleships launched or building are equipped, Italy's navy will be stronger absolutely not relatively, for the progress of other larger navies will be even more rapid.

No other navy need be considered, though one, Japan, has already reached a point at which its force in its own waters is stronger than that of any one navy permanently maintained on the same coast. Where Russia habitually keeps in Eastern Asia four battleships of the size of the Iowa, 10,960 tons, and all eight years old, and Great Britain the same number of our new Maine class, 12,950 tons, more modern, Japan has now six battleships, all new warships and all more powerful. What is true of battleships is as true of cruisers off Eastern Asia. The Japanese fleet is to-day stronger than any one Asiatic squadron under a European flag, though not stronger than any two combined. When in 1896 the united Russian, French, and German fleets sent their boats ashore to prepare for action, Japan yielded, as it would be forced to yield again. Powerful, the Japanese navy is. None has made fewer mistakes of plan or construction. None averages better, ship by ship. It is well handled. Cruising in ill-charted waters and for twelve years making annual manœuvres, it is the only navy afloat that in thirty years has never had a vessel wrecked, or lost a ship at sea by its own fault. Our navy averages a ship lost or injured every other year.

But the Japanese navy has no place in the world-reckoning of navies. Allowing it all its future programme, it will not for twenty years to come have over half the force of the least of the world's five great navies. Nor will Italy. The pace is beyond the fiscal strength of these powers. The methodical German programme set by the Act of April 10, 1898, gives a measure that every competing nation must meet or be left, hull down. It provides for an annual average sum for new construction from 1901 to 1916 of \$24,500,000. Less than this means naval inferiority in an art in which vessels five years old have perceptibly lost power, vessels ten years old are outclassed, and those fifteen to twenty years are useful only for convoy or in harbor defense as floating forts. Admiral Rawson in the British Channel manoeuvres of 1900 found his flagship, the *Majestic*, 14,900 tons, completed in 1895, hopelessly handicapped by the limited coal endurance of vessels like the *Edinburgh*, 9420 tons, finished 1882, the *Conqueror*, 6200 tons, finished 1881, the *Dreadnought*, 10,820 tons, finished 1875, and the *Sultan*, 9290 tons, launched in 1871. Such vessels not only lack power themselves, they hamper stronger and swifter vessels of a longer coal endurance. They may bring an entire fleet to an untenable position as they did Admiral Rawson, forced in these manoeuvres to flee from a fleet no stronger because the weaker vessels he had must be detached to coal.

No nation, unless able and willing to spend an average of at least \$25,000,000 a year on new construction, can longer hold the sea on equal terms. Only five national budgets, all over \$500,000,000 annually, — Germany, the smallest, was, ordinary and extraordinary, \$586,146,500 for 1901, — can afford this expenditure. Seventeen years ago, Great Britain,

leading all the rest, expended on hulls only, in thirteen years, 1872-85, \$85,340,065, a yearly average of but \$6,564,620, and France \$56,789,480, an annual average of but \$4,367,652. The total cost for new construction was twice this, but the entire sum spent on shipbuilding by England in 1884-85, when Egypt and boundary issues in Asia had quickened defense, was only \$19,455,000. This was for the world's foremost fleet; and Sir Thomas Brassey in a speech at Portsmouth in 1885, while Secretary to the Admiralty, cited this expenditure as proof that "an administration pledged to economy" was determined to exceed the French in ironclad construction. The maximum annual outlay for new construction in the largest navy of the world a score of years ago stands to-day below the minimum needed to maintain a position in the world's five foremost navies.

Of these five England and France are in advance of the rest. The other three would be differently distributed, according to the norm used. Two years ago, Mr. J. Holt Schooling in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, 1900, in an elaborate calculation, handicapped the vessels of the world's navies by their age, reducing efficiency ten per cent for those over six years old, and so on back until vessels built before 1880 were rated at one fifth their fighting weight. This placed the United States fourth in battleships and third in armored and protected cruisers, while its navy stood ahead of both Germany and Italy, and therefore fourth when this principle was applied to the navy list as a whole.¹ If the world's battleships are reduced to terms, let us say of the *Indiana* or *Massachusetts*, 10,000 tons, fifteen knots speed, four thirteen-inch guns, launched within fifteen years, the United States in 1890 was sixth, being led by Great Britain, France,

¹ Numerically taking Japan, the weakest, as 100, the other powers on this basis were Great Britain, 638; France, 257; Russia, 188; United

States, 165; Germany, 134, and Italy, 103. The United States would to-day lead Russia, Japan, and Italy.

Italy, Russia, and Germany. By 1896, the United States had passed Germany on this basis, but was still led by the rest, and by 1902, the United States has passed Italy, and is led by Russia if existing, or by Germany if approaching, naval strength be considered. There will be a period, just as the twelve battleships and two armored cruisers building or authorized are completed, when in the fighting line, measured by efficiency, the United States will be third; but the period will be brief unless our naval expenditure for new construction is kept up to an inexorable annual average of from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. This is to-day the minimum price for the naval security of a first-class power, one of the Big Five, whose common action and consent rule the world and make up a world concert, steadily gravitating into three divisions, Russia and France, Germany and Central Europe, England and the United States. In the last, recent events in China and South Africa have suddenly burdened the United States with many of the responsibilities and some of the initiative of a senior partner.

The United States in popular American discussion is credited with a new place in the world because of its new possessions. This is to mistake cause and effect. The United States owes both its new position and its new possessions to the new fleet. Without that, it would have neither. Lacking this, it may at any moment lose both. Coaling strength in the central Pacific — where the United States is better off than Great Britain — and in the Gulf and Caribbean, the new possessions give. They give nothing else. With a modern fleet this is the difference between a fleet like that of Germany or Russia, which cannot move about the world at will, — as witness Prince Henry's slow progress to China with the Kaiser's "Mailed Fist" on the Brandenburg by the grace of British coaling stations, — and fleets like the British, French, and

American, which within their appropriate or appropriated sphere have supplies and succor, — always assuming that the same wisdom that acquired our insular possessions and dependency is wise enough to make them serviceable by equipped and fortified naval stations. For this, allowance is made in the estimate just quoted.

It is not merely that the American navy ranks among the first world five. All lesser fleets have disappeared. There are no small fleets to-day. There were even twenty years ago. Two centuries ago, Holland was still equal to an even fight with England in a contest that had endured for a century, and might have endured longer, but for the peril in which Louis XIV. put the Low Countries. The battle of the Baltic had its centenary only last year; it will be five years before that of the Danish surrender to Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier (whose conduct in the Basque Roads had its recent parallel in our service), and until these twin events Denmark had still a fleet deemed worth destroying at the cost of an act of atrocious bad faith. The Barbary States had fleets up to a century ago equal to naval warfare. It is just over a third of a century since an Austrian fleet destroyed the Italian at Lissa, a battle with the twin lesson that ships alone do not make a fighting force, and that a naval commander may, like Admiral Tegetthoff, know how to win the greatest naval victory between Navarino and the Yalu, and yet so use his fleet as to make its influence unfelt and inappreciable on the general conduct of the war. To-day, Austria has not a first-class battleship carrying a twelve-inch gun, and but two modern fighting vessels of the second class worth considering. They brought Turkey to terms. They would be feared by no other power. When Secretary Tracy wrote his first report, he ranked both Austria and Turkey as stronger than the United States, which then ranked twelfth

in the list, taking the mere numerical strength of armored vessels and cruisers. In 1877, Turkey had a fleet which held its own against Russia in the Black Sea, and under a commander like Hobart Pasha would have sustained the traditional reputation of its flag in the Levant. Since the *Ertogrul* foundered in 1890 off the coast of Japan with a loss of 547 out of 600 men, no Turkish vessel has ventured on a voyage, though a Turkish yard in 1898 launched an iron-clad which was laid down in 1878. A London engineering weekly, in April, 1898, ranked the Spanish fleet above the American. Since July, 1898, no such estimate has been made. The Spanish navy is now of little more consequence than the fleet its only great admiral defeated at Lepanto. Chile, in 1881, had a stronger fleet than the United States. There were then at least a dozen flags capable of giving a fair account of themselves, as there had been through all the history of organized European naval warfare. So far as the reckoning of the day goes, they have disappeared. The little folk among the nations have ceased to maintain navies. The fighting force of the five great nations has become so visible and so calculable that nothing else is considered. The lesser powers own vessels. They no longer possess a navy in any proper sense of the word. Remembering what sea power is, there is in the current development of civilization no more extraordinary, unexpected, or unprecedented fact than the change in a quarter of a century, which at its opening in 1875 found many navies, after the first two, France and England, of fairly comparable force, where to-day there are but five of the first rank, with Japan and Italy of a reputable but distinctly secondary consideration, and the rest nowhere.

When that first Naval Advisory Board twenty-one years ago considered the needs of the United States, this country was unaware that it had no longer before

it the old choice of placing on the sea a small and efficient navy, easily to be made the nucleus of a larger one and ranking high among secondary navies. This had been our naval policy since John Paul Jones first gave it definition in his letter to the Continental Congress. The alternative, instead, was to have a navy of the first rank or none at all. The fundamental principle of naval strategy, "The sea is never common territory to belligerents," laid down by Admiral Colomb has steadily worked itself out by the elimination of lesser navies, while the larger tend to union. France and Russia, Germany and Italy, England and Japan, are already in formal alliances that really create three great navies, with the United States as a fourth. This was not only unknown, it could not be known, while our navy was first planning. There is perhaps in all our history no more remarkable proof of that sure and diffused instinct which in the world's ruling nations leads them, like a homing bird, to where supremacy sits, than that after twenty years of fortuitous action by all the men and all the forces which decide our naval policy we find ourselves with a navy clearly one of the first five. There are only seven navies which Brassey's or any other competent discussion of the world's naval strength now deems worthy of analysis, — England, France, Russia, the United States, Germany, Japan, and Italy. There is no probable combination of six of these navies in which the United States would not turn the scale one way or the other. It is this unwritten postscript to every despatch leaving the State Department which is to-day the simple and sufficient reason why for two years, in the momentous issues presented by China from Taku to Tientsin, the policy of the United States has become the policy of the new world concert.

By that strange good fortune which is the proverbial possession of the United States this country launched no vessel,

with three exceptions, the *Miantonomoh*, the *Terror*, and the *Puritan*, for twenty years, from 1864 to 1884, which is to-day on its effective navy list. It was a period of transition. Steel was replacing iron in the hull and in armor, rifled ordnance the smooth-bore, the breech-loader the muzzle-loader; the triple expansion, or to speak more correctly the three stage compound, engine was replacing the earlier type, to which in the *Wampanoag* we contributed on the whole the costliest and the most ineffective ever built. By the close of this period the cost of a vessel per ton had been reduced nearly half, the possible and expected speed had nearly doubled, and the initial velocity of a steel-pointed shot a little more than doubled. When war vessels were experimental, costly, slow, cumbersome, and possessing an ineffective armament, measured by modern standards, we built none. It was a grave risk for a great country to run. For twenty years we were defenseless, with only the low coal capacity of the armored vessel of the day and a foreign policy which avoided assertion or collision, for the protection of American citizens or the discharge of international duties, such as have confronted us on the Isthmus, in Samoa, in Cuba, and in China since a navy existed.

It was a costly policy, for during this period the United States had a naval establishment but no naval plant. It was in the position of a steamship line which should keep up its force of officers, engineers, and seamen and provide no steamers. In the nineteen years between the close of the war, June 30, 1865, and the launch of the first vessels of the new navy in 1884 the United States spent, to accept the friendly statement of Mr. B. W. Harris, Representative from Massachusetts, on the maintenance of its navy, \$243,337,318, and it had during this period no vessels worthy the name. So large was the mere cost of maintaining its yards and docks and providing for their administration that in

this period \$154,692,085 were expended "for war vessels" without result. The first board called in 1881 to consider the situation frankly admitted that the United States had no equipment, public or private, equal to the making of a steel vessel, of armor, or of high power ordnance.

The practical result now is that the United States has at the end of twenty years a navy whose construction as a whole is more recent than that of any other except Japan. All its vessels have been planned and built after the present type of warship had been reached. The opposite extremes represented by vessels like the Italian *Duilio*, in which everything had been sacrificed to armor or ordnance, and the Chilean *Esmeralda*, with all given over to speed and two heavy guns, had ended in the compromise which for the last decade has guided marine architecture. The work began under difficulties. There was the usual bugbear of labor, some seventy-seven per cent higher on the Delaware than on the Clyde. Material, from forty-five to forty-nine per cent of the cost of a cruiser, taking an English return¹ in 1881 for guide, was thirty per cent higher in this country than in England. But efficiency makes up for all things. The original estimates for a 4200-ton cruiser by the Board of which Commodore Shufeldt was the head calculated the cost of what was later the *Chicago* at \$1,352,000. The closest comparison is with the *Boadicea* and *Bacchante*, two English vessels of like speed and displacement, though of lighter armament, whose cost was \$1,200,515 and \$1,184,655 respectively. The actual cost of the *Chicago*, in the early days a much abused vessel, was \$943,385. These are notable exceptions, but on the average our war vessels have cost little if any more than foreign ships measured by gun-fire. Per ton, our vessels cost thirty-two per cent more than English, and per horse power thirty per cent more. Into

¹ Dockyard and expense account of the British navy of February 15, 1881.

the tragedy of those early vessels, which cost the solvency of the firm that built them and the life of their builder, it is not necessary to enter. They furnish one more illustration of a fact which the public is slow to believe, that the United States Navy Department is the most rigorous of customers, paying least, exacting most, and clogged by a perpetual uncertainty as to time of payment, due to varying appropriations. This is balanced by a final certainty of settlement, unimpeachable credit, the prestige of government work, and a job which lasts long and is not often pushed.

The work began slowly. It is now clear that the delays of Congress were to the national advantage. Shipbuilding is a trade for whose mastery time also is needed. In August, 1882, Congress reduced the scheme laid before it of sixty-eight vessels costing \$29,607,000 to two costing \$3,202,000. Begun under the firm belief in cruisers as the chief need of the United States, — a tradition due not to facts but to the way in which the history of the War of 1812 has been written, — for ten years the navy had nothing but cruisers. It is nineteen years since the keel of the first cruiser was laid. It is only eleven since the lines of the first battleship were laid down in the moulding-room. In 1892, ten years after Congress had passed the first appropriation for a new navy, nothing but cruisers were in commission save the Monterey and Miantonomoh, one new and the other a reëquipped monitor. Neither the New York nor Brooklyn, armored sea-going vessels, was ready for sea. The four battleships, Iowa, Indiana, Massachusetts, and Oregon, ordered were not half done. The navy in being still consisted even ten years ago of nine cruisers, five gunboats, and a schoolship. The work has been cumulative. From 1881 to 1885 (Arthur) five cruisers and three gunboats were authorized; in the next four years, 1885-89 (Cleveland), two battleships (counting

the Maine and Texas in this class), one armored cruiser, nine cruisers, and four gunboats; 1889-93 (Harrison), four battleships, one armored cruiser, and two protected cruisers; 1893-97 (Cleveland), five battleships and seven gunboats; 1897-1902 (McKinley and Roosevelt), twelve battleships, two armored cruisers, six protected cruisers, and two gunboats. The succession is plain. First a fleet of cruisers, next armored vessels, and then in the past five years battleships and armored cruisers to supplement and complete the fleet already built. The discovery of some way to see in a submarine boat will instantly relegate this fleet to the place now held by wooden vessels. So long as the submarine pilot is blind in spite of a periscope and other devices, this new craft is in its experimental stage. He would be rash who predicted it would stay thus. Such as it is, the United States has as good a model in the Holland as any, even in France. The water-tube boiler this country was slow to adopt. So also with smokeless powder. But it has in the end adopted both. At other points, its vessels have for ten years equaled any. In torpedo boats, it has been slow and right in being slow.

As to the relative size of the new navy, mere lists of vessels built tell little. Even tonnage launched means little to the lay reader. Still, tonnage is a relative measure. Brassey, 1902, gives the total tonnage of the United States navy as close as may be at the opening of the year, built and building, at 476,739 tons. The English navy is 1,898,470 tons, the French 695,698 tons, the Russian 515,318 tons, the German 401,525 tons, the Italian 288,885 tons, and the Japanese 218,117 tons. But the broad difference in efficiency is that the tonnage of all other nations except Japan extends over thirty years. Of our new navy only 7863 tons were built before 1889, or adding the monitors 27,065; and only 62,695, less than a seventh, about an eighth, before 1893. Over four fifths of the navy

is the work of the last ten years. On the other hand, one half the Italian navy is over sixteen years old, nearly one third the English and French, one fifth the Russian, and one sixth the German against a seventeenth of the American. It would be an equal error to assume that these old vessels are worthless, or to fail to see that they reduce the efficiency of a squadron. Valuable for home defense and for much service, they have no such relative worth as their tonnage indicates. A navy all whose vessels are of one period, purpose, and plan has indefinable advantages not easily estimated in manœuvres, in handling, in supplies, in ammunition, and in the greater familiarity with their new surroundings of officers as they shift from vessel to vessel. No man can foot or tabulate this; but it is none the less incontestable, and it might, like the relatively uniform size and manœuvring of Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar, render possible a concerted attack, for which vessels built thirty years apart would be unequal.

Launched as they are within a little over a decade, though designed over a longer span, — nearly all have been from eight to thirty-six months longer in building than English vessels, a grievous loss, — the American fleet has a distinct type beyond any other afloat. Mobility, variety, handiness, and a wide range of experiment kept short of freaks mark the British navy. The French has carried to an extreme armor and superstructure. Since the terrible year defense has seized on France like an obsession. The German battleship has hitherto been marked by a narrow coal capacity. The Italian has forced gun-fire, and been plainly affected by the quieter Italian seas, which permit a heavier weight above the water line. A spruce, swift efficiency is the note of a Japanese ship. The Russian fleet is eclectic, and singularly lacking, as is curiously enough the Russian church and cathedral, in definite and homogeneous outline. It is full of crank experiments. Rash experiment

might *a priori* have been anticipated in American vessels. Sacrifice to extreme speed would have been predicted by most as likely to be our temptation. A national desire to have the "biggest," "fastest," or "most powerfully gunned" vessel "in the world" might have been confidently expected to influence our marine designs. None of this has been. Now and then an American cruiser has "broken the record," but not for long. Much is said in superlative terms of our war vessels by those not experts. Great builders disdain the advertising of newspaper headlines as little as any men with wares to sell and all the world for a market. The few who are guided, not by claims, but by a patient comparison of navy lists, know that the note of our American men-of-war is a keen moderation and a clear knowledge that for all-round efficiency, balance is more than bounce. Our battleships have been from 2000 to 4000 tons short of the extreme of foreign navies. The last authorized are limited to 16,000 tons where larger are now planned abroad. In speed, our fighting-craft have been deliberately designed some two knots slower. We built for sixteen knots when other nations were seeking eighteen and are launching vessels of eighteen knots — taking the records as they go, when others are seeking twenty. In armor, we have kept short of the French and Italian extreme. Our tendency is toward a twelve-inch gun instead of thirteen or more, and our last cruisers of the Essex class follow the English example in an armament of six-inch guns only.

It is a tradition of the American navy to over-gun. Our frigates a century ago carried the guns of a ship of the line, and our sloops the guns of a frigate, — a circumstance omitted by most American, and noted by most English, historians of the War of 1812. The four battleships at Santiago carried on a displacement of 10,000 to 11,000 tons the armor and the four twelve or thirteen inch guns which

English designers have mounted on vessels of the Resolution class of 13,000 tons, though no more than the Nile and the Howe carry on the same tonnage. Our early gunboats were furnished with the ordnance of cruisers, and went through some queer and trying hours and "moments" in consequence. At least one cruiser had her military masts reduced in height and number to keep her stable with the armament of a small battleship behind her sponsons. Throughout our navy, the old American tradition of gunfire has however been retained. This has had its perils. They have been surmounted. Stability is not only to be secured by a safe metacentric height — that is, a centre of mass above the centre of gravity — but by lines. Skill in the latter has made up for lack in the former. The early designs were criticised. Daring, they were. Experience has shown that our battleships combine, to a degree which wins admiration in proportion to one's knowledge, safety for the vessel, stability for the gun-platform, and the wise use of the last ounce of displacement to gain armor and guns well above the water line.

Shaved close, we have in these things, but after the American fashion, just inside of the line of safety. The American, after all, has always seemed more risky to others than to himself, for another man's risk is only the American's knowledge. For our policy in speed less is to be said. Speed with steam is all that the weather-gauge once was, and with occasional exceptions like our much bepraised and comparatively useless "commerce destroyers" — already outdated — our battleships and our cruisers are year by year short, tested by speed abroad. Russia counted on and got in the Varyag and Retvizan more speed than our vessels from the same yard had. But this also is a part of the moderation of our naval designers who sought efficiency rather than spectacular achievement. Something in the comparison is, of course, due to our speed trials being

more severe. The English and Continental speed test is a mile in smooth water, over whose familiar stretch a vessel speeds with forced draught, picked coal, trying it again and again, often with several breakdowns, until a fancy record is won. The American speed test is for forty miles in blue water, unsheltered, with service coal and service conditions. Failure from a break in machinery has been most rare. The allowance this difference calls for no one can give. It exists and modifies comparison. I confess to a sneaking fondness for sheer speed. If our fleet is ever engaged in some long chase, such as Villeneuve led Nelson, we shall gnash our teeth over every missing knot. But the plea for the policy of our navy is strong. Excessive speed can be purchased only at the sacrifice of coal capacity and guns. Of all qualities, it deteriorates most rapidly. An eighteen-knot vessel falls off to twelve — while a sixteen-knot cruiser can be kept to fourteen or even sixteen. The Oregon in her matchless voyage around South America under Admiral Clark, the one supreme feat of the war, averaged eleven knots, attaining 14.55 on one run of nine hours, far nearer its trial trip of 16.7 knots than is likely with the Centurion, begun in the same year, of the same tonnage, and 18.25 knots. This extra 1.55 knots too is gained by putting on four ten-inch instead of four thirteen-inch guns, and reducing the coal supply from 1940 tons in the Oregon to 1240 for the Centurion. Enough is known to render it at least probable, that while the trial speed of our vessels is in general less, their service speed, after five years' use, is relatively higher than with English or Continental craft of higher trial speed. In any case, the engines of a war vessel deteriorate far more rapidly than those of a "record-breaking" liner. They are less carefully tended. They are not overhauled by a shore crew of engineers at each voyage. They are not kept in the same condition. One trembles to

think what would be the result of a speed trial of the *Columbia* or *Minneapolis* to-day. Taking all things into consideration, while the tactical plea is all for high speed, it may be that here, as elsewhere, the refusal of our designers to go to extremes may have given better results than have been attained from engines with an indicated horse power keyed to eighteen knots twenty years ago, twenty knots ten years ago, and twenty-two knots or more now.

The American battleship or the American cruiser is therefore, more than any other, a balance between extremes, — of moderate size, eschewing extreme speed, of great power, of unusual stability, and of low but safe metacentric height, seeking an all-round fire and great weight of metal with a high muzzle velocity and diversified battery, but without guns of abnormal calibre or inordinate thickness of armor, — all limited by the shallow entrance of our harbors, which fixes the best draught at under twenty-five feet; though our later vessels reach the English limit of twenty-seven feet and an inch or two. No small share of this even balance of size, gun power, and speed, which make our navy list read like a homogeneous whole, is due to the counsel, the wisdom, the ability, and the experience of the one man connected with the growth of our new navy who laid down the vessels of the Civil War, yet whose active life as a shipbuilder spans the whole growth of modern naval construction — Charles H. Cramp.

Naval warfare from Salamis down has been an issue of men and not of ships. China and Spain have in the last decade again reminded all the world that the strength of a navy is not to be measured by tonnage, armor, or guns. Each on this total was stronger than the opponent of each. Our fecund faculty has coined into a proverb our confidence in the "men behind the guns." Their excellence is accepted as an American attribute. But the enrapturing suc-

cess with which that new complex machine, a modern battleship or cruiser, was first used in civilized warfare in 1898 was due not merely to the American birth of its officers, but to their special training. No nation provides a longer course of study in preparation for a naval career, or requires more assiduous attention to technical study from men on active duty. Our midshipmen begin with four years' more schooling than the English middies, and are kept studying two years longer. The English "gunnery," "ordnance," or "electrical" lieutenant implies a man the master of one special field, where our officers are expected to be trained in all fields. Only the Russians approach us in special training, and only the Germans in the years of patient study. Any man who has visited the ships of more than one flag is aware that it is under our own alone that every officer seems able to answer all questions. American public opinion does not usually lay stress on special training. Adaptability is the national feat and foible, but in our navy we have carried to its last limit the application of early and special preparation. Drawn from no class and democratic in original selection, — for while we have what are called "naval families," our naval heroes in each generation have a way of coming from the American mass, — the Naval Academy has for sixty years created the spirit and transmitted the tradition of an order. It colors the navy far more completely than West Point the army. No service makes it more difficult to rise from before the mast. Much may be said for the promotion to a commission of warrant officers, the highest point to which a seaman can rise, but the real issue is not whether the promoted seaman is not as good a man as the men in the messroom he joins, but whether it is possible at thirty to make an officer the equal to officers whose making began at fifteen. Yet in order to improve the level of men enlisting as

seamen, it is well that promotion should be in theory possible; in fact difficult.

The national legislature of a country which beyond any other has required trained naval officers, after increasing its navy, refuses to increase its officers. In 1896 they were 715. In 1901 there were only 728, after the tonnage of the navy built and building had been doubled. The English navy in the same period of rapid naval expansion increased its officers from 1728 to 2085, Russia from 859 to 1096, and Germany from 723 to 974. The last nation, with wise prevision, increases its personnel with its ships, provides for twenty years to come an average annual addition of sixty officers and 1743 men, and will never build a ship, though it lays down three large vessels a year for sixteen years to come, for which it has not already provided the officers and men. Congress, instead of doubling the supply of officers, has added only one hundred new appointments at Annapolis, giving an average of sixteen more new officers yearly to sixty-five now graduated. Our total strength, officers and seamen, which was 13,460 in 1895, has been advanced to 25,000 by the last naval appropriation bill, but it remains 5000 short of that of Germany, 14,000 short of that of Russia, and just equal to the weaker navies of Italy and Japan.

This illustrates the one weak point in the public management of our navy. It was long since pointed out by a great English authority that it was our tendency to emphasize in our battleships gun power which could be talked about, and to forget factors as important and less visible to the vulgar. For battleships it has proved easy to win appropriations. But the modern navy has three factors for success, ships, officers with men (particularly officers), and equipment. Ships have been built as rapidly as needed. Officers are still inadequate in number. There remains the swarm of subsidiary naval aids, coaling stations, dockyards,

material, and a distributed store of ammunition. How scant this last was in the spring of 1898 will not be known for a generation. Two ships went into one of the two actions of the war with eighty-five rounds or so per five-inch gun when they should have had one hundred and twenty-five. Some thirty-five rounds won the fight. Suppose they had not? Without fortified bases in the West Indies, in the Hawaiian Islands, and in the Philippines, and all needs of war on hand at home, our fleet at the critical moment may be like a boiler without steam. This third need Congress and Parliament both fail to meet.

Naval policy is dictated by national needs. England must preserve a fleet equal to any two in Europe, and now has it. France can never fall behind the joint power of the Triple Alliance, or be unequal to a defensive English campaign. Italy seeks to equal and often surpasses the French Mediterranean squadron. Germany once had a navy for defense. Its naval plan looks in twenty years to equal the existing English fleet by providing four squadrons of eight battleships each, two for foreign service, and two for reserve. The United States a decade ago looked on eighteen battleships as a sufficient complement. This provided squadrons for the Atlantic, the Gulf, and the Pacific. Our needs face a larger problem. Pledged to protect the Western World against aggression, our force now and twenty years hence must be large enough to meet any power likely to desire colonies in South or Central America. But the instinct which without a plan has placed the United States fourth among naval powers should keep this station at all costs. To keep it, the United States must add to its nineteen first-class battleships as many more in the next sixteen years, or two by each Congress. If this is done, the United States will never have to resort to force to support the Monroe Doctrine.

Talcott Williams.

THE PLACE OF DARKNESS.

WHEN the melancholy old factory bell had started beating out the call for another day of work, and the still drowsy operatives, trooping from the tenement blocks into the half light of a dull blue November morning, came shuffling silently along the damp sidewalks toward the factory gate, it began to be known that a man had been found dead in the Irish tenements. Later they heard his name. It was Jerry the Priest. The oddest of all the odd forms of the factory town — the wretch who would have been a priest — would be seen no more upon their streets. Never again would the children follow him as he wandered down the sidewalk, a wavering, uncertain collection of rusty black clothes, or the boys jeer him from the street corners, or the young girls turn and call their shrill taunts after him. He had shuffled into the dingy door of his father's tenement, and disappeared forever.

Old Bart Sullivan had waked at the earliest rising bell and stepped unsteadily out into the living-room of the tenement. The place was sick with the odor of a burnt-out lamp. By the first slaty light of the early morning from the windows he had seen the dark figure of his son, fallen face downward on his arms on the white oilcloth-covered table. He was not drunk this time, but dead. His hands and face were already cold. Beside him on the table lay a little empty vial.

In the Polish section men die as they have lived, like animals; in the French quarters dying is a passing event. But here, in the crowded Irish tenements, where life seems so sordid and monotonous and commonplace, death arrives in all its majesty and terror and impressiveness. In the mind of the Irish peasantry, huddled together in this little space, the most solemn ceremonials of

their ancient church, the half-heathen customs of a warlike and passionate past, — the wake, the candles, the semi-barbaric wailing of the women, traditions sent down in the blood from the childhood of the race, — all cluster about the end of life, and demand an honorable death for every individual, no matter how valueless his living.

Old Bart Sullivan tottered down the street to the undertaker's, muttering to himself. He was arguing against what they had told him at the house, — that an official must be called in before the boy could be buried, a doctor required by law, who should decide whether his boy had committed suicide. But every one could see at a glance it had all been accidental. What was the use of such fooling?

The undertaker sat lolling back in his chair when the old man entered. He was a tall, slender Irishman, dressed in the perennial garments of his profession, — a long, limp, black Prince Albert coat, left unbuttoned and hanging loosely from his shoulders, and a soiled and carelessly tied white lawn tie. Beneath his coat-skirts, after the manner of a person partly dressed for a masquerade, showed his coarse brown striped trousers and a pair of light yellow shoes.

"I've come to get you to bury the bye," said the caller monotonously. "He died this mornin' from takin' poison."

"They was just tellin' me, Bart," said the undertaker sympathetically. "I'm sorry for you. It's hard for yourself and the wife."

"It is. He was a good, koind bye. We'll be wantin' you to give him a good funeral. Will you come right over?" asked the father, a little anxiously.

"Yes; I'll be there later."

"What's the rayson you can't come now?" asked the old man suspiciously.

"We'll have to wait for the medical examiner, you know."

"What's this about a midical examiner? What must we be waitin' for him for?"

"So's to be sure he did n't kill himself."

"Kill himself!" repeated the father excitedly. "Who's been tellin' you he's killed himself?"

"Nobody has. Only the examiner's got to see him. It's the law."

"Kill himself?" argued the other. "Why should he kill himself, — a young mon loike thot? You know better than thot, Dan Healey."

At last, after the undertaker had repeatedly explained the matter, he went away, still muttering to himself. He had gone but a few steps when he returned.

"I've always been good frinds with ye, Dan Healey"

"You have."

"Yis, and yer father before ye. I've known ye, Dan, since ye was a little lod, no higher than me knee. If the mon should ask ye," he pleaded, "ye'll say a good word for us. Ye'll tell him he did n't kill himself, won't ye, now? 'Tis all foolishness, ye know thot. Ye'll say so, won't ye, Dan?"

"I will," said the undertaker.

He stood in his doorway as the infirm figure shuffled away. Across on the outer edge of the sidewalk was Tim Mahoney, the tall, angular town policeman, lazily twirling his stick.

"The old man takes it hard," volunteered the officer.

The undertaker nodded. The two men watched the old figure passing slowly down the street.

"I saw Jerry last night," announced the policeman. "I was just comin' on the beat at twelve o'clock, when he come pokin' up the street. I says to meself then, 'We'll be haulin' you out o' the canal one of these nights, me boy.'"

"You don't think he killed himself, do you?" asked the undertaker.

"No, I guess 't was accidental, all right. I was down there this mornin', and I guess prob'ly he took it by mistake."

"He was a queer boy, Jerry."

"You're right, he was. To see him comin' up the street, mumblin' that Latin stuff to himself, you'd think he was n't in his senses."

"But really, if you'd speak to him, he was all right. He'd been a smart feller if he could only 'a' left it alone."

"When you think about it, he did have a kind of look like a priest, after all."

"Yes, he did."

"Kind o' silent and dignified like, in spite of everything. He could n't ever give the idea of it up, either. You remember when he first come back, disgraced for life, you might say, he must get a job at Father Murphy's just so's to be near the church. Then, after that, they had him in the church as janitor till that night he got drunk and come near blowin' up the steam heatin' boiler, and they had to let him go. Ever since then he's been tryin' to get the job again, just the same. And every Sunday mornin' and evenin' you'd see him goin' to church. Along toward the last of it, specially, you'd never go there but you'd see him sittin' there in one of the back seats. He was a good, pious feller when he was sober. And they say he could read Latin like a priest."

"That's what he could; and speak it, too. I've seen him down to Ash's gettin' it off in great shape. The gang down there used to get him to give it to 'em for the beer. He'd do anything you'd ask him for a drink. I remember one time they had him goin' through the mass for 'em. You must 'a' heard of it. 'T was along in the evenin', and they was all of 'em pretty well loaded. They had him dressed up in one of them oilcloth covers for a billiard table, and

given him one of them patent beer bottles for a censer, and he was swingin' that and goin' through it in great shape. Just then Father Murphy goes along by the door and sees him. Say, you ought to be there that time. He don't wait a minute; he walks right into the place and hauls the cover off him right there. Say, but he was fierce. And it was that next Sunday" —

"Here he comes now," said the undertaker. "I'll bet he's goin' down there."

The two men went silent as the portly figure of the priest approached. "Good-mornin', sir," they said, touching their hats reverently as he passed composedly along.

"He's a strict man," said the policeman, when the clergyman was out of hearing. "If he made up his mind 't was a suicide, the old man won't be havin' his funeral."

"Well, I'll be goin' along up to the station," he continued, with a yawn. "It's time I was gettin' to bed."

The medical examiner himself was away; the active, sharp-faced young physician who took his place got the call for the case just before his breakfast. He ate his meal leisurely, then jumped into his waiting buggy, and drove briskly toward the factory town. Within half an hour more he stopped at the police station beneath the town hall, and entered the black walnut railing of the inclosure of the chief of police.

"Good-mornin', doctor," said the official, rising.

"Good-morning. You've got a suicide case here, have n't you?"

"Suicide or accident; they think now it was an accident."

"How'd it happen?"

"Well, it seems this feller, Jerry Sullivan, come along late last night after the saloons closed, with more or less drink in him, and this mornin', when the family got up, they found him dead in the kitchen, lyin' up against the ta-

ble. He must 'a' taken this poison at night and died there. But not one of 'em heard a thing all night. Now, the way they say it happened is like this: here were two bottles on a shelf, — one of 'em he had to gargle his throat with, and the other was some poison for a cat. And as far 's they can see, he just reached up when he was a little muddled with drink and got the wrong bottle. I had a man see the druggist where he got the stuff, and he says he sold it to him three days ago. So, if he'd really meant to kill himself, he'd done it before he did. That's the way we look at it."

"What was he, a laboring man?"

"No, one of these fellers 'round town. Half the time we'd have him here for drunkenness, and the other half he'd be hangin' 'round Tim Ash's place. Jerry the Priest, they called him. You must have seen him 'round here, — a little, thin feller, with a black derby hat on the back of his head and his chin down into his coat-collar; walked kind of loose and bent over, a feller about thirty-five, I should say. They trained him first for the priesthood, and then he took to drinkin', and ever since then he's been hangin' 'round here makin' trouble for us. He was quite high educated, too. He knew his Latin as well as anybody. When he was down at the jail they say he used to help the jailer's daughter with her lessons right along."

The doctor started to go.

"When you go along down," said the chief, having directed him, "you might stop at Healey's, the undertaker. He knows the family pretty well; he might tell you something more about it."

The undertaker, standing in front of his place, greeted the physician with indolent deference. He had little to add to the circumstances.

"I guess it was accidental," he said. "Everybody seems to think so. But even if there was a little chance of it, I'd give 'em the benefit of the doubt."

They 're pretty good clean kind of people, and that thing means a good deal to us Catholics, you know."

The young doctor did not know, but he did not consider it worth while to say so. He nodded and drove on.

As he approached the tenement of Bart Sullivan two small boys were playing before it.

"Come on away from here, Jimmy," the older one was saying; "there 's a feller dead in there. We must n't play here to-day."

"Who 's dead?" asked the other lagging behind.

"Jerry the Priest; he 's took poison."

"What for?" asked the younger one blankly.

"He 's killed himself."

"I would n't like to be him," added the elder in a hoarse and instructive whisper, "if he really meant to. He won't never go to heaven. That 's what my mother says. Oh, here 's the doctor that 's come to see him now," he said, looking up and scampering toward the curbstone.

The two dirty children, forgetting their awe-stricken consideration of the suicide's fate, stood absorbed in the magnificence of the shining Goddard and the sleek-haunched bay while the doctor alighted.

As the physician approached the tenement there was the sound of some one leaving inside the doorway.

"Very well, if it is as you say," said an imperative voice, "there will be no trouble about it. Good-morning."

"God bliss you, your riverence," said another voice.

A large man, with a broad, severe face, dressed in the neat black garments of the priest, appeared in the doorway of the sordid hall, and walked deliberately down the outside steps of the block.

He accosted the doctor with urbane politeness. "Are you the medical examiner, sir?"

"I 'm acting as such to-day."

"Oh yes." He paused a minute.

"Well, sir, I am the priest of this parish. I 'm pleased to meet you, sir. In regard to the case of this young man here, there is some reason to believe he has taken his own life intentionally. Yet, on the whole, I am inclined to think his death was accidental. Now, will you do me a favor, sir? When you make your decision, will you be so kind as to leave it with Mr. Healey, the undertaker, as you 're going by? It would be a great accommodation. You will? Thank you very much, sir. Good-morning."

The priest waved his hand in a dignified gesture of farewell, and passed on; the doctor entered the tenement.

A slight old man with a small and patient face and a pleasant-featured girl greeted him at the door. Beyond, ranged stiffly along the wall, were three large women with shawls about their heads.

"I am the medical examiner," the doctor stated simply.

"Oh, sor, will ye be sated," said the man, with the deep and instinctive courtesy of the Irish peasant. "Norah, take the gentleman's hat."

The shawled women rose together and silently and awkwardly filed out of the room.

"You 're come to see the bye, I suppose, sor," said the old man when they were gone. "Ah, he was a foine bye, doctor. Always koind and plisant to his mother and me. Ah, sor, and the learnin' and education of him. This accidint thot 's killed him 's a bitter blow for us."

"Tell me how it happened."

"You see, to tell ye the truth, sor, the bye was a drinkin' mon. 'T was somethin' thot come on him, sor, and he could n't help. But last noight he 'd been havin' more 'n he should. And whin he come home, here stood the two bottles on the shelf, — wan of them was something he 'd been takin' for his

throat, sor, and the other was somethin' he'd got to kill a cat we had. And I suppose, sor, bein' muddled with the drink, and bein' in the dark so, he takes from the wrong bottle; and we never hears from him till we finds him in the mornin', lyin' there with his face to the tayble."

"Did he ever speak of killing himself?"

"Why should he spake of it, sor, if he niver felt loike it."

"Then you don't think he could possibly have meant to take it?"

"To kill himself, ye mane? Aw, no, sor, what rayson would he have to do thot? He was young and strong and full of loife loike yerself. You would n't be wantin' to kill yerself, would ye? True for you, ye would not. 'T was the same with him, sor. How old will you be, sor? Thirty-wan? Ah, now think of thot. Ye're both the same age. Ah, yer father and mother are after bein' proud of ye, sor. Ye know thot, yerself. 'T was the same way with us.

"The bye was a grand student; 't was in him, sor. He had an oncle in the old country thot was a praste before him. From the toime he was a little lod, he had the look of the praste on him. He was so quiet and dignified loike. So thin we sint him to school to study for the prasthood. Ah, sor, we was thot proud of him. Whin he'd come home from the school with his black suit and his foine hat, he was the admiraytion and invy of ivery wan in the tiniments. There was others had their byes studyin' to be lawyers and tachers, and the loike of thot, but none thot would be studyin' for the prasthood. And thin, sor, he took to the drink, as I told ye, and they had to sind him home. But whin he come back, sor, still he was the same — always radin' and recitin' in the Latin, loike the rale prastes at the altar. He niver gave up all hopes of it.

"Ye're a scholar, yerself, sor. I

want to show ye somethin' so ye'll see for yerself." The old man, rummaging around in his pockets, produced a piece of cheap, coarse, blue-lined letter paper. "Here it is, sor," he said, handing it to the doctor.

"Oh, father!" said the girl, rising quickly from her chair.

"Oh, don't be fussin', Norah; lit the doctor rade it. Maybe he might till us what it says.

"Ye see, sor," he continued, with a childish pride, "we found this on the tayble by him. 'T is somethin' he would be writin' whin the shtuff overcome him. Ye see, sor, what a scholar he was. 'T is in Latin he wrote it."

Across the top of the soiled and crumpled paper, sprawled in the large and broken hand of a man shaken with dissipation and despair, ran the writer's farewell, the last hoarse cry of a ruined life: —

"Miserere mei, Deus, miserere mei: quoniam in te confidit anima mea."

The doctor, reading it, knitted his brows and hesitated before he spoke.

"What does it say, sor?" asked the old man.

"It means something like this: 'Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me: for my soul trusteth in thee.'"

The quick-witted Irish girl, catching its significance immediately, bent down and started sobbing, with her face hidden in her apron. Her father stood dazed.

"Would ye be so koind, sor, as to say thot again?" he asked.

The doctor did so.

"I think I see, sor," said the father at last. "It manes he took the shtuff on purpose. And I showed ye the paper, meself!"

"I suppose, sor," he went on, after a strained silence, "you'll have to be reportin' thot he killed himself?"

The physician nodded.

"But after all, sor," argued the other, rallying a little from the blow, "it don't prove it, does it? Ye can't

tell, sor. He might have been only writin', just as any other man — just for practice, sor."

The doctor shook his head.

"Ah, sor, but even if it did," pleaded the other, "why must you rayport it? What difference does it make to you, sor?"

The young doctor started to get up.

"Ah, sor, wan moment — sit down just wan moment. We 'll not be askin' you to do anything you can't rightly do; we 'll not be wantin' you to be actin' dishonorable to your duty. But ye can't be goin' to lave us this way, sor. Think of the bye, just your own age. Ye know how your own mother 'd feel with you a suicide, and your grave in The Place of Darkness."

"The place of darkness?"

"And sure and you 'll know of thot?"

"You 'll forgive my father," said the girl; "he forgets you 're not Irish like himself. 'T is the unconsecrated ground he manes, sor, — the part that 's just beyond the holy ground in the cimetry. It 's there they bury the lost, sor, — the poor little children that was never baptized, and them that left the holy church while livin', and them that killed themselves. The place of darkness they call it. For them that 'll be laid there will niver see the light. It 'll be only darkness for them forever, sor. For they 'll be buried in their sins."

"'T is a pitiful place, sor," broke in the old man, "behint a little hill, — a poor, dismal place, without gravestones mostly, or ony of the dacincies of dyin'; nothin' but the drear graves of the little small children, and the poor did souls thot 'll niver be at rist."

"'T is specially hard for my mother, sor."

"Ah, sor, 't would not be so bad but for thot. Years ago, whin we were first in this country, our little baaby died, just wan or two days after it was born. And she bein' sick and me foolish, 't was niver baptized, and they put it there. Ah, sor, she 's niver forgot thot day.

"And thin the bye came, — a foine, bright lod he was. From the first she was plannin' for him. She 'd niver be satisfied till she saw him a praste, sayin' the mass at the altar. She would be workin' for him all the wake and prayin' for him all the Sundays. And now he 's lyin' there, and they 'll be puttin' him beside the baaby — and 't will kill her, unliiss — unliiss you 'll help us, sor."

The young doctor, with the weight of his delegated duty heavy upon him, rose abruptly from his chair.

"You ought not to have shown me this," he said.

"I know it, sor. 'T is all my fault. But now it 's done, sor, can't you help us? It 's for the wife I ask it."

"It 'd break her heart, sor," broke in the girl.

"She 's in there with the bye, now," continued the old man, "sittin' in a daze loike. She don't understand really what killed him. If you don't rayport it, sor, she 'll niver know."

"Ah, doctor," sobbed the daughter, "'t is disgrace and dishonor and sorrow for us, ye hold in yer hand. Destroy it, sor, for the love of God."

"The woife is old and fayble, now; she 's worked herself to dith for the bye, sor. Ye won't rayport it, sor; ye 'll say ye won't?"

"God bliss you, sor," said the girl, "you could n't do it; you could n't do it."

"Has any one but me seen the paper?" asked the doctor in a dry voice.

"No, sor," said both eagerly.

"Before I do anything I must see him," said the physician.

He passed out into the other room. An old woman, seamed and bent, grotesquely ugly even in her grief, rocked to and fro by the body of her son.

The examiner gazed a moment at the dead face; the cause of death was written plainly there. Then he returned into the other room and closed the door behind him.

He stood silent for a moment in the centre of the room, then reached his hand out toward the girl.

"Here is the paper," he said abruptly; "destroy it."

She took it eagerly and went into the other room; in a few moments she reappeared.

"What did you do with it?" he demanded.

"I burned it up, sor, in the kitchen foire; it's destroyed entirely."

"All this," said the physician impressively, "must never go outside this room."

"No, sor, niver," both answered earnestly.

"And not one word about this paper — ever."

"Niver wan word, sor; so God hilp us."

The visitor started to go.

"And you'll not rayport it?" faltered the old man, making himself doubly sure.

"No."

"God bliss you, sor; God bliss you; God bliss you."

The girl, relieved of the strain, broke out again into hysterical weeping; the old man caught eagerly at the doctor's hand.

He drew it away, hurried down the stairs, and drove quickly from the place, — from the sight of the mute old man in the doorway and the rosette of cheap crape beside him and the weeping of the girl inside. When he passed the undertaker's he signaled for him to come out.

"I've given them the benefit of the doubt," he said sharply. "Tell the priest I think it's all right. Good-day."

On his way home he noticed he was passing by the Catholic cemetery. Urged by a sombre curiosity he drove inside. Before him, across an open space, lay the great democracy of the dead, — a few ugly, pretentious granite monuments in front, but behind them,

in thick-sown squares, the simple resting places of the common people.

Beyond these, on the brow of a little declivity, white wooden crosses stretched their appealing arms over the graves of the very poor. Over their surface, irregularly disposed, appeared thick glasses, and broken pitchers, bowls and saucers of coarse white ware, full of withered remembrances of flowers; and occasionally a glass crucifix, leaning up against the wooden head-board, — the crude, cheap offerings of poverty living to poverty dead.

From here the side-hill dropped down to a damp corner of a little piece of woods. It was "The Place of Darkness." Halfway down the barren slope huddled in a little colony the outcasts of heaven and of earth, — poor, pathetic little graves of unnamed children, so small as scarcely to be seen; and beside and above them the great uncouth mounds of the unknown and wretched dead, who had outraged the kindness of God beyond forgiveness. No grass or flower had been planted in this place; only the melancholy succession of mounds appeared, with the naked earth upon them pitted and channeled and broken with the rain. There were no tokens of remembrance for these dead. At head and feet was their only claim to individual memory, — two wooden pegs stereotyped with a number. Over all the neglected place — the great graves and the small — brooded the monotony of hopelessness and the terror of a nameless death. Only, at the further end of the lines, one little mound of the fresh, yellow soil had been raised, evidently since the morning, and patted into an odd regularity with the spade, and at its top lay a meagre bunch of violets.

As he turned to go, his eye swept again across the resting places of the more fortunate dead, — the well-remembered grounds, the flowers on the graves, the tiny flags above the soldiers, the host of little marble stones with

their chiseled hopes of immortality. Here was peace and honor and hope. He turned once more to look down on the unconsecrated hillside, — there, dishonor and remorse and hopelessness. The wicked and unfortunate must not be punished in their life alone. Here the great, inscrutable, irresistible religious power reached out beyond the close of life and visited its judgments of banishment and terror and despair upon the offending dead before the

fearful vision of the living. He felt the influence himself. What a place for a despairing woman to leave her dead!

He called to his horse and drove along. As he passed slowly down the sandy road, musing on the events of the morning and the part he had taken in them, he nodded in silent self-approval. Then he straightened up, tucked the lap-robe around him, and drove sharply toward his office.

George Kibbe Turner.

THE HIGHLANDS, CAPE COD.

CROUCHED, tiger-wise, above the centuries' prey
Of ships and men, of merchantry and pelf,
It lures and broods beneath its sandy shelf
This piteous wreckage, crumbling to decay.
It sweeps the sea with sullen, half-mad eye
Dreaming of thundering waves and shrieking sky
And ships that shattered at its feet shall lie
Rent by the storm, as merciless as itself.

The shore rang loud with flood-tide yesternoon;
And I, who plodded in the heat and glare
Chanced on this piece of silver, lying bare
Upon the wimpling sands beneath the dune.
Square-shapen, battered, still it bore full plain
The three Herculean pillars of old Spain,
And straightway, working magic in my brain
The passing trade-ships melted into air;

Vanished the noon-tide — in the afterglow
Of purpling sunset, jeweled with a star,
Glided a caravel, with gleaming spar,
The carven prow advancing sure and slow.
The captain's warning tones rang loud and clear;
Paled, as he gazed, the roystering buccaneer;
The swart, rude sailors crossed themselves in fear,
And quaking, murmured, "Dios! Malabar!"

Annie Weld Edson Macy.

WHAT PUBLIC LIBRARIES ARE DOING FOR CHILDREN.

THE present may be called an age of child-study. Certainly never before were the needs of children receiving such conscientious attention, and yet only recently has the public library awakened to its responsibilities in this direction. A hundred and sixty years ago no books were written for the entertainment of children; only fifty years ago the first public, tax-supported library in the United States was founded in Boston; and less than a dozen years ago was opened the first children's room in a public library. To-day juvenile books flow from the press, in a bewildering flood, while more than five thousand public libraries are scattered through the land, and most of the largest of these, together with several of the smaller ones, have within the last decade established special departments for children, — often implying one or more commodious rooms devoted to their use, and a staff of librarians especially trained to care for their needs. So rapid has been this development of work with children, and so considerable is the expenditure of time and money for the purpose, that the public may pertinently ask what has already been accomplished, and what amelioration is so much effort likely to effect.

One of the first to emphasize the importance of this branch of library work was Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., who, in an address to the teachers of Quincy, impressed on them the danger of teaching children *how* to read and not *what* to read, and the consequent desirability of introducing pupils to literature through the use of library books in connection with their lessons. Shortly afterwards, in 1879, systematic coöperation between the public library and the schools was instituted at Worcester, Massachusetts. The librarian, Mr. S. S. Green, allowed each teacher to

borrow, besides half a dozen volumes for her own intellectual improvement, a much larger number of books for use by her pupils in school or at home; and through these privileges the teachers secured in profusion whatever books they needed to supplement textbooks and illustrate topics of study, — geography and history, of course, being particularly susceptible of such treatment.

A general adoption of new methods of teaching led the schools elsewhere to require like aid from the libraries, and as a result it is not uncommon for public schools to be liberally supplied with library books, which in some cases are selected and borrowed by the teacher, as in Worcester; while in other instances large collections numbering perhaps two or three hundred volumes are sent from the library, and placed in the school or classroom for six months or a year, to be used as school libraries.

The avidity with which even the most ignorant children seize such opportunities for reading I have seen strikingly illustrated in the poorest quarter of a populous city. In that experiment the pupils of a large grammar school were given library cards, and the library wagon twice a week delivered the books asked for by the children. Twenty-three different nationalities, the teacher told me, were represented. American children there were none, and few English or Irish; but Italians, German Jews, Poles, Greeks, Hungarians, Russians, and Armenians predominated. Some of the pupils, on entering the school, were unable to speak English, and by the time of graduation could read only very simple books. Yet a few months after the delivery was begun, those children were drawing — and presumably reading — one hundred, two hundred, sometimes even three and four hundred volumes a week.

A glimpse of work similar to this, which is being carried on in most of our large cities, furnishes convincing proof of children's receptivity of good literature. In Buffalo, for instance, Mr. H. L. Elmendorf, the librarian of the Public Library, characterizes the distribution of books through the schools as "the best work the library is doing," and his report shows that the school circulation in that city last year reached the astonishingly large figure of 233,102 volumes.

From the beginning, the books thus supplied to schools were not restricted to serious works or to those for use simply in connection with lessons. But good literature of all sorts, including fiction, reached the pupils; and as a not uncommon library regulation ten or fifteen years ago prohibited the borrowing of books by children under fourteen years of age, distribution through the schools early became an effective means, sometimes the only means, of furnishing books to children too young to hold library cards, and yet old enough to become eager and profitable readers.

But notwithstanding the benefits, the introduction of these methods was not without drawbacks. For frequently the knowledge necessary to choose books adapted to young children was lacking, — as in the case of the teacher who sent for Ibsen's *A Doll's House* under the impression that it was suitable for a little girl of doll-age. Then again, as has been justly remarked, teachers were not in the habit of regarding themselves as members of the leisure class; and they might ask, very pertinently, granting the importance of good reading in broadening and stimulating the youthful mind, and its immense influence in forming the child's ideals, why should the library shirk its function and shift the burden upon the school department?

To this question the library trustee could give no satisfactory reply, and the logical result was a very general lowering of the age limit for holding

library cards. In fact, there is now a growing tendency to make no restriction of this sort whatever, and to grant a card to any child able to read.

It would, however, be the height of folly to turn young people loose with unrestricted access to books many of which are entirely unsuited to childhood; and to select a library with a view to giving children absolutely equal privileges with adults would result in rendering it valueless to the latter. Indeed, due consideration for older readers should prevent the thronging of the delivery desk with the hordes of youngsters who sometimes compose from a third to a half of the library clientele; for, after all, the first duty of a library is to the adult, and its efforts for the child look not solely to the child's immediate good, but to the necessity of fitting him to profit by the use of the library in later years. The natural solution, therefore, was the establishment of the children's department, either in a separate room or in a railed-off space in the main hall of the library.

The first reading-room devoted exclusively to children, so far as I know, was opened by the Public Library of Brookline in 1890. In the larger libraries the children's department is now almost always placed in a separate room with special attendants; and even in the smaller buildings which are springing up all over the country as the fruit of generous benefactions the plans usually allot ample space for this purpose.

On entering one of these children's rooms the visitor is impressed with the air of cheerfulness and refinement. The diminutive tables and chairs are occupied by quiet readers, while interested borrowers are choosing books to take home from a wide range of diverting and instructive literature shelved in low cases about the walls. A bulletin board exhibits pictures and lists of books relating to the birds of the season, or perhaps to events of current or historical interest. A substantial, printed

catalogue of the children's books can usually be purchased for a few cents. The room is decorated with plants or flowers; and the walls are adorned with photographs or other reproductions of works of art, occasionally even with the originals, — although few libraries are so fortunate as that in Boston, where the children's rooms contain the paintings by Mr. Howard Pyle illustrating the life of Washington, and the ceiling is covered with frescoes by the English artist, Elliott. In this atmosphere of books and art rich and poor roam at will, — free to browse, or privileged to seek the assistance of a cultured and sympathetic attendant.

The far-reaching influence of books upon child-nature is hardly realized, in spite of all that has been written on the subject. My attention was recently directed to a boy of eleven who appeared dull and uninterested in anything. In school he was called stupid. One day, through his teacher, the boy got hold of Mr. Thompson-Seton's fascinating *Wild Animals I Have Known*. He read the book eagerly, and came to the library for others. So marked a change took place in the boy that his teachers expressed surprise at his sudden access of interest in lessons, and his mother came to the library for the express purpose of telling us of the great *awakening* which had come to her boy through books.

Great as is their power in broadening and stimulating the young intellect, books have a still stronger influence on the moral nature. For to the child there are three sources of infallibility, — parent, teacher, and printed book; and the standards of right and wrong pervading the books read go far toward forming youthful ideals. Examples of moral courage strengthen the pliable nature; even the time-worn rescue of the cat from the band of tormenting boys doubtless helps to create an abhorrence of cruelty, and the prodigious deeds of valor performed by many a

youthful hero may stouten the heart of the admiring reader. So, too, a boy may be quick to cry *fiè* if in real life a playmate be guilty of meanness, but if in a book — as sometimes happens — trickiness and deceit are exhibited as excusable or "smart," his ideal of honor is exposed to serious injury.

Therefore, while two opinions may exist as to the propriety of censorship on the part of a library in dealing with adults, there can hardly be disagreement as to the importance of the utmost care in the choice of books purveyed to children. Too often the books owned by the average child, even in good circumstances, are acquired at Christmas, the gift of an indiscriminating uncle or an aunt whose eye has been caught by the illustrations at a bargain counter! The books frequently present neither good literature nor good morals. No such laxity can be charged to the conscientious children's librarian. She regards her work with due — the carping bibliographer says with undue — seriousness. For her the professional library schools have established a special course of training fitting her to work with children. Before admitting a book to the collection she examines it with scrupulous care, aiming to purchase for recreative reading only those which are entertaining, wholesome in tone, and decently well written. As to the interest of a book, she is not content with her own judgment solely, but often consults the opinions of the children themselves. So important is this matter of selection considered, that librarians are at work compiling a coöperative list of children's books which shall have the benefit of the criticism and experience of many experts.

Having gathered a suitable collection of books, the intelligent librarian studies her children individually, stimulates their interest, and by tactful suggestion and various devices strives to cultivate in them healthy tastes and the habit of systematic reading. To fur-

ther these aims the children are sometimes enrolled in a library league, as in Cleveland, one condition of membership being a pledge to respect and take good care of the books. In Pittsburg and elsewhere reading aloud and story-telling have been resorted to for inciting the children to read books containing the stories told. The bulletin board and exhibitions of pictures and objects are frequently used to arouse interest in special classes of books. Courses of reading are laid out, and various inducements to follow them are offered. But in all these efforts the books themselves, displayed in attractive bindings, are the strongest ally. For although it is frequently impossible to admit the public to the shelves in the main library, in the children's room the readers may almost invariably go directly to the books.

While the aim of the children's assistant is to lead them to read, she takes pains to send into the fresh air those too much inclined to stay indoors, and is the friend and counselor of all in many ways. In some few libraries the children's department has been extended to include social work of various sorts, such as illustrated lectures and talks, or games, even military drill, nature-study, music, gymnastics, and clubs. It may be a debatable question whether such diverse pursuits are wisely undertaken: conservative librarians have confined their activities to promoting library work proper.

It must not be supposed, however, that the somewhat elaborate provision for the needs of children commonly made by the larger libraries has in the least made unnecessary the use of the library by the schools. Rather has it intensified their community of interest. The importance of leading the children to the library itself is emphasized lest, if accustomed to receiving library books at the schools only, they cease their reading, as most of them drop all study by the end of the grammar-school course.

But the librarian can employ no truant officer: he can reach directly only the children who enter his doors. He needs the active aid of the teachers to reach *all* the children of the community, most of whom, once tasting books, make permanent readers. He needs also the aid of the wise teacher who has perhaps the greatest opportunity to stimulate interest in the best books.

For a distinctly different purpose the library most depends on the coöperation of the schools; that is, for the prosecution of what, for lack of a better term, is called reference work with children. Much of the library activity described above is devoted to the single end of offering good books to children for the purpose of cultivating in them the so-called reading habit, — an offensive term suggestive of the opium habit or the alcohol habit, — let us rather say, of acquainting them with the pleasures of reading and fostering a refined taste. By reference work, on the other hand, is meant the effort to teach the use of books as sources of information. Thus, while in the former case we are concerned largely with “the literature of power,” in the latter we are dealing with “the literature of knowledge;” and in this direction lies a wide and rich field to be developed.

Unfortunately, not only to children, but to a large part of the adult community, the library often represents merely a storehouse of entertaining books, as is evinced by the fact that commonly some three fourths of the volumes borrowed are works of fiction. It is astonishing to discover what a trackless wilderness the library shelves beyond those containing fiction appear to some of the most frequent borrowers. A typical incident occurred recently when two intelligent, middle-aged borrowers were seen to be in difficulties before a card catalogue, and the attendant who went to their rescue found them patiently searching for books on plumbing under the caption “geometry.”

Such an incident is by no means unusual, for there are many habitués of a library who have learned to look for a novel in the catalogue under author or title, but have no comprehension of the meaning of the subject entries, have no familiarity with the commonest reference books except possibly the dictionary and encyclopædia, and are ignorant of the use of any bibliographical aids. Queries in literary or daily papers bear evidence of this. It is not their unfamiliarity with the means that is deplorable, but their ignorance of the end; for it never occurs to them to use the library for any purpose beyond recreative reading.

Yet surely the free public library has higher functions. If it existed merely to furnish elevating and refined amusement, the community might with equal propriety support a free public theatre. Even the thoughtfulness and mental quickening which may be assumed to result from imaginative reading do not entirely justify its existence. It must serve a directly educational purpose just as surely as the school or college.

Such a service, without doubt, it does now perform and in a high degree, but for the few. The scholarly part of the community values its indispensable aid. The women's clubs, which though sometimes reproached for superficiality are nevertheless a potent agency for encouraging study as an avocation, depend on its constant assistance. But only a comparatively small proportion even of the cultured classes use it systematically for studious purposes; and how many of the young men or ambitious boys and girls entitled to its privileges, for many of whom a grammar-school course completes formal education, realize that in the library — if they will use them — lie the means of self-education and self-help?

There are some, it is true. Any experienced librarian can cite cases of young men and boys especially, and sometimes girls too, who have followed

a special line of study and mastered not only the material bearing upon that subject in their own library, but also, if it be a small library, books which it has borrowed for their use from larger institutions. The subject may be a science followed purely for intellectual pleasure, or, as more often happens, the student is a young mechanic or artisan eager to perfect himself in a theoretical knowledge of his calling. In such cases a significant fact is the surprise frequently manifested by the inquirer when he discovers the ample opportunities afforded by the library.

If the public schools are to do more than give a course of instruction which is to stop abruptly at the end of nine or thirteen years, as the case may be, a part of the equipment of every boy and girl going out from them into the world must be not only a love of literature, but also some appreciation — as definite as may be — of the opportunities afforded by the library to continue their education through the wise and systematic use of books. To instill some recognition of this vital fact, as well as to give some facility in handling books as tools, is the aim of reference work with children.

One large factor in achieving this aim has been described already, and consists in employing in connection with school lessons collateral reading drawn from the library. In this way the pupil learns that the sum of knowledge is not contained in a single textbook, but that a whole literature may be found amplifying a subject and treating its many different aspects; he learns to compare statements and weigh evidence.

With the same end in view it is not uncommon for a teacher to conduct a class to the library for the purpose of examining all the resources of that institution, — books, pamphlets, maps, photographs, — everything which the librarian can gather to illustrate a special subject. So, again, the teacher constantly refers pupils individually to

the library to verify some fact by means of its reference books or to search for information on some topic of which they are later to present a résumé to the class. Thus they gain facility in hunting down a piece of information, in making notes, and in abstracting the essence from a book or article.

Such work is not unusual, but it is only recently that libraries have attempted to go beyond these simple measures and to experiment in the direction of more systematic instruction. The first reference department for children separate from their reading-room, I believe, was that opened by the Public Library of Boston in 1899.

By a unique arrangement the reference work with school children in Brookline, Massachusetts, is supported by a special appropriation asked for jointly by the trustees of the library and the school committee. The money is expended by the library trustees, but the books are selected with deference to the wishes of the school authorities. A large room is maintained called the school reference room, — quite distinct from the general children's reading-room, — and in it are shelved some three thousand volumes adapted to throw light on subjects taught in school and kept for the sole use of pupils at the library or in the classroom. A printed and annotated catalogue acquaints teachers with the character of the books and the number of copies of each available, as it is often found expedient to purchase numerous copies of the same book. In charge of the room is a special assistant of experience both in library work and in teaching, who is employed for this work alone. A private telephone connects the room with all the schools, so that a teacher, for instance, need only telephone in the morning for, say, twenty books illustrating the geography of India, suitable for seventh-grade pupils, and the books will be selected and delivered by express the same day. To this room the pupils resort individually, and

here they are brought in classes to be taught how to use a library.

One of the earliest experiments in giving systematic instruction to school children at the library was made in 1896 at Cardiff, Wales. There the pupils of all the elementary schools in and above the fourth standards — that is, roughly, children from ten to fourteen years of age — were taken once a year to the library, in parties numbering about forty, to receive an illustrated lesson from the librarian upon some definite subject. The topic chosen the first year was *The History of a Book*, and the proceedings cannot be better described than by extracts from an account read before the Library Association of the United Kingdom by the librarian, Mr. John Ballinger: —

"We did n't tell the children we were going to give them a lesson on the history of a book, or that we were going to give them a lesson at all. We started by saying that we were going to show them different kinds of books, and then beginning with a clay tablet, of which we had one genuine specimen (Babylonian) and one cast (Assyrian) made from an original in the British Museum, we proceeded to show how the book and the art of writing and reading had gradually developed. We explained to them the papyrus books of ancient Egypt, using as illustrations the beautiful reproductions of papyri published by the trustees of the British Museum. We explained to them also that there had been different kinds of letters used to denote sounds, showing them the difference between cuneiform writing and the picture writing of Egypt. We also dealt with books written upon vellum, using by way of illustration various MSS. and deeds belonging to the library. Passing from the written to the printed book, we explained a few elementary facts about the early history of printing and about early printing in England, using as illustrations four or five books printed before the year 1500, which we

happen to possess. Having introduced the subject of printing, we passed lightly over the interval between the early printed book and the modern book, explaining that the former had no title-page, no headlines, no pagination, no printer's name, no place of printing, and that the capital letters were omitted for the purpose of being put in by hand, and we showed them specimens of such capitals and also of books in which the capitals had never been inserted. To lead up from this point to the magnificent books of the present day was to give the children an object lesson in human progress which was not only instructive, but delightful. We showed them by the way the facsimile examples of the Horn Book from Mr. Tuer's interesting monograph on that subject. We also showed them books printed in Japan and other countries, books for the blind, and similar byways of the book world."

Commenting on the far-reaching results of these talks, — in many instances the parents being led to the library by hearing about it from their children, — Mr. Ballinger adds: —

"After giving thirty-nine lessons to a total of about sixteen hundred children, between January and July of the present year, I say, without hesitation, that nothing I have ever been able to do in the whole course of my life has been so full of satisfaction as the work which I have just attempted to describe."

In the half-dozen American libraries where like work has been attempted, it has usually been confined to more rigorously practical instruction regarding the use of books and the library. A brief description of the process of book-making is often given, showing how the sheets are printed and folded, sewed on bands, and the covers laced in. This matter is touched on because a knowledge of the mechanical make-up of a book leads to more respect and better care on the part of the borrower. Next

the attention of pupils is directed to the title-page, and they learn to understand the important facts contained in it, as well as the particulars of imprint and copyright entry. Then the children are shown the importance — often overlooked — of the introduction or preface as showing the point of view or aim of the author; and, finally, they are taught how to use the table of contents and the index. A later lesson perhaps deals more directly with the use of the library, the card catalogue, the periodical indexes, and the commoner reference books.

In at least two libraries bibliographical work of an elementary character is attempted. The pupils are assigned closely limited topics in history or literature, and are set to find and make lists of every book, article, chapter, every paragraph or note, in the volumes of the school collection which may bear upon their particular topics. This practice not only gives an idea of the resources of a library, but promotes the ability to find without difficulty the material relating to any subject in which the pupil may be interested.

The talks to children in classes are customarily given in school hours, while the bibliographical work is done after school closes, and is at least semi-voluntary. Bibliographical work of a like nature, though on a larger scale, is a feature of some college courses; but experience shows that children in the upper grades of the grammar school, of whom three fourths never enjoy a college or even a high-school course, are amply able to pursue such work with profit, and with pleasure.

What is to be the result of this widespread effort on the part of libraries and schools for the benefit of children? All of the work is recent, much of it has hardly passed the experimental stage. The largest section of the American Library Association is devoted expressly to studying these vital problems; while from the other side the same questions

are being considered by the Library Section of the National Education Association, composed of teachers and educators throughout the United States.

Results are already observable. The statistics show an enormous increase in the number of books read. This tendency is criticised in high quarters on the ground that with the increase in quantity there has been deterioration in the quality of the reading. This charge may or may not be true; but fifty years ago in the prospectus of a new periodical we find Lowell in the same way lamenting over "the enormous quantity of thrice-diluted trash" poured out by the magazines of that day; and fifty years ago books were hard to procure, reading was largely confined to the cultured and studious classes, while with the wonderful growth of free libraries and the cheapening of books reading is becoming universal among all classes. The solution of the problem lies not in

attempting to restrict the use of books, but in elevating the quality of the reading. This the library can accomplish in no other way than by improving the taste of the children. Boys and girls now read less fiction and a larger proportion of informing works than do their elders. While by reference work with children no sane librarian expects to produce a generation of scholars, he may at least hope to give every ambitious boy and girl a knowledge of the road to that self-education which lies open to them in the public library.

The author of *The Gospel of Wealth* has borne witness to the vast influence of books upon his early career, and has testified to his faith in their value by the gift of millions that others may enjoy like advantages. At the least we may hope that this work for children will contribute in some measure to the great democratic ideal, — equalization of opportunity.

Hiller C. Wellman.

WILLIAM BLACK.

THIRTY years ago — or, to be exact, in May, 1871 — a novel was published in England, which within a few weeks was being read and praised everywhere. In those days the *Saturday Review* could well-nigh make or break a literary reputation; and the *Saturday Review* praised *A Daughter of Heth* warmly and generously. The chorus was taken up quickly by other journals, and when the anonymous author was ready to avow himself he stepped at once into the full light of fame. For at least a decade everything that William Black wrote was read with avidity by an ever increasing public; and although Trollope, Reade, Collins, Blackmore, and Mrs. Oliphant were then at the height of their powers, he was perhaps the most popular of living nov-

elists — at least among cultivated readers — both in England and America. The turn of Mr. Hardy came a little later; but when Macleod of *Dare* and *The Return of the Native* were in course of serial publication together, it was a common subject of debate among such persons as believe that questions of the kind can be settled by weight of numbers whether Black or Hardy were better entitled, George Eliot being barred, to take the supreme place among the writers of fiction of the time.

There was certain to be a reaction from such praise as this. Macleod of *Dare* was the zenith of Black's fame no less than of his power. *Shandon Bells* was a later book; so was *Sunrise*; so was *In Far Lochaber*; and each has its

particular claim to admiration. Even in his last novel, *Wild Eelin*, written when the hand of death was visibly upon him, there are potent flashes of his old tragic fire. But it must be admitted that his yearly volume was not always quite worthy of him. Perhaps he could hardly have escaped some decline in vogue in any case. Popularity is a fickle goddess; new candidates for favor come in to crowd out the old. It is no exaggeration, however, to say that Black's work is a real contribution to literature, and that the best of it deserves to survive. Curious illustrations might be cited of the ebb and flow of opinion regarding every author whose place is not indisputably among the gods. We have seen in our own day revivals of half-forgotten celebrities. Among those very contemporaries of Black named above the operation of this principle may be noted. If it be Trollope to-day who is enjoying renewed reputation, it may be Reade to-morrow. Sir Wemyss Reid, in the interesting biography¹ recently published, says that at the last Black had more readers in this country than in his own; and certainly there must be many Americans who hold him in affectionate regard, and who will welcome a closer acquaintance with his character and career.

William Black was born in Glasgow on the 15th of November, 1841. But although he was thus geographically a Lowlander, he was temperamentally a Highlander; his family had come originally from the North, and the distinct Celtic strain in his blood manifested itself all his life through. "He had," says his biographer, "the romanticism of his race; its vivid imagination; its reticence (the necessary weapon of defense in the troublous times when a chance word might so easily have brought a household to ruin); its brooding contemplation of things unseen by the

natural eye; and its proneness to rare outbursts of high spirits." It is not surprising to learn that he was a shy, silent boy, or that he early showed characteristics which led his father to predict that he would be a great man. That father died when Black was only fourteen; and as the household was in narrow circumstances it became at once desirable that he should make his way in the world. There was a time when he wished to be an artist. "I labored away for a year or two at the Government School of Art," he says, "and presented my friends with the most horrible abominations in water color and oil." But at sixteen he was writing sketches for the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, and at twenty he had written his first novel,—a remarkable book, we are told, for so young a man, although, naturally enough, it met with no success, and was regarded by its author with contempt in after years. London was the obvious Mecca for Black, however, and at twenty-two he went thither, taking first a commercial position, but soon drifting into journalism. "Black wrote some sketches for the *Star*," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, who was then its editor, "in which we all saw, and could not fail to see, remarkable merit; and he received a regular engagement in one of the editorial departments." Thus he was able to make his living from the first, and had no special hardships to endure; but eight years were to pass before he won his great success with *A Daughter of Heth*, despite the touch of genius plainly evident in *Kilmeny*, and *In Silk Attire*. They were years of sorrow as well as of growth. Black married a young German girl in 1865, and lost her a year afterwards; and the son born to them died, too, at the age of five. Such episodes give a new and deeper note to life. Coquette's death could hardly have moved readers as it did had not the author experienced himself a poignant anguish. But of these things he never spoke, even to his

¹ *William Black, Novelist. A Biography.* By WEMYSS REID. \$2.25. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

intimates. Sir Wemyss Reid first met Black in 1866. What struck him then, he tells us, was Black's air of abstraction. "He seemed to have his thoughts absorbed by quite other things than those which were passing around him. His very eyes seemed to be fixed upon the future; and while he talked pleasantly enough on such small topics as our surroundings suggested, his mind was clearly occupied elsewhere. From some one or other — I know not from whom — I had heard that he either had written or was about to write a novel. I was at the time when one is most susceptible to the illusions and enthusiasms of youth; and I remember trying to weigh up my companion and forecast his chances as a novelist. It struck me, as it struck most persons when they first met him, that he was too hard, inelastic, and reticent to be successful as a writer of romance. I was no more able than other people were to penetrate through that mask of reserve which he wore so constantly, or to see the fires of sensitive emotion which burned within."

Reticence, indeed, was what few of his readers would have attributed to Black; judging him simply by his books his nature seemed expansive. And it was into them that he put his true self. His methods of composition show how intense was the life which he lived with the creatures of his brain. Who does not remember the postscript that he addressed to the characters in *Madcap Violet*, — the favorite, we are told, of all his literary offspring? "To me you are more real than most I know; what wonder then if I were to meet you on the threshold of the great unknown, you all shining with a new light on your face? Trembling I stretch out my hands to you, for your silence is awful, and there is sadness in your eyes; but the day may come when you will speak, and I shall hear — and understand." This passage, says Sir Wemyss Reid, was "no clever touch of art," but the real

expression of the author's passionate mood, "written, as it were, in his heart's blood." It is not surprising that the man capable of such an attitude to the shadows of his imagination never talked much about his work and required absolute isolation when he wrote. It is not surprising, either, that this work cost him dear, or that it made him prematurely old. The Highland nature fed too fierce a flame. Macleod of Dare, that wonderful romance which has in it something of the pity and the terror of a Greek drama, shook his own soul to its very foundations; the tragedy on the wild shores of Mull was as real to him as to his hero; he came through these experiences prostrated in mind and body.

But Black's novels are not all tragic, nor was his life without its sunny side. It will not be necessary here to give a catalogue of his books. Perhaps one that is not tragic, *A Princess of Thule*, has the greatest charm for the largest number of readers. This appeared two years after *A Daughter of Heth*, and won immediate popularity throughout the English-speaking world. Sheila is indeed one of the permanent additions to the still restricted gallery of really lovable heroines; but the impression she made might have been less but for the background to the picture. In taking us to the Hebrides Black introduces us to a world which when he first explored it was quite unknown. His sensitive appreciation of nature — a quality which drew praise from the critical Ruskin — fitted him peculiarly to convey the charm of those remote solitudes, and impose upon others something of that spell of the North which so possessed him. And yet, despite the glamour which he throws around her, Sheila is a very real and human person; while in old Mackenzie, in *Frank Lavender*, in *Ingram*, and the rest, his exact and luminous delineation of character might satisfy the sternest realist. Indeed, nothing is more noteworthy in Black's work than his power to combine

romantic fervor with absolute fidelity to the common details of life. His portrait of George Miller in *Madcap Violet* is a case in point. The modern young man, who is a good fellow, and perfectly honorable according to his lights, but who is utterly incapable of comprehending the finer ethics of renunciation, could not be more vividly presented. As to the minor persons in all Black's novels, they are remarkably clear and distinct. This is the case in an especial degree with his *Highlanders*. No previous writer had dealt at length with the Scottish Highlands. Scott ventured thither more than once, but in the main he preferred a scene nearer the Border. It was left for Black to become prose laureate of the land which binds to itself more closely than any other the hearts of those who know it. He wrote of Ireland in *Shandon Bells*, of Cornwall in *Three Feathers*, of London in other novels; but still, to paraphrase the exquisite quatrain, his heart was true, his heart was Highland, and he in dreams beheld the Hebrides.

In writing of the man and his inner life Sir Wemyss Reid has shown great discretion and good taste. Black married a second time in 1874, and his home life was happy thereafter. He had two daughters and a son, and some pleasant glimpses are given of his affection for them. Until 1878, when he went to Brighton, he lived at Camberwell Grove — much in the company at one time, as his biographer tells us, of Mr. James Drummond and Miss Violet North and other friends whom his readers know. At Brighton he had a most attractive house; and he left it only for his summer trips to Scotland or to the Mediterranean, and for his brief visits to London, where he had the rooms in Buckingham Street described in *Sunrise*. And here an extract from Sir Wemyss Reid's pages may well be quoted: —

“I think that Black was never seen by his friends to greater advantage than

on those nights in Buckingham Street. Certainly I never heard him talk better than in that familiar room, when the veil of reticence in which he was so commonly shrouded was rent, and he bared his heart to his friends. Under no other conditions could one so fully realize all that he was, — the poet, the thinker, the artist, the man of lofty ideals, the eager and untiring student of life, with its manifold unspeakable mysteries, its awful tragedies, and its glorious possibilities. Listening to him then, that which at other times seemed to be an insoluble puzzle was explained, and men knew how it was that he had created and endowed with life the rare and beautiful characters of many of his novels. No jarring note was ever struck in those long talks beneath the stars and above the river; no ungenerous word fell from his lips, no mean or sordid thought. And yet his mood would change with startling suddenness, passing from grave to gay, from deep speculations on those questions upon which human hopes and happiness depend, to the lightest and brightest of the topics which attracted him, the beauties of some spot seen once far away, or the glorious uncertainties of salmon-fishing on the Oykel, or the delights of yachting in the western seas. But whatever the theme, no one who was privileged to listen to him in these moments of complete unreserve could resist the spell that was cast over him, or fail to realize the fact that he was in the presence of a master. To all who took part in those midnight gatherings in Buckingham Street the memory of them will remain among the most cherished possessions of their lives.”

Black's capacity for friendship and his devotion to those whom he loved were manifested in many ways, — never more strikingly, perhaps, than in his relations with William Barry, a young Irish journalist, an intimate of his early days in London. When Sir Wemyss Reid asked Black to become the London corre-

spondent of the Leeds Mercury, he at first accepted eagerly an offer greatly to his advantage; but a moment later he thought of Barry, then in failing health, and proposed that he should take the place, promising his own help when it was needed. "Barry's illness increased, and soon the bright young Irishman . . . was stretched upon his death-bed. Then the chivalrous kindness of Black's nature asserted itself. He was then in the fullness of his career as the most popular novelist of the day, and was able to command his own terms from the publishers, but he voluntarily undertook to do Barry's work as correspondent on condition that the latter continued to receive his salary. . . . Very touching it was during that time to visit the dying man, and to see the wistful tenderness of his gaze when his eyes rested upon Black. No one in the outer world would have believed that the silent, self-centred man, whose genius men admired, but whose real spirit was a mystery to them, — a mystery hidden behind a mask of stolid, unbroken reserve, — could inspire the love and gratitude which in those last sad days shone upon Barry's face." On another occasion, when Black found Charles Gibbon ill and in distress because he could not finish in time a novel upon which he was engaged, he got from his friend an outline of what he had intended to do, and postponed his own work until he had finished Gibbon's book. Barry, we are told, was the original of Willie Fitzgerald in that delightful novel, *Shandon Bells*, which Black wrote as a tribute to one whom he never forgot, and whose portrait always hung above his desk. Here is in truth the man whose real heart was revealed in his writings, and who could draw with supreme fidelity the most exquisite emotions of which our humanity is capable. No wonder that his heroines were loved, and that letters came from all over the world to their creator thanking him for the consolation he had bestowed in many a weary hour.

Black visited America in 1877, and afterwards he had many American friends; indeed, in his later years they were in the majority. There are agreeable glimpses in these pages of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey and Mr. Parsons, of Miss Mary Anderson, of Bret Harte, and of James R. Osgood, who was an especially congenial spirit. Miss Anderson was very intimate with the family during her stay in England; she was the Beautiful Wretch, — a name taken from one of Black's stories, — and he was the D. D. B. V., otherwise the Double-Dyed Black Villain. It is not difficult to see the shadow of Miss Anderson in the Peggy of the House-Boat party. There have been, it may be added, some absurd efforts to identify Black's characters with living persons. Like all artists he drew on experience as on imagination, and there were perforce in his portraits some characteristics of those he knew; but he was no copyist, and he was naturally annoyed when foolish persons tried to fit caps too closely. One of the most absurd legends was that which identified Sheila with the daughter of the innkeeper at Garra-na-hina. Gossip of this kind, as publicity of every kind, was particularly distasteful to Black; and it is not strange that except among his closest friends he was often misunderstood. Yet the picture which Sir Wemyss Reid gives of him is in every sense attractive. There have been authors who have suffered in the esteem of their readers by the indiscreet revelations of their biographers; but in this case there is no indiscretion, nor anything to conceal. Black's last years were clouded by physical pain, but he worked on bravely to the end, and bore his suffering with a cheerful face. He was only fifty-seven when he died.

Black's place may not be among the gods of literature; but surely when the last account of the century just ended is made up his name will not be forgotten. As in all such cases the world will select something to survive oblivion. Readers

to-day will differ with regard to that choice. It seems as if Macleod of Dare and A Princess of Thule, at least, must be included in any list; next to these, if the dangerous experiment of making predictions may be ventured upon, one might place A Daughter of Heth and Madcap Violet and In Far Lochaber; while Shandon Bells and Sunrise certainly stand

high among the successful novels. Let who will, however, pick and choose among so much that is admirable. Black's appeal to some of us is so strong that we can hardly exclude anything he wrote. In any case we must be grateful for an account of the man so interesting as Sir Wemyss Reid's, and so well calculated to enhance the affection we feel for him.

Edward Fuller.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

So many wise things have been said about American humor, there seems to be little occasion for saying anything else about it, unless humorously. *Absit omen!* that is not within the intention of the present remarks, which aim rather to offer some simple explanation of a familiar phenomenon, the "petering out" of the American humorist, and to point a moral.

I.

One difficulty in talking about humor lies in the indeterminate meaning of the word. The trouble is not so much that it has changed as that it has not made a thorough job of changing. We are inclined to give it a sense well-nigh the most profound before it has rid itself of a very trivial one. We brevet it on even terms with "imagination" while it is still trudging in the ranks beside such old irresponsible comrades as "whimsy" and "conceit;" and, worst of all, we too often allow it to be confounded with that vulgar civilian, "facetiousness." Mr. Budgell, according to Goldsmith, bore "the character of an humorist"—the name of an eccentric fellow. He is not at all a joking kind of man, and might perfectly well, for all this description tells us, lack what we call a "sense of humor." Cranks are notoriously defi-

cient in that sense, and the people who are hitting off Mr. Budgell as "an humorist" mean simply that he is a crank. Now I do not think we have quite outgrown this conception of the word's meaning, though we have added something to it. We like to think that our popular humorists are first of all queer fellows. Jesters like Bill Nye have not been slow to recognize this taste in their audience, and the absurd toggerly of the clown has been deliberately employed to enhance the relish of their screamingness. In fact, our professional man of humor is a pretty close modern equivalent of the Old World Fool; a creature of motley who is admitted to have some sense about him, but must appear under a disguise if he wishes to be taken seriously. More than one of Shakespeare's Fools possess the illuminating kind of humor; but the jest is what they were valued for. It would not be very hard, perhaps, to show that in America this ideal of the silly-funny man has survived with especial distinctness, and that upon this survival the quality of our alleged American humor really depends.

II.

If we apply this supposition to the work of the man who is generally con-

ceded to be the foremost of American humorists, it will at first seem not to fit at all; for here is a personality so mellow and venerable as to be fairly above its task. It would be a mock-respect, however, which should feign to forget what that task was, or shrink from frankly recognizing it as in itself a respectable rather than venerable task — to perfect and to communicate the American joke.

In his prime Mark Twain was often more than merely funny, but rather against his method than by it. In whatever direction or company he at that time traveled, motley was his only wear. There is a good deal of information and not a little wisdom in *Innocents Abroad*, but this is not what the book was read for; indeed, much of the information and wisdom must have been discounted by uncertainty as to whether or not they were part of the fun. Later, partly perhaps because his eminence seemed to him an inferior if not a bad one, partly because no cruse of jokes can yield indefinitely, he has shown a disposition to adopt a soberer coat. The attempt has not been altogether successful; he has kept on being funny in the familiar way, almost in spite of himself. The anonymity of his historical romance was rendered nominal by the frequency with which his French followers of Jeanne deliver themselves of excellent American jokes, and seem to feel better for it. Since that was written, he has produced a considerable number of essays upon a variety of sober themes. His public has not known quite what to do with them. Its attention, granted respectfully enough, has been conscious of undergoing a sort of teetering process, now inclined to the sober philosophy of Mr. Clemens, now diverted by the sudden reverberation of some incontinent Mark Twain jest.

There would be nothing disturbing in this situation, or rather the situation would not exist, if the author, writing under whatever name or in whatever

mood, were essentially and first of all a humorist. But the fact seems to be that the humorist in Mark Twain is naturally subordinate to the jester. That he possesses this superior power the epical narrative of *Huckleberry Finn* would abundantly prove. But it has never been dominant; as the smiling interpreter of life his "genius is rebuked" by his superlative quality as a magician of jokes.

Readers will very likely differ as to whether *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*¹ is superior or inferior to classification, but they will hardly succeed in classifying it. The brutal crime with which it opens, and the mysterious power with which the avenger of that crime is endowed, might have yielded extraordinary results under the prestidigital manipulation of Poe, or the clairvoyant brooding of Hawthorne. But as it stands the net effect of the story fails of being an effect of tragic horror. The sombre note is not sustained enough for that, and the concise and businesslike style, very effective in the preliminary statement of the motive, is inadequate for its development. Indeed, not much can be said for the substance of its development. The villain is a person of melodramatic uncompromisingness, and the boy avenger is curiously unperturbed in the fulfillment of his painful office.

For humor in any sense the situation certainly affords the smallest possible opportunity. Yet what if not humor is to prevent uncertainty, the intrusion of false notes, and anything like half-heartedness in the treatment of such a theme? — to the artist so gross an error as to amount almost to sacrilege. The most characteristic thing in the book is the Sherlock Holmes episode which, as a piece of burlesque, is totally out of place. Elsewhere ingenuity rather than power is the noticeable characteristic. One is irresistibly convinced that the story can

¹ *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*. By MARK TWAIN. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

have taken very little hold of the author himself.

In the work of the late Frank Stockton, a much more delicate humorist, a far more skillful artist than Mark Twain, the joke element was also dominant, though, as it happened, he cultivated the joke of situation rather than of phrase. But his demure manner does not prevent the delicious collocation of rubber boots and Mrs. Aleshine from entering into one's soul with all the poignancy of a well-aimed jest. Nor can it be denied that some of his later work showed signs of the same uncertainty of tone which we have just noticed in *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*. Especially in the luckless *Kate Bonnet*, of which nobody can wish to speak lightly, one recognizes, however unwillingly, a lack of spontaneity and a tameness which it is hard to associate with the author of *Rudder Grange*.

A curious question suggests itself here. How does it happen that the later work of these two prominent American humorists should exhibit so marked a deficiency in the larger sort of humor? Are these to be taken as simple instances of decadence, or is there, after all, a screw loose in our vaunted American humor?

III.

To answer this question will be to state more baldly the fact suggested above: that we have been content to let the reputation of our humor stand or fall by the quality of the American joke. There is no doubt that we like our jokes better than other people's, and there is some excuse for us if we fancy that the gods like them better, though even that audience appears as a rule to have reserved its inextinguishable laughter for its own jokes. It is because the English type of set jest appears inferior to ours that we have always sneered at English humor, and particularly at its greatest repository, *Punch*.

But at its best the joke is not a very

high manifestation of humor. Luckily the Miller jest-book is now extinct as a literary form, just as drunkenness is extinct as a gentlemanly accomplishment. In one form or other the jest is bound to exist, but it cannot in this age well serve as a staple food for the cultivated sense of humor. This would not be a bad thing for us to bear in mind when we get to comparing our comic papers with *Punch*, which is both more and less than a comic paper. We may fairly consider the amazing number of genuine contributions to literature which have been made through the columns of *Punch*, and reflect whether our *Life*, with its little dabs of *Dolly-in-the-Conservatory* verse, its stunted though suggestive editorial matter, its not over-brilliant jokes about the mother-in-law and about the fiancée, and the overwhelming prettiness of its illustrations, can show much of a hand against its sturdy English contemporary. It may not be agreeable to our volatile national mind to concede something to English solidity even in the matter of humor, but it is simple justice.

We know very well, when we come to think of it, that some of the finest humorists have been indifferent jokers. We can hardly imagine Addison setting a table in a roar — or Goldsmith, unless by inadvertence. As for Dr. Holmes, our greatest legitimate humorist, his notion of a set joke was mainly restricted to the manhandling of the disreputable pun.

In the meantime the torch of jocosity is still being carried on by fresh and unpreoccupied hands; and if the line of eager spectators is now mainly at the level of the area windows, that is, perhaps, not the affair of the torch-bearer. A surprising number of persons above that level, it must be said, appear to take satisfaction in the quasi-humorous work of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. It is work which deserves consideration because it represents the *reductio ad absurdum*.

dum of "American humor." It consists in a sort of end-man volley of quips, manufactured and fired off for their own sake. A book produced by this method cannot be deeply humorous. It is not the outcome of an abiding sense of comedy value, and naturally bears much the same relation to a veritable work of humor that a bunch of fire-crackers in action bears to the sun. The true humorist cannot help concerning himself with some sort of interpretation of life: Mr. Bangs can. His folly is not a stalking-horse under the presentation of which he shoots his wit, but an end in itself. There could be no better illustration of the difference between the jocose and the humorous than a comparison of one of Mr. Bangs's farces with one of Mr. Howells's. That recent extravagance of the new adventures of Baron Munchausen¹ cuts no figure beside the classical because really humorous adventures of Alice: on the one hand, a series of meaningless whoppers strung into a narrative; on the other, a sustained *jeu d'esprit* which, absurd as it is, contains hardly more nonsense than philosophy. Of his latest book² it need only be said that it furnishes another installment of the Houseboat on the Styx business, much the sort of thing one might expect of a clever sophomore, with a thumbing acquaintance with the Classical Dictionary. The fact seems to be that Mr. Bangs represents the survival of a school of facetiousness, now happily moribund, which had some standing during the last century, in England as well as in America. Puns, elaborate ironies, fantastic paradoxes, all manner of facetiæ were good form from the early days of Christopher North to the end of the Dickens vogue. Nowadays the English jest has been for the most part remanded to its proper place as the servant and not the

divinity of the humorous machine. In our ears the English jest is no better than such as it is; which we do not believe of ours, so that we continue to give literary credit to a function which is merely human. We have a right to use Mr. Bangs for our private consumption, as a man may choose to smoke a brand of tobacco which he knows to be bad, and cannot recommend to his friends; but we may properly be careful, too, not to confound qualities, not to yield to mere facetiousness the honors which belong to humor.

IV.

It must be admitted that in this day of smiles across the sea the boundary line even between national methods of joking is not always indisputable. Jerome Jerome, for instance, belongs fairly to our school of jocoseness; and *Three Men in a Boat* was popular with us because he applied our method to English conditions. The village and seafaring tales of Mr. W. W. Jacobs are more plainly insular in quality, but in the delicious and unlabored absurdity of his plots and the whimsicalness of his dialogue he strongly resembles Mr. Stockton. His latest story³ is hardly a favorable example of his work, which lies properly in the field of the short humorous story of situation. His characters and action are plainly more interesting to him than the details of his text; and the joking of which his tales are full comes naturally and inevitably from the mouths of his persons. Mr. Jacobs is nevertheless, judged by his work so far, to be ranked among the jokers rather than among the humorists.

So far as pure humor is concerned, there has never been the shadow of a boundary line between England and America. Different as they are in personality and in the total effect of their

¹ *The New Munchausen*. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Boston: Noyes, Platt & Co. 1902.

² *Olympian Nights*. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

³ *At Sunwich Port*. By W. W. JACOBS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

work, what radical distinction in mere quality of humor is there between Mr. Cable and Mr. Barrie? Was it not the same genial sense of the delicate alternating currents of the feminine temperament which produced both Jess and Aureore Naucanon? And is not Fielding's humor as much at home in America as Dr. Holmes's in England?

v.

But the domain of humor is not infrequently subdivided on other than national lines. If there is any distinction of sex upon which man prides himself, it is his superior sense of humor. When the matter comes to analysis, it may appear that the distinction is a somewhat narrow one; that the question of the jest is once more the real question in point. There is a certain sort of verbal nonsense, as there are forms of the practical joke, which induces a masculine hysteria while it commands only tolerance from the other sex. — Repeated experimenting with Chimmie Fadden's joke about the way to catch a squirrel has shown pretty clearly that the unresponsiveness of his French auditor was due rather to a limitation of sex than of race. Yet among men it has been one of the jokes of the year. I think men are often unfair when after such experiments, painful enough (for what is more disheartening than to angle for laughter and catch civility), they accuse the woman of not seeing the joke. She does see it, but it does not appeal to her as the funniest thing in the world. She has heard other jokes, and is ignorant of the necessity for all this side-holding and slapping on the back. She therefore finishes her tea in quietude of spirit long before the last reminiscent detonations have ceased to echo in the masculine throat.

But it is a dull and hasty guess to hazard, that because of this difference in taste Miss Austen's sex is deficient in humor. There are women nowadays —

there have always been, one suspects, since new womanhood is as old as everything else under the sun — who have so far cultivated the masculine point of view as to have actually come into possession of the masculine sense of the joke. But, as George Marlow says in a very different connection, "they are of us." A true woman's sense of humor is ordinarily less spasmodic, probably less acute, than a man's, but (though a man may be a little ashamed of thinking so, as he might be of believing in woman's suffrage) hardly less real or less fruitful. A very large part of the work done in legitimate humor for the past few years by Americans has been done by women.

Unless in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, or in that delightful classic of feminine humor, *Cranford*, one hardly knows where to look for so mellow and sympathetic a touch as characterizes the *Old Chester Tales of Mrs. Deland*. The central figure of *Dr. Lavendar* it seems hardly extravagant to class with or only a little beneath *Dr. Primrose* and *Sir Roger*, as a creature of pure humor. In *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*,¹ again, *Miss Hegan* has created a character which in spite of the utmost freedom of treatment entirely escapes the farcical. *Mrs. Wiggs* will not take her place among the eligible and decorative heroines of fiction, but she will have an abiding charm for unromantic lovers of human nature. In *Sonny*, *Mrs. Stuart* employed a somewhat broader method. Yet whatever farcical possibilities it may contain, it would be hard to conceive a more genuinely humorous situation than is afforded by the belated paternity of *Mr. Deuteronomy Jones*; a situation not altogether funny, but tempered by the little touch of pitifulness which belongs to the deeper effects of humor. In the work of *Miss Daskam* one discerns a sharper note, a little tendency to dig and

¹ *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. By ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN. New York: The Century Company. 1901.

fling, which now and then becomes too insistent. In her latest collection of stories, indeed, it becomes almost dominant. The initial story, *The Madness of Philip*, is at once a genial interpretation of child-nature and a pungent bit of satire against the wooden sentimentality of which the kindergarten method is capable. It neatly suggests that to the child-rights which the disciples of Froebel so eloquently champion should be added the right to exercise common sense as well as fancy, and the right to be spanked when the condition of the system calls for that tonic treatment. The story of *Ardelia in Arcady* is equally keen and sympathetic. We have been led to suppose that the country is the natural home of every child, so that the pathos of the city child stranded in the country is a new conception. Miss Daskam, however, makes it an intelligible one.

VI.

If there is a characteristic form in which the American's sense of humor is inclined to express itself, it is probably satire, the form which lies closest upon the borderland of wit. And our talent for satire is still further defined by our preference for the method of the interlocutor. The *Biglow Papers* established a sort of canon by which our work in this field will long be judged. We have done nothing of late in satirical verse, to be sure, while much has been done in England — if indeed this impression is not due to the fact that the newspaper provides our only market for such wares. But it can hardly escape notice that in other respects our recent successful experiments in satire have held to the method of Lowell and Artemus Ward: the expression of wisdom in dialect or in the vernacular.

The satire in the *Chimmie Fadden books*¹ deals mainly with class questions. In addition to the Bowery boy's own

¹ *Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul*. New York: The Century Company. 1902.

acute remarks, we are given his report of the observations of Mr. Paul, a young society man whose somewhat tedious addiction to the "small bottle" does not interfere with his delivery of sententious comments upon life which doubtless gain much from Fadden's garbling Bowery version of them. The attempted thread of narrative does not seem to have been really worth while. There is no doubt that the book has been more considered than the early *Chimmie Fadden papers*. Perhaps for that reason it is tamer. *Chimmie's lingo* rolls from his lips less spontaneously. The old familiar expletives will be missed, the "sees" and "hully chees" and "wat t' ells" which endeared him to the public some years ago. And it must be admitted that the satire is of a thinner order.

But that is not at all remarkable. I do not think anything like justice has been done to the literary merit of the *Dooley books*.² This may be due to the copiousness with which the sage of Archey Road has poured forth his opinions; or, again, it may be due to the fact that so clean and acceptable a *vin du pays* has needed no bush. Critics, it may be supposed, are useful in pointing out excellences which most of us are not likely to perceive: but everybody understands Mr. Dooley. I am not so sure that the latter supposition is true. Much of the *Dooley satire* seems so good that it must, in part, escape the comprehension of many readers who are convulsed by the *Dooley phraseology*.

That phraseology in itself is a remarkable thing. Nothing is harder to catch than the Irish idiom, nothing harder to suggest on paper than the Irish brogue. We are only too familiar with the sham bedad and bejabers dialect, of some commercial value to writers of fiction, but not otherwise existent. Some readers will have noticed what painful work has been made of it lately by the inventor

² *Mr. Dooley's Opinions*. New York: R. H. Russell & Company. 1902.

of that unconvincing figure, Policeman Flynn. But Mr. Dooley — one can hardly elsewhere, unless from the mouth of Kipling's Mulvaney, hear so mellow and lilting a Hibernian voice as this. The papers must have been written with great care, although they have appeared very often. It is astonishing, in view of the great range of theme involved, and the periodicity of their publication, that there is so little unevenness in them. They are practically monologues, for the occasional introductory word is of the briefest, and the supernumerary Mr. Hennessey serves simply as the necessary concrete audience.

For several years now Mr. Dooley has been expressing himself in this manner upon the most serious themes, social, civil, and political. During the Spanish War his criticisms of army methods and of the general administrative policy were sharp and uncompromising. It has been said by a friend of McKinley's that the President followed the papers as they appeared in the press with the keenest amusement and attention. Certainly this was true of a great many of the American people. The reason for his vogue is obvious. With all his pure Irishness, he is pure American, too; and his commentary upon current events with its alternating simplicity and shrewdness, its avoidance of sentimentality, and its real patriotism, probably represents, very much as Hosea Biglow represented, the sober sense of the people. This union of individual and representative humor must be the basis of whatever claim can be made for the permanent value of Mr. Dooley.

But this is enough to give his creator a place among the humorists. A vein of jests is soon worked out, but humor is a perennial fount. The advance of years is too much for the cleverness of the funny man, while the humorist is fruitful to the end, and after.

H. W. Boynton.

IN herself, Mary Boyle had most of the good gifts which bring happiness to their possessor, — a bright intelligence, warm affections, unfailing cheerfulness, a large capacity for giving and receiving pleasure, for making and retaining friends. And a kind fortune attended the circumstances of her life. Well-born in every sense, the love and good comradeship she found in her own household extended outward to an exceedingly large circle of agreeable kinsfolk whose houses were her "extra homes." "Mary Boyle is a cousin of mine," said Lord Carlisle to Dickens. "I suppose so," was the reply, "I have never yet met any one who was *not* her cousin." It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the variously accomplished men and women whom she met in her London life, in her visits to great country houses, or in her sojourns in Italy, a country she fell in love with, early in life. Lowell speaking of her as he knew her, in her little house in South Audley Street, when she was verging on fourscore, says: "No knock could surprise the modest door of what she called her *Bonbonnière*, for it has opened and still opens to let in as many distinguished persons, and, what is better, as many devoted friends, as any in London. However long Mary Boyle may live, hers can never be that most dismal of fates, to outlive her friends while cheerfulness, kindness, cleverness, contentedness, and all the other good nesses have anything to do with the making of them."

One gift she possessed in so remarkable a degree that under other circumstances she might have become famous as a comedian. "She is the very best actress I ever saw off the stage," wrote Dickens to Bulwer, "and immeasurably better than many I have seen on it." Her dramatic reminiscences — beginning with an amusing account of the "romantic and tragical" play she wrote at the age of seven, and successfully

performed, with the aid of two of her small brothers, before a large audience, parts being doubled or trebled, with lightning changes of costume — are among the most entertaining portions of her book.¹ A friend of Mary Boyle declares that her conversation had a charm that was indescribable and perhaps unique. It is not difficult to believe this. Her gifts were preëminently social, and she would give her best in talk rather than with the pen. But her recollections, though dictated in old age, and when blindness prevented her from revising, rearranging, or supplementing what had been written, are pleasant to read and to remember. They will assuredly add to the number of her friends, so attractive in its gay good humor, its sweetness, and sanity is the personality revealed in these sketches for an autobiography.

S. M. F.

FIVE Oxford men have written with Some Brief Biographies. knowledge as well as with excellent judgment and taste sketches of the lives of five princesses of the House of Stuart,² four of whom, by their close relationship, their connection with and influence upon the history of their time, can well be placed together in a single volume, their stories being in a way different portions of the same family chronicle. The first of these ladies is Elizabeth, only the Winter Queen of Bohemia, but always the Queen of Hearts, — no less so in the long years of exile, of ceaseless ill-fortune and calamity, than in her happy girlhood in the England still bright with the after-glow of the Elizabethan age. It was in the ominous year when she wore a crown that Wotton dedicated one of the loveliest of English lyrics to *The Mistress*, and in the evil time to come there were always those willing to devote life and fortune to her service with the ardor of

knights of romance. Her marriage had been the occasion of unexampled public rejoicings, she had left England with thousands acclaiming her; fifty years later she returned almost unnoticed to a world where all had changed, — returned only to die. Mr. Hodgkin tells her story admirably; history and personal biography are mingled in their just proportions, and the narrative is vivid and full of interest, notwithstanding the necessity for heroic condensation laid upon the author.

Not one of Elizabeth's children was dull or commonplace, and her youngest daughter, though perhaps not so exceptionally gifted as two of her elder sisters, was a woman of keen intelligence, quick-witted, humorous, tolerant, interested in many things, and always herself, whether in youth or age, a most interesting personage. It was a melancholy fatality that Sophia's eldest son should be the one of all her children least to resemble her. From his mother came his splendid regal inheritance, but scarcely a quality of person, mind, or spirit was transmitted to him from the brilliant Palatines. Could not the editor have allowed himself a little more space wherein to have expanded, to the still greater pleasure of his readers, his well-considered sketch of the Electress? The studies of the little known Mary of Orange and of Henrietta of Orleans, the theme of so many eloquent tongues and pens, are adequate, though in the first, biography is rather overweighted by history. Mr. Bridge is to be commended for his treatment of the fable regarding Henrietta's death, which Saint-Simon believed and perpetuated. The invincible ignorance of physicians like to those Molière drew naturally encouraged the growth of such fictions, but they should not be repeated to-day as facts. Far distant from these latter-day Stuarts seems the shadowy but ap-

¹ *Mary Boyle: Her Book.* Edited by Sir COURTENAY BOYLE, K. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

² *Five Stuart Princesses.* Edited by ROBERT S. RAIT, Fellow and Lecturer of New College, Oxford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

pealing figure of Margaret, the beloved daughter of the poet-king James I., and the unloved wife of the Dauphin who was to be Louis XI. The pathetic story of the beautiful, sensitive girl, with her passion for poetry, — "She often spent the hours of the night in writing roundels, as many as twelve perchance, in the revolution of one day," — who was so early done to death by slanderous tongues, has been sympathetically told by Mr. Butler, though as a conscientious historian he has been compelled to set aside some of the charming legends that have clustered about the young Dauphine's memory, legends doubtless true in spirit if not in the letter.

The volume is made still more attractive by a number of well-selected portraits; but how, in so competently edited a book, does a reproduction of a picture by Vandyck — plainly of Mary of Orange, whom the artist painted so often, from her babyhood till she went a ten-year old bride to Holland, that her child face is a familiar one — appear as a portrait of Henrietta, who was not born till some years after Sir Anthony's death?

The lady whose pen name is George Paston has already shown considerable skill in the not altogether easy task of giving in some sort the quintessence of certain more or less elaborate biographies, thus making the way easy for readers to obtain a good deal of entertainment and even enlightenment with the smallest possible expenditure of time and trouble. In her latest volume,¹ which mainly illustrates English literary and artistic life in the first half of the nineteenth century, the place of honor is given to Haydon, an extraordinary man, if not, as he passionately believed, a great painter. It is to be hoped that his *Journal* is still read in its entirety by some even of the larger

public, for not only is it one of the most complete self-revelations in English literature, and one of its most moving tragedies, but it is also the work of a man who read and thought, who could observe and describe. May George Paston's clever sketch serve as a stepping-stone for adventurous readers. Lady Morgan is brightly, fairly, and sufficiently dealt with; but the study of Lady Hester Stanhope seems something like task-work, — an uncommon fault in this author. The Howitts are written of sympathetically, but it is rather painful to find these dearly beloved friends of one's childhood relegated so completely to the past. Two aliens complete the group, Prince Pückler-Muskau and N. P. Willis, both on account of their pictures of English society in the twenties and thirties. The Prince who was, in no insignificant degree, soldier, sportsman, traveler, fashionable author, landscape gardener, dandy, Don Juan, unconscious humorist, and heiress hunter, visited England in the last capacity, and, his two years' search being vain, revenged himself by publishing his travels. Willis, a decade later, was a more appreciative and better-tempered observer than the disappointed German. The lapse of time not only has rendered that early but shining example of "personal journalism," *Pencilings by the Way*, innocuous, but has given to those graphic and readable letters a distinct and increasing value. Here, as elsewhere in this agreeable book, proper names are sometimes maltreated, as when the lady who became Mrs. Motley is called "Mary Benham," and Willis's biographer (to whom George Paston owes so much in this sketch that it is to be wished she had always followed his lead more carefully) appears as "Mr. De Beers." There are slips too in dates, and less than justice is done to Willis on one sad occasion in his life by the confounding of one year with another. *S. M. F.*

¹ *Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century.* By GEORGE PASTON. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

RECENT RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.¹

AN American professor of psychology, an American preacher, and an English theologian each present to us a book on the subject of religion, and all three are noteworthy. Professor James speaks modestly of his ability to discuss this theme, but his published essay, entitled *The Will to Believe*, and his Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality show that it has long been in his mind. While he may not have the technical equipment expected of a writer on the history of religion, he nevertheless has observed widely in the field of religious phenomena, and he has also looked into history for illustrative material. The results of his study are embodied in the lectures which he delivered at the University of Edinburgh during the past year. Although less profound than several previous volumes in the same series, this one will compare favorably with any of them in genuine human interest. The author and his Harvard colleague, Professor Royce, enjoy the distinction of being the first Americans invited to lecture on the Gifford foundation. There is good reason to believe that they will not be the last.

Psychological considerations determine in advance the limits of Dr. James's treatment of his subject. He will deal not with any religious organization, whether pagan or Christian, but with personal religion, "the feelings, acts, and experiences of individual men in their solitude" (page 31). True to New England traditions, the author sets about his task as an individualist. Like Schleiermacher, he is bent on "rehabilitating the element of feeling in religion" (page 501);

but unlike Schleiermacher, his word is not spoken at the critical moment. For there is little danger in our day that religion will become too exclusively an affair of the intellect. Professor James draws his illustrations deliberately from extreme, rather than from normal types of religious experience, and anticipates adverse criticism by urging their unique value for his purpose, just as in medical science the abnormal case is often the most instructive for one who is attempting to formulate a theory of disease.

The sole novelty to which our author lays claim is in the wide range of phenomena passed under review. He finds that all religions agree in positing "an uneasiness and its solution" (page 508). There is something wrong about us, from which we are saved. The essentials of religion are few, but after these have been enumerated, there remains room for "over-beliefs," which enlarge the content of each one's faith. A distinction must be drawn between the respective spheres of psychology and religion. "Both admit that there are forces seemingly outside of the conscious individual that bring redemption into his life," but psychology "implies that they do not transcend the individual's personality," while Christianity "insists that they are direct supernatural operations of the Deity" (page 211). Within the mysterious domain of the "subliminal consciousness" Dr. James finds a possible point of contact between man and God. For when he refers any given phenomenon to the subliminal self as its source, he refuses thereby to exclude

¹ *The Varieties of Religious Experience. A Study in Human Nature.* The Gifford Lectures for 1901. By WILLIAM JAMES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902, pp. xii, 534.

Through Science to Faith. Lowell Institute

Lectures, 1900-1901. By NEWMAN SMYTH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902, pp. x, 282.

The Philosophy of the Christian Religion. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902, pp. xxviii, 583.

the notion of the "direct presence of the Deity" (page 242). In attempting to set forth what this theory involves for religious faith, he concludes with the half-despairing comment, "I feel as if it must mean something, something like what the hegalian (*sic*) philosophy means, if one could only lay hold of it more clearly" (page 388). Another valuable distinction which the author draws is that between religion and ethics. Religion exhibits the "enthusiastic temper of espousal" where morality simply "acquiesces" (page 48).

It is characteristic of Professor James to discard the rationalistic method, which he regards as distinctly inferior to his adopted "pragmatism" (pages 73, 444). He will judge everything, religion included, by its utility, by the empiricist principle of its value "on the whole" (page 327). "The true is what works well" (page 458). One might query how far to go in applying this principle. Our author, for example, finds that "Stoic, Christian, and Buddhist saints are practically indistinguishable in their lives" (page 504). Shall we apply his test here, and argue the equal practical truth of Stoicism, Buddhism, and Christianity? However we may answer such questions as this, it is interesting to note that, in thus emphasizing the importance of *Werturteile*, Dr. James falls back on the Kantian principle so high in favor with the Ritschlian school of theologians. To be sure, he will have none of theology in any form. He pronounces it dead. Yet even while he is bidding it "a definitive good-by" (page 448), some of its most active supporters are putting forth their new system, based upon fundamental principles very like those of Dr. James himself!

Lectures IV. and V., entitled *The Religion of Healthy-Mindedness*, must have seemed especially fresh to the Scottish audience that heard them. Here are discussed the mind-cure and kindred themes, including Christian Science, all

of which make up "America's only decidedly original contribution to the systematic philosophy of life" (page 96). The unfavorable judgment finally pronounced upon Christian Science (that its denial of evil is "a bad speculative omission," page 107) is all the more severe because of Professor James's manifest desire to regard the movement sympathetically and seriously.

The English style of the book is vigorous, terse, and racy throughout. The reader chuckles over many a neat turn of expression and pointed anecdote. In referring to the theory of religion which makes it out to be the attitude one assumes toward the universe, Professor James relates a story of Margaret Fuller, who, in the genuine spirit of New England transcendentalism, once exclaimed, "I accept the universe." This being reported to Carlyle, he coolly remarked, "Gad! She'd better!" (page 41). The warrior chiefs of barbarism are likened to "beaked and taloned graspers of the world," while religious devotees are by comparison "herbivorous animals, tame and harmless barnyard poultry" (page 372). If mere "feeling good" were accepted as the criterion of truth "drunkenness would be the supremely valid human experience" (page 16). The difference which may exist between the various methods of approaching a problem is illustrated by the remark, "from the biological point of view, St. Paul was a failure, because he was beheaded" (page 376). But some other statements, while undeniably clever, strike the reader as a little too realistic. The man who has been to the confessional is said to have "exteriorized his rottenness" (page 462). St. Teresa's idea of religion is described as "an endless amatory flirtation" (page 347). The sallies of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche remind the author more than half the time of "the sick shriekings of two dying rats" (page 38).

But the most striking thing about this

book is that, after describing and classifying his observations, after attributing certain experiences to their sufficient physical causes, and after assigning to "the subliminal consciousness" its due part, Professor James confesses that the *how* and the *why* of it all are still unknown. There remains for religion a "vital meaning" (cf. pages 270, 364). The fact of definite and real religious experiences is amply demonstrated; the attempt to explain the cause remains the legitimate business of religion itself. And if religion cannot offer a sufficient hypothesis, nothing can. It is a pleasure to note that Professor James hopes to publish a second work, in which he will treat at length the more profound philosophical problems which the subject involves.

Our Harvard professor believes that science and religion are both genuine keys with which we may "unlock the world's treasure-house," and that, although at first sight the facts of science and the facts of religion may appear completely disjoined, yet the divorce between them may not prove so eternal as it seems. Dr. Newman Smyth of New Haven is of the same opinion, only he would go much further. The title of his Lowell Lectures, *Through Science to Faith*, indicates at once his point of view and his method. His tone is distinctly modern. In fact, each of the three writers with whom we are concerned has opened his eyes and gazed with satisfaction at the world of to-day. They all find it hopeful. Of course their modes of dealing with their subjects differ, and the proportions in which religion and science mix in them are various. James has little if any theology, in the ordinary sense, but aims to be thoroughly scientific. Smyth frankly commits himself to accepting whatever science proves, yet he would remain a theologian still. Fairbairn (whose book will be reviewed below) is primarily a theologian, but his ears are not deaf to the voice of science. He only insists that

its conclusions shall submit themselves to philosophical examination and rational interpretation. Smyth and Fairbairn agree in seeking to discern the ultimate significance of the facts of nature. For them it is not enough simply to observe and to record; one must also interpret. *Things have a meaning*,—this is a fundamental axiom with them both.

Dr. Smyth is concerned to frame a new natural theology. We gain only hints of what his systematic theology would be, but we learn that it would involve some modification of older systems (page 9). Accepting the approved results of experimental science, he affirms the unity of nature, and, by applying the evolutionary hypothesis, he attempts to show that all nature reveals intelligent direction. Its revelation "increases as the capacity for perception of it grows" (page 42). The real problem of the universe does not lie in the question, "Is nature one?" but in the larger question, "How is it one?" (page 11). And this question is not mathematical or physical, but philosophical (page 79). Dr. Smyth finds indication of "an unknown, or mathematically immeasurable factor in evolution" (page 18), which affords reasonable ground for believing in a completion of things somewhere beyond the confines of our present experience. Whatever progress we may make toward this completion must lie along the line of a spiritual rather than of a material conception of the universe, since it is the former alone which discovers any idea, or intelligence, in nature (page 52). In the beautiful, for instance, we may see one aspect of intelligence and deity, "an expression of reason to reason" (page 154). In spite of all apparent hindrances and disasters, nature advances toward good results; nature therefore manifests moral character. The losses and retrogressions of the nature-process are more than equalized by compensating restorations, and thus evolution is seen to bear a teleological character

(page 232). The net outcome of what our author so happily calls "the prophetic value of unfinished nature" is pure optimism. In the application of his "principle of completion" he becomes personal, and touches closely our highest aspirations. What is it, he asks, which shows the highest "survival value" in this world of ours? *Men*, is the answer, — individual human beings, possessed of reason and of soul. The importance of the individual has at last outrun that of the species (page 189). Hence personal immortality becomes a reasonable expectation, as well as a fond religious hope. "The sure principle of natural prophecy is . . . that nature will not stop nor tarry till all her decrees of perfection shall be completed" (page 253).

Perhaps the most valuable contributions made by Dr. Smyth to the discussion of his subject are the emphasis placed upon "the sign of increasing vital value" (page 103), and, to a less degree, upon the "moral significance of the introduction of play as well as work into the animal kingdom," which receives interesting treatment (page 123). On the other hand, the place where one might most easily interpose an objection is in the sections treating of the moral character of nature. It is hard to see why the greater happiness of man, as compared with a monad, indicates that man's development is moral, or how natural beauty manifests a "moral aspect of nature" (pages 120, 157). But in spite of imperfections in detail, the book is interesting and valuable. It forms a convenient connecting link between the psychological lectures of Professor James and the theological essay of Dr. Fairbairn, to which we must now turn.

The Philosophy of the Christian Religion is an able apology for the orthodox faith, from the pen of an expert dialectician. Dr. James has insisted that theology is dead, yet here we have it, in an elaborate treatise, wearing all the appearance of health and even of capacity for

useful service. The persistence of religion in clothing itself in philosophic dress is indeed noteworthy. Not long ago a professor in Leipzig called attention to the fact that the church originally knew nothing of ecclesiastical law, and that, in ideal, Christianity and legal institutions were incompatible. But he also pointed out how legalism entered the church, and there grew up into an extensive *corpus juris canonici*. Now a somewhat similar process went on in another department of the church's life. Although Christianity and metaphysics were far enough apart at first, circumstances led the new religion to come to terms with philosophy, to pour a new content into its ancient forms, and to give it fresh meaning and a vital function in the world, — whence proceeded dogma, which is nothing but doctrinal belief reduced to formal and official definition.

Professor James has said that in religion men *feel*, which is true, for religion deals primarily with experience. Dr. Fairbairn asserts that about religion men *think*, which is also true, for religion deals secondarily with thought. There never was a more foolish attempt to state a problem than to ask whether religion is "a dogma or a life," for with intelligent beings it must be both. Therefore each of the two modes of treatment, adopted the one by Professor James and the other by Dr. Fairbairn, is entirely valid, but it would be futile to claim exclusiveness for either of them.

One cannot resist the conviction that in Dr. Fairbairn's book we have a conscientious effort to produce the "new Analogy," for which the author fondly yearns in his Preface, in calling to mind Bishop Butler. At any rate, the result is not unworthy of the aim. The thesis is thus stated: "The conception of Christ stands related to history as the idea of God is related to nature, that is, each is, in its own sphere, the factor of order, or the constitutive condition of a rational sys-

tem" (page 18). In view of the order of the world and the constitution of the human mind, we cannot conceive that nature is unintelligent or godless. And finding ourselves led to accept a rational universe, we are forced by the same logic to seek a rational cause for history (page 435). Thus the author extends the boundaries of the discussion followed in his earlier book, *The Place of Christ in Modern Theology*, for he now finds in the Incarnation a point of departure for interpreting the meaning of all history. He exalts "the extraordinary significance of Christ's person, which, till it was interpreted, was but the immanent possibility of a religion" (page 533). Of course he recognizes that the Incarnation presents peculiar problems, but he so develops his analogical principle as to enable him to maintain that "there is no problem raised by the idea of God manifest in the flesh, . . . which is not equally raised by the inter-relations of God and nature" (page 479). This thought is elaborated with great skill and cogency.

Some of Dr. Fairbairn's reasoning is so highly speculative as to provoke dissent, almost without regard to the validity of his conclusions, yet he frankly recognizes the final supremacy of ethical values in controlling our conclusions as to what is true. "There is indeed in all history," he says, "nothing more tragic than the fact that our heresies have been more speculative than ethical, more concerned with opinion than with conduct" (page 565). The book reproduces a few traditional opinions not very vigorously maintained in recent years, such as the statement that the Gospel miracles though "supernatural" are not "contra-natural" (page 336). This is like

the assertion that man is "more than a natural being" (page 68). But everything depends on what we mean by our terms. The first question is, What is nature? The more nearly we approach an adequate understanding of that, the less perhaps shall we feel disposed to emphasize the conventional distinction between "nature" and the "supernatural." Horace Bushnell wrote to Dr. Bartol, more than fifty years ago: "I hope it will some time or other be made to appear that there is a great deal more of supernaturalism in the management of this world than even orthodoxy has begun to suspect."

Formally considered, the book suffers from wearisome over-analysis. Dr. Fairbairn's readers are not so dull as to need the aid of all sorts of mechanical divisions and subdivisions. There is often more difficulty in understanding the classification than in following the thought. We prefer the under-analysis of Professor James, who has only lecture-division (and sometimes not even that). Less space devoted to refuting the views of other men would also have conduced to clarity, although we could ill spare such a fine bit of criticism as that relating to the philosophy of Hume. Typographical errors are more numerous than they should be. The author's English is highly rhetorical, and not a few passages show a rare poetic beauty. In this respect his book presents a decided contrast to that of Dr. James, whose style is simple, though never commonplace, and also to the straightforward writing of Dr. Smyth. On the whole, Dr. Fairbairn's book must be pronounced the most powerful defensive statement of the Christian faith that has recently appeared.

John Winthrop Platner.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHAT proved to be the last of many good walks and talks with Mr. Warner. Mr. Warner was made especially memorable by so concise an account of his method of writing in general, and of his Winter on the Nile in particular, that it seems selfish not to attempt to share the pleasure received with the many loving admirers of his charming work.

It was during the last mile of a seven-mile tramp through the brilliant autumn foliage that lends a brief glory to every New England village; he had been talking of the joys of travel, and the joys of getting home again; the pleasure of prowling about in search of "things," and the final unpacking and bestowal of foreign treasures in the home they were to adorn, pausing from time to time, and leaning on his cane, to admire a yellow birch reflected in the blue lake, a flaming maple, or the scarlet cranberries in the dark purple bog. Suddenly he turned the conversation, and for the very first time during a long acquaintance, to his own way of working, and to his manner of strengthening the active memory required in his methods of writing.

I felt strongly at the time that it was meant, indirectly, to serve as a friendly, helpful lesson, and knowing now how near the end then was, I am confirmed in the thought that, in his simple, generous way, he meant to make the passing hour of more than ordinary value to one who had studied and cared for his work and had ventured to tell him so.

"I have always made a practice of remembering everything I listen to," he said. "Never mind how long the sermon, nor how great the number of heads into which it was divided, even as a boy I would follow every word, and at the close could write a synopsis of the whole discourse. It is only a ques-

tion of habit. The same was true in the case of the most trivial conversation." And is this not a key to the secret of one of Mr. Warner's greatest charms? Was it not really his keen, warm sympathy with all that was human which led him to listen to, to pay close heed to, the slightest expression of another's inner life?

"At one time," he continued, stopping short in his walk and driving his cane deep into the ground, as if the better to recall a pleasing vision of his youth, "I wrote newspaper reports of a whole course of lectures, taking no notes at the time. These reports were written in every case some days after the lectures were delivered, and it so chanced that they proved to be, in the course of time, of value to the man who had delivered the original lectures. And this was done with no conscious effort, but was the result of constant, unremitting concentration of thought.

"My book on the Nile was written at Venice, under ideal conditions for work, and some months after the journey was made, in a big, empty room, overlooking the Grand Canal. It was reached by several flights of marble stairs, guarded by an iron grating on the first floor, which flew open every morning on my ringing the bell. No one appeared except for a brief monthly settling of the terms of the lease, and thus the feeling of solitude was complete during the morning hours. The room was simply furnished with all that one needs, — a table, a chair, pen, ink, and paper, and — the view up and down the Canal! I had a tiny book of brief notes taken during the journey up the Nile, one book of reference, and a guide-book, — nothing more. As I wrote, all the sayings of our delightful dragoon came back to me, with the very intonations of his voice. The lights, the

atmosphere, the daily life of the river and the desert, the visits to the temples, all were vividly present again to my mind's eye, as if freshly drawn up from some well of memory." "And the novels? Yes. Many of the scenes are literally true to life, word for word, as experienced by actual workers and players in all classes of society."

The chilly close of a gray autumn afternoon, lit only by the waning lights of a crimson sunset, — the regretful arrangements for taking an early train the next morning because of an appointment with some "beginner," whose MSS. he had promised to read and pass judgment upon, — the pleasantly prompt letter received the day after his return home, full of quiet fun and plans for more work, graceful words of thanks for a hospitality we had felt it an honor and privilege to offer; — would that all last memories might prove equally precious and satisfying!

It is wonderful how often analysis proves our intuitive likes and dislikes to be correct. Now **The New Altruism.** I have always disliked philanthropists and altruists without knowing why, and yet the reason is one that should be instantly obvious to any thoughtful man. The trouble is that they lack subtlety, and that there is no excuse for their "I am holier than thou" attitude. Their altruism is all back end foremost, and that is why so many of them are regarded by a large section of the public as men who have not learned the difficult art of minding their own business. Instead of elevating those to whom they devote their attention, they make them feel mean and worthless, or else fill them with unholy wrath. Feeling that this was wrong, I investigated carefully and made the startling discovery that the true altruist helps his superiors rather than his inferiors.

Having a large and assorted collection of friends and acquaintances, I studied my relations with them, and found that

when I felt called upon to advise a struggling brother, and elevate him to my own high moral and intellectual plane, I always felt personally uplifted and more inclined to reverence myself as a man, as Goldsmith so wisely advises. On the other hand, when circumstances made me realize that I was only a "poor weak sister," and my superiors came to comfort me after the manner of Eliphaz the Temanite, and Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram, whose name was no worse than he deserved, I noticed that they immediately began to swell out their chests and to feel better. Having observed this, it was not long until I discovered the great truth I am now doing my utmost to apply in conduct. I found that I could get as fine a philanthropic glow from permitting myself to be advised, and watching the beneficial effect on my adviser, as ever I did from giving advice myself. Of course I found it hard at first to give up the luxury of advising my inferiors, and still harder to submit to being constantly advised, but the subtlety of the scheme appeals to my artistic sense, and I look forward confidently to a time when I can meekly submit to having my finer feelings clawed over by such of my superior friends as I wish to help, and get all the strength I need myself from the consciousness of good work well and secretly done. Indeed I have accomplished enough in this line already to spur me on to greater achievements. One superior friend, to whom I have often listened meekly when he felt that I needed moral homilies, already feels so uplifted that he is about to take orders; another who devoted himself to my financial affairs is looking forward to a successful career in Wall Street; and a third who has favored me with exhaustive literary criticisms has secured such a grasp on his art, and such confidence in himself, that he has already broken ground for what is to be *The Great American Novel*. If these men succeed, just think what a source

of secret joy it will be to me to know that I am the cause of it all, and if they fail — well, I shall at least have revenge for all they have made me endure.

As for my inferiors, I by no means neglect them, as a hasty consideration of my scheme might lead the reader to suppose. No, indeed. I am gradually getting them all to consider themselves my superiors, an easy thing to do, by the way, and many of them are now uplifting themselves by lavishing advice on me.

But besides my inferiors and rapidly growing list of superiors, I have a few friends who are so comfortably self-centred that I have been able to discuss my altruistic scheme with them, and they seem to fear that I shall get into trouble. They hold that unless I take the advice that is tendered, I shall offend and discourage my beneficiaries, while if I take one tenth of it I shall land in a sanitarium, and have trustees appointed to administer my liabilities. That shows their lack of insight. The man that has once contracted the advice habit simply advises for the self-confidence and pleasure it gives him, and then goes forth and straightway forgets what he advised. Knowing this I feel privileged to do the same. Of course that is probably what I would do in any case, but it is a great satisfaction to feel that I have a philosophical reason for doing it.

Having explained briefly the scope and effects of my altruistic methods, I would like in conclusion to offer some advice to such readers as feel tempted to give them a trial; but to do so would imply that I consider them inferiors, and for that reason I must refrain. If any readers, however, feel moved to advise me as to how I might improve and amplify my scheme I shall be meekly delighted, and I feel that I may depend upon the courteous editor to forward their letters.

OF the shelves in my library none is **My Friends' Bookshelf.** so dear to me as the one dedicated "to my friends' books."

I do not mean by this that I am an un-

scrupulous borrower and non-returner of books, and that I keep them all on one shelf, a guilty witness. Who would be so rash as to concentrate his sins in one place? — for most of us they are bad enough scattered. No, I mean a shelf wherefrom my pride receives constant flattery in the consciousness that I have friends who "write books;" who are thoughtful enough of me to present them, with inscriptions, short or long; and sometimes, alas! lazy enough to send them with only the printed slip *With the Compliments of the Author*. There is excuse for this, understandable enough, — if the author sends in this way, all the trouble he has is to inclose a list of names to his publishers, and they tie up (how few authors know how to tie up), direct, stamp, and mail, — and the charge for all is made against the prospective royalty account.

"Prospective royalty!" — ah, pleasant hope! ah, sad reality! when, after the year goes by, the report comes: "There is no royalty," and all those presentation copies charged — at a reduced rate, to be sure — have to be paid for in cash! Then does the ebullient and generous author sigh that he had so many friends who "waited with interest" his *first* book — it is the first which circulates so freely to the waiting friends. And yet he has had his pleasure, and *his* vanity sops, as well as the recipients, — all those notes of thanks! He tries, in his depression, to renew the titillation of his vanity by re-reading them, and again he *almost* glows at the warm praises and the burning prophecies of success in his career. It palls a bit, this re-read flattery; and still it helps to pay with better grace the publisher's bill.

My pride receives falls from this shelf, too, as well as elation; for there are spaces in it which ought to be filled with presentation copies which are not. Some of these vacancies have corresponding "filleds" on the other shelves — books bought in the ordinary course,

because I really wanted them. But if I have to buy my friends' books they cannot take a place on the honored shelf.

I seem to hear an author say: "Yes, this is just like people! they expect their literary friends to *give* them their books; friends never buy. If an author depended on his friends to start a sale I wonder where we authors would be." Not so fast — that may be so in actual *buying*, but can an author know how much *talking* (and all publishers allow that talk is the best "advertising medium") the grateful recipient does? I do believe most of us ease our consciences for not buying by making up for it in talking of our friends' books. It is easy, the talking, and it soothes the conscience, and also it titillates the vanity by adding to one's reputation among non-"literary friends." It is impressive to say: "My friend Brown has just published this book, — gave it to me, — see what a pleasant inscription! I tell you, he's a man of taste and ability, — bound to have a successful 'literary career.'" One must always speak of a "literary career" to those without the pale. Yes, sir or madame, do not stop giving away your "works" to your friends — only don't, in the beginning, count too much on offsetting royalties. Give away as many books as you can afford to, it pays; of this I can assure you beyond all manner of doubt, from both sides, author's and publisher's; it pays, it pays. And if a "crush" comes, as sometimes happens, and "remainders" are advertised for sale, it is far better for pride and reputation to see announced "one hundred left out of an edition of five hundred" than "four hundred" even if *you* are conscious that the "give away" column on the publisher's records is long.

The discerning reader can see that I am not professional — not a reviewer, not connected with "the press;" that I have no specific way of helping "boom"

a book, else my friends' "shelf" would be "shelves," or "side of my room," or "library annex." No, I am just "a friend" of a few authors, mostly beginners; just enough "in" "literary circles" to receive occasionally, and to be pleased and flattered thereby, a few presentation copies: one who just wants a hearing for his fancy of keeping a "friends' bookshelf" — and to explain the mutual excellences of authors' copies.

And shall I, if the lurking ambition of all the "fringers" of the writing of to "write a book" is ever gratified, take my own advice and give away widely? Indeed I promise "yes," for I know that the author's generosity is like the quality of mercy — it is twice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

I HAVE always found it a rather tantalizing thing that nothing ever happens to me, just as it ought to happen, for the demands of anecdote; nothing is quite as amusing as it might be made by a slight addition or alteration, a trifling turn or twist; nothing is dramatically complete. The children that I pet and play with come near saying deliciously quotable things, but they never exactly say them; though sometimes they come so very near that one can hardly resist the temptation of editing their remarks a little, and giving them to the world as authentic specimens of infantile brilliancy. Only last week I honestly believed that a little three year old nephew of mine had said something so amusing, so characteristically childlike, that it was worthy of print: and I forthwith sat down and wrote it off for a certain magazine; sealed, stamped, and mailed my letter. Then I mentioned to his mother what I had done, and found, of course, that I had simply misunderstood.

I thought this past summer that I should surely come into a fortune of racy stories. I have laughed so often at the experiences of a relative of mine off upon

Concerning
the Good
Story.

fishing excursions in remote mountain regions that this year I embraced an opportunity of going upon just such a trip, he being a member of the party. We took up our quarters in a fascinatingly unconventional hotel of virgin pine, adorned inside and out with a liberal sprinkling of brown knots; and so arranged that, roughly speaking, everybody had to go through everybody else's room, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition. The cuisine and table service had about them some eccentric features; the company was interestingly typical, and yet contained some strikingly individual figures; and the humbler mountaineers, who gave "human interest" to the glorious landscape, — especially the men, dust-colored of clothes and skin and hair, who stared at one artlessly out of beautiful, childlike, turquoise eyes, — were perfectly satisfactory — spectacularly. But nothing in particular happened; nobody summed himself up in any one characteristic act, and the natives obstinately refused to talk dialect, except in the most commonplace and unlocalized form. In a word, the spirit of the situation took no concrete shape in utterance or episode; and I came away without a single real windfall of incident.

The born story-teller, however, of whom I spoke brought back a wealth of good things, much funnier than reality, and at the same time more characteristic perhaps of the place than wholly un-

idealized fact. In his own mind I have no doubt the truth of fact and the truth of tendency and potentiality remain perfectly distinct. One, I fancy, may find in what he tells an indefinable note of caricature, of hyperbole, which forbids too literal credence. Yet, more and more convinced that fact is not malleable into anecdote without more or less alloy of fiction, I mean henceforth to eschew good stories, or borrow them, merely, ready-made, from my neighbors. My kinsman's stories no doubt may be said to be true, as an impressionist landscape is true, even though the real cows are not purple, and the real trees are not pink. But I am in bondage to the actual. I have not the idealism which makes his course possible. The only way that I might obtain freedom from the shackles of reality would be by cultivating, or allowing myself to fall into, the not uncommon habit of mind which may be called *Anecdotalage*; a condition resembling hypnotism, in which the subjective triumphs over the objective; and whatever is right (anecdotally) — *is*. "Which from myself far be it!" as honest Joe Gargery says. And so, on the whole, I repeat, I abandon anecdote. I have labored painfully to reconcile hard fact and dramatic fitness, and in so doing have never wholly escaped twinges of conscience, nor artistic regret. I will struggle no longer with the uncompromising Constitution of Things, which distinctly abhors the Good Story.

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A STUDY OF LOCAL OPTION.

THE idea that the sale of intoxicating liquors stands on the same footing as any other business is one not widely entertained in the United States, except among the persons who are directly interested in the liquor trade. Public sentiment, as crystallized into legislation in the several states, agrees in regarding the business as "extra-hazardous" to the community, and in singling it out for exceptional treatment. Sometimes it squeezes it for revenue, sometimes it surrounds it with restrictions, sometimes it forbids it altogether.

Three of the New England states, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, wholly prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors for use as a beverage. The three others remit to the voters of the several cities and towns the responsibility of determining whether licenses for the sale of liquor shall be granted or withheld in their respective communities. This is "Local Option." It may result in local prohibition, or in local license; but the principle in either case is the same, that, whatever method may be adopted, it shall have behind it the expressed will of a majority of the local voters. The laws of the three states are alike in this, that they allow frequent opportunities for a revision of judgment. The decision, when made, does not stand for any long period. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, the question is brought each year before the voters automatically, at the town and municipal elections; in Rhode Island,

it may be brought up any year in any town or city on petition of a certain percentage of the local electorate.

The Local Option law of Massachusetts, in particular, invites study as a method of dealing with the liquor problem that has endured the test of practical application for twenty years. It was enacted after the state had experimented with statutory prohibition and with a general license law. Those systems, opposites in other respects, were alike in this, that they ignored local conditions and preferences, and applied precisely the same regulations to the small towns and the great cities. When the idea is once firmly grasped that what is good for Gosnold may not necessarily be the best thing for Boston, and vice versa, it is only a short step, logically, to the conclusion that Gosnold and Boston may wisely be left each to determine the question for itself. The Local Option law of Massachusetts sprang from a tardy recognition of the fact that each community is best fitted to decide for itself whether it does or does not want saloons; and that the conditions of law enforcement are simplified when the same body of voters which has decided upon one system or the other elects the officers who are charged with the duty of carrying out the decision. To those people who would rather extirpate the liquor traffic on paper, at the cost of whatever farces of non-enforcement, than restrict it and minimize its evil consequences by prac-

tical measures, the Local Option system must always be objectionable because it results in certain instances in giving to saloons the sanction of law. But to others the system presents itself as a wise extension of the general principle of self-government. It is significant that, while in each of the three New England states which have adopted prohibition there is increasing restiveness under the exactions of that system and the scandals which arise from it, there are no manifestations of discontent in the Local Option states. In Massachusetts, the alternative of constitutional prohibition was submitted to the people in April, 1889, and was rejected by a majority of nearly 46,000. On the other hand, persistent efforts to modify the law in favor of the liquor interests have failed in legislature after legislature.

The Massachusetts Local Option law, as has been already remarked, takes the town or city as the unit for the determination of the question. The only apparent exception is the proposal to introduce "District Option" in Boston, upon which a referendum is to be taken in that city next month. If the Act submitted by the legislature should be accepted by a majority of the voters, the vote on the license question in Boston, beginning with the municipal election of 1903, will be taken by districts, each of the eight districts into which the city is divided by the Act determining for itself whether saloons shall be licensed within its limits. But the exception instituted by this Act is apparent rather than real. The lines of the eight districts are not drawn arbitrarily, but represent approximately the lines of the municipalities which have been absorbed in Boston. The idea underlying this proposition is to restore to the communities which joined their fortunes with those of Boston the liberty of action on the saloon question that they would have had if they had retained their independent corporate existence.

The question annually submitted to the voters of Massachusetts cities and towns is beautifully concrete. It is put in these words: "Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this town?" — or city, as the case may be. To this the voter answers "Yes" or "No" by marking a cross against the word which expresses his judgment. No question of general theories, or of personal habits, or of political predilections is involved. Moral considerations may or may not determine the voter's action, but the question is first of all a local one. A man who might vote "No" in Gosnold may vote "Yes" in Boston. Men of absolutely abstemious habits may vote "Yes" because they think that the town or city needs the revenue which may be derived from license fees; while men who scarcely draw a sober breath may vote "No" because they do not want their own property depreciated by the proximity of saloons.

The Massachusetts Local Option law must be viewed in connection with a considerable quantity of restrictive legislation, which from time to time has been added to it. The path of the intending saloon keeper, in communities that have voted for license, is by no means unobstructed. To begin with, he encounters eager competition from his fellows. The number of places which may be licensed is limited by law to one for each 500 of the population in Boston, and one for each 1000 of the population in places outside of Boston. The supply of licenses is naturally never equal to the demand. Again, the law fixes a minimum fee of \$1000 for a license which carries saloon privileges. The actual price charged soars upward from that figure, as local exigencies may require, but there is no maximum limit, and an attempt in this year's legislature to fix one at \$2400 failed. Moreover, the theory of the law is that liquor should be consumed only in connection with food, and the would be saloon keeper must have, as a peg on which to

hang his liquor license, a license as a common victualer, and must furnish his premises with the appliances necessary for cooking and serving food. Finally, if the saloon keeper is prepared to meet these requirements, another obstacle presents itself. His application for a license must be advertised, and when that is done, any owner of real estate situated within twenty-five feet of the premises described may file an objection to the granting of the license. This objection is final, unless voluntarily withdrawn. No tribunal exists, from the licensing board up to the Supreme Court, that can overrule it. Moreover, in no case may a saloon be established within four hundred feet of a public school.

After the saloon keeper has surmounted all these obstacles and is ready for business, other restrictions embarrass his operations and diminish his profits. He must not sell after eleven o'clock at night or before six o'clock in the morning, or at any time on Sunday; he must not sell to an habitual drunkard, or to a person who is at the time intoxicated, or to one who has been wholly or partly supported by charity, or to a minor; nor must he allow a minor to loiter about his premises. He must not sell adulterated liquors. He must not maintain screens or other obstructions that interfere with a clear view of the licensed premises from without. He must not sell on election days or on legal holidays; he must not employ in his business persons who are under eighteen years of age; and he must not sell to persons who use intoxicating liquors to excess, after he has received a written notice from the husband, wife, parent, child, guardian, or employer of such persons, requesting him not to sell to them. This list of prohibitions is not exhaustive, but it will suffice to show that the lot of a licensed saloon keeper in Massachusetts is not free from anxieties. If he is convicted of violating the law in any particular he is liable to

a fine and imprisonment, and his conviction of itself makes his license void, which is often the heaviest part of the penalty.

In communities which vote no-license, all sales of liquor for use as a beverage are illegal. This prohibition applies to distilled spirits, ale, porter, strong beer, lager beer, cider, wines, and any beverage containing more than one per cent of alcohol. The law relents a little toward farmers by permitting them to sell cider that they make from their own apples, provided the cider itself is not drunk on the premises. A similar exception is made of native wines; these also can be sold by those who make them, on the premises where they are made, but not to be drunk on the premises. Druggists are allowed to sell pure alcohol for medicinal, mechanical, or chemical purposes. They may be, and usually are, granted what is known as a sixth-class license, for a nominal fee of one dollar, under which they may sell liquors for either of the foregoing purposes; but the purchaser is required to sign a declaration of the use for which the liquor is designed, and the druggist must always be ready to produce his record of sales with the signatures of purchasers. These provisions are designed to meet the actual needs of a community for liquors as a medicine. The privilege, as might be expected, is often abused. No climatic or hygienic conditions can explain the multiplication of drug stores in no-license communities. But the fact that in one year recently three druggists from a single city served terms in the county jail for illegal liquor selling shows that Nemesis sometimes gets upon the track of offenders of this class.

The law is undeniably so framed as to dip the scale toward no-license rather than license. Thus, a tie vote is equivalent to a negative vote. Again, the law provides that, where the vote is for license, the local authorities "may" not "shall" grant licenses. Almost

every year there are towns that vote for license, the selectmen of which use the discretion that the law allows them by refusing to grant licenses. Two years ago there were five towns which were thus kept "dry" in spite of their vote for license. Sometimes selectmen avail themselves of the latitude allowed as to license fees, by fixing the fee deliberately at a sum which they are sure no one can afford to pay.

There is a tendency toward a stable equilibrium in the voting. If the record of particular cities and towns, chosen at random, is traced back for a series of years, it will usually be found that after a period of oscillation, one method or the other has commended itself to the voters as on the whole best for that community, and has been adhered to with considerable steadiness. There are license cities — Worcester, Lawrence, Lowell, and Fall River, for example — which have made one or two experiments with no-license, prompted perhaps by some passing caprice, only to return to license at the next election. There are no-license cities, such as Brockton, which have reverted to license for a single year, only to give a larger vote than ever against the saloons after a year's experience with them. But in general the proportion of changes in each year's voting is small. Last year, out of 353 towns and cities in the state, there were only thirty-seven which changed their position on this question. Of these, nineteen changed from no-license to license, and eighteen changed from license to no-license, the first group almost exactly balancing the other numerically. In the year preceding, there were fifteen changes to license and twenty changes to no-license. A comparison of these changes, in detail, shows that, in a considerable number of instances, the same communities figure in them. Of the nineteen no-license communities which in 1901 changed to license, nine had shifted the preceding year from license to no-license; and of

the eighteen license towns and cities which in 1901 changed to no-license, six the preceding year had shifted from no-license to license. It is fortunate that the number of these pendulum communities which swing back and forth between the two systems is so small, for they do not secure the best results of either system. The saloons which get a footing in license years in these communities are not likely to be so well conducted as if their tenure were more secure. The men who keep them know that the chances are that they will be turned out at the next election, and they do a reckless business with the idea of making the most of it while it lasts. On the other hand, in the no-license years, there will not be, and in the nature of things there cannot be expected to be, the rigorous enforcement of the laws against saloons which may be looked for where the no-license policy represents the deliberate and continuous judgment of the voters.

The annual no-license campaigns infuse an interesting element into elections in Massachusetts cities and towns. Sometimes they are carried on only with the machinery of moral agitation. Churches and temperance organizations, separately or together, appeal to the moral sentiment of the community with the familiar temperance arguments; and stirring rallies, in the weeks immediately preceding the election, arouse voters who are hostile to the saloons to active exertions against them. But in the cities and larger towns, the moral agitation usually is supplemented and made more effective by the work of citizens' committees. These are organized without reference to distinctions of race, creed, political affiliation, or social position. Catholics and Protestants, Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, and all shades of independents fraternize in them. The campaigns are political, yet not political. They are political, in that the committees follow the usual methods of political committees.

They make a personal canvass of voters. They attend to all details of registration and naturalization. They publish campaign papers addressed to the local issue, under such catching titles as *The Frozen Truth*, *The Eye-Opener*, *Hot Shot*, etc. They send out circulars and appeals to different classes of voters. They give special attention to new residents and to young men just becoming voters. On election day, they supply the voting places with "checkers," workers and carriages, and "round up" tardy or forgetful voters with an energy and thoroughness that rival the best work of party campaign committees. Yet the no-license campaigns are non-political in that they are kept wholly apart from personal or partisan contests. It is a point of honor with the committees that no candidate or party shall benefit by their activities at the expense of any other. It can hardly be doubted that such campaigns, unselfish, democratic, and educational, are of great value to the communities concerned, even aside from the main question at issue. They break down religious and other barriers, divert attention from petty strifes, and afford opportunity for high civiø effort, free from any taint of self-seeking.

The real test of the efficiency of the Local Option system is its application in the larger towns and cities. In the small towns, especially those of comparatively homogeneous population of the New England stock, the law-abiding instincts of the people might be trusted to secure the enforcement of prohibition, whether local or general. But in the cities it is a different matter. Local Option has not been put to this test in Rhode Island or Connecticut. In Rhode Island, the reluctant legislature that enacted the law loaded it with the provision to which reference has already been made, which requires the presentation of a petition signed by a certain percentage of voters before the question is submitted. To

circulate and sign such a petition involves a certain measure of odium and calls for moral courage. It is partly perhaps in consequence of this obstacle that none of the larger places in Rhode Island have voted for no-license, although there have been several spirited campaigns in Providence. In Connecticut, there is no such obstacle. The question comes up automatically, as in Massachusetts. Yet the larger towns shrink from the experiment. This year, out of ninety-four Connecticut towns which voted for no-license, the largest was Stonington, with a population of 8540. But in Massachusetts there is a chance to study the workings of no-license under the Local Option system, in cities of considerable size. This year, out of thirty-three cities, thirteen are under no-license, and in some years the number has been larger. Nor is it only the smaller cities which are included in the list. Of the thirteen, six have a population of more than 25,000 each. Brockton, which, with a single break, has voted for no-license since 1886, has a population of 40,063; Somerville, which has never voted for license, has 61,643; and Cambridge, which has voted against saloons for sixteen consecutive years, has a population of 91,886.

One of the most important questions relating to the practical workings of no-license under the Local Option system is its effect upon drunkenness. Does the closing of the saloons affect appreciably the amount of drunkenness in the community? Comparisons of any given city or town under no-license with another city or town of equal population under license might be misleading; since the arrests for drunkenness, which afford the only test, are influenced by local conditions or the temper of the authorities, or other causes which make comparisons futile. But a comparison of the same town or city in successive years — one year under one system, and the next year under the other —

furnishes a basis for accurate judgment. Evidence of this sort is all one way, and it seems to be conclusive.

To begin with, the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, in 1895, under special instructions from the legislature, made an investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to pauperism, crime, and insanity. In connection with this investigation, it collected statistics which showed 36.24 arrests for drunkenness to every 1000 of the population in license cities and towns; and only 9.94 such arrests to every 1000 of the population in no-license communities. The striking difference between the license and no-license groups of communities, although the total population in each group was about the same, was exaggerated by the fact that Boston was included in the license group, while a large part of the other group was composed of rural communities. There were, however, in that year, five cities which at the preceding December election had changed their saloon policy; and as the license year begins on the first of May, these cities were for a part of the year under license, and for a part of the year under no-license. The tables prepared by the Bureau of Statistics show that in Haverhill the average number of arrests for drunkenness per month under license was 81.63, under no-license, 26.50; in Lynn, under license, 315, under no-license, 117.63; in Medford, under license, 20.12, under no-license, 13.25; in Pittsfield, under license, 93.25, under no-license, 36.75; and in Salem, under license, 140.50; under no-license, 29.63.

In this connection, the experience of Brockton is interesting. That city, in December, 1897, after voting against saloons for eleven years consecutively, voted by a majority of thirteen for license. During the no-license year beginning May 1, 1897, the arrests for drunkenness in Brockton numbered 435, and for assaults forty-four. During the license year beginning May 1, 1898, the

arrests for drunkenness mounted up to 1627, and for assaults to ninety-nine. One year of this was enough for Brockton. The next December, the city voted by 2132 majority to return to no-license, and immediately the arrests for drunkenness, for the year beginning May 1, 1899, dropped to 455, and those for assaults to sixty-six.

Here also are some recent figures, from the reports of the city marshals of Salem and Waltham, showing the arrests for drunkenness, month by month, in license and no-license years, 1900 and 1901:—

	Salem.		Waltham.	
	1900. License.	1901. No-License.	1900. License.	1901. No-License.
May,	122	23	57	14
June,	113	19	34	9
July,	141	40	78	14
August,	122	28	62	18
Sept.	101	29	48	14
Oct.	130	27	66	19
	729	166	345	88

Such comparisons might be multiplied, but it is unnecessary. There is no escaping the conclusion that the closing of the saloons, under the Local Option system, which brings the support of local sentiment to the enforcement of the law, does sensibly diminish the volume of drunkenness. And it follows that the associated moral questions are answered by the same comparisons. The report of the Massachusetts Bureau established the fact that more than two fifths of the pauperism in the state is directly attributable to drunkenness; that at least one fourth of the cases of insanity originate from the same cause; and that, disregarding convictions directly for drunkenness, intemperance is responsible for one half of the remaining cases of crime. If the closing of the saloons under no-license, in the communities referred to above, reduced the amount of open drunkenness by three fourths, it is impossible that it should not have had a somewhat proportionate effect, even though more remote

and less tangible, in diminishing the burdens of the community from pauperism, insanity, and crime.

Corroborative evidence in support of this inference is found in the experience of Quincy. In 1881, the last year of license in that city, the sum paid in the relief of pauperism was \$15,415.07. In 1901, the amount was \$13,455.86. In the interval, the population had increased 120 per cent, or from 10,885 to 23,899; but the amount expended for the poor department, instead of increasing with the population, decreased twelve per cent. While the cost of poor support in Quincy, in 1901, was \$0.56 per capita, in the license cities of Chicopee, Marlboro, and Newburyport, all of them smaller than Quincy, it was \$1.22, \$1.30, and \$1.77 respectively.

Such figures as these go far to explain why it is that, in communities which have given no-license a trial for a sufficient period to test its results, the ranks of those who begin the agitation against the saloons from moral motives are steadily reinforced by conservative citizens who are convinced that, merely for financial and economic reasons, it is better to close the saloons than to license them. It is true that the revenue that may be derived from license fees offers a considerable inducement to the adoption of the license policy. Although the number of places that may be licensed is limited, the price which may be exacted for each license is limited only to "what the traffic will bear," and three fourths of the sum, in each case, goes into the city or town treasury, the remainder being taken by the state. But if, aside from all moral considerations, the open saloons cost the community more, in the depreciation of property and in burdens imposed upon the public in the police and poor departments and elsewhere, than the revenue represented by the license fees, it is manifestly no economy to license them.

There is perhaps no city where data bearing upon these aspects of the ques-

tion have been more carefully prepared or more effectively presented than in Cambridge. Last year, the no-license campaign organ of Cambridge, *The Frozen Truth*, invited attention to a comparison of conditions during the ten years of license from 1875 to 1885 with those of the following fifteen years under no-license. Briefly summarized, the comparison shows that the growth of the population and the increase in the number of new houses annually erected were nearly twice as great in the no-license as in the license years; that the valuation of the city, which during the license period actually diminished \$3,000,000, increased more than \$36,000,000 during the fifteen years of no-license; and that the average annual gain in the savings-banks deposits was nearly three times as great in the no-license as in the license years. It may be that these comparisons are not wholly scientific, and that not all of the changes recorded may fairly be assumed to be fruits of no-license; but, taken together, they point strongly in one direction. Their effect upon public sentiment in Cambridge may be read in the fact that, while the no-license majorities in the first five years of the experiment averaged 571, in the last five years they have averaged 1793, or more than three times the earlier figure.

It is not necessary to enter into further details. The experience of Cambridge, Quincy, and other cities where no-license has been voted and enforced for a period of years fully attests the efficiency of that system. The present year finds thirteen of the thirty-three cities of Massachusetts and 238 of its 320 towns voluntarily under local prohibition through the expressed will of their voters; and in these communities, as a consequence of the expressed will of the voters, there is an average of effective and impartial law enforcement far above anything that could be looked for under statutory or constitutional prohibition.

The question suggests itself whether the license cities and towns are not in a worse condition than they would be under a general license law, inasmuch as, in addition to the normal local burden of drunkenness and the evils attendant upon it, they have to bear a part of the burden of places which close the saloons within their own limits, but whose thirsty citizens seek the saloons and later bring up in the courts of neighboring cities. Boston, for example, is surrounded by a nearly complete cordon of no-license territory; and the cynical witticism which described "the Cambridge idea" as "no-license for Cambridge and rapid transit to Boston" has enough truth in it to give it a sting. In other license cities and towns, similar conditions exist, though in a less degree. But it may be said of these places that the general regulations and prohibitions of the Massachusetts law applicable to license communities make up a body of restrictive legislation, state-imposed, far in excess of anything that the towns or cities affected would voluntarily frame for themselves, and probably all that can be enforced in

them. It may be said, further, that the remedy is in their own hands, and that, whenever they weary of serving the uses of moral sewerage for adjoining communities, they can close their saloons by their own votes. The remedy for them, if remedy there is, lies in the infusion of a sterner purpose into their own citizens rather than in the application of further pressure from without. The principle that a stream rises no higher than its source applies in politics and government as well as elsewhere. Under American institutions the source of government is the people; and a law which very far outruns the wishes of the people is likely to become at the best a dead letter and at the worst a public scandal.

The Massachusetts Local Option system may not be perfect; but it is doubtful whether there has yet been devised a plan of dealing with the liquor traffic which, on the whole, works better, is more in accord with American ideals of self-government, or is more stimulating in its continually recurring presentation of moral standards to the individual judgment and conscience.

Frank Foxcroft.

WIDE MARGINS.

PRINT not my Book of Days, I pray,
 On meagre page, in type compact,
 Lest the Great Reader's calm eye stray
 Skippingly through from fact to fact;

But let there be a liberal space,
 At least 'twixt lines where ill is writ,
 That I with tempering hand may trace
 A word to dull the edge of it.

And save for me a margin wide
 Where I may scribble at my ease
 Elucidative note and guide
 Of most adroit apologies!

Meredith Nicholson.

MONTAIGNE.

I.

THERE have been greater men in literature than Montaigne, but none have been more successful. His reputation is immense; he is in men's mouths as often as Dante or Cervantes. We look at that intelligent, contemplative, unimpassioned face, with its tired eyes, and wonder that he should have achieved fame as immortal as that of the fierce Italian or the noble Spaniard. In the affairs of fame luck plays its part. Sometimes a man's genius keeps step with his country and his time; he gains power from sympathy, his muscles harden, his head clears, as he runs a winning race. Another man will fail in the enervating atmosphere of recognition and applause; he needs obstacles, the whip and spur of difficulty. Montaigne was born under a lucky star. Had fate shown him all the kingdoms of the world and all time, and given him the choice when and where to live, he could not have chosen better.

Montaigne's genius is French in every fibre; he embodies better than any one other man the French character. In this world nationality counts for much, both at home and abroad. Frenchmen enjoy their own; they relish French nature, its niceties, its strong personality. Sluggish in turning to foreign things, they are not prone to acquire tastes, but whatever is native to them they cultivate, study, and appreciate with rare subtlety. They enjoy Montaigne as men enjoy a work of art, with the satisfaction of comprehension.

In truth, all men like a strong national flavor in a book. Montaigne typifies what France has been to the world: he exhibits the characteristic marks of French intelligence; he represents the French mind. Of course such representation is false in many measures. A nation is

too big to have her character completely shown forth by one man. Look at the cathedrals of the Ile-de-France; read the lives of Joan of Arc and St. Francis of Sales, of the Jesuits in Canada; remember Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, and that it was, as M. de Vogüé says, the mad caprice of France which raised Napoleon to his high estate; and we realize how fanciful it is to make one man typify a nation. Nevertheless, it is common talk that France takes ideas and makes them clear; that she unravels the tangled threads of thought, eliminating disorder; that she is romantic; that she is not religious; that she shrugs her shoulders at the vague passions of the soul; that she is immensely intelligent; that she is fond of pleasure; and that her favorite diversion is to sit beside the great boulevard of human existence and make comments, fresh, frank, witty, wise.

In these respects Montaigne is typical. He does not create new ideas, he is no explorer; he takes the notions of other men, holds them up to the light, turns them round and about, gazing at them. He is intellectually honest; he dislikes pretense. At bottom, too, he is romantic: witness his reverence for Socrates, his admiration of the Stoics, his desire for the citizenship of Rome. He has the French cast of mind that regards men, primarily, not as individuals, but rather as members of society. He has the sense of behavior. "All strangeness and peculiarity in our manners and ways of life are to be avoided as enemies to society. . . . Knowledge of how to behave in company is a very useful knowledge. Like grace and beauty, it conciliates at the very beginning of acquaintance, and in consequence opens the door for us to learn by the example of others, and to set an example ourselves, if we have anything worth teaching."

Montaigne is not religious, — certainly not after the fashion of a Bishop Brooks or a Father Hecker. He is a pagan rather than a Christian. He likes gayety, wit, agreeable society; he is fond of conversation. He boards his subject like a sociable creature, he is a born talker, he talks away obscurity. He follows his subject as a young dog follows a carriage, bounding off the road a hundred times to investigate the neighborhood. His loose-limbed mind is easy, light, yet serious. He pares away the rind of things, smelling the fruit joyously, not as if employed in a business of funereal looks, but in something human and cheerful. He has good taste.

Montaigne had good luck not only in his country, but also in his generation. He lived at the time when the main current of Latin civilization was diverting from Italy to France. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Italy was the intellectual head of the Latin world, her thought and art were the moulding forces of modern civilization. When the seventeenth century opened, France had assumed the primacy. The great culmination of the Italian Renaissance came close to the time of Montaigne's birth; when he died, Italy was sinking into dependence in thought and servility in art, whereas France was emerging from her civil wars, under the rule of one of the greatest of Frenchmen, ready to become the dominant power, politically and intellectually, in Europe. Coming at this time, Montaigne was a pioneer. His was one of the formative minds which gave to French intelligence that temper which has enabled it to do so much for the world in the last three hundred years. He showed it a great model of dexterity, lightness, and ease.

Not only did Montaigne help fashion the French intelligence in that important period, but he did much to give that intelligence a tool by which it could put its capacities to use. It is from Montaigne that French prose gets a buoyant

lightness. He has been called one of the great French poets. Had it not been for Montaigne and his contemporaries, the depressing influence of the seventeenth century would have hardened the language, taking out its grace, and making it a clever mechanical contrivance. His influence has been immense. It is said that an hundred years after his death his *Essays* were to be found on the bookshelves of every gentleman in France. French critics trace his influence on Pascal, La Bruyère, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Sainte-Beuve, and Renan. To-day, no one can read M. Anatole France or M. Jules Lemaitre without saying to himself, "This is fruit from the same rich stock."

There are reasons besides these, which have given Montaigne his great position in the world's literature. The first is his habit of mind. He is a considerer, an examiner, a skeptic. He prowls about the beliefs, the opinions and usages, of men, and, taking up a thought, lifts from it, one by one, as if he were peeling an artichoke, the envelopes of custom, of prejudices, of time, of place. He holds up the opinion of one school, praising and admiring it; and then the contradictory opinion of another school, praising and admiring that. In his scales he balances notion against notion, man against man, usage against usage. It was his great usefulness that, in a time when important men put so much trust in matters of faith that they constructed theologies of adamant and burnt dissenters, he calmly announced the relativity of knowledge. He was no student mostly thinking in a dead language, but a gentleman in waiting to the king, knight of the Order of St. Michael, writing in fresh, poetic French, with all the captivation of charm, teaching the fundamental principles of doubt and uncertainty; for if there be doubt there will be tolerance, if there be uncertainty there will be liberality. He laid the axe to the root of religious bigotry and civil intolerance.

"Things apart by themselves have, it may be, their weight, their dimensions, their condition; but within us, the mind cuts and fashions them according to its own comprehension. . . . Health, conscience, authority, knowledge, riches, beauty, and their contraries, strip off their outward semblances at the threshold of the mind, and receive at its hands new garments, of such dyes as it please."

The emphasis of self is at the base of modern life. The art of the Renaissance sprung from the passion for self-expression. The Reformation took self as the hammer which broke the yoke of the Roman Church. Self stood on its feet and faced God; what need of priests and intermediaries? Montaigne is a great exponent of this spirit. A man of letters and a philosopher, he did not find in duty an explanation of life, but he realized the significance of this imperious self, this I, I, I, that proclaims itself to be at the bottom of everything. Step by step, as he goes from Plato to Cicero, from Cicero to Seneca, from Seneca to Plutarch, he discovers humanity taking individual form; compressed into the likeness of a single man, it puts on familiar features, it speaks with a well-known voice, and, at the same time, philosophy turns and shapes itself in the mould of a single human mind: that face, that voice, that mind, are his own. Start how he will, every road twists and winds back to himself. As if by compulsion, like a man under the spell of another's will, he gradually renounces all other study. In self is to be found the philosophy of life. If we once firmly accept the notion that we know nothing but ourselves, then the universe outside becomes a shadowy collection of vapors, mysterious, hypothetical, and self-hardens into the only reality. Here is a basis for a religion or a philosophy. So speculating, the philosopher opened the eyes of the artist. If self be the field of philosophy, it is the opportunity of the artist. Never had a man of letters sat to

himself for his own portrait. Montaigne is the "prince of egotists," because he is a philosopher and a great artist. He is a skeptic, but he points a way to positive doctrine. He is a man of letters, but he teaches the primary rules of civil and religious liberty. He is a member of the Holy Church, Apostolic and Roman, but he lays the foundation of a philosophy open to Reformer and to infidel. Profoundly interested in the questions lying at the base of life, he is one of the greatest artists of the Renaissance.

II.

Montaigne was a Gascon, of a family of merchants. His great-grandfather, Ramon Eyquem, founded the family fortunes by trade, and bettered them by a prudent marriage. He became one of the richest merchants of Bordeaux, dealing in wine and salt fish, and bought the estate of Montaigne, a little seigniorie near the river Dordogne, not very far from the city. His son, Grimon, also prospered, and in his turn left to his son, Pierre, Montaigne's father, so good a property that Pierre was enabled to give up trade, and betake himself to arms. Pierre served for several years in Italy, under Francis I. On his return he married Antoinette de Louppes, or Lopes, a rich lady of Spanish descent, with some Jewish blood in her veins. He was an active, hard-working, conscientious, capable man, devoting himself to public affairs. He held one office after another in the city of Bordeaux, and finally was elected mayor. He took especial interest in education, improving the schools, and making changes for the better in the college. His interest amounted to a hobby, if we may judge from his method of educating his son. His years in Italy had opened his mind, and though no scholar himself, he was a great admirer of the new learning, and sought the company of scholars. Evidently, he was a man who liked to think, and was not afraid to put his ideas into

practice. He enlarged the seigniory of Montaigne and rebuilt the château. His son says of him that he was the best father that ever was; that he was ambitious to do everything that was honorable, and had a very high regard for his word.

Michel was born on the last day of February, 1533. He was the third of eleven children; the two elder died in infancy. His education began at once. Still a baby, he was put in charge of some peasants who lived near the château, in order that his earliest notions should be of simple things. His godparents were country folk; for Pierre Eyquem deemed it better that his son should early learn to make friends "with those who stretch their arms toward us rather than with those who turn their backs on us." The second step in education was to direct Michel's mind so that it should naturally take the heroic Roman mould. His father thought that this result would be more likely to follow if the baby spoke Latin. He was therefore put into the hands of a learned German, who spoke Latin very well, and could speak no French. There were also two other scholars in attendance on the little boy, — less learned, however, — who took turns with the German in accompanying him. They also spoke nothing but Latin in Michel's presence. "As for the rest of the household, it was an inviolable rule that neither my father nor mother, nor the man servant nor the maid servant, should speak when I was by, except some Latin words which they had learned on purpose to talk with me." This rule was so well obeyed that not only his father and mother learned enough Latin to understand it and to speak it a little, but also the servants who waited on him. In fact, they all became so very Latin that even the people in the village called various implements and utensils by their Latin names. Montaigne was more than six years old before he heard any French spoken; he spoke Latin as if it were his native tongue.

At six Montaigne was sent to the College of Guyenne, in Bordeaux, where his Latin began to get bad, and served no better purpose than to make his studies so easy that he was quickly put into the higher classes. He stayed at college till he had completed the course in 1546, when he was thirteen years old. He says that he took no knowledge of any value away with him. This statement must be taken with a grain of salt, for he had been under the care of very famous scholars, and instead of wasting his time over poor books or in idleness he had read the best Latin authors. He did not even know the name of *Amadis of Gaul*, but fell upon *Ovid*, *Virgil*, *Terence*, and *Plautus*. After them he read the Italian comedies. This reading was done on the sly, the teachers winking at it. "Had they not done so," he says, "I should have left college with a hatred for books, like almost all the young nobility."

Whether or not, so bred, Montaigne became more like *Scipio* and *Cato Major*, his father's interest in education no doubt stimulated his own. In all the shrewdness of the *Essays* there is no more definite and practical teaching than his advice on education, especially in his asseverations of its large purposes. "There is nothing so noble," he says, "as to make a man what he should be; there is no learning comparable to the knowledge of how to live this life aright and according to the laws of nature." Montaigne laid down, clearly and sharply, principles that sound commonplace to-day: that the object of education is to make, not a scholar, but a man; that education shall concern itself with the understanding rather than with the memory; that mind and body must be developed together. It would be easy to quote pages. "To know by heart is not to know; it is only holding on to what has been put into the custody of the memory. . . . We receive as bailiffs the opinions and learning of others; we must make

them our own. . . . We learn to say Cicero says this, Plato thinks this, these are Aristotle's words; but we, what do *we* say? What do we do? What is our opinion? . . . If the mind does not acquire a better temper, if the judgment does not become more sound, I had as lief the schoolboy should pass his time playing tennis: his body, at least, would be more supple. See him come back after years spent: there is nothing so unfit for use; all that you see more than he had before is that his Latin and Greek leave him more silly and conceited than when he left home. He ought to have brought back a full mind: he brings it back blown out; instead of having it bigger, it is only puffed up. . . . It is also an opinion accepted by everybody that a boy ought not to be brought up round his parents' knees. Natural affection makes them too tender and too soft; they are not able to punish his faults, nor to see him nourished hardily, as he should be, and run risks. They won't let him come back sweating and dusty from exercise, drink hot, drink cold, nor see him on a horse backwards, nor facing a rough fencer foil in hand, nor with his first gun. There's no help for it: if you wish to make a man, you must not spare him such matters of youth. You must often break the rules of medicine. It is not enough to make his soul firm; his muscles must be firm, too. The soul is too hard pressed if she be not supported well, and has too much to do if she must furnish strength for both."

Montaigne himself must have learned the value of exercise, for he became a great horseman, more at home on horseback than on foot. Till the time of ill health he seems to have had a vigorous body; he could sit in the saddle for eight or ten hours, and survived a very severe fall, though he "vomited buckets of blood."

Of Montaigne's life after leaving the college we know little or nothing. He must have studied law, — perhaps at the University of Toulouse, perhaps in Bor-

deaux. But matters other than the classics or civil law, and more profitable to a great critic of life, must have been rumbling in his ears, making him begin to speculate on the opinions and customs of men, and their reasonableness. Already troubles prophetic of civil war were afoot.

III.

In 1554 the king established a Court of Aids at Périgueux. Pierre Eyquem was appointed one of the magistrates, but before he took his seat he was elected mayor of Bordeaux, and resigned his position as member of the court in favor of his son, who, under the system then prevalent, became magistrate in his stead. Montaigne was twenty-one years old. After a year or two the Court of Aids was annulled, and its magistrates were made members of the Parlement of Bordeaux. Here Montaigne met Etienne de La Boétie, who was also a member. The two men at once became most loving friends. La Boétie had a noble, passionate character. Montaigne says that he was cast in the heroic mould, an antique Roman, the greatest man of their time. After six years La Boétie died, in 1563. Seventeen years later, while traveling in Italy, Montaigne wrote to a friend, "All of a sudden I fell to thinking about M. de La Boétie, and I stayed so long without shaking the fit off that it made me feel very sad." This was the master affection of Montaigne's life, and the noblest. It was a friendship "so whole, so perfect, that there are none such to be read of, and among men to-day there is no trace to be seen. There is need of so happy a meeting to fashion it that fortune does well if it happens once in three hundred years." They were wont to call each other "brother." "In truth, the name of brother is beautiful and full of sweetness; for this reason he and I gave it to the bond between us."

La Boétie died of the plague, or some disease like it. He told Montaigne that

his illness was contagious, and besought him to stay with him no more than a few minutes at a time, but as often as he could. From that time Montaigne never left him. This act must be remembered, if we incline to blame Montaigne for shunning Bordeaux when the plague was upon it.

Two years afterwards Montaigne married Françoise de la Chassaigne. It was a match made from considerations of suitability. The Eyquems were thrifty woovers. Montaigne had no romantic notions about love in marriage; he did not seek a "Cato's daughter" who should help him climb the heights of life. He says: "The most useful and honorable knowledge and occupation for a mother of a family is the knowledge of house-keeping. That should be a woman's predominant attribute; that is what a man should look for when he goes a-courting. From what experience has taught me, I should require of a wife, above all other virtues, that of the housewife." Nevertheless, they were very happily married. She was a woman of good sense and ability, and looked after the affairs of the seignior with a much quicker eye than her husband. He dedicated to her a translation made by La Boétie from Plutarch. "Let us live," he says, "you and me, after the old French fashion. . . . I do not think I have a friend more intimate than you." He had five children, all of whom died very young, except one daughter, who outlived him. For these children his feeling was placid.

Montaigne remained magistrate for fifteen years. He did not find the duties very much to his taste, but he must have acquitted himself well, because a year or two after his retirement the king decorated him with the Order of St. Michael. These years of his magistracy were calm enough for Montaigne, but they were not calm for France. In 1562 the civil wars broke out. There is something too fish-blooded about a man who sits in the "back of his shop" and attends to

his judicial duties or writes essays, clammy watching events, while the country is on fire. But what has a skeptic to do with divine rights of kings or divine revelations?

Little by little Montaigne was getting ready to forsake the magistracy for literature. He began by translating, at his father's wish, the *Theologia Naturalis* of Raymond de Sebonde, — a treatise which undertook to establish the truth of the Christian religion by a process of reasoning. His father died before he finished it. It was published in 1569. The next year Montaigne resigned his seat in the Parlement of Bordeaux, and devoted himself to the publication of various manuscripts left by La Boétie. This done, the new Seigneur de Montaigne — he dropped the unaristocratic name of Eyquem — retired to his seignior, "with a resolution to avoid all manner of concern in affairs as much as possible, and to spend the small remainder of his life in privacy and peace." There he lived for nine years, riding over his estates, planting, tending, — or more wisely suffering his wife to superintend, — receiving his friends, hospitable, enjoying opportunities to talk, or more happy still in his library. Here, in the second story of his tower, shut off from the buzz of household life, his friends, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Herodotus, Plato, with a thousand volumes more, on the shelves, the ceiling carved with aphorisms, Latin and Greek, he used to sit fulfilling his inscription: "In the year of Christ 1571, at the age of thirty-eight, on his birthday, the day before the calends of March, Michel de Montaigne, having quitted some time ago the servitude of courts and public duties, has come, still in good health, to rest among the Muses. In peace and safety he will pass here what days remain for him to live, in the hope that the Fates will allow him to perfect this habitation, this sweet paternal asylum consecrated to independence, tranquillity, and leisure."

IV.

It was quiet in the Château de Montaigne; Plutarch and Cicero sat undisturbed, except for notes scribbled on their margins; but in Paris the Duke of Guise and the royal house were making St. Bartholomew a memorable day. Civil war again ravaged France, the League conspired with Spain, Henry of Navarre rallied the Huguenots, while the king, Henry III., dangled between them, making and breaking edicts. The Seigneur de Montaigne rode about his estates, or sat in his library, writing Concerning Idleness, Concerning Pedantry, Concerning Coaches, Concerning Solitude, Concerning Sumptuary Laws.

The most apathetic of us, knowing that Henry of Navarre and Henry of Guise are in the field, become so many Hotspurs at the thought of this liberal-minded gentleman, the Order of St. Michael hanging round his neck, culling anecdotes out of Plutarch about Cyrus or Scipio. "Zounds! how has he leisure to be sick in such a justling time!" We readers are a whimsical people; cushioned in armchairs, we catch on fire at the white plume of Navarre. What is the free play of thought to us? Give us sword and pistol, — *Ventre-Saint-Gris!* But the best fighting has not been done on battlefields, and Montaigne has helped the cause of justice and humanity better than twenty thousand armed men.

Once, when there does not seem to have been an immediate prospect of a fight, Montaigne offered his services to one of the king's generals. Instead of being ordered to the field, he was sent back to Bordeaux to harangue the Parliament on the need of new fortifications. He was a loyal servant of the king, and deemed the Huguenots a rebellious faction, fighting against lawful authority; but his heart could not take sides; he was disgusted with the hypocrisy of both parties, and the mask of religion. "I see it is evident that we render only

those offices to piety which tickle our passions. There is no enmity so excellent as the Christian. Our zeal does wonders, when it goes following our inclination toward hate, cruelty, ambition, avarice, detraction, rebellion. But the converse, — toward goodness, kindness, temperance, — if, as by miracle, some rare conjunction takes it that way, it goes neither afoot nor with wings. Our religion was made to pluck out vices; it uncovers them, nurses them, encourages them. . . . Let us confess the truth: he that should pick out from the army, even the loyal army, those who march there only for zeal of religious feeling, and also those who singly consider the maintenance of their country's laws or the service of their sovereign, he could not make a corporal's guard of them."

Montaigne was a Catholic. He did not share that passionate care of conduct which animated the Reformers. He did not see that the truth of a religion was affected by the misbehavior of its priests. When he heard, in Rome, that "the general of the Cordeliers had been deprived of his place, and locked up, because in a sermon, in presence of the Pope and the cardinals, he had accused the prelates of the Church of laziness and ostentation, without particularity, only, speaking in commonplaces, on this subject," Montaigne merely felt that civil liberty had been abused. He was not troubled to find the ceremonies in St. Peter's "more magnificent than devotional," nor to learn that the Pope, Gregory XIII., had a son. He was amused at the luxurious ways of the cardinals. He made the acquaintance of the *maître d'hôtel* of Cardinal Caraffa. "I made him tell me of his employment. He discoursed on the science of the gullet with the gravity and countenance of a judge, as if he had been talking of some grave point of theology; he deciphered a difference of appetites, — that which one has when hungry, that which one has after the second and after the third course;

the means first merely to please it, then to wake it and prick it; the policy of saucers," etc. He heard on the portico of St. Peter's a canon of the Church "read aloud a Latin bull, by which an immense number of people were excommunicated, among others the Huguenots, by that very name, and all princes who withheld any of the lands of the Church. At this article the cardinals, Medici and Caraffa, who were next to the Pope, laughed very hard." The Master of the Sacred Palace had subjected the Essays to examination, and found fault with Montaigne's notion that torture in addition to death was cruelty. Montaigne replied that he did not know that the opinion was heretical. To his mind, such matters had nothing to do with truth or religion. He accepted the Apostolic Roman Catholic faith. He was not disposed to take a single step out of the fold. If one, why not two? And if reason once mutinied and took control, where would it stop? He denied the competence of human reason to investigate things divine. "Man can only be what he is; he can only imagine according to his measure."

To a man who took pleasure in turning such matters in his mind, to a man of the Renaissance full of eagerness to study the ancients and to enjoy them, to a man by no means attracted by the austerities of the Calvinists, a war for the sake of supplanting the old religion of France was greatly distasteful. He could not but admit that the Huguenots were right so far as they only wished liberty of worship, nor fail to respect their obedience to conscience. But his heart had not the heroic temper; he wanted peace, comfort, scholarship, elegance. It is one thing to sit in a library and admire heroic men in the pages of Plutarch, and another to enjoy living in the midst of them.

Montaigne spent these years in pleasant peacefulness, dawdling over his library, and putting his Essays together

scrap by scrap. In 1580, at the age of forty-seven, he published the first two books of his Essays, which had an immediate and great success. After this he was obliged to forego literature for a time, because he was not well. He had little confidence in doctors, but hoped that he could get benefit by drinking natural waters. Therefore he went traveling. He also wanted to see the world: Rome, with which he had been familiar from boyhood, and Italy, of which he had heard so much from his father, and all strange lands. Perhaps, too, he was not unmindful that he was now not only the Seigneur de Montaigne, but the first man of letters in France, not even excepting Ronsard. He set forth in the summer of 1580, with his brother, the Seigneur de Mathecoulon, and several friends, journeying on horseback to Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. He kept a journal, which contains notes of travel, and also a full account of the effects of medicinal waters on his health. The interest of the journal consists chiefly in the pictures of those countries at that time, sketched by an intelligent traveler; but now and again there is a more personal interest, when Montaigne sees something that excites his curiosity. There is a likeness in his curiosity for foreign lands and his curiosity for ideas. He travels into Germany as if it were a new volume of Plutarch. He is agog for novelty, and new ways of life, new points of view. His secretary says: "I never saw him less tired nor less complaining of ill health; he was in high spirits both traveling and stopping, so absorbed in what he met, and always looking for opportunities to talk to strangers. . . . I think if he had been alone with his servants he would have gone to Cracow or to Greece overland, rather than directly into Italy."

In this journal, written first at his direction, perhaps at his dictation, by a secretary, and then, with some inconvenience, as he says, by himself, we find

his interests and affections in the light and shadow of the first impression. In the *Essays* every paragraph is the cud of long rumination. Of Rome the journal says: "We see nothing of Rome but the sky under which she lies and the place of her abode; knowledge of her is an abstraction, framed by thought, with which the senses have no concern. Those who say that the ruins of Rome at least are to be seen say too much, for the ruins of so tremendous a fabric would bring more honor and reverence to her memory; here is nothing but her place of burial. The world, hostile to her long dominion, has first broken and dashed to pieces all the parts of that admirable body; and because, even when dead, overthrown and mutilated, she still made the world afraid, it has buried even the ruins. The little show of them that appears above the sepulchre has been preserved by fortune, to bear witness to that matchless grandeur which centuries, conflagrations, conspiracies of a world again and again plotting its ruin, have failed to destroy utterly."

Rome, "the noblest city that ever was or ever will be," had laid hold of his imagination. He says, "I used all the five senses that nature gave me to obtain the title of Roman Citizen, if it were only for the ancient honor and religious memory of its authority." By the help of a friend, the Pope's influence procured him this dignity. The decree, bearing the S. P. Q. R., "pompous with seals and gilt letters," gave him great pleasure.

He showed special interest in strange customs, as in the rite of circumcision, and in a ceremony of exorcising an evil spirit. This examination of other ways of living, other habits of thought, is the lever by which he lifts himself out of prejudices, out of the circle of authority, into his free and open-minded state. He always wished to see men who looked at life from other points of view. In Rome, as his secretary writes, "M. de

Montaigne was vexed to find so many Frenchmen there; he hardly met anybody in the street who did not greet him in his own tongue." In the *Essays* Montaigne says that, for education, acquaintance with men is wonderfully good, and also to travel in foreign lands; not to bring back (after the fashion of the French nobility) nothing but the measures of the Pantheon, but to take home a knowledge of foreign ways of thought and of behavior, and to rub and polish our minds against those of others.

v.

While abroad, Montaigne received word, in September, 1581, that he had been elected mayor of Bordeaux, to succeed the Maréchal de Biron. He hesitated; he had no mind to give up his freedom. But the king sent an order, flattering and peremptory, that he should betake himself to his office "without delay or excuse." Accordingly he went.

It seems likely that there was some hand behind the scenes which pointed out to the councilors a man who would be acceptable to persons in high place. The Maréchal de Biron wished to be reelected, but both the king and Henry of Navarre, the nominal governor of Guyenne, were opposed to him. History does not tell what happened, but the mayoralty was given to this distinguished, quiet gentleman, who had kept carefully aloof from partisanship. The office of mayor was not very burdensome; the ordinary duties of administration fell upon others. Montaigne's first term of two years passed uneventfully. De Thou, the historian, who knew him at this time, says that he learned much from Montaigne, a man "very well versed in public affairs, especially in those concerning Guyenne, which he knows thoroughly." In 1583 he was reelected. Times grew more troubled. On the death of the king's brother, Navarre became heir to the throne. The League, alarmed, made

new efforts. Guise made a secret treaty with Spain that Navarre should not be recognized as king. Coming storms began to blow up about Bordeaux. The League plotted to seize the city. Poor Montaigne found himself in the midst of excursions and alarms. He was glad to lay down his charge when his term ended, on July 31, 1585. In June a horrible plague broke out, and people in Bordeaux died by hundreds. Montaigne was away from the city. The council asked him to come to town to preside over the election of his successor. He answered, "I will not spare my life or anything in your service, and I leave you to judge whether what I can do for you by my presence at the next election makes it worth while for me to run the risk of going to town." The council did not insist, and Montaigne did not go. This is the act of his life which has called forth blame, not from his contemporaries, but from stout-hearted critics and heroic reviewers. To set an example of indifference to death is outside the ordinary path of duty. We like to hear tell of splendid recklessness of life, of fools who go to death out of a mad desire to stamp the fear of it under their feet; and when disappointed of so fine a show, we become petulant, we betray that we are overfond of excitement. It was not the mayor's duty to look after the public health; that lay upon the council.

His office ended, Montaigne went back to his library, to revise and correct the first two books of his *Essays*, to stuff them with new paragraphs and quotations, and to write a third. But he could not retire far enough to get away from the sounds of civil war. Coutras was but a little too far for him to hear Navarre harangue his troops to victory, and the voices of the soldiers singing the psalm: —

"This is the day which the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it."

A few days afterwards Henry of Na-

varre stopped at the château and dined with Montaigne. He had once before been there, making a visit of two days, when Montaigne was still mayor. The relations of these two men are very interesting, but somewhat difficult to decipher. De Thou says that Montaigne talked to him about Henry of Navarre and the Duke of Guise, and their hatred one of the other. "As for religion," added Montaigne, "both make parade of it; it is a fine pretext to make those of their party follow them. But the interest of religion doesn't touch either of them; only the fear of being abandoned by the Protestants prevents the king of Navarre from returning to the religion of his ancestors, and the duke would betake himself to the Augsburg Confession, for which his uncle, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, had given him a taste, if he could follow it without prejudice to his interests." But Navarre, though he was open-minded on the subject of creeds, and a most dexterous politician, was a noble and loyal gentleman, as Montaigne, with his keen, unprejudiced eyes, could well see. Navarre had been bred a Protestant, his friends were Protestants, and he would not forswear his religion so long as abjuration might work harm to them. When his conversion became of great moment to France, and promised to confer the blessings of peace on the country without hurt to the Protestants, he turned Catholic. This was conduct such as Montaigne would most heartily approve. Henry IV. acted as if he had been nursed on the *Essays*. And there is much to show that De Thou's conversation is a very incorrect account of Montaigne's opinion of Henry.

After Henry had succeeded to the throne, and was still struggling with the League, Montaigne wrote to him: "I have always thought of you as enjoying the good fortune to which you have come, and you may remember that, even when I was obliged to confess it to the curé,

I always hoped for your success. Now, with more cause and more freedom, I salute it with full affection. Your success serves you where you are, but it serves you no less here by reputation. The noise does as much as the shot. We could not draw from the justice of your cause arguments to establish or win your subjects so strong as we do from the news of the prosperity of your enterprises. . . . The inclinations of people flow in a tide. If the incline is once in your favor, it will sweep on of its own weight, to the very end. I should have liked very much that the private gain of your soldiers and the need of making them content had not deprived you, especially in this great city, of the noble commendation of having treated your rebellious subjects, in the hour of victory, with more consideration than their own protectors do; and that, differently from a transitory and usurped claim, you had shown that they were yours by a fatherly and truly royal protection." The letter shows admiration and comprehension of the king, and an intimacy honorable to both. There was some invitation for Montaigne to come to court, and an offer of money, but he answered: "Sire, your Majesty will do me, if you please, the favor to believe that I will never stint my purse on an occasion for which I would not spare my life. I have never received any money from the liberality of kings,—I have neither asked nor deserved it; I have never received payment for the steps I have taken in their service, of which your Majesty in part has knowledge. What I have done for your predecessors I will do very much more willingly for you. I am, Sire, as rich as I desire." But ill health would not permit him to go, even if he had wished.

In the meantime Montaigne had been in Paris (in 1588) to publish a new edition of the *Essays*. There he formed the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Gournay, a young lady of twenty, who had

conceived a great enthusiasm for the *Essays*. Montaigne called her his adopted daughter. After his death, helped by Madame de Montaigne, she devoted herself to the preparation of a new edition of the *Essays*, with all the last changes and additions that the author had made. This edition was marked by great care and skill.

Montaigne spent the last few years of his life on his seigniorship. He lived quietly, his health growing worse, till he died, on September 13, 1592, at the age of fifty-nine. It is said that when he felt his death near, no longer able to speak, he wrote a little note asking his wife to summon several gentlemen of the neighborhood, that he might take leave of them. When they had come, he had mass said in his room; and when the priest came to the elevation of the host, he threw himself forward as best he could, his hands clasped, and so died.

VI.

We are wont to call a man of letters great when many generations of men can go to his book, read what he says on the subject that concerns them,—conduct, religion, love, the significance of life,—and find that he has cast some light, or at least has shifted the problem. Such is Montaigne. There were greater men living in his time, Shakespeare, Cervantes; but life plies many questions to which poetry and idealism give no direct answer. If a man would look serenely upon the world, and learn the lesson that "ripeness is all," he must go to the poet and to the idealist, but he must go to the skeptic, too. Uncertainty is one of our lessons, and what man has talked so wisely and so persuasively as Montaigne concerning matters that lie at the threshold of the great questions of religion and philosophy, which must underlie all reasonable life? Hear him, for instance, after finding fault with an excessive credulity, blaming its opposite: "But also, on the other part, it is pre-

sumptuous and foolish to go about disdain and condemning as false that which does not seem probable to us. This is a vice common to those who think they have an intelligence out of the ordinary. I had that habit once, and if I heard of ghosts or prophecies of future events, or of magic, of witchcraft, or some wonderful story which I could not endure, I felt compassion for the poor people abused by this nonsense. Now I find that I myself was at least as much to be pitied. Not that I have ever had any experience beyond my first beliefs, and nothing has ever appealed to my curiosity; but reason has taught me that to condemn finally a thing as false and impossible is to claim to comprehend the boundaries and limits of the will of God and of the power of our mother Nature, and that there is no more remarkable folly in the world than to bring them down to the measurements of our capacity and intelligence. If we give the names, — monsters or miracles, — there where our reason cannot go, how many continually come before our eyes? Consider in what a mist, and how gropingly, we come to a knowledge of most things that are under our hands; we shall find that it is familiarity, not knowledge, which has taken the strangeness away, and that, if those things were presented to us afresh, we should find them as much or more unbelievable than any others.”

Montaigne commends us to a prudent but brave open-mindedness. He warns us against the dogmas of affirmation and the dogmas of denial. He bids us pause and consider. Nothing could be more wrong than the vulgar notion that Montaigne has something in common with Mephistopheles, the spirit that denies. He was a skeptic; but a single epithet is always incorrect. He was a believer, too. He believed in education, in humanity, in tolerance, in the many-sidedness of life, in the infinite power of God, in the nobleness of humanity. Nothing excites his indignation so violently as

the “great subtlety” of those men who sneer at heroic deeds, and attribute noble performance to mean motives. He makes no pretense of special interest in conduct; but conduct is not his business, — he is concerned with the philosophy which underlies conduct. Some men are impatient for action; they will believe this, that, anything, for an excuse to be up and doing. Montaigne is not a man of action; he feels uncomfortable when within hearing of the whirl and rush of life; he retires into the “back of his shop” to get away from the noisy, roistering band that tramps tumultuous down the great avenue of life. He was for contemplation and meditation. It was this shrinking from action that made him a skeptic. Action is the affirmation of belief, but also its begetter. I believe because I act. The heart beats, the blood circulates, the breath comes and goes, the impatient muscles do not wait for the tardy reason to don hat and overcoat, arms twitch, legs start, and the man is plunged into the hurly-burly of life. There he goes, in the midst of a crowd of human beings, hurrying, struggling, squirming, all filled to surfeit with most monstrous beliefs. Montaigne’s heart beats more slowly; he is in no hurry to act; the meaning of life will not yield to mere importunity; let us keep cool. “If any difficulties occur in reading, I do not bite my nails about them, but, after an attempt or two to explain them, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should lose both myself and my time; for I have a genius that is extremely volatile, and what I do not discern at the first attempt becomes the more obscure to me the longer I pore over it. . . . Continuation and a too obstinate contention stupefy and tire my judgment. I must withdraw it, and leave it, to make new discoveries, just as, in order to judge rightly of the lustre of scarlet, we are ordered to pass it lightly with the eye, and to run it over at several sudden repeated views.”

Montaigne is of the Latin people, men of the south, children of the market place and the piazza. He sits in peacefulness, watching the comedy and tragedy of the world. He lives apart; for him, life is a show, a school for philosophy, a subject for essays. If you have been bred in the Adirondacks or on the slope of Monadnock, up betimes, to tire your legs all the long day, and at evening to watch the setting sun and listen for the first call of the owl, you will not like Montaigne. There, in the morning of life, the blue sky overhead, the realities of life looking so strong and so noble, the speculations of a skeptic come like a cloud of dust. Montaigne is not for the young man. Youth has convictions; its feelings purport absolute verity; it possesses reality: why go a-fishing for dreams? But when the blood runs cooler, when we are glad to be safe on earth, when of a winter's evening we listen to the pleasant shoot of the bolt that shall keep us to ourselves, and draw up to the fire, then Montaigne is supreme. He is so agreeable, so charming, so skillful in taking up one subject, then another, so well practiced in conversation, so perfect a host. We are translated into his library. He wanders about the room, taking from his shelves one book after another, opening them at random, reading a scrap, and then talking about it. On he goes, talking wisely, wittily, kindly, while the flickering firelight plays over his sensitive, intelligent face, and the Gascon moon shines in patches on the floor, till the world we are used to dissolves under his talk, and its constituent parts waver and flicker with the firelight. Everything aërifies into dream-made stuff, out of which our fancy builds a new world, only to see it again dissolve and fade under his bewitching talk.

Montaigne talks of himself. But his self is not the vulgar self of the gossip; it is the type and model of humanity. Like a great artist, he makes himself

both individual and type. He is the psychologist studying man. He is his own laboratory, his own object of examination. When we try to discover the movements of the mind, have we any choice? Must we not examine ourselves? He does not bring us to himself for the mere exhilaration of talking about himself. His subject is man; through the windows of man's mind he makes us gaze at the universe, forever reiterating in our ears that man is a prisoner in the four walls of his mind, chafe how he will. If this be egotism, it is egotism with all its teeth drawn.

Skeptic, philosopher, abstracted from the world, Montaigne nevertheless does not shirk when the choice comes between speaking out and keeping silent. We cannot repeat too often his "We must rend the mask from things as well as from men." This is no easy task. Even the strength of the young mountaineer may not suffice. Masks familiar to us all our lives become very dear; let us leave them,—there are other things to do. Is there not something ignoble in this use of our courage, to maltreat an old, venerable appearance? Give us some work of poetry and romance; bid us scale heaven. And so the masks of things remain unremoved. Old Montaigne had something sturdy in him at bottom. There is the admiration of the heroic in him always. "All other knowledge is useless to him who does not know how to be good. . . . The measure and the worth of a man consist in his heart and will; in them is the home of his honor. . . . True victory lieth in the fight, not in coming off safely; and the honor of courage is in combat, not in success." Of the three philosophies that he studied, the Epicurean, the Pyrrhonian, the Stoic, his heart was inclined to the last, and I think he would rather have had a nod of approval from Cato the younger than have heard Sainte-Beuve salute him as the wisest of Frenchmen.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

PIPES OF PASSAGE.

IN the gray of earliest dawn,
 When the night was not yet gone
 But the street-lamps lonely and strange
 Burned in a still sea-change,
 Over the ghostly ghostly street
 I heard the voices passing sweet,
 Pipes of passage!

Wings of the summer forth
 And the silent throats of the north
 Southward southward away
 Peopling the ghostly gray,
 Over the city's sleep they ran,
 The innumerable caravan,
 Pipes of passage!

Over our drowsy heads,
 Death-beds and bridal-beds,
 Over our human hush,
 Swallow and sparrow and thrush,
 Over our life, if life be sleep,
 Hear my voyagers laugh and weep,
 Pipes of passage!

Joseph Russell Taylor.

 THE SOUND OF THE AXE.

FOR two days the rain slopped down prodigally over the wilderness and the high barrens. Then the weather turned. It froze, sharp as the closing of a trap, and caught many a small thing that could have done with another month of careless life. Of human life there was none, till in the late afternoon of the day of frost McNally stood alone on the high lands, and hugged himself together in his canvas coat that had been sodden and now was frozen over his wet woolen shirt. He looked up at the iron sky, and remembered that the month was November. He spoke to himself with sudden peevish anger: —

“It’s unseasonable weather — unseasonable!” he said. In his hateful fatigue he had not sense to move out of the wind; he stood and stared around and before him.

It was a sufficiently depressing prospect for a dry man; for a wet one who was also homeless, hungry, and lost, it was a wicked prospect. Behind and around him lay the high barrens, a waste of withered blueberry bushes, spruce scrub, and gray boulders. There was not a sign of a path. How he had come there he knew less than any one.

In front of him opened out a valley. There the boulders were bigger, closer

together; farther on, and down, they were packed, the size of cabs, then of houses. Out of the scanty crevices between them grew tall pine trees, solitary black pillars or sombre groups, as their roots could find mould. Over all there lay a palpable silence. A thin shiver ran through McNally as he stood.

The place was a place to die in; no more! He had always had the thought that it would be best to die in bed, and a whisper of chill wind that came up the valley made him more sure of it than ever. He was suddenly cold inside him, colder than outside; he shivered in his empty stomach, at his heart. This hollow was hostile, menacing; it could not be the valley he had meant to come to; and yet, somewhere in his dim thoughts, he had the lingering hope that it was; that it only eluded him. He was babyish in his exhaustion, and he spoke aloud again, resentfully:—

“It ought to be here! It shan’t go back on me!” His anger gave him strength, even in the face of the great contemptuous silence around him; he pushed forward with trembling knees, up and down a rise, and up again. “It must be here!”

He meant the dark lake that lay far back from civilization, in a hopeless country for lumberers. Any man might cut good logs there, but five hundred could not get them out, with profit. It was shunned, too; he had never known why. All he knew was that he had had it in his mind for weeks as his only refuge, the one place in the world that was ready and waiting for Bernard McNally. He had been making to it for days, like a homing pigeon, and he had missed it in the end. His instinct, that had lain fallow for ten years, had failed him; he had made a mistake. And he had not life in him to afford to make mistakes; this was his last in a world of them, and his body told him so. His mind refused to hear it.

He made for a boulder, crawled along by it, staggered to another, and hauled

himself up till he sprawled on top of it and had to shut his eyes to steady the rocks and trees that rushed past him. He dared not lie like that; even the relief of it told him so. He sat up and dragged his eyes open. He did not know that he was sobbing. His only feeling was rage that he had missed his way. The disappointment of it was the worst pang of all his life, sharp as the sting of death that must soon come after it. He stared before him to see this place where he must die.

The last light of the November day lay gray on the yellow-brown bushes, the gray rocks, the black trees; on all the inhospitable ugliness of the place. McNally fell more than scrambled off the boulder, and fled madly down the valley to the trees, between the rocks and the blueberry bushes. The black patch below him was water. He had made no mistake; his long search had brought him out at the Matoun. What matter that it was on the wrong side of the lake? He could skirt round it! He knew where he was! He had only to find his refuge, if the light held to do it.

The way was all rocks now, with tall pine trees struggling up between them; it was slippery with pine droppings, riddled with crevices and porcupine holes. McNally hurried and slipped and fell and went on again, racing with the light that can out-travel man. He slithered helplessly across a rock and caught hold of a low bough; just in time; his feet had shot from under him, and hung out over the black depths of the freezing lake. But he hardly noticed that a little more would have drowned him. He had his bearings! He was on the north side of the lake now, the right side. He could see the hills that locked the western end of it, the swamp on the south shore opposite; but he wasted no time in looking. The place he wanted must be just back of him, over the rocks and the porcupine holes back to the solid north wall of hill.

He forgot he was cold, in the deadly fear that the dark might come and make him miss his goal. He clawed to his feet, crashed through the boughs that swept the high rocks, slipped twice his own height to the ground, and fell softly in the frozen bushes; worked on, step by step. He stopped, as if he were stunned.

The rocky hill was in front of him, but it was grown up with young spruce; the points and landmarks were gone! It all looked alike. And this time he knew he sobbed. But he knew, too, that he went on. If he had to feel that hill-side foot by foot he would go on, till his body failed him. In the growing dusk he looked back at the rocks that cut off the lake, and tried to remember the line; but it was all a tumble of confusion to him. He crushed forward through an endless stretch of bay, its withered leaves breast high, and never smelt the scent of it; stumbled to higher ground, and forced his way through the spruce trees, to the virgin wall of rock behind them. And as he did the light failed palpably, as if some one had drawn a curtain between him and the sky. In the dimness he peered at the rock, felt it, struggled through another clump of spruces and felt again. He found nothing; what he sought was not there. But he kept on feeling, till the rock under his fingers stopped, and he knew that the ridge had ended, even before he had sense enough to look up and see the sky. He went back again, bent double, one hand dragging at the spruces, the other never off the rock behind them. The light was less with every second, yet it came on him suddenly that it was dark. In the anguish of it he sank to his knees and fell forward; as he tried to save himself his hand slipped a foot lower on the rock, and clawed at smooth stone.

The revulsion that came over him was sickening; he could not have moved to keep from dying. The words he said aloud were not appropriate either, but

perhaps they served his turn as well as any. "Whoa, mare; whoa, pet!" whispered McNally weakly; and found he could crawl forward on his hands and knees.

He had been a fool, for he had forgotten! He had been feeling the rock at his own height, where he might have felt forever. Now his hand was on the two courses of dressed stone; now on the Dutch arch; now — his heart pumped hard at his slow blood — on the wood of the door. A corner at the top had decayed away; his fingers went through the hole. He found his tin box of matches, his candle end. (It goes hard to make a man who has been a miner lose the candle-end habit.) The damp wick sputtered, then lit, a pale flame between the spruces and the rock; and it showed a queer sight, for Lake Matoun.

In the rock, for a yard or so on each side of where he knelt, were set two courses of dressed granite; above it, as the natural spring of a cave had needed it, neat fillings of cut stone, jointed and mortared. The Swede had known his work. The door under the Dutch arch was not three feet high, but it was broad out of all proportion, broad enough to pass the shoulders of a giant. McNally put his shoulder to it with the strength of a child; but it gave, at the hinges. The candle flickered as the draft rushed in the crack. The man put his head in, and snuffed like an animal; he had no mind to spend the night picking out porcupine quills. He smelt nothing but a cold closeness, yet he lit a bunch of dead spruce and flung it in. Nothing stirred. He pushed the door wide, and crawled in on hands and knees, as he had always done. The smoke from the spruce made him cough; he threw the smouldering mass to one side of him casually, as of old habit. It blazed up, and the smoke followed the draft of it. In the sudden light McNally stood up, and saw his home.

Nothing had been here; there were

no tracks on the floor as there was no scent of life in the air. His spruce torch was dying on the stone hearth, the sparks of it flying up the queer chimney he had so often marveled at. He held up his candle and looked around him. It was all exactly as it had been, only strangely smaller. The clean vault of the natural cave was nowhere more than a foot above his head. At his left it had been let alone, to slope down to the corner where the bunk was; and in the bunk were dead spruce boughs still, sticks with the spines dropped off them long ago. At his right the wall was straight, built up by the same hand as the outside. Neat courses of granite met the roof above the stone fireplace, the wide hearth where the burnt spruce was a red mass. Before him there was no wall. The cave sloped to a sort of tunnel, and the man went to it; if there were porcupines they would be here. But his candle showed him only the rough rock of the floor; then a heap of earth and small stones, the cleanings of the cave. Over the heap the tunnel sloped abruptly to the ground and stopped. A rusty oil-can lay there, and apparently nothing else; but McNally knew better. He set down his candle and groped a little till he found the woodpile. It was tinder dry and rotten, but it would serve his turn for the night. His legs shook as he went back with a load from it; when the flame of it leapt up the chimney he stretched his hands to it as a man who prays. But prayer and McNally had never met.

In the heartening firelight he propped up the door; the stone slab the Swede had used to make it fast against the walkers of the night he could not lift, but he made a shift of it. And it was not till then that he had the sense to take from his back the few things he had had strength to carry this last day of his weariness. He cooked as unhandily as he dried his coat; there was no woodcraft about him, any more than

there was about the strange hutlike cave he sat in. Any Indian would have laughed at the useless trouble spent on the stones of the place, but again no Indian could have achieved the dryness of it, the wonderful defiance of ten years of time. McNally knew mines were wet; he never wondered why a cave should be dry. He lay and nestled by his fire, thawing and steaming and drying at long last. When he was bone dry, the joy of it was like no joy he had ever known, except the sleep that weighed him down with slow thrills of rapture. He had been hunted and wet and frozen, had been lost and despairing; he was warm and dry and at home. Perfect peace lapped him as he lay. He was at home. It had been waiting for him all these years, just as the Swede had said it would wait; he remembered, as of some stranger, that he had sobbed as he fought his way here. He had just sense enough to get more wood and pile his fire for the night before sleep took him, a man at home, and at peace. The candle end burned out where he had stuck it in its own grease, the fire flickered to its fall, and under the changing lights the sleep of Bernard McNally, failure and black-guard, was the sleep of a little child. Outside the walkers of the night went their separate ways no freer, and with no more conscience.

It was a day and another night before McNally crawled out of the low door. He had worked his body to its worth, and more; and that merciless creditor was taking its arrears. Food and fire and sleep he paid it, till it let him go, and he stood up outside his house without an ache in him. A tall man too, and clean made; not a man to hunt with impunity, as he had been hunted. But all that, and the thought of it, was behind him, so that he had not a care in the world. As he passed through the thicket of bay to the lake he picked a handful, liking the keen scent of it; he had not known that dead

bay was sweet. He stuck a sprig of it in his coat as he trod lightly over the rocks that had seemed insurmountable two days ago. When he came out on the barrens his feet struck by instinct into the easy half-trot of the wood walker, straight-footed, devouring the way. He was going on an errand, an innocent, necessary errand; there was a novelty about it that was exhilarating; that it was also a little uncertain did not worry him. He wanted his pack, that he had nearly thrown away because it weighed too much; he plumed himself now that he had stuck it in a tree instead. Luck held, and he found the pack, but he put it down to genius. With joy at the weight of it he slung it awkwardly over his shoulder, but there was no awkwardness about the way he retrieved his gun; he knew about guns. Then he set back again, light-hearted and his own man, for there was enough in his pack to last him a month, and only yesterday he had envied common lumberers with a wongan to dip into. But yesterday his cache had seemed a day's journey away; he knew now he had only made a scant five miles the day he had sobbed; he had nearly seen his finish when he lit on the Swede's cave.

Once back there, he worked. When he had new boughed the bunk, he cut wood till the trees rang. There was no one to hear him; the Swede had been right when he said no man ever came there. He had added something, in his queer English, which McNally had not understood: "And they should fear, if they should come, the sound of the axe; yes, the sound of the axe!" He was a superstitious man, the Swede; but McNally never thought of axes and superstition going together. Afterwards he was wiser.

As he swung at his tree now, unhandily but effectually, he thought of the Swede, — a silent gray giant of a man, working in the wet of the lower levels of the Wisowsoole mine, shovel-

ing the low grade ore into the ore carts. McNally had been a boy then, sent to learn his practical work; some day he would be a manager. He swung harder at his tree as he thought of it. But in the meantime he learned from the Swede; and, he never knew why, the silent man took to him. In their six-hour shifts they talked; after McNally was sent into the office they talked at odd minutes; on Sundays, when the mine was silent from noon till midnight, they talked all day. As far as either had it in him he loved the other; the difference between them was that the man understood the boy; and McNally, at twenty, took the Swede as he found him. And the Swede brought him to Matoun, with secrecy, the summer the mine shut down for want of water. McNally stared round-eyed at the queer place that was ready for them, and the Swede frowned. "I am quarryman, also mason," he said. "You should be my guest. I make your shelter for you with my hands." And it never dawned on McNally why he should have made it so far away, or so strong. He fished there till he learned to fish, shot till he could shoot; he got his growth and his breadth there, and a smattering of the Swede's strange woodcraft, — a woodcraft of shifts, not of matter of course cause and effect. Time and again he saw the Swede's eyes on him as if he had in his mind what he would not say; he never did say it, because it was precisely at those times that McNally asked questions and displeased him. He was proving the boy, who did not know it, any more than the man who swung the axe now knew he had been found wanting, in everything but silence about Matoun. The autumn rainfall was as good as a telegram to call them back to the Wisowsoole; McNally, then nor ever, told where he had been that summer, and the Swede knew it. They worked again all that winter, the Swede in the mine, McNally where fate and the manager sent him. The day there was the

affair of the ladders, fate had McNally in the mine. What he did is matter of history in the Wisowsoole to this day, and it was Lake Matoun that had given him muscles to do it. Forty men owed their lives to him, and one of the forty was the Swede. But when they came triumphant out of the old workings he was leaning hard on the boy's shoulder, and McNally took him home to get away from the shouts and the cheering. He saw the Swede now, lowering himself into a chair and shivering as he did it.

"Have a drink," commanded McNally; he remembered his own contemptuous voice.

The big man drank in silence; afterwards he spoke, to the marvel of his hearer. "I should be done here! I go. I will always to die in Stockholm, where they shall not call me 'the Swede,' but by my name."

"Well, I call you by your name!" scoffed McNally. "Brace up, Munthe! Nothing ails you."

"You cannot call what you should not know. You think me some peasant fellow when you speak. And to-morrow I go. I will always to die in Stockholm."

"Oh, hold your jaw about dying!" The questions and answers came to McNally with his axe as if he were reading out of a book. "What d' ye mean?"

The Swede turned dull eyes on him. "She has betrayed me. If she should betray again, I die. And I will die in Stockholm. To-morrow I go."

"But you have n't any money."

"Oh," the answer was absent, "I have always that money! Plenty I have. Look!" Out of an unlocked drawer in the table he took something that made McNally open his hard young eyes. For a moment he thought the man had been robbing the mine; but only for a moment. The Wisowsoole was a low grade ore; this was a different gold indeed. They never saw a nugget in the Wisowsoole.

"This was mine," said the Swede, while McNally handled the wonderful lumps, "and being so I go. I have but you to leave."

McNally remembered nodding; he had known he could not speak, but not why.

"I have done always the best for you, if I did not die I should do more best." The old man spoke out suddenly. "You will never be manager of a mine. You will go — so!" he pointed to the floor. "What do they call that? Down. And I should not save you being alive, much less dead. But I do what I can. I give you my house at the Matoun water, my secret house that no one but you has known of. You shall go there, when you go — what do you call it? — down. No one comes there, but the sound of the axe that I love. One year, five year, ten year she waits, — my house on the Matoun. But you will be back there, in ten year; she need not to wait longer. All of my house I give you. It was as my son always! You see that? As my son. I have not any son, but you should serve. For I also have gone down; I come up now. Up!" His voice rang out sudden and joyful as his fist fell like a hammer on the quaking table, "And being up," he shouted exultantly, "I will die in Stockholm! No man can prevent me from Stockholm. But you," the eyes were another man's, "you shall die at Matoun. One year, fifty, how should I know? But at Matoun. For you have never seen Stockholm; you do not know always how good a place it should be to die in." His heavy hand fell light on the boy's shoulder. "Life you give me to-day, so life I give you to-morrow. Life and Matoun! You laugh, because I am always alive and you can see me; when I am always dead you will not laugh. You should see that, when you go down." He had pushed McNally slowly to the door, without a good-night, but the boy looking back saw that he blessed him with upheld hands.

He saw him no more, for in the morning the Swede was gone. He, and his nuggets, and his "always" to die in Stockholm.

And McNally, just ten years after, stood and chopped trees at Matoun. It was a queer coincidence, but he was jubilant with returned strength, and he laughed aloud at the idea of dying here. Yet to get rid of the thought he struck his axe into a fallen tree, and looked about him. He was a leisurely man, with a month's supplies, and a good house to go to; he looked at it just to make sure of the fact. And then stared, because there was something the matter with the day. There was no sun; it had been gray in the morning as it was gray now. What, then, brought out the masses of gorgeous color everywhere, and banished the blackness that had stood in every tree and lain on the new ice of the lake? Now the pine trunks were purple with warmth, in the green of their crowns; warmth, too, in the sharper color of the spruces, whose every cone was wine-red. Every yellow and brown he had ever dreamed of shone at him from the withered bracken; the pine droppings on top of the rocks were sudden astounding patches of dull scarlet; the dead and frozen bay was mulberry, just as the blackberry stalks and the moosewood boughs were rose-red. The whole world was a world he had never seen; a lovely intimate world that smiled, and kept its mystery just a little, as from a friend. Even the distance across the lake melted away in chocolate and crimson. He did not know that he was looking on the yearly miracle of the deep woods that the Indians call *The Day of Color*; the carnival that comes before the snow. He had learnt but one thing that day, that dead and frozen bay smells sweet as August green. But, after all, that was a good deal to learn in one day, for McNally. He wheeled to go on with his chopping, and saw something that turned his life as on a pivot, though it was

nothing but the wonderful light in a rock at his feet. He knelt down and chipped at it with the butt of his axe, softly, then madly. As he broke small pieces from it he would not look at them, because he was afraid. It was not till he had a little heap of broken stones that he trembled; not till he had passed them one by one through his shaking fingers, scanned them with fierce eyes, that he dared think. There was color in the quartz; a trace, no more; but color. Had the Swede been mad, not to know that there was gold at Matoun? Or had he known, and the nuggets —

McNally saw his future that had been dead and hopeless leap up alive under his eyes. Here was gold. It made everything so simple and easy that he laughed; he did not see how he had ever despaired. Here was gold. Bernard McNally, who had been a fool and taken Benson's money (Benson being dead, and not objecting), need be a fugitive in the wood no more. He would mine. By and by he would make a good strike! He would go out into the big world carefully, till he got to a place where they had never heard of him — or Benson. He would live. He would come up as the Swede had done. "Up!" he said it aloud in his triumph. "Up!" And somewhere in the woods it echoed. It was odd, but he did not like the sound. It cooled him where he sat with his bits of rock in his hands. As he looked at them he came to himself, and the vision in his eyes faded.

They had called the Wisowsoole a low-grade ore. This was so much lower that he threw it down. It would take unknown tons of it and a crusher to get half an ounce of gold. It was beyond human labor. It wanted a mill. He shut his eyes, and could hear the ninety stamps of the Wisowsoole mill, which was curious, for he had not thought of it for years. He had given up mining, had McNally, and gone down. He saw

now how far. Presently he stood up and looked for more rocks, clear eyed, without the hope that blinds. He did not find one. By nightfall he was back at the first, dinting the head of his axe on it, when he thought he heard something and stopped to listen. There was nothing. It had been fancy that some one was chopping down a tree. He went home and slept before he had eaten. His last thought was that the Swede never got those nuggets at Matoun, but somewhere in the north, and that he must go north as soon as it was safe and the hue and cry had died; north, to the place where there were nuggets and men asked no questions. And while he slept the weather laughed at him. At midnight a keen sweet dampness woke him, to put yet another patch on the corner of his door before he made up his fire. As the fresh logs kindled he heard the sudden wind come down the valley. It came with a leap, a long sougling roar. From somewhere far behind him, in the very rocks of the hill, it echoed like the siren of a steamer in the St. Lawrence channel; and the likeness made McNally afraid. He had been a failure all his life, even to going off with that money of Benson's. He did not call it stealing to himself; the man was dead when he took it. Was he going to be a coward too? He could not get the dead man out of his head, nor the siren shouting in the fog while he ransacked the cabin for the money. He crouched from the thoughts in his mind and could not shrink far enough away from them, because the wind kept yelling for somebody to show a light. All night it yelled and herded its restless woods; if it lulled a little it whickered like a living thing at McNally's patched door; McNally keeping up his fire that he might not have to listen to that wind in the dark. After all, he was guiltless; he had no need to shake! It was true he had taken the money, but on second thoughts he would have sent it back; if only he had not lost it. That

was where the failure of him came in; he had lost it. He sat and let the long centuries of the night go by, till at last it was morning in his house beyond the daylight. He crept out, and saw a raging smother of wind and drift and deep snow. He was fast. There could be no getting away now without snowshoes; but even if he had them, he dared not leave a clear track to the only place he knew to be safe. McNally crawled in again, and shut his door. He knew that yesterday's hopes had been a dream; he could neither find gold at Matoun nor leave it. Suddenly he longed beyond words for a pane of glass; he hungered for the light of day. If he had a pane of glass to put in his door he could be happy. He sat thinking of that in the dark.

When the snow stopped, the crows came. McNally fed the crows. The blue jays screamed for meat, and he gave them pork. In the clear sunset the wind died, and he rejoiced. He stood at the door of his hut and looked abroad. Everything was snow; the quiet of the place was piercing. He would have given worlds to see the crows come back; to hear a sound of life. And even as he thought it, there came one, plain and near, — the sound of an axe on a tree.

McNally dropped as flat on the snow as if it had been an axe on his own head. Some one else was at Matoun; lumberers, men who read the papers. They would have a box on the nearest postroad, and once a month they would go to it and get the news; the news of McNally.

It sent him through the snow for fifty yards to listen. It was true; some one was chopping. He looked to the red west, and on the hill against it saw a tree quiver; there were men there; there was no harbor for him, even at Matoun. That drove him on again, to make sure, toiling through the deep snow and round the rocks, cunningly, till he gained a ridge where he could lie down and stare

at the hill. There was not a sign that any living thing but he was near Matoun; no smoke, no more quivering trees; and the sound of the axe was still. He wormed round to go home, and the axe called to him. Slow and regular fell the blows of it, near at his hand, and not a sight nor scent of man. McNally, without knowing why, turned and fled back on his own tracks, and as he ran a wild cat cried. He lifted the Swede's stone into place with a thud, and sat down, sweating. The thing at those trees was not human! He tried to think it had something to do with wild cats, but he could not do it because he knew he was not afraid of wild cats, and of this he was afraid. As he wiped his wet upper lip the Swede's words came back to him:—

“No one comes there but the sound of the axe that I love.”

Then, whatever it was, the Swede had known; and not cared. It heartened McNally that the Swede had not cared. He rolled his blanket round him and went to sleep.

Yet it shook him a little when the next evening he heard it again. It took him by surprise, close to him, and in his surprise he gazed. In plain sight a tree quivered; but in plain sight there was no one there. He thought of the giant woodpecker (which was absurd, but McNally was no woodsman); at that moment a wild cat cried, and the hacking sound never stopped. It was something real, because the tree quivered. He remembered, out of dead time, that he had heard there was an Indian superstition about an invisible spirit that chopped in the woods; there was something about seeing a tree fall without seeing what cut it down; he could not remember whether it were good or bad to see the tree fall. Anyhow he did not believe in it. He decided it had something to do with a wild cat. By the end of a week he had grown to look for it, to feel it friendly; he had gone back, in his loneliness, to

searching for gold, though he knew it was not there. He scraped through the snow all day long for gold, and always at sunset the sound of the axe signalled him to stop. It seemed to him now to chop out words; to say something that quieted his soul:—

“Lost — Man's — Harbor,” it hewed. “Lost — Man's — Harbor.” He would stand and listen to the kindly sound. Sometimes it seemed to set a wild cat whining, but he never saw one, nor did he hunt for it. Its cry and the sound of the axe were his only companions. It was from pure habit now that he barred his door at night, for he was no longer afraid. He was brother to the wailing beast he never saw. He grew leaner and hungrier every day, and less human. He had no past now; all he cared for was to look for gold; till he woke up one morning and had nothing to eat. That same day he thought he gave up for good and all the hope of gold at Matoun. He went out for food, but he saw nothing but porcupines, and he had no stomach for porcupines. There were no hares, no partridges; he looked for them all day long, and night after night came back as he had gone out, the sound of the axe welcoming him as he struck his own valley. And the night he came down to caribou moss and sickening at it, the world swam round him and the blows of the axe took a new voice. “Pay!” it chopped. “Pay! Pay!”

McNally cried out like an echo, “Pay?” His past, that he had forgotten, rushed back on him and overwhelmed him. Pay? He had never thought of paying, only of saving his skin. How was it possible that he should pay? And the axe went on relentlessly, mocking at him standing hungry with his miserable hopes of gold scattered by his woodpile, “Pay!”

“My God!” muttered McNally, and it was the first time he had thought of God, “if I could, I'd pay!” It was the nearest he had ever come to praying

in all his life, and as he spoke his eyes fell on the woods. Had he been blind not to see that the snow was nearly gone, that he could come and go to a settlement without leaving a trace — to matter? That he had been starving like a fool, when there was only thirty miles between him and a shop? He tied up the flapping soles of his boots and started, just as the sunset cry came from the hidden cat on the hill. He stopped and called back.

“Good-by,” said McNally to his only friends. “If I can, I’ll pay!” He came back a week after, deviously, carrying all he could stagger under. No one had noticed him, but no one had given him a decent word either; he did not know there was that in his face which said he was better let alone. He was so little human now that he was sorry to get home after dark, and too late for the thing that chopped on the hill. He wanted to tell it that he meant to find gold grain by grain, till he paid; that he had brought back a pick.

If he had brought back the mill from the Wisowsoole it would have done him no good. He found no more gold, nor the sign of it, and every day at sunset the steady axe called to him to “Pay! pay! pay!”

By the third time he was frenzied. He stood up and answered it, very politely; he had been a polite man. “How can I pay? Have the goodness to tell me that, or let me alone!” He looked at his worldly assets, one pick and a little food; he knew he would never have another shifting mood that told him he might yet make his strike. He stood and spoke again into the sunset. “How can I pay?”

And once more the axe answered him. It sounded now exactly like the tap of a pick in a tunnel. He had a pick, he had no tunnel. Why should old sounds come out of the past and mock at him? A wild cat keened while he thought, and it made him shiver. He went home and came back with meat,

threw it down and left it. If he must live and die here, let him, for God’s sake, at least have a wild cat to tame! That night he prayed to have a beast to tame.

In the morning the pork was gone, and a dull something went, too, from McNally’s eyes. He turned deliberately back into his cave, to the rubbish heap where the Swede had left the gravel cleared from his house. He swung his pick and cut away the earth to the clean run of the rock; to — At the sight of the standing timber he lit two candles and dug with his might; at the sight of the downward slope and the rotten ladder he knew why his cave was dry. When the crack of the axe came at sundown, McNally was not where he could hear it.

It was two days before he came out into the light of day, and, though it was sunset, it blinded him. He sat down at his door, heedless that he was hungry because of what he held in his hands. He knew now what the Swede had meant when he said, “I give you my house at Matoun, all of it I give you.” It was a mine; a small, tunneled, timbered mine, running down into the hill; and out of it had come those nuggets that were brothers to these he polished on his coat. He was rich. He could have thousands. And, if he could have had them when first he came to Matoun, would have had no thought but how best to get away with them and find a world he could spend them in. But not now. He was not the McNally who had come to Matoun as a mere temporary convenience and to save his skin. Something had sucked the slackness out of his blood. He remembered things, responsibly. He had stolen (he said stolen now that he was rich). Into his thoughts came the slow chopping that never failed at evening, and he answered it aloud.

“I’m going to pay,” he called at the top of his shout. “Pay!” And the axe ceased on the word, or he thought so.

He had long given up wondering what it was. He chose to think of the sound as a personal signal to himself, bequeathed to him, like the cabin, by the Swede. Whatever it was, it had made him able to pay; and when he had paid he could be free. He could go up, as the Swede had said, "Up!"

It would be easy. He had not been in the Wisowsoole for nothing; he knew how to get rid of gold out of a stolen claim, how it could be paid at last from very far from here. He must pack the stuff out, little by little. He could send it to Peele, — if he could trust Peele. It came to McNally that he would make an oracle and abide by it. If it were safe to trust Peele and pay back that money, he would be able to tame that wild cat he had never seen; if he could not tame it, he would know that signaling he had made out of the blows of a phantom axe was pure foolishness and he could never pay. That night he laid out an oblation of pork scraps, and waited. After twenty years or so something like a gray shadow went by him where he stood motionless in the dark; it pounced noiselessly on the meat and was gone. But he had at least seen the beast that had always kept hidden, and his heart lightened. It lightened still more as the days lengthened and his heap of nuggets grew in his cave, for his self-made oracle was working his way; or not his, but that of the unseen axe which had told him how to pay and be free. Little by little, night after night, McNally was taming his wild cat. By mid-April it ate close to his feet. And in mid-April he began to go away with his pack heavy and come back with it light. In the intervals between those weary, anxious journeys his wild cat would come when he called it. It let him touch it the day he set off with his last payment for Peele.

When that was gone, and his underground agent's receipt for it in his hand, McNally stood up in a dirty little town another man. He was free;

he had paid. He saw his life stretching out before him, he that was to die at Matoun. He was drunk with the sight of it; he forgot he could not yet dare to be McNally. He went into the barber's and was shaved; he bought new clothes, new boots; he walked the street placidly. That was in the morning.

When he was stabbed that night in the row at "Pat's Place," he had just sense enough left to see that at the farther end of the room stood a man he knew. Of all men, Peele; come in by the back door and staring at him. McNally saw him in that fraction of a minute when he stood with his hand to his side; the next, he was out of the house and gone. Nobody knew him, or cared where he went. They did kick the Italian miner with the knife, but there was no blood on it, and it was decided it had not touched the other man. If Peele knew or cared he did not say so. He and an Indian were going fishing at dawn, and they went.

It took them a whole day to hit McNally's trail, which was why he did not know he was followed by a white man and an Indian when at last he staggered into his house. Where he lay down he fainted. That was all he knew when he came to himself and wanted water, except that his wild cat cried restlessly at his open door. On a sudden it ran for its life, but being in one of McNally's faints he did not know. What he did know was that he woke quite comfortably and saw Peele kneeling by him; it all seemed perfectly natural to McNally, even to Sabiel Paul looking over Peele's shoulder.

"Hullo!" said he. He tried to sit up and did not move. He looked his visitor square in the eyes. "I've paid," he said hastily, "I suppose you got it."

"Good God, McNally!" croaked Peele. He looked round him at the ghastly place, the dead ashes on the hearth, the dying man. "I know; we

all know. But we thought you were in Rossland. No one ever thought you were so near." He touched McNally with quick, knowledgeable fingers, and marveled how he could have crawled over thirty miles of country with so little blood in him. "You need n't have run. We'd have helped you; we all like you," he broke out, for there was no sense in keeping McNally quiet. He listened to a sound outside, even while he went on stripping him; he had not thought he would be sick at the sight of his wound. He turned on Sabiel in the doorway. "Get out and get those lumberers! Even at their camp would be better than here. I might save him!"

McNally, who had not been meant to hear, laughed; an ugly, bubbling laugh.

"Stop!" said Peele fiercely. "Shut up! Do you want to kill yourself?"

"I'm — not — dying," gasped Mc-

Nally. "I've paid. I've — come up."

"You fool!" said Peele. He tried to put some whiskey in McNally's mouth, and it ran out of the corners.

The man who loved him turned and swore at the silent Indian. "Who's that chopping? Get them here."

Sabiel never moved. "Keáskunóogwejit, the mighty chopper," said he.

"No man here. You hear chopping, you never see axe, — but the tree fall! This man die? That chop coffin. The tree fall!"

Peele shouldered him from the door and stared out into the sunset. On the hilltop against the sky, a tree fell; but there was no man there. On the heel of the fall of it came the cry of a wild cat, and Sabiel stooping caught at Peele's arm.

"Those his friends," said he. "All same Keáskunóogwejit! They cry."

S. Carleton.

RUSSIA.

IN the preface to the American edition of his admirable book, *The Empire of the Tsars*, M. Leroy Beaulieu says with perfect truth, "The Anglo-Saxon who wishes to judge of Russian matters must begin by divesting himself of American or British ideas."

The distinguished author might well have added that the Anglo-Saxon should also divest himself of many impressions that he has received from sensational travelers' tales, melodramas, and romances, based upon fanciful conditions, and from the lucubrations of certain visionaries and political malcontents who have endeavored to enlist American and English sympathy in behalf of those revolutionary theories with which they hope to reform the Russian governmental system. The entire social fabric of Russia, the point of view of the Rus-

sian mind and its manner of thought, differ widely from our own, and are not susceptible of estimation upon the same basis of comparison; so that in attempting to give any just impression of existing conditions in Russia within the limits of a magazine article, one is at the outset confronted by the difficulty of presenting the facts in such a way that their bearing upon the general conditions of Russian civilization may be comprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind.

Russia, as M. Leroy Beaulieu very truly points out, is neither European nor Asiatic, but if regarded from the European point of view it should be from a standpoint and with a perspective of three or four centuries ago. During the long period of Tartar rule Russia was completely cut off from all foreign intercourse, and it was not till

the reign of Ivan III., who not only threw off the Tartar yoke, but took the first great steps toward the abolition of the feudal system, that its intercourse with the Western world commenced, — an intercourse which the severe climatic conditions and vast intervening wastes of plains and warring states greatly obstructed. Indeed, except for the trade carried on by the Hanseatic League through old Novgorod, no commercial intercourse can be said to have existed between Russia and the Western world until the accidental arrival of Richard Chancellor at what is now known as Archangel. England's trade with Russia dates from this expedition, and from it sprung those remarkable commercial relations that, existing so long under peculiar and exceptional conditions, have left their traces to this day in the large English colonies at St. Petersburg and Moscow, and in a host of more or less Russianized English and Scotch names in various provinces.

While this trade brought Russia into commercial contact with England, the contact was never a very close one, for the way was long and difficult, being overland from Moscow to Archangel, and thence by sea to England.

It was not until Peter the Great gave the impetus by the force of his tremendous energy and will that Russia commenced any development upon European lines. Starting, therefore, some centuries behind the rest of the civilized world, it is not surprising that such development among so vast and so widely dispersed a people should be behind that of the Western world, and that the Oriental flavor it received both from the Tartar subjection and from its propinquity to the Orient should be still apparent.

Much that has been written with regard to Russian institutions conveys conceptions so unjust that the writer deems no apology necessary for the correction of such false impressions. Thus, as regards the penal system of Russia, individual instances of the abuse of

power have been cited as the rule, while they are in fact rare exceptions.

There is nothing cruel either in the national character or in that of the average Russian official. The latter, it is true, has frequently received military training, and pursues the course of his duty toward the individual entrusted to his charge with that rigid exactitude which pertains to the army the world over. As to the reputation of the Russian for ferocity and cruelty, nothing could be further from the truth. In no country in the world is there less exhibition of cruelty to child or beast on the part of prince or peasant, and under no aristocratic system is there a more generous consideration for the inferior on the part of the great.

A spirit of paternalism is a natural outcome of the autocratic system, and, as might be expected under a government in which every administrative act receives the individual sanction of the ruler, this paternalism, pervading as it does the entire governmental system, takes an extremely individual form. It is in this paternal spirit that the penal system is conceived and administered. The purpose is not alone to punish the individual for his crime, but by removing him from evil influences to offer to him an opportunity, upon his release, to commence a new life. This was the principle adopted in the penal colonization of Siberia, where, as was the case under the similar system in Australia, in not a few instances it resulted in the criminal becoming a man of substance and prosperity. Under this system, families were not separated if the wife and children desired to follow the father into exile. Whatever may be said against a system of penal colonization, it must be admitted that the principle here was humane.

Accounts have greatly exaggerated the proportion of exiles deported into Siberia for political offenses. It is, however, true that in Russia political conspiracy is regarded as a crime, and

immediately following the despicable assassination of Alexander II., many political arrests were made upon administrative process for the purpose of breaking up the powerful nihilistic organization which that hideous crime brought to light, with all its intricate ramifications. These arrests by administrative process were made under military law, such as other states beside Russia have found expedient under certain conditions.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the Russian government was actuated by a wanton spirit of cruelty in making these arrests. It is possible that mistakes were made in the process of stamping out the nihilist organization, but it is probable that the imperial government had better evidence of individual complicity than has the foreigner who takes the bare assertion of innocence of the accused in forming his judgment of the Russian government, whose side of the case never has been and probably never will be heard.

As to Russian prisons, the writer, who has carefully and critically inspected every prison in St. Petersburg, can bear testimony to the general excellence of the system, both in principle and in practice. The prisoners are well housed and well fed, especial care being taken as to the quality and preparation of their food. Black bread is regarded as an essential article of diet among all classes, and is to be found on the tables of the rich as of the poor. While it may be bought of any baker, careful housekeepers prefer to obtain it from the bakeries of the barracks or of the prisons.

Every prisoner is given some employment suited to his ability or training, and from the proceeds of the sale of the products of his labor he receives from ten to sixty per cent, depending upon the nature and gravity of his crime. From these earnings he may, if he desires it, receive a part with which to purchase extra comforts or even luxuries; but a certain part must, and all

may, at the prisoner's option, be set aside to provide a fund delivered to him upon his release wherewith to start life anew.

The recent demonstrations on the part of the students of the universities of Kieff, Moscow, and St. Petersburg should not be regarded as having any political significance. The foreign newspapers have given greatly exaggerated accounts of these disturbances. On one occasion an account of a riot in St. Petersburg was published in several of the English papers, with great particularity as to loss of life and the general unsafety of the public streets, when in fact no such disturbance took place at all. How much fear was felt as to any danger to life by being upon the streets during these riots may be inferred from the fact that upon the day when the students had threatened a demonstration the Nevsky Prospect was thronged to a degree rarely witnessed by an expectant crowd of holiday makers who had come out to see the fun.

That there is considerable dissatisfaction among the students of the universities is not to be denied, but their wishes and purpose appear to be vague and inconsequent. They appear to be bitterly incensed against the police authorities on account of the steps taken by them to repress their disorders.

As regards the University of St. Petersburg, the trouble seems to have sprung out of certain unpopular internal regulations, in the enforcement of which the authorities of the university appealed to the police for assistance, and in enforcing authority against riotous acts mounted Cossacks were permitted to use their riding whips to compel order. The interference of the police in university matters and the use of whips produced among the students a deep feeling of injury, which has ever since been fermenting in their brains, and under an unwonted system of repression has culminated in revolt against the constituted authorities. Similar condi-

tions have existed in the other universities, and no doubt the recent demonstrations occurring simultaneously in St. Petersburg and Moscow were pre-arranged. There appears to have been no connection between these disturbances and the assassination of the late Minister of Public Instruction, Mr. Bogolepoff, although it is true that the assassin was a former student who had been sent out of the empire on account of his connection with previous disorders, but so far as can be learned the act was the outcome of a personal sense of grievance.

During the recent riots the students had enlisted the sympathies of the unemployed factory workmen among whom they had been agitating for some time, and the presence of this new element among them as a dissatisfied and riotous class caused considerable uneasiness at first, chiefly because it was not known how far the feeling of dissatisfaction might extend, especially in view of the hard times and lack of work.

St. Petersburg is quite accustomed to student riots, and is apt to view them with amused apathy, but revolts of the laboring classes are rare, and the mujik, from which class the factory operatives come, is extremely unmanageable when his temper is aroused. But it soon became apparent that these laborers had no real sympathy with the students and contemplated no general uprising.

The autocratic power of the Emperor is not exercised in a spirit of despotic oppression, but with a just regard to the laws and the rights of his subjects, interfering as supreme over the statutes when they appear to fail in meeting the exigencies of the moment or the equities of the case in point. The judicial system administers the law in a spirit of equity, tending rather to study the rights in each case than to apply a hard and fast interpretation of legal phraseology. And the Russian subject is ever accustomed to look to the sense of equity in his sovereign and his sovereign's servants rather than to the letter of the

law, confident in the paternal regard for the rights and welfare of the subject.

A spirit of paternalism pervades all the relations of the Russian government with its subjects. State aid is applied wherever it is believed that it can ameliorate social conditions, promote progress, or stimulate or foster industry. Protection of home industries by customs duties to the point of prohibition of import is an avowed principle of the present Minister of Finance. Where a high tariff has been found to be inadequate to enforce consumption of home manufactures, as in the case of railway supplies and equipment, prohibition of import, except by special imperial authority, has been resorted to with the result of enormously increasing the cost of railway construction.

This system of fostering industrial enterprises and enforcing internal development, not only by protection against foreign competition within the empire, but by granting to new manufacturing corporations state aid in the way of government contracts and concessions, has resulted in an excess of capacity to produce over that of the country to consume under the existing conditions.

In our own country, where development has been a matter of growth unaided in any special direction although protected from foreign competition, railway construction has preceded industrial expansion. It is a maxim with us that pig iron is the index of commercial prosperity. The reason of this is that the growth and prosperity of our railways, the great consumers of iron and steel, bring demand for every sort of manufactured article, as well as the means for their distribution and of transportation of raw material to the factories. In Russia industrial enterprise has been pushed far in advance of railway development, which is, as compared with the area and population of the country, below that of any European state. Hence the Russian manufacturer lacks the important if not essential factor of ade-

quate railway communication for his well-being.

The extent of Russia's transportation facilities is inadequate to meet the requirements even of her agricultural needs. To this is due the frequent local famines that occur in the country. None of the recent famines in Russia have been universal, nor indeed has there been for many years at least a shortage of food supply in the empire to meet the needs of all of its inhabitants. The difficulty has been to convey to the sufferers in the famine districts the food required to relieve them. Thus while our contribution of grain during the famine of 1892 was gratefully welcomed as a tangible and hearty expression of American friendship, as a matter of fact it was not required as relief for the sufferers, nor indeed did it materially help the situation, — the difficulty being not lack of food in Russia, but lack of means to convey food to the famine districts.

The inducements offered to capital by the government to invest in industrial enterprises have developed excessive investment in this direction, and the lack of experience in manufacturing on the part of investors has led to extravagance in original outlay and in current expenditure, with the inevitable result of stringency of money upon the first appearance of bad times.

With the general financial stringency now affecting all Europe, Russia finds herself in the midst of a severe industrial and financial crisis which is aggravated by the withdrawal of the support of the government from industrial undertakings, enforced by the cost of military operations in China and Manchuria and the protection of her enormous Asiatic frontier, to which must be added a succession of bad harvests in the agricultural districts.

The withdrawal of government support from industrial production left a very large class of newly established works without a market for their output, with the inevitable reflex effect upon

all branches of manufacture and trade. Such a condition of trade and industry must of necessity have an especially severe effect upon a community where not only is transportation inadequate to cheap distribution of small manufactures and such articles as the common people consume, but where the great bulk of the population, large though it may be, are small consumers.

The principal garment of the peasant for nine months of the year is his sheepskin caftan. Under this he sometimes, but not always, wears a colored cotton shirt, and a pair of woolen trousers tucked into felt boots completes his winter costume. In summer he discards his sheepskin, wearing his red or blue cotton shirt outside of his trousers, his legs below the knee being covered with cotton rags bound about with the cords which hold on his birch-bark shoes.

In the construction of his house he does not use manufactured lumber. Such trees as he requires for his *log izba* are plenty and near at hand, and his own axe suffices to hew and fashion them. For the more finished parts of his structure, the village whipsaw and a neighbor's aid supply him with the few planks he requires.

His agricultural implements, except in those districts, happily growing in number, where the enterprise of the great landed proprietors and of the *zemtsvos* has introduced modern methods, are rude and primitive.

As regards his food and drink, the consumption of manufactured articles is limited to flour and meal of local milling, sugar, which is heavily taxed, and *vodka*, the manufacture of which is a government monopoly.

As might be supposed, the cotton and sugar industries are those that have suffered least during the existing depression.

There has resulted from these conditions a general prostration of business and shrinkage in values, augmented by enforced realizations to meet loans,

and by that general distrust common to financial crises.

It is an unfortunate factor in the case that investors in Russia, especially foreign, have become habituated to depend upon government aid in their investments, be it either in the direction of railways or in industrial enterprises. Such aid is unnatural, and must, in the long run, hinder development rather than help it. A guarantee by the government of the bonds of a railway inevitably gives to the government the right to control its policy in its expenditures and consequent development which will naturally tend to ultra conservatism. Moreover, this spirit hinders the exploitation of commercial lines for which the government sees no immediate need from its point of view, but which it is not unlikely might prove remunerative.

Whether the Russian has in him the qualities necessary for successful manufacture remains to be seen. So far the master has not yet learned the essential of economy, nor has the operative acquired the needful skill and industry to produce manufactured articles in competition with the Western world. A high if not prohibitive tariff protects the manufacturer from outside competition, and the government is ever ready to lend its aid to new industries, by imposing increased duties in their support. In the matter of railway supplies and equipment, importation is forbidden except by imperial permission. But it is at least extremely doubtful whether Russia can for a long time to come compete in foreign markets with the rest of the industrial world.

A variety of factors, now at least existing, must for the present materially interfere with, if not prevent, any great export of manufactured articles from Russia. Such is the absence of any industrial operative class. As yet the factory workmen are peasants, who come into the towns during the winter season of agricultural inactivity to seek employment, expecting to return to their com-

munes for tilling and harvesting. It is evident that such labor can never compete with the highly specialized skilled workmen engaged in manufacturing in the West. Of the great number of holidays, averaging nearly one a week beside Sundays, and sometimes occurring several in succession, it is unnecessary more than to make mention as an obvious hindrance to successful manufacture. The Russian workman is lacking in native dexterity with fine tools for obtaining a fine result. The peasant is skillful in the use of his axe and knife in a certain rough fashioning of wood, but the workman has not that respect for fine tools and delicacy of manipulation which is essential in most branches of modern manufacture. But especially the indolence and lack of emulation in the laborer and the want of the commercial instinct in both master and mechanic stand in the way of Russian industrial development.

On the other hand, labor in Russia is cheap and strikes rare. It is improbable that extensive labor organizations could exist in Russia, the entire policy and system of the government being opposed to anything of the sort.

Although the peasant has not yet developed into a highly skilled mechanic, doubtless largely owing to the fact that a distinct operative class has still to be evolved, he nevertheless shows considerable adaptability to labor in the arts. Throughout the long dark winters the peasants occupy themselves with the manufacture of a variety of articles of commerce and especially toys. Many of these are well made, comparing favorably with similar articles of German manufacture. Nor is this home industry confined to articles of wood, though that is the predominant material employed, but the fashioning of horn and even of metal, as well as the cutting of semi-precious stones, is performed with considerable skill.

Peasant life in Russia is interesting and not unpicturesque. The communal

system of land tenure, which pervades the whole of Great Russia, and which was instituted upon the liberation of the serfs, gives to the communes the holdings of land, each member of the commune being allotted a share for his cultivation, the redistribution of the allotments being periodical, but varying in frequency. Each individual is responsible to the Mir or governing body of the commune for his share of the taxes, the commune being accountable to the government for the total tax. This tax, so called, includes also the annual payment for redemption of the land given to the peasants on their liberation. This land is the agricultural land of the commune, in which there is no individual ownership. It adjoins the village where live the peasants, and where only the ownership is individual.

The periodical redistribution of the land prevents that sense of ownership or even of permanent occupancy essential to first-rate cultivation and care of it, rather begetting that apathy and shiftlessness everywhere apparent in the agricultural districts.

In Siberia, where the tenure of land is for the most part individual and permanent, the peasant colonist presents totally different characteristics from those pertaining to him while in European Russia. He is there vastly more energetic, self-reliant, and thrifty, pursuing better methods of cultivation, and with greater industry.

It has frequently been remarked by writers on Russia, and with truth, that the temperament of the peasant or mujik is sad. This trait is partly climatic and partly due to environment. Nothing more triste can be imagined than the bitter and enduring cold of the Russian winter, with its illimitable and unbroken expanse of snow covering the face of the country for six months of the year, and over which night sets in early in the afternoon. But on the other hand, the peasant, if sad, is seldom despairing. Suicide is extremely rare, and

hardship and misfortune are accepted philosophically as the visitation of God.

It is a curious circumstance that the Russian people seem to have been given, in the Western world, a reputation for cruelty. Nothing could be further from the fact. No gentler, kindlier, more courteous people exists. The mujik chats to his horse as he drives along, calling him by endearing names, and rarely if ever strikes him with the little toy whip he carries, while the love and devotion of parents for their children are extremely touching. Toward each other men and women of all classes are generally courteous and often demonstratively affectionate, men kissing each other on meeting or parting. The noble permits and encourages a degree of familiarity from his servants unknown in the Western world.

The family relations of the rural classes are patriarchal, parents exercising authority over their children even though the latter are parents themselves.

The village usually consists of one long street between the two rows of log houses, which though rarely painted are not without considerable external adornment. In this street the villagers assemble after their labors, during the long summer twilight or the many fête days, to sing or dance to the accompaniment of the *balalika*, a sort of triangular guitar, or to that of the ever present accordian.

The great fêtes when all Russia abandons itself to feasting and rejoicing are "butter week," the week before Lent, and Easter week. During the seven days of the former the orthodox prepare themselves for the long fast by feasting and revelry. Then it is that on every table huge piles of *blini* or griddle cakes are served with melted butter and fresh caviar, which by the way is unknown by that name in Russia, *caviar*, the nearest sound, being a carpet, while what we call caviar is *ikra* in Russian.

During Lent all gayety ceases, the

theatres are closed, and all are occupied with their religious devotions, which end only on Easter morning. The night before, every orthodox church in Russia is filled to its utmost capacity, rich and poor rubbing elbows, while crowds stand outside, many bearing loaves to be blessed by the priests when the rising of Christ is proclaimed by them. Nothing more sublime in the way of church music can be imagined than is that of the service in the great cathedrals during this ceremony. The wonderful bass voices vibrating like the pipes of a great organ, for the music is entirely vocal, unaided by instrumental accompaniment. The climax of the beautiful choral service is reached in the joyful proclamation of the resurrection, which ends it as the great bells ring out the birth of Easter morning. Now in every house tables are spread, and the feasting and merry-making continue throughout the week. The universal salutation is "Christ is risen," accompanied by the kiss of peace. Everywhere the theatres reopen, from those of the imperial court to the balagan of the peasants, where are enacted pseudo-historical dramas of the most naïve description.

The Russian opera is extremely interesting, as well from a dramatic as from a musical point of view. The operas of Glinka and Tschai-kowsky are preëminent, but those of Rimsky-Korsakoff and other composers are full of both musical and dramatic interest. The Italian school is the basis of musical construction of most of these operas, but the music itself is wholly Russian, as is the plot. Glinka's beautiful *A Life for the Tsar* is *facile princeps* the favorite with all classes, and is mounted at the Imperial Marie Theatre with all the sumptuousness characteristic of the productions of that wonderful playhouse.

It is in this opera that occurs the most inspiring of all mazarukas, that dance of which so much has been written, but of the grace of which no writer has succeeded in conveying an adequate

impression. It permits of the wildest abandon, it is true, but this is by no means its chief charm. It is a dance which permits of every shade of poetic expression, from the wild energy of the Cossack camp to the refinement of the imperial palace. The mazaruka, like the stately polonaise, with which the imperial balls are invariably opened, is an importation from Poland, but unlike the polonaise it is elastic to poetic fancy, and has thrived in the soil of the essentially poetic Russian temperament, and become, if not indigenous, thoroughly assimilated.

The scenes of these operas are laid in Russia, and all include ballets, introducing some of the national dances, of which there are many, ranging from the fantastic contortional dances of the peasants to those of a more dignified and graceful character belonging to the old boyar class.

To the musical digestion trained to endure nothing less than Wagner, perhaps these Russian operas would not recommend themselves; but to persons of lighter mind and fancy who find occasional need of a less substantial pabulum they are delightfully refreshing, and their sweetness is not cloyed with the hackneyed inanities of the librettist of the Italian school. In the place of such dish-water plots, a libretto of real literary merit presents some story of Russian history, or of folk-lore, or of a tale of Pushkin's. Among such are Tschai-kowsky's *Pikovoi Dama* (The Queen of Spades) and *Effgene Onegine*. Many minor operas also by less known composers, the plots of which are founded upon national tales and folk-stories, are full of both dramatic and musical interest.

Within the past year has been completed the new People's Theatre, the gift of the Emperor to the people, where are given at prices within the reach of the poor excellent dramatic and operatic works admirably mounted and performed. Here for five cents an

evening of elevating amusement may be enjoyed, preceded, if desired, by a wholesome, well-cooked meal at an equally moderate price. No intoxicants are sold upon the premises. The seats in this theatre are always filled, and every inch of standing room occupied. The building is a large and handsome fireproof structure, designed in excellent taste, and furnished with every comfort and convenience. The good moral effect upon the people is already apparent in a marked decrease in drunkenness and disorder.

In point of stage setting and of costume, the imperial theatres have set so high a standard that the public would tolerate nothing less than excellence.

Twice a week throughout the winter season the Marie Theatre is given over to the production of ballet, usually national, and always of a very high order. Here, while costume and scenic effect have their due place, they do not constitute, as at the great Paris and London ballet theatres, the chief entertainment. The music is of the very best, being that of the great Russian composers, who have thought the theme well worthy of their muse. The dancing itself is such as can be seen nowhere outside of Russia. Here it is still regarded as a fine art, and the ballet, which in other capitals has degenerated into a mere spectacular representation, in St. Petersburg preserves the æsthetic traditions of the old Italian school. From the première danseuse to the hindermost coryphée, all are carefully trained in the imperial school of the ballet from earliest youth, receiving there a most thorough professional education and careful supervision. The result is not alone great individual excellence of performance, but a grace and precision of execution in all concerted dancing which accentuates and explains the music.

The Russians are essentially a dancing people, and it is doubtless due to this national trait that the ballet so tenaciously holds its place. The dances

of the peasants, often grotesque in their abandon, requiring an extraordinary agility in execution, are yet often full of grace and dignity. The beautiful mazarika, still the favorite at balls with all young people, intricate and difficult for foreigners to acquire, is danced by every young officer with an ease and grace rarely seen with us even upon the stage.

The recent production of the trilogy of historical plays written by Alexis Tolstoy, illustrating the rise to power of Boris Godonoff, was unquestionably one of the most remarkable dramatic events in the history of the modern stage. The trilogy comprises *The Death of Ivan the Terrible*, *Feodor Ivanovitch*, and *Tsar Boris* (Godonoff). Their public presentation was interdicted for twenty-five years, and it was only in the winter of 1898 that they were produced upon the public stage. They form a nearly continuous historical sequence, throughout which many of the same characters appear, chief of whom is Boris Godonoff, who, commencing his career in the first act of the first piece as the modest junior in the Council of Boyars, with gradually increasing influence and ambition becomes the favorite of Ivan, who marries his son Feodor, the weak, to Godonoff's sister. On the death of Ivan, Boris, as brother-in-law and chief counselor to the Tsar, is seen to be the moving power in the state, until in the last play he is exhibited at the zenith of his glory as Tsar of Russia.

The admirable literary quality of these plays, which are written in very beautiful blank verse, their essential historical truthfulness, the fine and noble delineation of character and the powerful development of a brilliant series of dramatic situations entitle them to high distinction. It is not therefore surprising that with an excellent stage setting, carefully studied and richly executed costumes and accessories, and above all presented by a company of actors of very great ability, the production

of these three plays should have aroused extraordinary enthusiasm among the theatre-going people throughout Russia.

A dramatic representation, witnessed only by a favored few, was that of the translation of Hamlet into Russian by His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, in which His Imperial Highness himself assumed the title rôle. This was given at the theatre of the Palace of the Hermitage during the winter of 1900-01. The translation itself possesses very high literary merit, and shows a profound acquaintance with Shakespeare. The Grand Duke has devoted many years to the study of Hamlet, as his interpretation of the part gave evidence, and his rendering of the rôle was an extremely finished performance of real artistic merit and force, and remarkably free from hackneyed stage conventionalities, while preserving the best traditions of our stage. The consciousness on the part of the spectator that the rôle of Hamlet was being played by a *de facto* prince of the blood royal, consequently familiar with the interior life of royalty, added a special interest to the representation. This was further increased by the fact of the close relations of the imperial family of Russia with the royal family of Denmark, which gave warrant for the historical accuracy of the costuming and accessories.

Romance and fiction have attributed to St. Petersburg life an exaggerated picturesqueness and brilliancy which hardly exists, at least at the present day. The radiant skating carnivals upon the Neva we read of are, alas, figments of the imagination. The *troika* rides are less swift than imagination paints them. The gypsies who sing in the cafés upon the islands, although captivating to the Russian fancy, do not greatly appeal to the Western taste, which finds their voices nasal and their features unpleasing. It must be admit-

ted, however, that the singing of the gypsies deeply interests a certain Russian element, who linger late into the morning to listen to them.

Winter life in Russia's capital, it is true, is gay, and the court is probably the most brilliant in the world. The sledge, drawn by a pair of long-tailed black or gray Orloff trotters, glides rapidly over the smooth streets ever white with freshly fallen snow, — for it snows a little every day in St. Petersburg, but rarely hard, and blizzards are unknown. But the sledging for pleasure is upon the streets or on the Quay, which, of a sunny afternoon in February, is brilliant, not upon the frozen Neva. Until Lent the pace is fast with dinners, theatre parties, balls and routs, but it is much after the manner of the rest of the world.

It is common to speak of St. Petersburg as a cosmopolitan city, presenting nothing Russian in its appearance, like in fact to any other European capital. This is hardly correct. Cosmopolitan it is, truly, but it resembles in no particular the typical of European cities. Were it not for the dress of the ubiquitous *isvorstehik* and other peasant types there would remain the great *dvors* or markets, the domed and minareted churches of Byzantine architecture, the wide wooden paved streets frequently crossing the many canals, which all give to the Russian capital an individuality quite its own. True, it is not constructed upon the typical Russian plan, the basis of which is the Kremlin, best illustrated in Moscow. This, the ancient capital, for Kieff belongs to a time antedating the history of united Russia, is indeed more typically Russian than St. Petersburg, and here life too partakes of a different and more distinctly national character. It is the centre of the business life, but St. Petersburg must ever represent the thought and the progress of the empire.

Herbert H. D. Pierce.

MEMORIES OF A HOSPITAL MATRON.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

At the beginning of the war we had no scarcity of provisions, such as they were, and we early became accustomed to rye coffee and sassafras tea. We had always been able to give the "sweet-tater pudding" to the Georgian, made after his mother's fashion, and the biscuit demanded by the North Carolinian, "dark inside and white outside."

But as the war went on, only peas, dried peas, seemed plentiful, and we made them up in every variety of form of which dried peas are capable. In soup they appeared one day; the second day we had cold peas; then they were fried (when we had the grease); baked peas came on the fourth day; and then we began again with the soup. Toward the last we lived on corn meal and sorghum, a very coarse molasses, with a happy interval when a blockade runner brought us dried vegetables for soup from our sympathetic English friends. A pint of corn meal and a gill of sorghum was the daily ration. Each Saturday I managed to get to the Libby Prison or Belle Isle, and many a hungry Confederate gave me his portion of more delicate fare, when such was to be had, to give to the prisoners who might be sick, and were "not used to corn bread." If beans and corn bread were not always wholesome, they certainly made a cheerful diet; and full of fun were the "tea parties," where we drank an infusion of strawberry and raspberry leaves. I never heard any one complain save those greedy fellows the convalescents, who could each have eaten a whole beef. I could only sympathize when they clamored loudly for a change of diet; for what could we do when we had only peas, corn bread, and sorghum! At last convalescing nature could stand it no

longer. I was told that the men had refused to eat peas, and had thrown them over the clean floor, and daubed them on the freshly whitewashed walls of their dining room. The unkindest cut of all was that this little rebellion was headed by a one-armed man who had been long in the hospital, a great sufferer, and in consequence had been pampered with wheaten bread and otherwise "spoiled." Like naughty schoolboys, I found these men throwing my boiled peas at one another, pewter plates and spoons flying about, and the walls and floor covered with the fragments of the offensive vi- and.

"What does this mean?" I asked. "Do you Southern men complain of food which we women eat without repugnance? Are you not ashamed to be so dainty? I suppose you want pies and cakes."

"They are filled with worms!" a rude voice cried. "I do not believe you eat the same."

"Let me taste them," I replied, taking a plate from before a man and eating with his pewter spoon. "This is from the same pea-pot. Indeed, we have but one pot for us all, and I spent hours this morning picking out the worms, which do not injure the taste and are perfectly harmless. It is good, wholesome food."

"Mighty colicky, anyhow," broke in an old man.

The men laughed, but, taking no notice of a fact which all admitted, I said: "Peas are the best fighting food. The government gives it to us on principle. There were McClellan's men, eating good beef, canned fruits and vegetables, trying for seven days to get to Richmond, and we, on dried peas, kept them back.

I shall always believe that had we eaten his beef, and they our peas, the result would have been different."

This was received with roars of laughter. The men, now in good humor, ate the peas which remained, washed the floor and cleaned the walls. Such is the variable temper of the soldier, eager to resent real or imaginary wrongs, yet quick to return to good humor and fun. But the spoiled one-armed man had "General Lee's socks" put on him, and went to his regiment the next day.

This discipline of General Lee's socks was an "institution" peculiar to our hospital. Mrs. Lee, it is well known, spent most of her time in making gloves and socks for the soldiers. She also gave me, at one time, several pairs of General Lee's old socks, so darned that we saw they had been well worn by our hero. We kept these socks to apply to the feet of those laggard "old soldiers" who were suspected of preferring the "luxury" of hospital life to the activity of the field. And such was the effect of the application of these warlike socks that even a threat of it had the result of sending a man to his regiment who had lingered months in inactivity. It came to be a standing joke in the hospital, infinitely enjoyed by the men. If a poor wretch was out of his bed over a week, he would be threatened with General Lee's socks: and through this means some most obstinate cases were cured. Four of the most determined rheumatic patients, who had resisted scarifying of the limbs, and, what was worse, the smallest and thinnest of diets, were sent to their regiments, and did good service afterwards. With these men the socks had to be left on several hours, amidst shouts of laughter from the "assistants;" showing that though men may withstand pain and starvation, they succumb directly to ridicule.

After the "beans riot" came the "bread riot." Every one who has known hospital life, in Confederate times es-

pecially, will remember how the steward, the man who holds the provisions, is held responsible for every shortcoming, by both surgeons and matrons as well as by the men. Whether he has money or not, he must give plenty to eat; and there exists between the steward and the convalescents, those hungry fellows long starved in camp, and now recovering from fever or wounds, a deadly antagonism, constantly breaking out into "overt acts." The steward is to them a "cheat," — the man who withholds from them the rations given out by the government. He must have the meat, though the quartermaster may not furnish it, and it is his fault alone when the bread rations are short. Our steward, a meek little man, was no exception to this rule. Pale with fright, he came one day to say that the convalescents had stormed the bakery, taken out the half-cooked bread and scattered it about the yard, beaten the baker, and threatened to hang the steward. Always eager to save the men from punishment, yet recognizing that discipline must be preserved, I hurried to the scene of war, to throw myself into the breach before the surgeon should arrive with the guard to arrest the offenders. Here I found the new bakery — a "shanty" made of plank, which had been secured at great trouble — leveled to the ground, and two hundred excited men clamoring for the bread which they declared the steward withheld from them from meanness, or stole from them for his own benefit.

"And what do you say of the matron?" I asked, rushing into their midst. "Do you think that she, through whose hands the bread must pass, is a party to the theft? Do you accuse me, who have nursed you through months of illness, making you chicken soup when we had not seen chicken for a year, forcing an old breastbone to do duty for months for those unreasonable fellows who wanted to see the chicken, — me, who gave you a greater variety in peas than was ever

known before, and who latterly stewed your rats when the cook refused to touch them? And this is your gratitude! You tear down my bakehouse, beat my baker, and want to hang my steward! Here, guard, take four of these men to the guardhouse. You all know if the head surgeon were here forty of you would go."

To my surprise, the angry men of the moment before laughed and cheered, and there ensued a struggle as to who should go to the guardhouse. A few days after there came to me a "committee" of two sheepish-looking fellows, to ask my acceptance of a ring. Each of the poor men had subscribed something from his pittance, and their old enemy the steward had been sent to town to make the purchase. Accompanying the ring was a bit of dirty paper, on which was written: —

FOR OUR CHIEF MATRON

In honor of her Brave Conduct on the day of

THE BREAD RIOT

It was the ugliest little ring ever seen, but it was "pure gold" as were the hearts which sent it, and it shall go down to posterity in my family, in memory of the brave men who led the bread riot, and who suffered themselves to be conquered by a hospital matron.

What generous devotion was seen on all sides! What unanimity of feeling! What noble sacrifice! I have known a little boy of six or eight years walk three miles to bring me one lemon which had come to him through the blockade, or one roll of wheat bread which he knew would be relished by a sick soldier. In passing through town to go to meet exchanged prisoners, my ambulance would be hailed from every door, and the dinners just served for a hungry family brought out to feed the returned men. They would all say, with General Joseph Anderson, when I prayed them to retain a part of their dinner, "We can eat dry bread to-day." As I recall those scenes

my heart breaks again. I must leave my pen, and walk about to compose myself and wipe the tears from my eyes. I see the steamer arrive, with its load of dirty, ragged men, half dead with illness and starvation. I hear the feeble shout they raise, as they reply to the assembled crowd in waiting. The faint wail of Dixie's Land comes to my ears. Men weep, and women stretch their arms toward the ship. A line is formed, and the tottering men come down the gangway to be received in the arms of family and friends. Many kiss the ground as they reach it, and some kiss it and die! Food and drink are given; doctors are in attendance; the best carriages in Richmond await these returned heroes; the stretchers receive those who have come home to die. And these soldiers, in this wretched plight, are returned to us from "a land flowing with milk and honey," — from those who so lately were our brothers, — a land where there are brave men and tender women!

I can never forget a poor fellow from whose feet and legs, covered with scurvy sores, I was three weeks taking out with pincers the bits of stocking which had grown into the flesh during eighteen months' imprisonment. Every day I would try to dispose his heart to forgiveness; every morning ask, "Do you forgive your enemies?" — when he would turn his face to the wall and cry, "But they did me so bad!" Vainly I reminded him, "Our Lord was crucified, yet He forgave his enemies," and that unless he forgave he would not be forgiven. Only the last day of his life did he yield, and with his last breath murmur: "Lord, I forgive them! Lord, forgive me!"

One day, while at Camp Winder, there was brought into the hospital a fine-looking young Irishman, covered with blood, and appearing to be in a dying condition. He was of a Savannah regiment, and the comrades who were detailed to bring him to us stated that in passing Lynchburg they had descended at the station, and

hurrying to regain the train, this man had jumped from the ground to the platform. Almost instantly he began to vomit blood. It was plain he had ruptured a blood vessel, and they had feared he would not live to get to a hospital. Tenderly he was lifted from the litter, and every effort made to stanch the bleeding. We were not allowed to wash or dress him, speak, or make the slightest noise to disturb him. As I pressed a handkerchief upon his lips he opened his eyes, and fixed them upon me with an eagerness which showed me he wished to say something. By this time we had become quick to interpret the looks and motions of the poor fellows committed to our hands. Dropping upon my knees, I made the sign of the cross. I saw the answer in his eyes. He was a Catholic, and wanted a priest to prepare him for death. Softly and distinctly I promised to send for a priest, should death be imminent, and reminded him that upon his obedience to the orders to be quiet, and not agitate mind or body, depended his life and his hope of speaking when the priest should appear. With childlike submission he closed his eyes, and lay so still that we had to touch his pulse from time to time to be assured that he lived. With the morning the bleeding ceased, and he was able to swallow medicine and nourishment, and in another day he was allowed to say a few words. Soon he asked for the ragged jacket which, according to rule, had been placed under his pillow, and took from the lining a silver watch, and then a one-hundred-dollar United States bank note greeted our eyes. It must have been worth one thousand dollars in Confederate money, and that a poor soldier should own so much at this crisis of our fate was indeed a marvel.

I took charge of his treasures till he could tell us his history and say what should be done with them when death, which was inevitable, came to him. It was evident that he had fallen into a

rapid decline, though relieved from the fear of immediate death. Fever and cough and those terrible night sweats soon reduced this stalwart form to emaciation. Patient and uncomplaining, he had but one anxiety, and this was for the fate of the treasures he had guarded through three long years, in battle and in bivouac, in hunger and thirst and nakedness. He was with his regiment at Bull Run, and after the battle, seeing a wounded Federal leaning against a tree and apparently dying, he went to him, and found he belonged to a New York regiment, and that he was an Irishman. Supporting the dying man and praying beside him, he received his last words, and with them his watch and a one-hundred-dollar bank note which he desired should be given to his sister. Our Irishman readily promised she should have this inheritance when the war ended, and at the earliest opportunity sewed the money in the lining of his jacket and hid away the watch, keeping them safely through every change and amidst every temptation which beset the poor soldier in those trying times. He was sure that he would "some day" get to New York, and be able to restore these things to the rightful owner. Even at this late day he held the same belief, and could not be persuaded that the money was a "fortune of war;" that he had a right to spend it for his own comfort, or to will it to whom he would; that even were the war over, and he in New York, it would be impossible to find the owner with so vague a clue as he possessed.

"And did you go barefoot and ragged and hungry all these three years," asked the surgeon, "with this money in your pocket? Why, you might have sold it and been a rich man, and have done a world of good."

"Sure, doctor, it was not mine to give," was the simple answer of the dying man. "If it please Almighty God, when the war is over, I thought to go to New York and advertise in the papers

for Bridget O'Reilly, and give it into her own hand."

"But," I urged, "there must be hundreds of that name in the great city of New York. How would you decide should dishonest ones come to claim this money?"

"Sure I would have it called by the priest out from God's holy altar," he replied, after a moment's thought.

It was hard to destroy in the honest fellow the faith that was in him. With the priest who came to see him he argued after the same fashion, and, as his death approached, we had to get the good bishop to settle this matter of "conscience money." The authority of so high a functionary prevailed, and the dying man was induced to believe he had a right to dispose of this little fortune. The watch he wished to send to an Irishman in Savannah who had been a friend, a brother to him, for he had come with him from the "old country." As for the money, he had heard that the little orphans of Savannah had had no milk for two long years. He would like "all that money to be spent in milk for them." A lady who went to Georgia the day after we buried him took the watch and the money, and promised to see carried out the last will and testament of this honest heart.

But space would fail me to tell of all. There were those noble Israelites of Savannah and of Carolina, who fought so bravely and endured pain so patiently, and were so gentle and grateful when placed with their own people, that generous family of Myers, whose hearts and purses were open to us all. And my poor, ugly smallpox men! How could I fail to mention you, in whose sufferings was no "glory,"—whose malady was so disgusting and so contagious as to shut you out from companionship and sympathy! We had about twenty of these patients in tents a mile away, near Hollywood Cemetery, where they could well meditate amidst the tombs. Often

in the night I would wake, thinking I heard their groans. Lantern in hand, and carrying a basket of something nice to eat, and a cooling salve for the blinded eyes and the sore and bleeding faces, I would betake me to the tents, to hear the grateful welcome, "We knew you would come to-night!" "Can I have a drop of milk or wine?" A few encouraging words and a little prayer soon soothed them to sleep. These were my favorites, except some men with old wounds that never would heal, and our "pet" whom we rescued from the deadhouse.

In war as in life it is not always December; it is sometimes May. Even in hospitals, as I have shown, there are often droll scenes and cheerful laughter. One day a young Carolinian was brought in, wounded in the tongue. A ball had taken it half off, and a bit of the offending member hung most inconveniently out of his mouth, and prevented his eating and speaking, obliging him to be fed through a tube. In vain he made signs to the doctor, and wrote on a slate that they must cut off this piece of tongue. The surgeons refused, fearing the incision of the small blood vessels would be fatal. One day, when he was left alone with the faithful servant who had been with him in every danger, he obliged this man to perform the operation. After doing it, the poor negro was so frightened he ran to us, exclaiming: "I done cut Marse Charlie's tongue off! Come quick!" Fortunately, he had but a very dull pocket knife, and so the blood vessels filled as he cut, and there was little or no harm done. "Marse Charlie" got well, and went to fight again. I forget if he could talk understandingly.

In the intervals of nursing and cooking we wove straw for our bonnets, and dyed it with walnut hulls, and made gloves from brown linen and ratskins. From old pantaloons we got our boot tops, which were laced with twine and soled by some soldier. Woolens and cottons were woven in the country, and

we cut the gowns with less regard to form than to economy. After General McClellan's retreat from the peninsula, we had quantities of captured kitchen furniture, which was divided amongst the hospitals. I went to town to get my share. A mirror hung in the shop, high over the door. Glancing up, I saw in it a strange-looking woman, in an ill-hung gown of no particular color, a great cape of the same, and a big blue apron, while her head was surmounted by a shapeless hat of brown straw. "Do I look like that?" I asked, surprised. The much-amused man replied that I certainly did.

As the "lines" drew in closer and closer, the men nurses (convalescents) were taken to the field, and our servants, many of them, ran away. Then came our daughters and the young ladies of the city to assist us. The dainty belles of Richmond, amongst them General Lee's own daughters, would be seen staggering under a tray of eatables for a ward of forty patients, which food they would be enjoined to make go as far as possible. Miss Jeannie Ritchie had a wonderful knack at making a little go a great way, often satisfying her men and having something to spare to the others who had not enough to go round. I have seen three or four of these belles drag from an ambulance a wounded man fresh from the lines at Petersburg, washing and dressing him with their dainty fingers.

It is wonderful how we slept, those last two years in the beleaguered city, with guns booming night as well as day, and the whistle from the railway giving signal continually of a load of wounded from the lines.

Yet these guns seemed less near and less fatal than those at Charleston, where I went during the siege of that city, on my way to Georgia to beg for our hospital. We were in need of everything, — sheets for the beds, shirts for the men. We had not a rag with which to dress wounds, and even paper for spreading poultices and plasters was difficult to

obtain. I had transportation with the soldiers, and traveled with them in box cars, sleeping on the floor, covered with a big shawl, with a little carpet bag for a pillow. When we stopped to change cars, I lay down with the men on the platform of the station, and slept as soundly as they did, always meeting with kindness and offers of service. Sometimes my transportation got me a provision train loaded with grain, where I slept comfortably on the bags of corn, and so reached Augusta. The Messrs. Jackson, who had fine cotton mills, generously gave me sheetings and shirtings in abundance, with a piece of fine shirting for General Lee, one for General Cooper, and a third for the ladies of our hospital. Everywhere were the same generosity and hospitality. The dweller in the poorest cottage would give something "for the soldiers," — a package of precious rags, a bunch of herbs for teas, — things which would be of little value in time of peace, but were now priceless. At Macon the priest and his sister came to the station and took me to their house; and from kind Mr. and Mrs. Gilmartin, of Savannah, it was difficult to get away. I came home laden with spoils.

Stopping in Charleston, I went to see my friends the Sisters of Mercy, who had now enough to do in their own city. One of these, full of courage, proposed to show me the beautiful houses on the Battery, which were fast being torn to pieces by the shells of the enemy. There had been an intermission in the firing that day, and the Sister was sure we would have time to see everything and get back before the guns recommenced. While we were mourning over these ruined homes, the seats of renowned hospitality, and whose roses were clinging to the falling walls, we heard a whizzing above our heads, and down we went to the bottom of the carriage, and down went the latter into a cellar, to shelter us from the danger to which our curiosity had exposed us. On my return to Richmond I joined Colonel

Tabb's Virginia regiment, and was with them when they had a fight for the possession of a bridge over Nottoway Creek, near Petersburg. The charming young colonel recommended me to leave the train, and go into one of the houses near. Here was a scene of fear and dismay. Women were hurrying with their beds and furniture to a hiding place in the woods, weeping, and shouting to one another, sure the Yankees would be upon them immediately to burn and rifle their houses. Happily for them and for us all, our people drove the enemy away, and with one wounded man and one prisoner we reached Richmond without further delay.

Amongst the sad events of 1864 was the death of General J. E. B. Stuart, who was wounded mortally in one of the raids around Richmond. We hurried to town to see once more this *preux chevalier*. President Davis knelt at his bedside, and life was flowing fast away. Of all the military funerals I have seen, this was the most solemn. As we walked behind the bier which carried this hero of the Song and Sword, who, like Körner,

"Fought the fight all day,
And sung its song all night,"

the stillness was broken only by the

"distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing."

Every one recalled the lines:—

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory."

Eleven months later came "that day of woe, that awful day," which saw the evacuation of Richmond. All day and night streamed forth the people who could get away. Every carriage, wagon, cart, every horse, was in demand, and sad-faced people on foot, with little bundles, thronged the one outlet left open from the ill-fated city. By night it was deserted: only a few old men, with women and children, remained, and the swarm of negroes awaiting the triumphal entry

of their Northern brethren, whom we knew to be the advance of the army of occupation. The next morning dawned on a scene truly demoniacal. Fire seemed to blaze in every quarter, and there was no one to combat it. Our people had set fire to the Tredegar Works before leaving, in order to deprive the enemy of them. My brother-in-law had gone with the President, and my sister, in her terror, prayed me to come into town to protect her when the enemy should enter. I set out from the hospital on foot, taking along a big South Carolina soldier named Sandy, who was full of fight and strength, to pilot me through the perilous way. Between us and the city lay the penitentiary in flames, and from out of the building poured a hideous throng, laden with booty, and adding to the general uproar by their shouts. We hid behind a wall till they passed, when next was encountered a hearse drawn by two negroes, from out of which streamed ends of silk and calico and cotton stolen from some shop. Farther on came another hearse, from behind which oozed upon the ground tea and coffee and sugar, ill secured in the hasty flight of the thieves. On every side of us were falling walls and beams from the burning houses, and with every explosion from the factories of arms the earth would tremble, as it seemed, and the shock would sometimes throw us to the ground. We were long making our way to the pandemonium which awaited us in the town. Here tottered a church steeple; there a friend's house was on fire, and women and children were trying to save the household goods which the negroes were appropriating to themselves. We met some women who told us that the railway station was on fire, filled with wounded men from Petersburg. Happily, the men had been withdrawn by the ever helpful women. But here was a sight! The street ran flames of burning spirits, which had been emptied from the stock of the medical director in or-

der to prevent their being used by the incoming soldiery. On the roof of my sister's house wet blankets were laid by her servants; and a few doors below was Mrs. Lee, infirm, unable to walk, yet in danger from the falling of a burning church and the houses across the way. My cousin Mrs. Rhett and I proposed to make our way to the commandant and ask for means to meet this danger. The fire raged furiously between us and the Capitol, the "headquarters," and we made a long detour through Broad Street to reach it. Here we encountered the regiment of negro cavalry which came in the advance. Along the sidewalk were ranged our negroes, shouting and bidding welcome, to which the others replied, waving their drawn sabres, "We have come to set you free!" My little nephew, who held my hand, trembled, but not with fear. He kept repeating, "I must kill them, I must strike them." "Be still, or you will be killed," was all I could say. It was not that we were afraid of our own people. The Southern negro never forgot the love and respect he had for his master. There is not one record against their true, warm hearts. Yet what might we not have encountered but for the prompt and kind care of the officers in command! In a few hours sentinels were at every corner; the thieves were compelled to yield up their ill-gotten gains, and every instance of insult to ladies was summarily punished.

Coming into the presence of General Weitzel, we hastily explained our errand. "Mrs. Lee in danger!" he cried. "The mother of Fitz Lee, — she who nursed me so tenderly when I was ill at West Point? What can I do for her?" We explained that it was as well for her as for the other Mrs. Lee that we claimed his aid. In an instant he wrote upon his knee an order for the ambulances we needed; and at the head of five of these conveyances we led the way through the fire and smoke, our

sleeves singed and our faces begrimed with soot and dirt. We posted an ambulance at every door where there were sick and infirm, and little children; and when I reached my sister's with the last one, my driver had unaccountably become so drunk that I could hardly hold him upon his seat. At the door were my sister's little girls, each with her bundle of most precious things to be saved. In vain would I "back up" to the pavement; my man would jerk the horse, and off we would go into the middle of the street, where he would hiccough: "Come along, Virginia aristocracy! I won't hurt you!" An officer galloping by, seeing my dilemma, stopped, seized the horse's head, backed him, and gave the driver a good whack with his sheathed sword, which sobered him for a moment. We loaded up, and moved off to the lovely house of Mrs. Rutherford, which, with its fine furniture, lay open and deserted. Here we took refuge, and leaving our driver without an encircling arm, I am persuaded he went under the horse's heels before long.

There came in with the first division Dr. Alexander Mott, of New York, as chief of the medical department. I had known him from his boyhood, and his wife was our friend and connection. He sought me out, and begged me to go instantly to our officers' hospital, left vacant by the Sisters of Charity, into which he must put his sick and wounded, and for whom he had no nurses. He could not provide nurses until the way was well opened with the North. I was glad to do this, especially as there were many of our officers yet remaining, who had been recommended to my care by the Sisters, and the few men who were still at Camp Winder could well be cared for by others.

I had naturally many *contretemps* in this my new hospital, though the surgeons in charge knew that I was nursing their people for sweet charity's sake, and not for their "filthy lucre." They first laid hands on the furniture of my

room, which I had removed from Camp Winder, and which had been given me by friends to make me comfortable. I assured them it was private property, yet they contended it could be "confiscated" for their use. Fortunately, Dr. Simmons, a surgeon of the "old army," was now medical director, and, knowing him to have been a friend of General Lee and General Chilton, I went to him with my report of the matter. He roundly declared there should be no "stealing" in his department: so next day my bed and wardrobe came back, with many apologies. We had been afraid that these surgeons would put their "colored brethren" in the same ward with our officers, but the latter were spared this humiliation. Apropos of the colored soldiers, one day the doctor in charge of these wards came to tell me he had great difficulty in managing some of them. They were homesick, would not eat or be washed and dressed.

"Perhaps they are Southern negroes," I said, "and accustomed to the gentle hand of a mistress. I will see."

And so it proved. As I went from bed to bed, I asked, "Where did you come from, uncle?" "I come out der family ob de great Baptis' preacher Mr. Broadus, in Kentuck," said one. "I ain't used to no nigger waitin' on me when I'se sick. My ole missis always 'tend me, an' gib me de bes' ob brandy toddy wid white sugar an' nutmeg in it." When I could say I knew his illustrious family, I was admitted to the privilege of washing his old black face, cleaning his fevered mouth, and putting on his clean shirt, and he drank eagerly the toddy made like that of "ole mis'." And so with them all. They did not "want to fight" and be killed; all they wanted was to be "carried back to Ole Kentuck."

These were the days which tried women's souls. Not one of our friends came to see us whose pocket was not examined by the sentinel at the gate, to

see if I had given her a bit of bread or a few beans for the starving people outside. I had to make a compact with my surgeons to draw my ration of meat and give it away if I pleased: and it was thus I obtained for Mrs. Lee her first beefsteak. After General Lee came in from "the surrender," he might have had the rations of half the Northern soldiers, had he been willing to receive them. I have seen an Irishman who had served under him in Mexico stand at his door with a cheese and a can of preserves, praying him to accept them. General Lee thanked him, and sent the things to the sick in the hospital. As soon as provisions could be brought in, rations were distributed to the inhabitants. It was not infrequent to see a fine lady, in silk and lace, receiving timidly, at the hands of a dirty negro, the ration of fat pork and meal or flour which her necessity obliged her to seek. Fortunately, many people had hidden under the cellar floor rice and beans, upon which they lived till the better days came. These came on the first steamer, heralded by Mr. Corcoran from Washington, who, with his pockets filled with ten and five dollar notes, placed one in every empty hand, and soothed every proud heart with words of sympathy. There came also Mr. Garmandier, of Baltimore, with wine and brandy and whiskey for the old and feeble, distributing them from house to house.

I must not fail to relate my visit to the Libby Prison and its changed inmates. Upon what pretext these men were crowded into the Libby I cannot conceive, since they were paroled prisoners, who expected to be sent to their homes by the terms of the surrender. Hearing that this prison was filled with men to whom no rations were distributed, I went there, to find the house besieged by women seeking their missing friends, weeping and crying out: "John, are you there?" "Oh, somebody tell me if my husband is in there!" and again, "Let down your tin cup, and I'll send you up something

in it!" With difficulty I entered, and with greater difficulty moved about. The very staircases were crowded with men, packed like herrings in a box; they could neither lie down nor sit down. I was able to satisfy the women and send them away. The sentinel at the door was very civil. He said the men could not be fed without bread, none having come. He was sure they would soon be released, etc. Alas, the cruelties of war, and its abuses!

When I applied to the commandant, General Gibbon, for a pass to go to the North, I was asked if I had taken "the oath." "No," I replied, "and I never will! Suppose your wife should swear fealty to another man because you had lost everything? You would expect her to be more faithful because of your misfortunes." "She has you there, general," said a young aide-de-camp. "Let me give her the pass." And he did so.

My first visit was naturally to our old home, near Alexandria, and here I found several of the neighbors trying, like myself, to trace the once familiar road. Trees gone, fences burned, houses torn down, the face of the whole country was changed. From the débris of the ruined houses the freedmen had built themselves huts, in which they swarmed. In vain I tried to buy out those who sought refuge in our ruins. The offer to send them to Boston was received with scorn. They had no notion of leaving "Ole Virginny." My next visit was to see the man whom we all delighted to honor, — now more than ever, as he was suffering imprisonment and wrong for our sakes. I went to Old Point, made my way into his presence, and spent a day in talking with him and Mrs. Davis of the sad past, the sadder present, and that future which looked saddest of all.

I could not stay long in the North, though it contained the dearest object of my affections, the only child of my only brother. Lost without my accustomed employment, I asked myself what

remained for me to do in the world. The work was at hand, as I found. Soon I was occupied in Baltimore, in taking food and clothing to the sufferers on the Rappahannock. Mr. John S. Gittings gave me transportation on his steamers to Fredericksburg and back, and every week I had boxes and barrels to distribute along the river, collected by the generous Baltimoreans; while Miss Harper, Major Mathias, and others made me welcome to their houses and to their stores. From the highest to the lowest, the hearts of the people were open to us. In a grocer's shop, one day, I was telling a lady I knew of an Episcopal clergyman and his wife who had been two years without flour. "I'll give you a barrel for them," said the kind grocer, and I had the pleasure of delivering it the next day. One Sunday, in Fredericksburg, I asked the lady with whom I was staying why she did not go to church. She glanced down at her feet, and I perceived she had no shoes, — only bits of black woolen made in the shape of shoes. Next time I brought a good load of shoes for distribution amongst the ladies and gentlemen living in the ruined cellars of their once fine houses.

In the intervals between these trips, and when I paused with my family, then living in Tappahannock, we commenced to collect the Confederate poems of the war, with which to make a volume. The poems which we had preserved from patriotic feeling must now be made to bring aid to the helpless orphans of the Confederacy. Many of the children I had promised to look after when the war should be over, and some of them had been confided to me by dying parents. Money must be had for this purpose. Murphy, of Baltimore, agreed to publish this book, providing it be made ready and sold while men's minds were busy with our fate. Done! The first edition went off in three months, and a new edition was called for. The first payment, one thousand dollars, en-

abled me to dispose of half of my "daughters." Schools were kind, friends helped me to clothe my girls, I had free travel on every Southern road, and Mr. Robert Garrett gave transportation for ten to go to St. Louis. These the Southern Relief Association took from me, educated and clothed them, and returned them to their homes, — those who had homes! Miss Harper's house was the rendezvous in Baltimore. Friends far and near would adopt a girl for me. My old friend Miss Chew, of New London, Connecticut, and her niece Miss Lewis, each took a "daughter," and many boxes of clothing came from these and other charitable persons at the North. Here I must relate that the first money which I received for these girls came from that admirable and charming woman Mrs. Hamilton Fish, whom I had known in Washington when Governor Fish was in Congress. Hearing of my undertaking, she bade me Godspeed and sent me twenty dollars. During the war we had had a most interesting correspondence. I forget from which of us the proposal first came: that she should send to the Federal sick and wounded prisoners the medicines, clothing, and dainties which we did not have to give them, while I pledged myself to see these things distributed according to her instructions; and she, in turn, was to give to our prisoners what we could spare from our necessities. Unreasonably, as it seemed to us, the Northern government refused to sanction our interchange of charity, greatly to the distress of those in whose hearts I had raised hopes to be disappointed.

Several firms sent me half-worn books and music. I had even a sewing machine given me for the use of these children, and the Adams Express sent them free to the schools at which they were placed. Another thousand dollars from my kind publisher freed me from all embarrassment, paid all my debts for school-

ing and clothing, and my friend Miss Harper inviting me to travel with her in Europe, I gladly left my responsibilities and my memories behind me, and went to another world and another life.

After several years of interesting sojourn in France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, we came home to learn from the pilot who met our ship that General Lee was no more. Full of that love and veneration which we all bore him, I resolved to write his life in a popular form, with Mrs. Lee's approval. Manuscript in hand, I went to see this dear old friend, this heroic wife of our great hero, and with her went over my poor pages; modifying everything which she thought my love had exaggerated, and changing incidents and anecdotes which she thought of doubtful authenticity. When we came to a striking story in which General Lee rebukes the men who are jeering at a clergyman, she paused. "Does that sound like General Lee?" "To take this away will spoil my best chapter," I pleaded. "But you would not put into this book what is not true?" she asked. So I sacrificed my story. What trials of heart and sufferings of body this noble woman bore! Sustained by a faith I have never seen surpassed, and by accomplishments of mind which made her independent of discomforts which would have crushed others, she lived serenely on her own high level. The sale of *The Popular Life of Lee* canceled all the liabilities I had incurred for the education of my "daughters." Of the first comers, many had remained at school only two years, and had gone home to teach, while others took their places. And I am proud and happy to say that, of them all, I do not recall an instance of one who has not done honor to her people, and who has not profited by the opportunity afforded her to advance the interests of her family and make herself a useful member of society.

Emily V. Mason.

(*The end.*)

LIMITATIONS TO THE PRODUCTION OF SKYSCRAPERS.

THE development of the American city, it may safely be assumed, will be governed by economic rather than by artistic considerations. The few attempts to regulate or to encourage its growth by municipal ordinance have simmered down to an occasional and unusually ineffectual law regulating the height of office buildings, and to the appointment of "art commissions" and "supervising architects" whose powers are chiefly advisory and limited to the artistic inspection of municipal public works. Any such rigid supervision of urban growth, with an eye to the maintenance of a general architectural coherence, as is the rule in several European cities, is apparently a phase of municipal authority entirely foreign to the genius of the American system. American utilitarianism, indeed, has perhaps reached its profoundest expression in the wild and unkempt luxuriance with which our great metropolitan city, New York, has been permitted to evolve itself uninterfered with by the culturing hand of the mere artist. The real estate operator and the speculative builder have been its architectural mentors; the necessity of deriving the maximum rental income at the minimum expense has been the only inspiration or responsibility they have known. This is especially the case in the production of the modern American office building, as instanced in the recent large undertakings of the kind in New York. In the skyscraper's early days, there were slight attempts made to introduce "art" into its construction. This usually took the shape of more or less patent attempts to conceal the height by elongating the windows, by the introduction of balconies and other ornamental designs at various intervals, and by highly elaborate bases and capitals, the latter frequently terminating in towers, Mansard roofs,

and the like. The general recognition of the fact that the artistic shortcomings of the skyscraper centred in the general design rather than in its execution, as well as the additional expense, have resulted in the almost total abandonment of these ineffectual struggles for architectural effect. It was found, among other things, that highly carved balconies at the eighteenth and twentieth stories were not additional attractions to tenants; and that Mansard roofs paid no rent. The skyscraper, in its latest manifestation, therefore, consists of a succession of prosaic stories, one upon another, the whole rising sheer from earth heavenward, its monotony unrelieved by the slightest ornamentation. The largest office building in the world, the Broad Exchange, at the southeast corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, New York, rising to a height of twenty stories, and occupying 27,000 square feet of ground space, is the final word in what may be called the modern economic system of office construction. The building was erected by a syndicate of operators as a speculative enterprise, and represents invested capital of not far from \$7,500,000. Of that \$7,500,000 hardly a dollar has been spent in non-productive ornamentation; the whole operation has been conducted with an eye single to rental income.

All these, of course, are lamentable facts. The situation is especially unfortunate in that the largest of our American cities are still, to a great extent, virgin soil; that is to say, they are undergoing a process of rebuilding, are shaking off the old wornout crust and taking upon themselves a new garb. The invention of the modern elevator and the development of the modern system of steel construction have worked such a revolution in land values that the re-improvement of the property becomes

an economic necessity. New York city, for example, even in its most thickly settled parts, is practically vacant land; its old office buildings are demolished to make room for large structures upon which a living income can be figured out, its old private houses are removed and replaced with six story flats, its flats in their turn are razed to furnish building sites for modern apartment houses and hotels. It thus happens that the building and architectural future of New York is all before it; and the question therefore rises concerning the use which this and other American cities with similar conditions are to make of their opportunities; whether, especially in their business sections, they are to become architectural blots, or whether there is any chance of their development along more pleasing lines. The public is so frequently entertained with forecasts of our great American cities twenty-five and fifty years hence, reconstructed with rows of twenty-five and thirty story buildings, with yawning apertures between that do service as streets, that it now almost regards some such outcome as inevitable, and, indeed, has become quite reconciled to the fact. The critical mind, disposed to make the best of a bad situation, has even detected in the skyscraper virtues unseen before; if it did not suggest beauty, it at least suggested strength and massiveness; it was something new, American, a physical expression of the modern spirit. That the tall office building is a permanent feature of modern urban development is evident enough; but the point absolutely overlooked is that this development has its great limitations, that these limitations, at least in New York city, have been nearly reached already, and that the number of new enterprises of the kind, instead of constantly increasing, is almost certain to decrease. It is a mistake to assume hastily that the whole of New York city is to be built up in this way; that the length of Broadway, for exam-

ple, is to be lined with twenty-five story buildings; that smaller structures of more ornate design are forever barred. As a matter of fact, our huge modern buildings have made absolutely essential the construction of smaller structures; it is the gaunt skyscraper itself which makes inevitable the dedication of a considerable part of the city to a radically different growth.

The revolution in land values caused by the introduction of modern methods of construction has already been referred to. As a matter of fact, this change has introduced elements into the determination of values to which the economists have hardly given a thought. One of these might appropriately be called the capitalization of the air. It was not until the advent of the skyscraper that light and air had a distinct market value; that land unbuilt upon, and that in the nature of the case could not be built upon, became as valuable as land available for improvement. In a word, the production of tall mercantile and residential buildings has brought forward the great problem of light and air; and it is this consideration which is chiefly to work notable modifications in the development of our modern cities. When office and commercial buildings reached a height of four and five stories the question of supplying them with adequate light and ventilation was not a pressing one; there was, indeed, plenty of both of these foremost gifts of nature. When the height of the same buildings is doubled and quadrupled, however, the situation is materially changed. The public is fairly familiar with the deplorable tenement conditions of our leading American cities, especially of New York, — conditions produced by the rapid increase of the foreign population, combined with its gregarious instincts, which has caused a remarkable rise in land values, and thus necessitated the maximum use of building space and the maximum height of buildings. It is for this reason that we have thousands

of tenement houses in New York built upon ninety per cent of the lot and reaching a height of six and frequently seven stories. The tenement problem is thus largely a matter of inadequate light and ventilation; a difficulty equally present in the construction of tall buildings, though in a much greater degree. Twenty-five and thirty years ago office buildings were usually constructed four and five stories high upon about seventy-five per cent of the lot, which meant that, practically throughout the whole day, the rays of the sun would strike all the windows at a sufficient angle to assure an uninterrupted flow of light. But imagine, for a moment, a row of such buildings replaced by an aggregation after the modern manner, rising twelve, fifteen, and twenty stories high, in their utilization of the available ground space, reaching the full legal limit. It is evident that the period of day during which the offices would be supplied with anything like direct light would be materially reduced. And, in general, it needs no elaborate demonstration to prove the general rule that, the higher such a row of buildings is built, the shorter the period of day during which a fair supply of light will be available. With the exception of an hour perhaps at noon, when the sun is directly overhead, the offices in such an imaginary row of buildings would be almost totally dark. Such a row, naturally, has never been built; but the closely packed conditions in the upper part of Nassau Street, New York, give a faint idea of what it would be like. Here the majority of the offices are artificially lighted the larger part of the day; and here, as a consequence, rents are low, and office buildings have achieved a minimum of success. Legislative attempts to improve the conditions of the tenement houses have chiefly been in the way of increasing the width of air courts, which, at the best, are only a makeshift for securing light and air; but, in a

twenty story office building, a shaft simply supplies insufficient light and air for the top floors. The one demand of the business world, however, such as furnishes the tenants for the great office buildings, is a plentiful amount of light and air; it will not do without it and it is willing to pay liberally for it. The building that does not adequately provide for these two essentials is quickly depopulated; the one that is the greatest financial success is the one that takes the greatest pains to satisfy its patrons in these important points.

It is thus seen at a glance that the rebuilding of the office districts of our great cities exclusively with immense skyscrapers is practically unfeasible. We shall also find that the development of the business sections has been largely influenced by this consideration; and that the many constructional errors now apparent have been made largely because this principle has been ignored. It should be remembered, moreover, that the principles underlying these great enterprises are only beginning to be understood; that the builders and the engineers have been working more or less in the dark; that there have consequently resulted many failures, both from an engineering and a financial standpoint. The writer's personal observations have been chiefly confined to New York, and his illustrations must necessarily be drawn from that city; but the same conditions evidently prevail elsewhere. In New York, the importance of the light and air question is now pretty well understood, though it has been strangely overlooked in several instances; and the result is that large office buildings are attempted only on especially favorable sites, the majority of which have already been taken up. The influence of the Trinity churchyard, in affecting realty valuations, is an interesting case in point. Here is an open green square in the heart of the financial centre, which sentiment and tradition have made consecrated ground; which the very wealthy pro-

prietary corporation refuses to sell at any price; and which, as far as can now be seen, will always remain in its present state. Consequently the office buildings erected on abutting property are assured of a splendid supply of light and air for an indefinite period. It is for this reason that the Empire Building, on the south side of Rector Street, is one of the most successful enterprises in the metropolis; and it is for this reason that the old Trinity Building, at 111 Broadway, is regarded as probably the most available building site in the lower business district. The building activity now centring in the neighborhood of Pine and Nassau streets is another interesting evidence of the commercial value of sunlight. At the southeast corner of Pine and Nassau streets is the sub-Treasury; immediately next to this the Assay office; low structures, each some three stories high, which are evidently there to stay, and which, as long as they remain, assure a plentiful supply of light to surrounding buildings. The influence of these government properties in affecting valuations in the neighborhood would form an interesting study in itself. Many office buildings, however, have been erected upon sites that are not protected in this way, and the efforts made in numerous cases to forestall their ruination have been picturesque and instructive. Many, in a word, have been rushed up with the calm disregard of that fundamental principle of American law which provides that a man's light and air are his own, and that his adjoining neighbor has no right to appropriate them. That is to say, the theory of American law is that the fee to a given plot of soil extends indefinitely into the bowels of the earth, and, likewise, indefinitely into the upper ether. Thus New York city, whenever it builds a bridge, is obliged to spend millions of dollars for the approach, simply because it has no right to build its span above property that it does not own. Likewise no man

building upon the lot line is entitled to obtain light and air by cutting windows overlooking property that he does not own; and likewise no owner of an office building can legally make similar provision for his offices by encroaching upon neighboring property. This is well known and thoroughly adjudicated law, but it is law that has been curiously neglected in recent rebuilding operations in New York. Thus many buildings, occupying the whole of the lot, have been calmly constructed to a height of eighteen and twenty stories, the majority of the offices securing their light from windows cut over adjoining property. As long as the adjoining owner does not object this is well enough, but what the consequences would be should he erect a tall building upon his own lot can be easily imagined. Such a building, of course, would leave most of the offices next door in darkness, and spell little less than ruin to property interests. The inevitable result has been that the owners of large office buildings, unless the location is an exceptional one, are obliged to control a considerable area of adjoining property, in order to forestall improvements that would prove ruinous to their own. The American Surety Company, for example, had erected a twenty story building at the southeast corner of Pine Street and Broadway, splendidly lighted on all four sides, before it occurred to the directors that their light on the south and east might be cut off at any time by the erection of another large skyscraper. The result is that they have been obliged to lease this property themselves for a long period in order to control its development. When the Atlantic Insurance Company built its twenty story structure at the southwest corner of Wall and William streets, it was suggested that the Bank of the State of New York property, at the northeast corner of William and Exchange Place, be included in the site. The latter property indeed was offered for \$600,-

000, but the offer was rejected. The Atlantic Building was hardly up, however, when the Bank of the State of New York filed plans for an immense structure of its own, the site of which included the plot rejected by the insurance company. The erection of this skyscraper would have cut off the southerly light of the Atlantic Building, and the company was therefore only too glad to purchase the property, paying, however, \$1,000,000 for it, or \$400,000 more than the offer of a year before. This \$400,000 represented the penalty paid for its failure to exercise ordinary foresight in protecting its building. There have been plenty of similar instances in the last twelve months, details of which need not be given here. The important point is that now one of the ordinary precautions of skyscraper construction is the acquisition of property adjoining the site whose immediate improvement is aimed at, merely for the purpose of possessing the precious sunlight which the courts have decided is unalienably its own.

The bearing of all this upon development of the modern city is plain. It means, in the first place, that the sites available for large office buildings are limited in number; and, in the second, that their erection necessarily implies that a considerable amount of adjoining property cannot be extensively built upon. Whenever one sees a skyscraper, that is to say, he may usually be satisfied that the surrounding property is forever barred from development in a similar way. This property, in the main, consists of three and four story old buildings, the rents of which are low, and, at the prices paid, barely meet the ordinary carrying expenses. In other words, they are, unless some means can be found to improve them not antagonistic to the purpose for which they were acquired, unproductive property. In their present condition they yield no income; the problem is to discover some means of developing them that will pay at least

some small return upon the capital thus tied up. There are several indications that the inevitable improvement will be the erection of modern three and four story buildings, for lease to important business concerns, such as banks, insurance companies, and the like. There have been several recent instances of this in the last year. A few months ago, for example, a valuable plot on the north side of Pine Street was purchased by a speculative realty company and resold in two parcels. It was practically impossible to sell them for improvement with tall buildings, owing to the inevitable light problem. A large banking house purchased half the block for a twelve story office building, on the condition that the adjoining plot should not be utilized in the same way. The outcome was that one of the best known banking houses in America purchased the second parcel, and is now erecting a four story marble building, the whole of which it will occupy itself. The effect of this low building upon the value of adjoining property, it may be remarked in passing, is shown by the fact that the first parcel brought \$75,000 more than the second, although in size and ordinary advantages, except this important one of light, the two were identical. Similarly the Washington Life Insurance Company was obliged to purchase, as a protective measure, an old-fashioned building adjoining its own at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street. This building, in its present shape, is barely a "tax payer," and the Insurance Company has decided to demolish it and erect a three story structure, which, when rented to a well-known banking house, will yield at least three per cent upon the investment. In the same way the Park National Bank has decided to erect, for similar reasons, a four or five story building, in arcade style, chiefly for its own occupancy, in the form of an addition to its present structure on Broadway. The reason for this is that the bank has been unable to

purchase, except at an exorbitant price, the property at the northeast corner of Fulton Street and Broadway, without which light protection for a large office building would not be assured. This case is particularly interesting in that the bank had plans drawn for an eighteen story building, and was obliged to make this radical change simply because it could not come to terms with the owner to this indispensable corner property. An evidence of the same thing upon a greater scale is furnished by the probable development of the large properties acquired by the Mutual Life Insurance Company for the protection of its building on the block bounded by Nassau, Cedar, William, and Liberty streets. In the last two years the company has made extensive purchases on the south side of Cedar, the north side of Liberty, and even upon Maiden Lane, simply for the purpose of forestalling any improvements that would be injurious to its own property. Only the other day it entered into an agreement with another insurance company to erect for it and lease to it a six story building upon one of these plots. That all of them will ultimately be improved in the same way seems certain.

We thus see that the skyscraper, as the exclusive form of urban development, far from being an economic necessity, is quite the reverse. Economic considerations may still require the development of unusually advantageous sites in this way, but such sites are very few, and, at least in New York city, the best of them are taken up already. There is thus the opportunity for development in a very different direction; and there are already indications that it will be availed of. Coincidentally with the realization of the limitations of the popular style of construction there is a growing conviction that, after all, the skyscraper is not the embodiment of all that is fine and modern in the American spirit; that it is, indeed, an architectural development that is to be avoid-

ed whenever possible, instead of persistently sought for. As a matter of fact the recent production of office buildings has not been strictly upon an economic basis; they have been largely a craze, the outcome of the prevailing passion for what is new and strange. The majority of them, after all, have not been erected strictly as investments, but as advertisements. This is the case with the great insurance companies, the banks, and similar corporations, which have appreciated the value, purely from an advertising standpoint, of having their headquarters in the largest buildings on earth. That the buildings erected by corporate institutions are not valuable as investments is shown by the fact that several of them have been ignominious failures, and that the average returns are probably not much more than two per cent. Indications of a change in public taste are shown in such semi-public undertakings as the new Clearing House, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Stock Exchange. Had the Chamber of Commerce been erected three or four years ago it is likely that this venerable institution would have built a large office building, reserving a few offices for its own use, instead, as is now the case, of building a beautiful low Renaissance structure of marble, the whole of which it will occupy itself. Had the new Stock Exchange been projected in the final decade of the last century, the association, following the example of the Produce, the Coffee, and the Cotton exchanges, in all likelihood would have planned a commodious office building, confining its own quarters to a floor or two. Instead the financial district is now being embellished with a massive marble structure, which, among other things, will furnish a background of art to the somewhat unimaginative occupations of Wall Street. An evidence of a reaction from the skyscraper in a purely business enterprise is the Singer building, at the northwest corner of Liberty Street and Broad-

way. In this structure, which is much admired by architects, the system of steel construction is ignored. It was built in 1898, about ten years after the introduction of the new method, but the Singer corporation and the architect, Mr. Ernest Flagg, were by no means convinced that the skeleton system was the final word in building construction. This structure, therefore, is only eleven stories high, and so cleverly designed that even this height is not offensively apparent. The entire burden is borne by thick masonry walls, as of old. Only one wing has yet been finished; it is the purpose of the corporation ultimately to extend its building over the whole block front, between Liberty and Cortlandt streets. One

conspicuous Broadway front, therefore, is reduced from perpetual disfigurement.

The conclusion of all of which is, that while the exigencies of our practical American life will still demand the erection of large office buildings, the rate of production is likely to decrease rather than increase; that the mania for mere bigness is subsiding, and is bound to give place to a better conception of corporate eminence; and that the production of the skyscraper itself inevitably necessitates the development of a large amount of urban property along more modest lines. That is to say, the mere architect, in distinction from the construction engineer, will yet find in our great cities an opportunity to exercise his trade.

Burton J. Hendrick.

A RENUNCIATION.

LIKE noon's fierce sunlight doth the thought of thee
 Flood the dim courts and chambers of my heart;
 It penetrates the very inmost part
 Of the poor house where I hold tenancy.
 Alas! the dwelling once was fair to see,
 A goodly bower, adorn'd with love's dear art,
 But now the desolate walls asunder start
 And rain sobs round the ruin piteously.

It is no home for thee — this spoil'd, dark place
 Holds no fit shelter for a soul like thine:
 I have a house-mate, too, whose very face
 Would sadden all thy days with horrid fear:
 Pass on, my friend, and take thy thoughts from mine —
 For Death and I keep house together here.

Ethel Alleyne Ireland.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES.

VII.

LEDUC's foot was better the next morning, but still too painful to step on, and Saxe walked over to the hotel to tell the Countess, and bring her and Annette back for the day, as they had taken for granted was to be done. Halfway down the road, however, he met young Cobb, alone, and learned that the Countess had a bad headache and could not come. He gave the boy a quarter, and went back alone, his face set into an expression of immobility habitual to him in moments of strong feeling. It was a day wasted, and a day with her had come to mean to him a decade. A boy of twenty could not have been more bitterly disappointed, and more savage in his disappointment. Leduc, however, saw nothing of this, and, when Saxe bandaged his foot again in the afternoon, and pronounced it decidedly better, the old man burst into a naïve expression of surprise.

"It is that to be an American! The sooner I am able to go, the sooner M'sieu loses Mademoiselle, and yet he urges me to go! He says my foot is better. A Frenchman would swear I have blood-poisoning."

"Not every Frenchman, mon vieux. There are a few decent ones among them, you to the contrary notwithstanding." Then he told Leduc that on the third day following he was to take his wife and go to the grave of Le Mioche. Leduc, serious as he always became at any mention of Le Mioche, protested feebly.

"But Annette has a right to go to it," insisted Saxe.

"She has no right. She left me."

"Because you ill-treated her."

"I struck her now and then when I'd been drinking whiskey, — I was n't used to whiskey, — and I knew a pretty face when I saw it."

"Nonsense, Leduc. She was a good woman, and she could n't stand your — general slackness. You are to take her to the grave of Le Mioche on Monday; do you understand me?"

"It's very far, M'sieu, and she is an old woman."

"Monday you are to take her, or — no dog, and no present."

Then savagely satisfied at having hastened a day he might well have put off, Saxe went for a long tramp, reaching home after sundown, tired and hungry. Leduc, unable to sulk, was as gay as a lark, singing snatches of "*La vie est vaine*" to himself, and expressing his convictions that after all it would be best to take Annette to the grave Monday and have it over with. He could n't tell how long it would take. "*Cela dépend de mes jambes*," he said with a chuckle. It was n't so near, but then it was n't so far.

The forest was like fairyland that night in the moonlight. Saxe, tired as he was, could not sit still. Half an hour after supper he rose and started off restlessly through the wood. He had a good voice, uncultivated but sweet, and sang as he tramped through the lacy shadows of the beeches. It seemed as though she must be near, as though he caught glimpses of a light gown here and there among the mossy trunks. "*Ich gehe nicht schnell, ich eile nicht*." He stumbled on a root and saved himself with difficulty from a fall.

"*Ich gehe hin zu der schoensten Frau*" —

And there she was, as if in answer to his thoughts, as happens to most people once in their lifetime. She stood quite still, holding under her chin the light scarf that hid her hair.

"Our Lady of the Beeches!"

Saxe took her hands, kissed them both, and then stood with them in his.

"You are here — alone?"

"Yes. It is not five minutes from the hotel."

"Then I have gone around the village, and come up beyond the highroad!"

"Yes."

"I love you."

"Hush!"

"You know I love you with all my heart?"

"Yes."

"You are not angry?"

"No."

"Look at me."

Gathering her hands into one of his, with the other he tilted back her chin, forcing her to look into his eyes. "I love you this way, — and you have not a scrap of feeling for me?"

"I like you very much," she answered quietly, not moving.

"You like me very much. Then, let me kiss you — once."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't wish to" —

Her eyes, unwavering, were fixed on his; the lace scarf slipped back, but she did not move. Slowly he let her go, and stood looking at her, while she rearranged her scarf, and once more gathered it under her chin.

"You are a very daring woman," he said after a pause.

"Why?"

"Ah, why!" He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Come, it is getting late, let me take you back to the hotel. How is your headache?"

"Better, thank you, but you must n't take me back to the hotel; it would scandalize the good people there, and I know the way."

He took out his watch. "After all, it is early, — a little after nine. Sit down here and talk to me. You need n't be afraid; I shan't make an ass of myself again."

She sat down on a log. "I am not afraid."

"I know you're not, and — I wonder why?"

"There are two reasons. One is that you are a gentleman, — in the real sense of the word; the other that — that" —

"That you are in no danger of losing your head." He laughed.

"Of course I am in no danger, but I did n't mean that. I mean that a woman can always control a man, — if she wishes to."

He laughed again. "Oh, how young you are, how young!"

"Am I so young?"

He looked at her, and saw her face worn and pale in the moonlight. "I am old," she went on slowly, her chin in her hand, "and you are young. I am cold, and calculating, and slow, and you are impetuous and hot-headed" —

Saxe sighed. "That is what love does to a man. Not that I *did* lose my head, dear child. If I had! You were almost in my arms. I could have kissed you" —

"But you did n't."

"No, because I knew you did n't want me to. If you had wanted me to, with your heart, however much you might have protested with your lips" —

She laughed outright. "Baby! As if you would have known."

Saxe watched her gravely. "Ah, yes, I should have known. And if you had — well — after all, one has only one life to live, empty and dry enough at best, as a rule" —

"Tà, tà, tà, — the morals of a materialist! Now I am going. Good-night."

"And to-morrow?"

"To-morrow we are coming to dinner, if you will have us."

"Are you angry?"

She held out her hand with a little gracious shake of the head. "No. It was my own fault."

"Your own fault!" repeated Saxe, taking off his glasses in his bewilderment.

"Yes. Such things are always the fault of the woman."

"It was n't your fault, dear child, and your theory is wrong."

She hesitated, and then answered: "No, my theory is right. I am much younger than you, but I live in the world, and I know it. A man loses his head, possibly, quite against the woman's will, but — she should not have let him get to that point."

"And you mean that you will never let me get there" —

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

She sped away into the denser shadow, leaving him looking after her.

VIII.

The next morning, when the Countess arrived at the camp, Saxe met her, with a tin of worms in one hand, and two bamboo fishing-rods over his shoulder.

"You will have to earn your dinner to-day," he said, shaking hands with her. "Nothing but salt pork in camp, and Leduc insists on fried fish."

"Oh, how nice! It is cloudy, too; so much the better for 'bites,' is n't it?"

She hurried on to say good-morning to the invalid, who was paring potatoes with a languid air, and then, leaving Annette to prepare the meal, joined Saxe at the water's edge.

He had been prepared for her frank air of bon camaraderie, and had summoned up as near its counterpart as in man lies, so the morning passed busily and gayly, without allusions or awkwardness. The sport was good, the light breeze agreeable, and they went back to camp, tired and hungry, with a big string of fish, to find Annette about to try her hand at that test of skill, an omelette.

While Leduc cleaned the fish, the Countess and Saxe made coffee, and an hour later, Leduc was once more asleep, Annette busy washing dishes in the cabin, and the other two practically alone.

They sat in silence, she building a little pyre of pine-cones, he idly watching her hands. Suddenly she looked up and their eyes met. A sudden trouble filled hers, and they darkened for the first time with embarrassment, and he felt the blood sing in his ears.

"You are not angry?" he said, almost in a whisper.

She shook her head, with a warning glance at Leduc, that nearly brought a cry of delight to Saxe's lips.

He rose. "Come," and she followed him without a word.

"That old wretch is playing possum," he said, with an unsteady laugh. "I will row you over to the water-lilies."

She took her seat in the boat, and then, as the sun fell on her, put up her hand to her head. "My hat!"

"Take mine." He handed her his, and she crushed it down on her forehead and smiled at him.

He rowed with quite unnecessary vigor, telling her of Leduc's consent to start Monday morning.

"You told me that before."

He laughed. "Did I? I'm sorry. Now, then" —

They had reached the patch of pond-lilies, and for a few minutes he worked in silence, cutting the languid white blossoms for her, and wiping their stems in his handkerchief.

As he got out of the boat he remarked, laughing, "Oh, what a good boy am I!"

"You are, indeed," she returned, taking the lilies he had held.

"You know what I mean?"

"Of course I do."

"And you think all the credit is due to you?" He smiled at her quizzically.

"Oh, no; not at all."

"Why not, if the blame was yours — last night?"

She shook her head. "It is n't fair to laugh at me. I only try to be 'square.'"

"And you are square, Winifred. No woman ever was more square. Only —"

there are circumstances when it is very easy to be square."

"That, of course, is true," she answered lightly. "Good heavens! what time is it? Annette is lighting the fire! We eat as much as people in a German novel, but even *we* can't be going to eat again already."

"No, it is only five. Now, how am I going to amuse your ladyship for the rest of the day?"

She considered. "I don't know. Read aloud to me."

"Nothing to read."

"Not even a Greek Testament, or a Horace?"

"Not even those general favorites."

"Have you literally not a book with you?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, yes. I have two of my own great works that I am supposed to be revising, and Uncle Remus, and—Browning's Shorter Poems."

"Oh, Uncle Remus, by all means. Read me the Tar Baby."

"Rather than Cristina, — or The Last Ride Together?"

"*Much* rather," she answered promptly, sitting down and demolishing her pyre of cones at a blow.

Saxe laughed. "Oh, you baby! You are afraid to face the music."

She looked up serenely. "*What* music?"

Saxe fetched the book and read to her for over an hour. She was too tired to go to see the sunset, and busied herself helping Leduc make Johnny-cake, greatly to his delight.

After supper young Cobb appeared to ask whether Leduc or Saxe would mind driving the two ladies home, as he was on his way to a party and would be unable to come until late. He was very splendid in a red cravat, his hair glistening and fragrant with pomade. The horse was hitched to a tree, and knew the way back, even if they did n't.

"What time will the party be over?" asked Saxe.

"'Bout half-past ten."

It was decided that young Cobb should come back by the camp and drive himself, Leduc being lame, and Saxe apparently afraid of horses.

"He ain't got no bad habits, except biting," the boy protested, half hurt.

"But I don't want to be bitten," Saxe explained gravely, and Cobb went his way muttering some sarcasm about Bill's not biting with his hind-legs.

"Do you think it would be compatible with 'squareness' to take a walk in the moonlight?" Saxe asked.

"Perfectly. Nothing could be more unconventional in every way than my stay up here, — a walk or two in the moonlight can make no difference."

Leduc and Annette were in the cabin.

"But — the squareness?" persisted Saxe teasingly. "Don't you think walks in the moonlight with you may be rather hard on *me*?"

She laughed. "That is *your* lookout. If you choose to risk it, I am ready."

Saxe laughed too. "Oh, I will risk it. I am, you know, as irresponsible as a baby; if I should chance to misbehave it would be entirely your fault."

"Yes. But — you will not 'chance to misbehave.'"

They struck off through the pines, and soon came out on another part of the old logging-camp road, Saxe whistling *Bonsoir* under his breath. This part of the road was sandy and easier walking. They went on quickly through the mottled shadows. Suddenly Saxe exclaimed: —

"Age tells on different people in such different ways! I hardly realized how old I am, until I saw how hopelessly you bowled me over."

"Is that a sign of age?"

"Certainly not, but there was undeniably something of — senility in my going to bits and making such an ass of myself. Still — it was rather pleasant, so long as it was n't my fault. You are right about that, by the way, though you

are young to have learned it. A man never goes any farther than a woman lets him — except, possibly, in what the poets call a great passion. A great passion is a rare bird nowadays, however, I imagine. Our lives are little, our aims are little, and our loves are little.”

He paused, and then, she not answering, went on reflectively: “Or rather, not little, but fleeting. Confoundedly fleeting.”

“That is certainly true,” she agreed, as they left the road and went down a steep incline toward the little river she had seen from Sunset Ledge.

“True, and — fortunate. ‘We forget, not because we will, but because we must,’ — Arnold, is n’t it? Humiliating, but a tremendous comfort. If I had n’t believed it, I should have been pretty desperate last night.”

“I knew it, and that is why I have been able to take it all so calmly, and — to go about with you this way.”

“Ah, you knew it. Women are quick-witted. I wonder if you knew how much I did care, — last night?”

“I think I did.”

He looked at her profile sharply as they reached the bottom of the ravine.

“I care now, too, you know; even nowadays it does n’t go quite as quickly as that” —

“I know. You care a little less than yesterday, to-morrow you will care a little less than to-day” —

“Yes. Though I like you more than any woman I ever knew, and think that we could be the best of friends. Take care!” he broke off, “those stones are very slippery.”

Before them lay the plantation of birch trees, beautiful beyond description in the moonlight.

“Could we get just within the forest?” she asked; “we can’t half see them here. One must look up at the light *through* them; it is the only way to see birches.”

They crossed the little river on a row

of stepping-stones, climbed the bank, and reached the trees. She walked slowly, her head bent back, stopping now and then.

“Hush! One can hear the wind. In the pine-wood I did n’t know there was any wind.”

He listened. “Yes. It is very pretty. So are you very pretty, if you don’t mind my saying so.”

She laughed. “Certainly I don’t mind, if you really think so.”

“I do, and just as an observation unbacked by any intention, I may add that I’d like to kiss you, under your chin!”

There was a kind of labored imperitence in his tone that she turned at, her eyebrows lifted.

Then, as he drew aside the sweeping branches of a young birch, and she passed him, she stopped short with a little cry.

“A grave!”

“The grave of Le Mioche!”

IX.

There was a pause. Then she turned, her eyes full of tears.

“See the poor white stones!”

Saxe nodded.

The moonlight, circled by the shadows of four large birches, fell full on the little mound. There was no headstone, nothing but the smooth white stones that surrounded it, nearly all of them half hidden in the long grass.

The Countess knelt down and looked at it closely.

“Oh, how pitiful! Think of his coming every year with one of these poor, ridiculous stones. Poor old man!”

“It is the more pitiful when you consider that he was n’t old at all when he began, — that he was living a bad life among bad men.” He sat down by her, and took off his hat. “And every year he had at least his one good day.”

Her shoulder touched his, and she leaned against it, unnoticing.

"It has been his religion, — and who knows that it has not been a good one. He has prayed here. No Catholic ever quite forgets to pray."

"No. But why would n't he tell?" she asked, stroking the grass gently.

Saxe hesitated, and then, closing his hand over hers, answered in a low voice, "I suppose because it has been his most precious secret for so many years; one hates to give one's most precious secret to — some one one does n't love."

"Yes." She did not move, her hand rested quietly under his.

"And then," he went on, "I think he is ashamed, — ashamed of his real feeling about the little dead child, — ashamed of his sentimentality; men are fools."

She did not answer. The trees rustled softly; a cloud hid the moon for a few seconds, then floated off again; and Le Mioche lay under his thirty-one stones.

"Dear," said Saxe suddenly, "I lied to you on our way here. It was all false, every word of it."

"I know."

"I love you once and for all — shall always love you. I've no right to, but I can't help it, and it is in a way the best of me. I was ashamed of it, like a fool."

"Like Leduc."

"Like Leduc. It — hurt me to know that I could care so without you caring a — hang."

"My caring would only make matters worse," she said dreamily.

"Yes, of course it would only make matters worse, in one way, and I think I can honestly say I am glad that you do not care."

"If you can say that, you are a very good man."

Her hand tightened a little on his. Putting his arm around her he drew her close to him.

"I am not a very good man. It is one side of me that can say that, dear.

The other side says — My God, I would give my right hand to have you care!"

"That is the worst side."

"As you like. You are a strange woman."

"Am I? In what way?"

Le Mioche was forgotten.

"You know what I am feeling at this minute, and you sit here in my arms as calmly as though I were your grandfather!"

"That is because I do not care, I suppose."

"Yes. Tell me, are you sorry?"

"Sorry — that you care for me, or that I do not care for you?"

"Sorry for *me*. Have you a heart in your body?"

He had not tightened his hold of her by a hair's breadth, but his voice had changed.

"Yes, I am sorry, if you are unhappy. I have a heart," she answered matter-of-factly.

He released her, and jumping up suddenly, walked to the opposite side of the little inclosure, leaning his head against one of the birches.

She sat still for several seconds, and then rose and followed him. He did not move, and she laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't!"

He turned, half laughing. "I'm not crying, if that's what you mean."

With a sudden movement, she took off his glasses and turned his face to hers. "Why do you feel so badly?"

"Why? Because I am a man and I love you; and I want you, and I can't have you. Incidentally, I can't see you without my glasses."

"I know; never mind. Listen. Is it only that, or because I do not love you?"

He bent toward her, half closing his near-sighted eyes as he tried to get her face within focus.

"What is the use of talking about it?" he retorted impatiently. "It may be

fun for you to vivisect my feelings, but it is not fun for me. You don't love me, and when I'm sane I'm glad of it. But you torment me beyond endurance. What do you think I am made of?"

He reached for his eye-glasses, but she held them tight.

"No, wait. What do you think *I'm* made of?"

Saxe laughed. "You! Ice and im-peccability."

"Then it has n't occurred to you that I might care too."

He stared at her stupidly. "You care too! You never said so."

"No, I never said so."

"And you certainly have not done anything to make me think you cared."

Vaguely, as in a mist, he saw her face. Without speaking he opened her hand and put on the eye-glasses that dispelled the mist.

"Then, — you do care."

"Yes."

She bent her face to his arm and stood there motionless. When she looked up she was very pale.

Saxe took her hands, as he had done the night before, and kissed them. He was utterly bewildered, and hardly knew what he was about. The feeling that had made him tremble a few minutes before had gone.

"We must go back," he said at length. "It is late."

"Yes? Oh, *Le Mioche, Le Mioche!*"

With an abandon that half frightened him, she flung herself on the ground and spread her arms out over the narrow grave. There was, in its perfect spontaneity, nothing theatrical in the act; it expressed her loneliness, hopelessness, her longing to take something to her aching heart. Saxe knew all this as he watched her, immovable. *Le Mioche* had been dead for more years than she had lived, yet at that minute he was a child, an armful, to her. The man knelt and raised her, holding her gently, her head thrown back against his shoulder.

"Dear heart," he said, using the quaint phrase gravely, as though he originated it. Then he kissed her. She lay quite passive for a minute, and then drawing herself away, rose, and stood unconsciously smoothing her ruffled hair.

"We must go."

"Yes."

They walked slowly away, over the stepping-stones, up the hill, his arm about her shoulders. As they went down the next slope it grew darker, the moon having slipped below a bright cloud. Once she stumbled, and as she clung to him to regain her balance he caught her suddenly to him, bending his head.

Instead of her face, her hands met his cheeks in the darkness and pushed him gently away.

"No, dear."

"Just once!"

"No. Never. I told you because it seemed squarer, but you must not kiss me again."

Saxe essayed a laugh. "Then you kiss me."

She paused, then taking his head in her hands, kissed him gravely, full on the mouth. The next instant the camp-fire glowed through the dark pine-trunks.

X.

Saxe slept little that night. At length, toward morning, tired of his hard cot, he dressed and threw himself down on a blanket under the beech tree. Through the branches the sky gleamed coldly, no color had as yet come to it; the birds were still asleep; it was the quietest hour of the twenty-four. Leduc would sleep for hours yet, his cabin hermetically sealed. Saxe rolled over on his back and something hard hurt his head. He turned down the blanket and found the little heap of pine-cones with which Winifred had played the day before. She loved him. The tumult in his brain was such that he did not know whether

he was happy or in despair. She was going away, but she loved him. He had held her in his arms and kissed her. Probably no woman knows what that first surrender means to a man who has loved hopelessly. A bird chirped in the tree above him. The light in the cabin went out, exhausted. Saxe shuddered at the thought of what the atmosphere in the little room must be. Suddenly he realized that all the birds in the world were singing. It annoyed him. Then he found that he had been asleep, and that the sun was up.

Tired and aching all over he fetched a towel and went for a swim, after which a stiff drink of whiskey sent him into a profound sleep that lasted until Leduc awoke him by hobbling into the tent and calling him. It was eight o'clock, and Leduc had been afraid M'sieu might have died in his sleep. That sometimes happens. Breakfast was ready, and Leduc's foot was better. After breakfast, Leduc would have something to tell M'sieu.

Before they had finished breakfast, however, young Cobb came in with a note. Saxe opened it.

DEAR DR. SAXE, — I am going away to-day. Annette will stay as long as she likes, and then join me in New York. You will understand, and forgive me. Good-by, — and God bless you.

"There's an answer, she said," announced Cobb, eating a piece of Leduc's fried pork. "I c'n wait."

Saxe went into his tent and let down the flap. The note he sent back was shorter than hers.

DEAR COUNTESS, — You know best. I have nothing to forgive, much to bless you for. R. S.

It was over then, he thought, resolutely finishing his breakfast. It had to

come to this end, and after a bit the relief would follow. He lit a pipe and stretched himself out under a tree, as he had done every day since he had been there.

Leduc fussed about, grumbling over his foot, singing, whistling, carrying things to and from the cabin. Everything was just as usual, apparently. When Saxe was halfway through his second pipe, the old man came and sat down by him.

"Will M'sieu be so good and look at my foot?"

"Yes," grunted Saxe.

Leduc pulled off the slit boot, and displayed a yellow woolen stocking with neither heel nor toe.

"Did she find the socks?" asked Saxe.

"No, M'sieu. She gave me up."

Saxe pulled off the sock, and pronounced the foot well enough for moderate use. Suddenly he remembered. "Quite well enough for you to walk to the grave of Le Mioche," he added, sharply.

Leduc started. "It is not so far, but it is not so near," he stammered in French.

"Oh, damn! I tell you I know all about it, Leduc. I've seen it. I know just where it is."

The old man flushed, a slow red that burned painfully through his brown skin. "M'sieu knows, — M'sieu has seen" —

"Yes. The white stones are very pretty, mon vieux."

Leduc sat without moving, the ragged sock loose in his hands. "The white stones, — M'sieu likes them? M'sieu did not laugh?"

"Why should I laugh, Leduc?"

"Thirty-one years is a long time. I was young then, I am old now," the old man answered in French, as he drew on the sock. "No one here knows; I have never told; they would have mocked me. Pauv' Mioche!"

His brilliant blue eyes were dimmed with tears that did not fall; Saxe had seen tears rolling down his cheeks, but these were different. After a pause the younger man said gently:—

“Why would n't you show Annette? And why did you pretend it was so far?”

Leduc laughed aloud. “‘Not so near, but not so far!’ She would have found it not so near, if I had taken her, for I meant to go to it by way of Everett.”

“But Everett is sixty miles from here.”

“Yes. I would have taken her by train to West Garfield, then to Everett, and back by train as far as Clinton. Then we'd have hired a wagon”—He broke off, smiling in delight at his clever scheme.

“You had no right to do such a thing, and I won't have it; do you hear me?”

Leduc shrugged his shoulders and rose slowly. “Eh, mon Dieu, I had given it up. She would have spoiled it all. She'd have cut the grass and put up a gravestone, and cried over the mound. It is my grave, I tell you! I tended it for years while she was in France. I never forgot it. Wherever I was I came back every year to put a stone on it. It is n't hers, and she shan't go to it.”

There was a certain dignity in his selfishness that appealed to Saxe.

“You will have to take her, though,” he said sympathetically.

Leduc straightened up to his full height and looked down at the man in whose hands were, so to say, dogs and presents of money.

“No, M'sieu,” he said, relapsing into his half-breed dialect. “Leduc not have to. Leduc going away.”

“Going away!”

“Oui, M'sieu. Leduc has been thinking, and he is going away north.”

“But that is nonsense. In the first

place, I could take Annette to the grave if I chose. Your going can't change that.”

The old man's face twitched suddenly. “M'sieu will not do that. Surely M'sieu will not do that! It is all I have.”

Saxe hesitated, and then, rising suddenly, held out his hand. “Look here, Leduc. I promise not to tell if you promise not to go.”

“Not tell?”

“No. I'll not tell if you'll stay until to-morrow.”

After an instant's deliberation Leduc promised, and Saxe went off on his suddenly conceived errand.

He found Annette at the hotel, and learned that her mistress was to go by the afternoon train, and was now in the wood across the road, taking a walk. Saxe found her where he had known she would be, seated on the log where he and she had sat a few nights before.

She was very pale and looked worn, as if with a sleepless night.

“Do not scold me for coming,” he began at once. “I am not here on my account. You must not go until to-morrow.”

XI.

“I remember,” began the Countess, gazing dreamily into the glowing ashes, “a story that Annette—‘Nana’ I called her then—used to tell me when I was very little.”

No one spoke; no one had spoken for some time. Something, possibly the blending of the moonlight with the firelight had quieted them all, and then the pines, stirred by a soft overhead wind, were more than usually articulate.

“It was the story of a little boy,” she went on after a pause, her hands clasped about her knees. “She never told me his name. One day when I was ill, she showed me a curl of his hair in a locket,—such yellow hair, and so silky.”

Leduc looked up from his whittling, his eyes glinting under the heavy brows.

"He must have been a dear little boy," the Countess continued, looking absently at him.

"He was lame. One poor little leg was shorter than the other, and his back was not quite straight, but only his father and mother cared; *he* did n't because they were so good to him, and he was so happy."

Saxe watched her, hardly hearing her words as the pine-cones he tossed into the dying fire blazed up and threw a vivid light over her.

He had walked all the afternoon, tramping doggedly over the roughest ground he could find, and he was tired, both mentally and physically; his feelings were deadened, in a comfortable way, so that he was almost happy.

"The father, a big, strong man, used to knot an old shawl — a blue and green plaid shawl it was, I remember — about his neck as Indian women do, and the little boy would sit in the shawl with his hands clasped just under his father's chin, — and away they would gallop through the woods! The little boy used to pretend that his father was a horse, — named" — She broke off. "I have forgotten the name!"

"'Bucéphale.'"

It was Leduc who spoke, his voice harsh. Saxe turned to him. The old man had dropped his whittling and drawn back out of the firelight, only his big knotted hands, lying helplessly open, palm uppermost, with loose-curved fingers, being distinctly visible. There was something very pathetic about those hands.

The Countess's eyes met Saxe's, and held them for a minute, until the changing expression of his startled her, and she turned away with a slight shake of the head.

"The little boy was very fond of his mother, but he loved his father even more, and when he was ill, as he was

very often, he used to rest best when his father lay him on a pillow and carried him up and down before the cottage where they lived. He used to kiss his father's hair, and pat it with his hot hands. I have often thought," went on the Countess, in another voice, speaking very meditatively, "that it must have made the poor mother unhappy to have the little boy love his father so much more than he loved her."

"I loved him more than she loved him, always!" exclaimed Leduc fiercely, rising with clenched hands. "She hated his being lame — She was proud, *ma femme*, and resented his crooked leg. All her people were tall and straight, and — she blamed me — I always loved him the more, — I was a scamp, and a lame child was good enough for me."

Annette sat with a white face and tight-clasped hands, looking at him, but he was not talking to her.

"I know," he went on, still in French; "you want me to take her to his grave; you are trying to work on my feelings. You have done it, I — you have hurt me. But she shall not see it. It is mine, and she shall not spoil it."

"Lucien, — I would not spoil it, I only want to see it," pleaded the old woman, rising too, and going to him. The others were forgotten. "Why do you hate me so? I did love him. God knows I loved him. I never tried to make him love me more than you. It hurt, but — I was glad. I thought it might help you."

Leduc looked down at her with a curious dignity. "If you loved him, why did you leave him all alone?"

"Lucien!" Her voice rose to a trembling cry. "I never left him, never a minute, except when you had him, and I knew — he did n't want me."

It was perhaps the most heart-breaking avowal a woman could make, and Saxe started up, his face hot.

"Leduc!" he began, but Winifred stopped him with a gesture. He caught

her hand and they stood there, reverential, unnoticed observers of the strange scene.

The pile of shavings and the stick forgotten by the old man caught fire from a spark, and threw flitting flames upon the figures of the two speakers.

"I meant, — why did you leave him after he was dead? He was afraid of the dark, he was afraid of the trees when the wind blew, — he was afraid of the black shadows rushing over the ground. He thought they were beasts. And you left him alone, — alone with all these things!"

Annette laid her hands on his arm. "But, — he was dead, he did n't know, he was n't there, he was with the Blessed Virgin and the saints."

Leduc shook her off.

"Contes que tout cela! He was there, — there in the black earth under the shadows. He is there still. And you left him alone."

Winifred's hand closed more tightly over Saxe's. Leduc's obstinacy seemed invincible.

There was a short silence, while the old woman, her face hidden by her hands, rocked to and fro without speaking.

Then, leaving Saxe, Winifred approached the old man.

"Leduc," she said, gently using Saxe's name for him, "don't you believe in Heaven and the Blessed Virgin?"

"Do you, Mademoiselle?"

She flushed. "Yes, I do. I believe that Le Mioche has been there with her all these years."

"Then you don't believe in Purgatory?" he broke in.

"No. I don't know, — but I believe in God, — and I know that God would n't leave le pauvre Mioche all alone there all these years. Annette is a good Catholic; she has not forgotten him, but she has not thought of him there; she has thought of him as being in Heaven. Do you see?"

"I did n't leave him all alone. I

loved him," he muttered, a little irresolutely, and then, drawing a long breath, she went on: —

"Annette, Leduc — I mean Lucien — has gone every year to the grave, — every year, no matter where he was, and laid on it a white stone in memory of his visit. The grave has been taken care of by him. You have prayed for Le Mioche, you have not forgotten him, but — you did forget his grave."

Annette uncovered her face. "Yes, I did. Lucien, — will you forgive me, my man, and let me see it? It is yours; I will not touch it. But — oh, Le Mioche, Le Mioche!"

She burst into hard, painful sobs, and went up to him. Winifred drew back quietly and waited.

"Annette, ma vieille, don't cry. Come, I will show you. You are not to cut the grass, — you are to remember that it is mine, but — I will let you see it. Come."

The old woman raised her head. "To-night?" she asked in amazement.

Leduc put his arm about her shoulders. His eyes were wet with tears that do not fall, but there was condescension in every movement as he led her away.

"To-night. It is n't so near," he added, with an unsteady laugh, "but then, it is n't so far."

XII.

The other two, left alone, sat down again, and Saxe mechanically threw some cones and sticks on the fire.

"A very curious scene, was n't it?" Winifred said, smiling thoughtfully. "I wonder how far it is possible to love, after thirty years, a child who died at the age of four."

"It was n't only the child," returned Saxe in the same reflective tone, "it was their youth, their old love and old dislike for each other, — their vanity, their obstinacy, — all of it together."

"He was offended at the thought of her having left *him*, quite as much as by her having left Le Mioche, — and she was irritated, in a way, by his faithfulness to the grave."

Saxe watched her absently. "Yes. Oh yes," he answered.

"The beginning of the trouble," she went on, "was that Lucien threw her down, once, when he was drunk. Le Mioche was born a few months after, — lame. She blamed her husband, and said cruel things to him, poor woman; it was hard for her, and then, from the first, the little fellow preferred his father."

Saxe did not speak, and for a time she too was silent; then, a little hastily: "I am glad I stayed. It will be a comfort to her, poor thing, as long as she lives, that she saw the grave, and that at the end they were — kind to each other."

Saxe laughed. "Yes. Only, — you must go by the early train. Leduc's emotionality will not last."

"I know. Yes, we will take the early train. Tell me, Dr. Saxe, what is the best hotel in Boston? We shall stop over night there."

"The Touraine, I should say."

"Thanks. It would be easy to go direct to New York, I suppose, but I like to be comfortable, and I confess I don't find your much lauded dining-room cars up to their reputation!"

"I never lauded them."

"I don't mean you personally, of course. I mean all Americans in Europe. Americans are so tremendously patriotic in Europe."

Saxe frowned impatiently.

"Hang Americans in Europe!" he exclaimed, throwing a branch into the fire with a force that sent a shower of ashes and sparks out into the darkness. An owl hooted.

She laughed softly. "How very rude you are!"

He did not answer, and again they were silent, neither looking at the other. The moonlight no longer reached them,

and the night was dark but for the red firelight; the wind-had gone down, and silence brooded on the quiet trees.

At last, without moving, Saxe spoke.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "why women have their feelings so much better under control than men. It is either that they have better disciplined wills, or — less strength of feeling."

"The latter, I should say," she answered. "Women are weaker physically and mentally than men, — why not emotionally?"

"You must be right. Probably if you were at this moment feeling one tenth of what I feel, you would cry out."

"Probably. So it is just as well that matters are as they are."

Saxe watched her as she spoke. "Yes. It may interest you to know," he went on in the same even voice, "that if I were not convinced of the cowardice of such an act, I should shoot myself to-night."

"I am glad that you are convinced of the cowardice of such an act. You are also probably convinced, as I am, of the fleeting nature of most emotions. What is the song Leduc sings: 'Un peu d'amour, un peu de haine, et puis' —"

"Et puis, bonsoir! Yes."

"To-night you are — sorry I am going, — but in a month you will be glad I did go, and in giving you a month I am unnecessarily generous."

"I shall be glad to-morrow, as far as that is concerned, but — it will all hurt none the less."

"It hurts me, too," she said, relenting a little, and then sorry, as he laughed.

"My dear child! Thank you; you are kind. It may hurt you a little; I believe that it will, — but you are young, and this is the last of my youth."

"Nonsense! You are forty-two!"

"Yes. But this is the last, as it was almost the first of my youth. You are young, and I am old. That is the difference."

She started as if to speak, and then

was silent, her chin in her hand, the fingers edged with flame in the firelight.

At length she turned, looking full at him for the first time.

"When I told you that I loved you, what did you think I meant?"

"I knew. I knew" —

"But you think that I, a woman of nearly thirty, a woman who has been eating her heart out in a horrible loneliness for years, did not know what I was saying. That I loved you for a week, for a month. That — all this — has been a pleasant little romantic episode on which I should look back with a smile, — you thought all these things, because I can talk and laugh, and — ask you about — hotels? In a word, because I do not mourn and sentimentalize, as you would like to have me."

"Stop! I never wanted you to mourn and" —

"Wait. Now, just before I go away, — and it is to be Bonsoir, — I must tell you, in a way that you will remember, that I love you with every bit of me, and that as long as I live I will love you."

She leaned over, laying one hand on his arm. With a sort of groan he shook her off.

"Don't touch me," he said breathlessly.

He rose and walked up and down for a few seconds, without speaking.

"God bless you for saying that," he went on, as she rose, facing him. "The worst of it is that it hurts you. I wish I could have it all."

She smiled. "No, dearest, I would not give up my share. It is a sorrow sweeter than all the happiness in the world. It is the best thing in the world" —

Suddenly she reached out and took off his glasses, as she had done at the grave of Le Mioche. His eyes were wet.

They were hard, brilliant eyes, of a kind to which such moisture looks almost impossible.

With a little cry she hid her face on his arm and held it there until, breath-

ing hard, he turned her head and kissed her.

"Ah, it is hard, it is hard," she cried, holding him tight. "I cannot say Bonsoir — I cannot."

He laid his hand on her hair. "Dear, — we must. It is no good, we must."

Her little outburst of passion was spent. "Yes. Of course we must. Hush, — there they come. We must take the first train, — for it is n't only Leduc, whose mood will not last" —

Leduc was singing as they came, a song they both knew. "Ah, vous dirais-je Maman," —

"Le Mioche loved it," whispered Winifred. "Richard, — promise me on your word of honor never to write to me."

"I promise on my word of honor."

"Even if I — should write — you."

"Even if — I cannot!"

"You must."

"Even if you should write to me."

In the darkness they waited.

"Papa veut que je raisonne" — Annette was singing with him.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

"Bonsoir," added Winifred.

"Bonsoir!"

"Here 's the lantern, Leduc; light it, it is late."

"Oui, M'sieu."

"So you saw the grave, Annette?"

"Yes, Mad'moiselle. The trees have grown big, but they are the same trees. And we are grown old, but we are the same people."

"We must go to-morrow morning, you know."

"Oh yes, I know," returned the old woman composedly. "It is best. To-night we have been very happy, but we are the same people we used to be, — to-morrow we should quarrel. We are old, and I suppose we will never meet again. It is better so, — but this night will always be a happy memory."

Winifred turned as they left the camp,

and looked back at the now lonely fire. For a second she stood quite still, and then followed Leduc and Annette who carried the lantern.

"Hotel Touraine, you said," she remarked, as they reached the wagon, and Leduc waked young Cobb.

"Yes. It is a very good one. I hope you will have a pleasant summer."

"Thanks. All good wishes for your books, and — the laboratory."

Leduc embraced his wife with a kind of tender gallantry not unmixed with relief, and the two women got into the wagon.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Cobb flapped the reins on the back of his horse, and the wagon started with a jerk.

When it was almost out of sight, Winifred called softly, —

"Bonsoir."

"Bonsoir."

Leduc sighed ostentatiously. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu. Bonsoir reminds me of the song."

As they went back, following the dancing light of the lantern the old man raised his voice and sang cheerfully: —

"La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis — bonsoir!"

That is very true, M'sieu. Leduc has found it very true, and Leduc is old, and knows."

Saxe laughed.

"Leduc is a very wise man. Does he know, among other things, where the whiskey is?"

As he poured out a glass by the lantern's light, Saxe laughed again.

"Et puis — bonsoir!"

Bettina von Hutten.

(*The end.*)

A KNIGHTLY PEN.

DURING the exceptionally rude weather of last February my friend and I took much fireside pleasure in re-reading together, with frequent pauses for elucidation, quotation, reflection, approval, or dissent, George Meredith's great trilogy. We two have long been, in our way, disciples of Meredith, though secretly, — as one may say, — for fear of the Jews. There are so many organized bands of marauders, of both sexes, abroad, who continually order you to stand and deliver your most cherished opinions, that you instinctively put these possessions away in what you fondly hope will prove a secret pocket, before venturing into the wide world at all. For to be met, in a lonely place, on a dark night, by a member of some Browning

or Meredith Society with the awful challenge "A paper, or your life!" is an experience fraught with paralyzing terror to some. Why it should seem so different a thing voluntarily to offer a humble contribution toward the exegesis of a masterly but eccentric writer, in whom a tardy and in some sort artificial popularity seems but to have increased a certain inborn relish for mystifying the vulgar, I cannot exactly say. The public, at all events, can always take your two mites or leave them.

At this point I seem to hear the pleasantly patronizing voice of some accredited Meredithian inquiring what I mean by George Meredith's "great trilogy;" and let us hope that my answer may surprise him a little, for

otherwise I should have small excuse for saying anything at all.

Nobody, so far as I know, has yet been at the pains to point out the continuous and cumulative interest and close logical sequence of Mr. Meredith's three latest, and, upon the whole, least popular and admired romances: One of our Conquerors, Lord Ormont and his Aminta, and The Amazing Marriage. Yet, taken collectively, they comprise the searching discussion of a very serious theme, which would seem to have haunted the novelist at intervals, from his youth up; and the long subsequent silence of the aging author makes it look a little as though he felt himself, and wished the world to understand, that he has now said his last word concerning it. I propose, then, to consider Mr. Meredith as he reveals himself unmistakably in these three books; in the character, namely, of a gallant champion of what are, *to him*, the sacred and inviolable Rights of Woman.

To begin with One of our Conquerors. Rarely, I think, has there been an overture to a great piece better conceived than that buoyant promenade and ignominious tumble of Victor Radnor upon London Bridge, with which the story opens. The main theme of a tremendous "Morality" is here given, in one bar of ringing notes. Victor Radnor is a perfect type of the supremely successful man of the present day. A great London merchant with political aspirations on the eve of fulfillment, he had started on his career with such advantages in the way of family connection and inherited fortune as fairly to have acquired in early middle life that practically unlimited wealth which is just now the indispensable condition of any considerable social influence. He is a great lover and patron of the fine arts, and for music, a positive enthusiast. He is also a man formed by nature to inspire strong personal attachment; a bounteous giver, a noble enter-

tainer, with an ample and sunny genius, not only for the sweetest amenities of domestic life, but for manly friendship and a splendid munificence. His one child, a daughter, just developing into womanhood, is a beautiful, ardent, highly gifted creature; one of the most attractive pictures ever drawn of a happy and lavishly endowed girlhood. The half-dozen variously clever and, in the main, highly honorable men who constitute Victor Radnor's most intimate circle, and are made free of his great houses in town and country, are all, as a matter of course, more or less in love with the brilliant Nesta; but their feeling for Nathaly, the girl's mother, a woman herself still young and beautiful, is of another order. Toward her, their loyalty is dogged and resolute, their admiration wistful; the respect which the gentle dignity of her bearing makes it impossible for them to withhold is tinged both with indignation and regret. For here is the sun-spot, the fruit-speck, the flaw in the foundations of the stately fabric which these tolerant men of the world delight to haunt. Their gracious hostess, the mother of the peerless Nesta, is not Victor's wife, and technically good women decline to visit her. He has, in fact, another wife living; and yet the circumstances "extenuate."

Attacked when he was little more than a lad upon what was at once his most chivalrous and his weakest side, captured and "married and a'" by a sickly and fanatical heiress much older than himself, who both delighted in his personal beauty and desired the salvation of his soul by the non-conformist formula, he had borne the spiritual tyranny under which he fell sweetly enough upon his own account; but he could not bear seeing it exercised over the rare young creature whom calamity had precipitated from a higher social rank than that of his wife, and forced to earn her living as that wife's companion. The elopement which fol-

lowed placed the woman, of course, under the ban of society, but not the man. If personal genius, added to unswerving personal devotion, could have redeemed the situation, Victor's would have done so; and, as a matter of fact, he believes that he has all but won his battle with society at the moment when the story opens. The old wife, from whom, under English law, there was no possibility of obtaining legal divorce, lies at the point of death from a lingering but absolutely incurable disease, while the man of many millions has just completed an exceptionally stately pleasure house, a little way out of London, to which all the great world both of art and fashion seems ready to flock, asking no questions. Then comes that buoyant walk over the bridge, upon a bright spring morning, the wanton spite of a street rough, excited by the too obvious complacency of the conquering hero, the staggering impact of a gutter-missile on an immaculate expanse of shirt-front, the fall backward, and a confused feeling ever after, upon the hero's part, that he had heard through the subsequent ringing in his ears the forewarning of Nemesis, — the first, faint, far-off, almost melodious bay of the hounds of retribution.

Retribution is indeed wrought upon the genial sinner with Greek punctuality and completeness. His Nathaly's heart had been broken, figuratively, long before, by remorse, by the deep mortification bred of social contumely, by her anguish over the uncertain position and future of the bright maiden who has never suspected her dire disadvantage; and the mother who was not a wife had bravely concealed her own spiritual sufferings for the sake of the man and the child whom she adored. Now the physical organ of the martyr is attacked, and this too she succeeds in hiding, so that Victor, manlike, never dreams in the absorption of his manifold purposes that it has become a breathless race for death between the two women

whom he has equally wronged. The legal wife wins by a few hours, and the shock to our conqueror is so great that he falls fatally stricken in body and brain, and unable even to dictate the testament which would have secured her vast inheritance to his idolized child.

"Here's a sermon, Harry!" as the old Baroness Bernstein said to her Virginian kinsman, when he failed to recognize her own resplendent portrait as a girl. But there are subsidiary themes and incidental homilies in this extremely serious book which are hardly less impressive. There is the flaw, detected and exposed, of lurking vulgarity in the ideal of life accepted by every man who will be first and foremost a money king. There is the quaint idyl of Victor Radnor's confidential clerk, the converted pugilist, who consecrates his formidable fist to God and the intrepid Salvation lass whom he had rescued from the violence of a drunken brute. Above all, there is the effect of the long tragedy, they have seen so near, upon those fair-minded men of the world who have the run of Victor's house. Theoretically, of course, and in the face of that world, they stand by their own order and its Mohammedan traditions. But the "pity and terror" of it all purify their feeling both for mother and daughter in degrees that vary exactly with the native nobility of each man's mind. The titled fiancé, so needful to the success of Victor's political plans, whom Nesta had dutifully accepted at her father's eager instance, but to her mother's unspoken distress, draws back naturally enough from the revelation that the mother is impelled to make, and half accepts the release which the girl instantly offers him when she herself is told the truth. Afterward he repents, and would risk and condone all, but it is too late. In the forcing fire of that sharp crisis, the virginal soul of his bride that might have been has risen above and passed far away from him. If ever young woman "grew upon the

sunny side of the wall," it was Nesta up to the time when she learned the truth about her parentage. And yet — *paratum est cor suum* — the divine preparation of the heart had been surely going on. And when the maiden of nineteen springs to moral maturity in one fierce hour, we know not which to admire more, — her arrowy rectitude, or her ample charity. Love answereth all things. She loves, encourages, and supports her mother. She loves, compassionates, and nerves her father. She never judges either. She seems not even to know how firmly she holds in her slender hand the balance between these two beloved beings of whose error she was born. In her large, fresh, and thoroughly illuminated inner being there is no room even for righteous scorn. And no more is there any room for hesitation or fear. Henceforth hers is a steady and undaunted championship of all women under a social cloud: both the actually "fallen" and those like to fall; a championship whose Christlike frankness comes near to appalling, at times, even the most generous of her own devoted followers among men. The author's divination of the probable workings of a brave, blameless, and clairvoyant woman's heart seems at this point little less than dæmonic. He has painted, and painted *con amore*, a whole gallery of splendid and spotless girl-portraits: Lucy Desmond, Clara Middleton, Rhoda Fleming, the artless and heroic creature whom he saddles with the absurd name of Carinthia Jane, Diana Merrion, — but no, Diana does not quite belong with the others, nor does Aminta. But Nesta is the flower of them all; and it is with a sigh of heartfelt content that we give her, in the end, to be married to the most magnanimous of her many suitors, who had stood modestly aside in the days of her high prosperity, but with whom we know that she will lead, in comparative poverty and retreat, a life both blessed and blessing.

How explain the comparative neglect, even among titled officers of the Propaganda Fide, into which this noble romance has fallen in ten years? I have heard one of the most earnest of the "master's" enrolled followers confess, almost with tears in his eyes, that One of our Conquerors was, in every sense of the phrase, more strong than he; and that he had started a score of times to accompany the hero over London Bridge, only to turn back baffled and disconcerted before he had gained the middle stream. Such a defection as this is clearly the author's own fault. Let the truth be spoken plainly, then, about the positively unpardonable manner in which this beautiful story is told. Mr. Meredith is never, as we all know, too easy to read; but nowhere else, in the entire range of his works, early and late, in prose or in verse, is he so resolutely, rudely, disdainfully, I may say, insolently enigmatical as in all but the concluding passages of One of our Conquerors. A man with so grave a message to deliver has no moral right to cast it in crabbed conundrums, and swaddle it in reams of allusive, illusive, and irrelevant verbiage! One might suspect Mr. Meredith of being ashamed and almost afraid of the intensity of his own feeling, were it not that, as a dramatic poet, both by temperament and title, he is the last man in the world whom one would expect to succumb to any such chilly and pitiful form of intellectual *mauvaise honte*. Moreover, at the very end of the book, as I have said, the author does forget himself and the tantalizing humors of his inverted phraseology. His diction then becomes quite simple and even terribly clear, and the long gathering agony of the situation he has conceived presses to its fall with a "polished velocity" that recalls Ruskin's renowned description of the Cataract of Schaffhausen.

So much for the first member of our trilogy. The story of Lord Ormont and his Aminta is briefer, and much more

plainly, not to say bluntly told. Enter a schoolboy and a schoolgirl — the pride of their respective establishments, both beautiful, ambitious, romantic — ogling each other with rapture through a mist of morning dreams across the artificial barriers which are necessarily maintained between them. Silly creatures! — Matthew and Aminta, — yet how sympathetically, how wistfully, how reverentially, even, is the fine faculty of their awkward age depicted! The curtain drops abruptly upon the lean, sweet figures in this charming picture, to rise again seven years later and show Aminta married, through the successful manœuvring of a vulgar aunt, to a great nobleman and a great general, old enough to be her father, to wit, Lord Ormont, whose brilliant military services to his country in foreign war have never been fairly appreciated in England. He had been sulking sternly upon the Continent when himself captured as aforesaid, and he had stalked into the snare so palpably laid for him half in homage to Aminta's fresh young loveliness, and half to spite his own ungrateful order at home, and disappoint, once for all, the very natural matrimonial expectations of its daughters. Lord Ormont marries his Aminta honorably at the English Consulate; but, alas, he is ashamed of having done so. When the time comes for taking her to England, the hero of a hundred fights has not the courage unequivocally to acknowledge his bride. He neither installs her in one of his historic houses, nor introduces her to his proper world; and that world, headed by his own fine, overbearing sister, Lady Charlotte, jealous to fanaticism for his fame, eagerly assumes Aminta's position to be irregular, and treats the lady accordingly. All that Nathaly suffered righteously Aminta has to suffer without cause, and she endures for a time with a dignified patience wonderful in one so young and proud. That which wakes the insulted countess, not so much to wrath with her

ungenerous lord as to scorn of herself for having accepted him at her aunt's bidding from motives of gratified vanity and mere worldly ambition, is the arrival on the scene, as secretary to the earl, of her boy lover Matthew. The latter had welcomed as a special boon of Providence an engagement to compile and edit the famous memoirs which are to constitute Lord Ormont's Apologia. The great unrewarded commander had long been the idol of Matthew's chivalrous imagination as the unforgettten Aminta had been the angel of his one amorous dream. When fate brings him to dwell in the house of those two, and he finds her so wantonly discredited there, gallant struggles ensue, *de part et d'autre*, and prayers and dreams of a superhuman renunciation, but — it is perhaps not necessary to say what not long after happened.

Upon the rebels, in this instance, Mr. Meredith pronounces no formal sentence. By implication he may almost be regarded as justifying them, for it is Lord Ormont and his kind against whom he trains the tremendous artillery of his moral. That valiant old soldier had, after all, so sound a heart, and so keen a faculty of discernment, except when swayed by petty personal spite! He thoroughly appreciated, nay, doted on the infinite possibilities of the rare young creature whom, still, the selfish custom of his sex and the indurated cruelty of his caste permitted him to abuse, as toy or instrument, until he had fairly driven her to insurrection and constructive crime. He had intended to right her so magnificently when it should be his own good time and royal pleasure to do so! He would deck her with the world-renowned family diamonds, and trample upon the whole impudent and ungrateful peerage in drawing her to his side. But when he finally turned and signified his gracious willingness to adjust her coronet the youthful countess was gone.

It is this escape of his outraged bride

from the house that should have protected her which gives a mortal stab to the old patrician's towering pride and fills him with a noble remorse. If the aristocratic vices have, up to this point, been allowed their most ruthless play in the persons both of the earl and Lady Charlotte, the aristocratic virtues too shine brightly in the composed and magnanimous conduct of the brother and sister after the catastrophe. With the everlasting exception of Shakespeare, I doubt if the other dramatist ever lived who could have portrayed so to the inmost palpitating life the rude, imperious, and at the same time intensely human and convincing character of Lady Charlotte Eglett. The final word of this strange, eventful, and more or less *risqué* history remains with her, and very simply and grandly is it spoken.

Still, there will always be good folk — and folk wise with the wisdom of both worlds, too — who will shake their heads over the ostensible teaching of Lord Ormont and his Aminta. Was it for this reason, or only for the sake of emphasizing his deeper meaning, that Mr. Meredith chose to retell the tale with altered characters and conditions, and so to relate it the second time as to vindicate his injured heroine absolutely and conclusively? To say that *The Amazing Marriage* is only another version of the story of Lord and Lady Ormont is not, however, to suggest, for one moment, that the author repeats himself. Quite otherwise. He is indeed so affluent a creator of human types and combinations that the identity of the twice-told parable is not immediately apparent to the reader. Lord Fleetwood, the morbid and previously disappointed wooer of the mountain maid Carinthia Jane, seems at first sight to have little in common with a virile hero like Lord Ormont, except his eminent social rank. He is, however, like the elder nobleman, a despot by circumstance, — a nature not wholly ignoble, but spoiled by the possession

and misuse of practically unlimited power; while the nature of the lesser and more modern man is badly corroded by the action of hungry parasites. A curiously keen perception of historic truth is shown in the change of type from the high-bred warrior of the Napoleonic era, whose pride is purely personal and racial, to the cynical Cræsus of a more material generation, who relies chiefly on his enormous wealth to save him from the consequences of his deeds. In the headlong pursuit of his unholy purpose Lord Fleetwood offers bribes, and stoops to meannesses for so much as suggesting which in his presence the elder tyrant would have slain a minion with his hands. And yet — startling anomaly! — Lord Fleetwood is, in some respects, the more developed moral being of the two. He can perceive that his inferiors in station and fortune have rights, though he will take his own fill of outraging the same. Lord Ormont, the incorruptible, is unvisited by any such suspicion. Lord Fleetwood is, in fact, quite a bit of a social philanthropist, and considerably interested in the welfare of mankind when at leisure from his own lust. Lord Ormont has no such theoretic weakness or imaginary detachment. Money, he disdains. He regards it as an insignificant and rather sordid accident, inseparable merely from a position like his own. Lord Fleetwood and Victor Radnor, on the other hand, both gloat, in their several fashions, over their shekels, and the man who has inherited even more than the man who has amassed them. Yet they do it in no miserly spirit, but rather through a sublime confidence in the power of wealth to purchase — *indulgence*. When the pampered Lord Fleetwood finds, to his amazement, that the fair woman upon whom he had first fixed his choice for a bride has already given her heart to an impecunious army officer, it is in a transport of childish fury that he flings his own title and fortune at the feet of the

woodland Cinderella, who chances to be the sister of his rival. She, poor child, receiving his heartless offer upon the night of her first ball, accepts it humbly, in her utter innocence of the world and of men, grateful to Heaven and the kind magnate who has saved her from the deeply dreaded fate of being a burden on her beloved brother and so hindering the consummation of his happiness. Lord Ormont had been a coward concerning his marriage, but a *preux chevalier* always in his private relations with his wife, as Victor Radnor had also been toward the woman who was not his wife. The more ingrain and brutal selfishness of Lord Fleetwood leads him to flaunt his *mésalliance*, and to make a veritable Roman holiday for his sycophantic following out of the indignities which he heaps upon the helpless head of his bride.

Helpless except through the resources of her own upright and intrepid soul. Slowly, surely, the child who had been so shamefully *joué* rises to the full height of her inviolate womanhood. She learns first to comprehend, then to endure, and eventually to command the abnormal situation. The meekness of her first surrender is only equaled by the majestic assurance of her ultimate ascendancy. Neither Nathaly nor Aminta had, alas, been blameless. Carinthia, by all the sanctions of human law, remains transparently and triumphantly so. For her own sake and that of the heir of Fleetwood she will maintain her full right and title. The wealth which is her due she will take that she may distribute it in a considered charity. Her experience of ignominy in her own sinless person, like Nesta's in that of her unhappy mother, makes her the tender sister and the tireless helper of all the despised and shamed. Only one reprobate is beyond the pale of her mercy, and that reprobate is her husband. To him as a wife she will on no condition return. For that spiritual fop, sick at last of self-indulgence, and

shivering under a terrific moral arrest, there can be no place of repentance with her. So pitifully does the spoiled child of fortune plead with her before his desperate end that the weak reader is all but won over to his part, but Astræa is implacable. Thus much of hardness remains in that big heart as the result of a scathing early experience. The wound has healed, but the pale cicatrix is always there:—

“Show us Michael with the sword
Rather than such angels, Lord!”

Nothing, observe, can be imagined less namby-pamby, less meek and mild, conventionally supple and clinging, than the feminine ideal which commands Mr. Meredith's allegiance, and which he holds up for admiration in these latter tales of his, or indeed in his romances generally. The woman whom he delights to honor, whom he compassionates, for whom he pleads, against whose gravest lapses he will sternly offset an age-long accumulation of arbitrary injustice, must herself possess a goodly share of the so-called virile virtues. Before everything she must have the primal—how frequently one is moved to add, the sole and final—virtue of *courage*. “She was *brave*” is the laconic tribute of the heart-stricken old earl to his lost Aminta as he dreams, in his fading days, of the perils they had relished and confronted side by side. And again, of the same: “She was among the bravest of women. She had a full ounce of lead in her breast when she sat with the boys at their midday meal, showing them her familiar, pleasant face.” The scene in *The Amazing Marriage* where Carinthia, in the presence of her horrified and half-paralyzed lord, defends the village children from the onset of a rabid dog is one of the most thrilling in fiction; and after saying upon the burning last page of *One of our Conquerors* that Nesta brought her husband the “dower of an equal valiancy,” he proceeds to a more subtle development of his favorite theory: “You are aware of the

reasons, the many, why a courageous young woman requires of high heaven, far more than the commendably timid, a doughty husband. She had him; otherwise would that puzzled old world which beheld her step out of the ranks to challenge it, and could not blast her personal reputation, have commissioned a paw to maul her character, perhaps instructing the gossips to murmur of her parentage. Nesta Victoria Fenallan had the husband who would have the world respectful to any brave woman. This one was his wife." The mailed maiden of Mr. Meredith's generous dream is magnanimous, but she tolerates no base affront, and there is, as we have seen, a limit to her mercy. His Carinthia he credits with a sense of honor so refined that it puts the traditional albeit somewhat ragged code of the "gentleman" conspicuously to shame. Where, as with Diana of the Crossways, this keen punctilio fails, even her creator's own marked partiality barely avails to save from lasting disgrace the most seductive daughter of his imagination. For the woman who is unable to defend herself he has infinite pity, but — he leaves her to her fate. Nathaly dies without rehabilitation and redress: Letitia, open-eyed, disenchanted, and yet clasping her chain, is handed over to the baffled and humiliated Egoist.

But the oddest feature of Mr. Meredith's crusade is this: the emancipation which he invokes for the suffering fair is in no sense an intellectual one. It is anything and everything rather than an affair of sciences, languages, courses, and careers. And still less is it what is quaintly called by a certain class of agitators "economic." It is purely moral, and can be achieved only through the moral regeneration of the woman's natural master. A champion of Woman's Rights — even with capitals — Mr. Meredith stands confessed; yet with the clearly defined proviso that a woman has no rights, under the present dispensation, save such as may accrue

to her through the righteousness of man. No other author ever gauged so accurately all that a high-spirited woman feels, as none, surely, ever exposed so relentlessly the dastard quality that may shelter itself within the clanging armor of your imposing masculine bravo. Nevertheless Mr. Meredith takes his text quite frankly from *Paradise Lost*, "He for God only, she for God in him." The first and by far the most difficult part of this antiquated ideal once realized, the second would be found to comprehend the way of all blessing for man and woman alike. The woman's office in creation is to be magnified, her ways, in so far as she has been made "subject to vanity, not willingly," are to be justified, her more than Augustinian "love of love" is to be satisfied; but all and strictly within the adamantine limits established, from the beginning, in the order of nature, by the Author of Life.

Yet when I say that Mr. Meredith wants no intellectual emancipation for his clients I am conscious of using a hackneyed, clumsy, and inexact phrase. His loftier claim appears to be that the very best order of feminine capacity is something far too good for the service of the study. Relatively to this sublime endowment, mere cleverness is but a vulgar knack, — and verbal wit, contemptible. One may even say that he does his best to make it appear so, in the list he is at the pains to compile for us, of Diana Merrion's renowned epigrams. They are solemnly recondite and elaborately dull. Only one of them has even the torpedo-snap of genuine repartee, and sticks in the memory because of the flash light that it flings backward on Mr. Meredith's own fortified position. "Man has passed Serraglio Point, but he has not yet rounded Cape Turk."

The paradox which our author so vehemently sustains is not absolutely new. Neither is it, historically speaking, very old. Its first distinct enunciation is

probably to be found in the Magnificat: "Respexit humilitatem ancillae suae. . . . Deposuit potentes ex sede, et exaltavit humiles." It is a mystical doctrine doubtless, and during not a few of the so-called Christian centuries it figured as an explicit article in the religious creed of a pious and valiant if somewhat destructive order of men. Life in this world, according to the scheme of things in question, is continuous warfare wherein offensive operations are committed to the man, and those of defense to the woman. He trains the bands, organizes the sorties, endures the bleak bivouac, leads the forlorn hope to desperate assault. She heartens and provisions the garrison, being quite ready herself to stand to the guns in time of stress, no less than to dress the wounds of the stricken and pray for the souls of those who fall.

Such intervals of leisure as may occur in her strenuous life may well enough be occupied in the conning of missals and the working of tapestry to veil the brutal roughness of the fortress' inner wall. These things are a parable; but really, when one comes to think of it, they symbolize no such very unfair division either of labor or of honor; nor is it easy to imagine a re-assignment of parts which would not upon the whole increase the chances of fatal confusion and final defeat. In short, Mr. Meredith's ideal is that of the thirteenth century, rescued from disrepute and ridicule, and shaped, so far as may be, to the uses of the third millennium. And thus it was that my friend and I came to decide, between ourselves, beside our fallen fire, that his is, essentially, and above all others now current, a knightly pen.

Harriet Waters Preston.

DOMREMY AND ROUEN.

DOMREMY.

THE sheep are folded. I may sit awhile
Here in the dusk, and think my thoughts alone.
Not long: even now the shadows that lay slant
And sharp across the orchard are quite gone;
I shall be looked for soon.

Fifteen years old!

And I am strong and well as ever I was
When I was young: the saints are very good
And very close. Sometimes I seem to hear
Their quiet voices, saying kind, kind things
Only because they love me. And sometimes . . .
Sometimes . . . I know not how, they are calling, calling,
And something I must do, and something be,
I know not what. I lean to hear the word,
And strange tears brush my cheek, and dim eyes look
From far, far spaces into mine, and then . . .
Once more the quiet voices, and the breath
Of dear companionship.

Fifteen years old . . .

Who knows? I may be married in a year,

Now I am quite a woman, and then — then . . .
 Ah, little smiling, weeping, roseleaf things!
 If one could bear them as Our Lady bore
 The little Lord! No one, the women say,
 No one but she was ever mother so,
 And I must be content without my blessing
 Till I may win a good man's love . . . But me!
 What good man will think ever to love me?
 A very foolish good man! . . .

Sometimes, too,

I hear far-off in some faint other-world
 A deeper voice: "Nay, little one, not thou,
 Not thou — far other blessedness for thee."
 Till I wake weeping, clutching at my breast
 To still the hungry ache of motherhood.
 If it were so, why should I weep? Perhaps
 Some life of holy quiet shall be mine,
 Far from the world, in time to grow and grow
 A very little saint. One would be glad
 To be as good as that, and yet . . .

Last night,

The very last night of my fourteen years,
 I had a dream. By a bright hearth I sat,
 Distaff in hand, and all about my knees
 Tumbled and clung a troop of little ones,
 All mine, all mine. And as I shook for joy,
 And would have stooped to kiss them, all at once
 My stool grew — think! — a horse, and my sweet babes
 A throng of armed men, still at my knee,
 Still looking in my face for comfort: so —
 Why, so I gave them comfort . . .

What a dream!

ROUEN.

This is the hour they told me of. I thought
 There would be fear, which I might chance to hide,
 And numb at last with prayer, as I have done
 Often upon the hanging wave of battle
 Before it broke and gave me calm. Then — then —
 Perhaps some quick and upward witnessing
 Of heart and voice, and then a pang . . . and then
 I should be dead. How strange one should have made
 So much of it! I think in all this mass
 Of breathers, mine's the only quiet heart.

Ah, zest of anxious service, eager task
 Of life, how wonderful you were; and now
 A little troubled thing for memory
 To deal with for a moment, and let slip
 Into the dark . . .

Domremy and Rouen.

It was a glory, yes,
 But not mine own; I may forget it now.
 The calling voices are all still'd at last,
 They have no more to ask; I may forget . . .

Shadowy days in far green Domremy,
 So little while ago, and yet so long,
 You only, grow and grow out of the dusk
 Endearingly upon the woman's heart
 With visions of the simple maid she was . . .
 And yet I know not what slow bitterness
 Wells upward from some long-neglected spring
 Deep in the heart, for looking in this face
 Once mine and lost: the wonder if perhaps
 The service and the glory might have fallen
 To one who, worthier for that, had been
 Less fit for simpler uses.

“This young maid,”
 So will the women say, “this gentle maid
 Became the champion of France and God:
 She might have been a mother and a wife!”

Not wasted, and not grudged, the thing I gave,
 Only I know not how to turn me from
 This world unloved, unprattled-for . . . Wert thou
 Minded to yield some little token to
 A foolish woman who has served thee, God,
 It should not be a crown of gold, the praise
 Of saintly throngs, a seat at the right hand, —
 But only this . . . One hour to feel myself
 At last fulfilled of womanhood; to weep
 And smile as other women do, with here
 A broad breast for my comfort human-wise,
 And there a little babble of soft lips,
 And tender palms uplifted just to me . . .
 That were a glory! . . .

That were quite too much,
 No doubt. I will not ask for it, nor ask
 For anything but rest: I am too tired
 For anything but rest . . .

Sirs, I am ready.

Henry Walcott Boynton.

COMMERCIALISM.

It is the habit of the politician who desires to put on an appearance of patriotism to denounce greed and commercialism as if they were synonymous terms, and to hold up for emulation the career of the soldier as one of highest merit and renown. It is the custom of the preacher who has little knowledge of affairs to denounce commercialism as of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and to hold up the man who gives away all that he gets in charity, as if that were the best use of wealth, — the world, the flesh, and the devil being held by the preacher to be alike evil. The man who devotes himself to trade is called upon to separate religion and life by giving his Sundays to devout purposes so as to atone for the pursuit of gain during the week days. He is asked to prepare for a future life in the next world, in which it is assumed that there will be no work to do, by discrediting his work in this world. The emblem of perfection put before him is the cherub, with head and wings, but without any organs of digestion, and without any conceivable way of sitting down for a quiet rest, therefore possessing no material wants to be supplied by trade.

What is this commercialism which is so often held up to present scorn as if the pursuit of wealth had not been the motive of action in former days? The effort of autocrats, the motive of feudalism and of militarism, the motive of the modern jingo and of the warfare which he promotes upon feeble states by strong and aggressive nations, is the pursuit of gain by force or fraud. Commercialism is the pursuit of gain by service and fair methods in the conduct of commerce. What is commerce? Is it not the method by which human wants are supplied? What are these wants? Are they not a supply of food, clothing, shelter, light, heat, and, in another field,

music, pictures, gardens, flowers, and all that makes for beauty in the world as we know it? This world is the only one that we can know. If the power that makes for righteousness has placed man in this world for maleficent purposes, then mankind may only consent to be damned under protest, if he has not instinct or reason enough to condemn such a conception of a dishonest God as the meanest work of man. But if the purpose of life in this world is to make the most of a world that is filled with the means of human welfare, of beauty and of happiness, then man may work out his own salvation from poverty and want, and may develop his mental and spiritual capacity in so doing.

Now, since the mental endowments of men vary and are unequal, it follows, as President George Harris has so clearly proved, that inequality and progress must be reconciled, as they are by the facts of life. Mental energy is the prime factor in all material progress. It gives the power of directing the forces of nature to the increasing welfare of man. "Captains of industry" are few in number but rare in ability. They render service to those who must do the physical and manual work, by the application of science and invention to the arts of life. When such men are true to their functions, the dollars of their wealth are but so many tokens of the service that they have rendered to their fellow men, and yet they themselves may be unaware of their true place in the great organism which we call society, and may not justify even to themselves the work that they do.

What is the motive of commerce? Is it not mutual service for mutual benefit? How else does commerce exist and continue on its way? The merchant who cheats his customers is a fool. The manufacturer who debases his product,

and who tries to put off goods and wares upon the public which are not what they seem to be, is a knave. Such men are relatively few in number. They usually fail, or, if they secure riches, they are marked men whom society distrusts, even though they pile up dollars by their evil practices. The abatement of this class is only a question of time and intelligence. The makers and venders of quack medicines, of beverages purporting to promote temperance but which are merely alcoholic stimulants in disguise, will be unable to cheat the community even in a prohibitory town or state when common education is a little further advanced. The stock gambler who uses loaded dice on the exchange and rigs the market waits only for the progress of better commercial education to be abated as a common nuisance. The transactions of this noxious kind are, however, but a small fraction of the great trade of the world in which men and nations supply each other's wants.

There are two principles or fundamental rules of action which are based on human nature, that are hinted at but have never, within the limited book knowledge of the writer, been fully developed in any of the standard works upon political economy or social science.

1. No one is paid for his work, mental, manual, or mechanical, nor is any one entitled to be paid, by the measure of the work which he does either in hours of labor, in the intensity of the physical effort, or by the quantity or kind of work done. He is paid by the measure, consciously or unconsciously estimated, of the work or the effort which he saves to the man by whom he is paid.

2. The cost of each man to the community is only what he and those immediately dependent upon him consume, whether his income be a dollar or a thousand dollars per day. He can eat, drink, and wear only what he consumes. What he eats, drinks, and wears is his share of the annual product. He can occupy only a limited amount of space in his

dwelling-house or his office, and that constitutes his share of the means of shelter. What he spends is a part of the distribution of products, by which those among whom he spends his income procure their own food, clothing, and shelter. All that any one can get in or out of life, in a material sense, is his board and clothing, and what each one costs is what he consumes for board, clothing, and shelter.

Under the arduous conditions of a century ago men and women were compelled to do their own work in providing themselves with food, fuel, clothing, and shelter. In the present age, especially since manual training has been taught in the schools, well-grown boys and girls and well-bred men and women might supply their wants with less work than their grandfathers did, thus making themselves independent of society. Why do they not supply their own wants by their own work? We could all have learned how to spin and weave, how to tan and work leather, how to raise hogs, cattle, and grain, and salt down the meat for winter, how to build log cabins, and cut wood for fuel. There is cleared land now reverting to pasture and woodland which has once been occupied by self-sustaining people of this type, and which could be recovered and used with less effort or cost of labor than was necessary a century ago to provide homes for the people and to support them in those homes, especially in New England. What influence forbids recourse to the arduous and narrow lives, sometimes sordid and squalid, of a former generation? Is it not the influence of commerce making for mutual benefit, — is it not commercialism, in fact? Why does the adult reader buy his shoes when he may make a clumsy but useful pair, as perhaps his own grandfather did? Does he measure the time and effort of the shoemaker or manufacturer when he decides to buy a pair of shoes? Does any such computation enter his mind and does he say to himself, The man who

made these shoes spent so much time and so much labor upon them, and by that measure I think he ought to be paid about three dollars? Not a bit. The buyer does not know the man, and can never have a personal interest in him. It does not matter to him whether that man worked eight hours or ten hours a day. Consciously or unconsciously he sets the price which he will pay for the shoes by what he saves of his own time and effort in order that he may apply it to more useful purposes, so far as he is concerned, than making shoes. As it is in respect to shoes, so is it in all the exchanges of material products which constitute commerce, and commerce is nothing else than exchange for mutual service. Such is commercialism.

It follows that the unthinking persons who condemn commercialism from the pulpit or the rostrum merely expose their own ignorance of the true function and the interdependence of the merchant, the manufacturer, the workman, and the laborer, by whom the modern conditions of society have been evolved. Commerce stands for all that is good in modern society, and in the progress of human welfare so far as human welfare rests upon the supply of physical wants. War stands for all that is brutal and barbarous in modern society, however necessary it may have been in the past in making way for the present commercial age.

Napoleon denounced the English as a nation of shopkeepers, but by the very strength of their commerce they developed the power by which he was beaten and suppressed. Spain, in her day the greatest military power of Europe, tried to conquer Holland, but by the force of their commerce and industries the Dutch developed yet greater power, enabling them to defeat their oppressors.

In every age of recorded history from the time of the Phœnicians to the present date, the states in which commerce has been most fully developed have been those which have excelled not only in

the common welfare of the people, but also in art and literature. The progress of law is indicated by its very name, jurisprudence, the science of rights. The barbarism and brutality of war have been expressed by the common phrase, "Inter arma silent leges." In war the merchant possesses no rights which the commerce destroyer is bound to respect.

Among the nations this country stands almost alone in the freedom of its commerce on a continental scale, with a greater number of civilized people than ever enjoyed its benefits before.

If this is an age in which commercialism rules, we may well be thankful. If the generals of armies will be forced to give way to the captains of industry, if the admiral in the navy has become the subordinate of the engineer, if the line officers of the army have been forced into the ranks with the privates in order to be saved from the sharpshooters, whom skilled mechanics working solely for profit have supplied with guns of which the discharge can neither be seen nor heard, — then we may be well assured that the peaceful forces of commerce will suppress the barbarity of war. May we not also be well assured that as commercialism more and more governs the thought and directs the acts of an intelligent community, a war of tariffs will become as absurd and out of date as a war of weapons has always been brutal and noxious?

It follows that both the preacher and the politician must mend their ways if they are again to become leaders in thought and in social progress. Instead of making an effort to discredit a condition which marks the highest point in the progress of humanity yet reached, and in place of misapprehending the commercialism of the new century, let them direct their thoughts to the dominant power of commerce, joining with men of affairs in developing it, until every man and every nation shall be free to serve another's wants without the perversion of the power of public taxation to

purposes of private gain under the pretext of protection to domestic industry.

It is doubtless true that yet for a short period a naval armament must be maintained upon the sea for the protection of commerce. This necessity will exist so long as there are brutal nations endeavoring to extend their commerce by conquest, and to annex colonies or dependencies without any regard to the rights of their inhabitants. The name of "commerce destroyers" has already become a term of obloquy and of contempt in its application to naval vessels. In respect to armaments upon the land, standing armies are already in disrepute. Volunteers of sufficient intelligence each to fight on his own judgment have proved to be better fighting machines than regulars in any equal contest. Again, volunteers must be men of intelligence who think before they fight, but in regular armies thinking is not consistent with discipline.

It may not be long before other states will follow the good example of the Dominion of Canada, which has no standing army, but which maintains an effective national police, being protected on its long border line and on the Great Lakes by the common interest, and by the commercialism which controls both the government of Canada and of the United States, in spite of the absurd obstruction of tariffs which now stand in the way of the greater mutual service which each might render to the other. Canada is protected upon the Great Lakes by the simple agreement, entered into at the instance of John Quincy Adams after the last war with Great Britain, by President Monroe and the British Cabinet, to the effect that "in order to avoid collision and to save expense" no armed naval force should be permitted by either nation upon these interior waters, over which a commerce vastly greater than that of the Mediterranean Sea or of the Suez Canal now passes peacefully, to the benefit of all and to the injury of none.

When Great Britain and the United States propose to neutralize an ocean ferry-way from port to port in either land, and give notice to other states that their united navies forbid any interference with their commerce in such neutral seas, every other state in Europe will ask to join in the agreement; then "the ships that pass from thy land to that shall be like the shuttle of the loom, weaving the web of concord among the nations."

The first half of the nineteenth century was marked by brutal wars engendered in ignorance of what constitutes the true wealth of nations and in efforts of rulers to suppress commercialism. The privileged rulers, holding power which they used as if the common people of the nations had no rights which rulers were bound to respect, mortgaged the future, and put upon present generations the greater part of an enormous debt, which is now a chief cause of pauperism even in Great Britain; the taxes for interest being diffused and paid by consumers in proportion to their consumption wherever they are first put, taking from the very poorest a part of the product which is necessary to their existence, and paying it over to others who live on the interest of debts incurred for destructive wars.

In the second half of the nineteenth century yet more brutal wars were engendered in "blood and iron" for the purpose of promoting a separation of races and states, establishing artificial boundaries, and enacting tariffs which forbid mutual service. This policy has ended in requiring armies for the maintenance of these tariff barriers which cost more than the amount of the revenue from duties on imports. These wars, engendered in brutality, greed, and ignorance of economic science, have spent their active force, but have so retarded the progress of commercialism as to have brought disease upon multitudes for lack of sufficient food.

The last quarter of the nineteenth

century was marked by little wars of great nations upon weak states, discreditable if not dishonorable to the countries by whom they were permitted.

But the standard of common intelligence has passed or is passing beyond the stage in which the barbarity of war has been tolerated and justified, at least in this country, and we may hope in others. Commercialism has been estab-

lished with greater power and influence in the United States than in any other nation. Under its influence, in spite of the temporary aberration from the works of peace, order, and industry, the United States has become a world power among the nations, and will maintain this power only so far as the people develop commercialism and suppress militarism.

Edward Atkinson.

DEMOCRACY AND THE CHURCH.

ONE would suppose that the Christian church would find itself at home for the first time in the democratic state. The religion which liberated love from the narrow confines of family or personal friends ought to have welcomed with ardent joy the social theory which is merely a secular name for "love in widest commonalty spread." Yet so subtly is a disguising veil woven by the forces of bewilderment that play through history, that when democracy appeared as a political force, the church did not welcome it at all. On the contrary, she turned reproachfully away from the vehement and disturbing newcomer, while extending hands of benediction over those graceful and dignified institutions, a monarchy and an aristocracy. From that precursor of modern democracy, the struggle for political freedom in seventeenth-century England, the organized church stood apart, fervently loyal to the lost cause of the Stuarts. Again, during the revolutionary period in France, she allied herself so thoroughly with the conservative forces that in the minds of friends and foes alike she and the ancien régime were one, and the victory of the people meant the overthrow of faith. All through the heaving unrest of the last century in Europe, the same unnatural fellowship has prevailed. Until to-day, despite the

Christian Socialist movements that have never been wholly lacking, the wanderer in Europe finds the church everywhere regarded as the bulwark of the privileged classes, and the forces of social revolt opposed to organized Christianity as a matter of course. So long and strong has been the alliance of the church with the aristocratic principle, that any approach on the part of her children to a radical position is greeted on all sides with distrust.

That the situation is paradoxical, who can deny? It is not, however, mysterious. Dante's great cry, so nobly echoed by Milton, is the key to the paradox:

"Ahi, Costantin, di quanto mal fu madre,
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo ricco padre!"

"Ah, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee!"

The periods of persecution over, the church, in the first glow of her triumph, believing that the world was won for Christ, accepted the protection of the state. It was a natural and noble delusion whereby she trusted that in a world redeemed the spiritual could govern the temporal, not realizing that such nominal control would be a mask under which the temporal would govern the spiritual. Yet ever since that time her

relation to society has changed. So long indeed as she is in any sense true to her Master, she must to a certain degree remain the exponent of democratic principles; and during all the Middle Ages she offered, especially through the religious orders, a home to democratic practice. But the services which, half unconsciously, she rendered to democracy were neither consistent nor complete. Recognized, honored, all but enthroned by the world, she constantly assumed more or less of the world's aspect; till, when her time of test arrived, she ranged herself, to the amazement even then of many among her children, on the side of authority and privilege, rather than on that of liberty and the poor.

No student of history can wholly regret the long connection of spiritual and temporal; one may almost say that it was necessary for the training of the infant nations. Even to this day a national church is undoubtedly in a special and valuable sense a true guardian of national morals. Nevertheless, it is difficult for any one born on American soil to believe in the management of religious affairs by the government. A church which exists on the patronage of the state has given too many hostages to fortune. Dependent, so far as her outward being is concerned, on the stability of things as they are, she will in times of stress have half unconsciously an invincible bias in favor of the established order. A church ought indeed, now and again, to exercise a noble restraint over the restless passions of men, — to stand for law when the never-ceasing pendulum is swinging too far toward license, and the clock of the universe is running out of gear. But her true power, as champion of order no less than as champion of freedom, is forfeited the moment she is open to suspicion of interested motives. If the union between the church and the ancien régime was too strong to be shaken when democracy first appeared; if the

movement toward freedom in modern Europe proceeds with little or no help from the restraining and deepening power of Christianity; if the names of Christ and of Humanity are the watchwords of opposing camps, — we may lament, but we cannot be surprised. This is the Nemesis of the church, this the price she has paid for her alliance, so tempting but so dangerous, with the Powers that Be.

Meanwhile, with us in the United States, the religious situation is less unnatural than in Europe. We have the free church in the free state, and that is much; moreover, no one or two forms of the manifold divisions of Christendom are given artificial advantage. American Christianity, furthermore, was founded in a tradition, which it has not forgotten, of liberty both spiritual and social; and however strongly the forces of irreligion are at work among us, it may well seem to the observer that we are still a more religious people than can easily be found among the leading Continental nations. For reasons also deeper than any of these, the church in our country should escape the dangers of the church in Europe. A long strain is over. The antagonism between her principles of equal fellowship among men and the principles of the aristocratic state whereon she depended need trouble her no longer. In the very theory in which our nation was founded she finds her most powerful ally. The complex interplay of forces shown us in history, wherein friends so often wounded friends in the dark, yields to a blessed simplicity, for the ideal of democracy and that of Christianity on its human side are one.

Under these favoring circumstances, how pure, how triumphant, of how universal an appeal, should be the church in America! Liberated from hampering temporal control, yet strengthened by the secular ideas that encompass her, she might assuredly approach more nearly than ever before to the apostolic

conception. One beholds her in vision, a church not only rich in works of mercy, — this Christianity, even when most trammled, has always been, — but in the fullest sense the exponent of a spiritual democracy, the champion of the oppressed and the outcast, the natural home of rich and poor meeting in one fellowship of love, and striving all together in earnest harmony toward that society wherein the Beatitudes shall be the rule of life, and the mind of Christ be revealed.

Turning now to the actual, what do we see? Nothing to make us despair, much to make us hope; but much also to make us question and fear. The church in America — and for the present we mean by the church all forms of organized religion that acknowledge Christ as the Master of men — is on a far better footing than in Europe; but it were folly to pretend that she is as yet adequately conformed to a democratic type. Free from dependence on the state, she illustrates an almost more insidious form of subordination to the powers of this world. For a voluntary church almost inevitably enters into dependence upon the classes of privilege. It leans on them for its support, ministers with primary energy to their spiritual needs, — our millionaires, even when their business methods are open to criticism, are often sincerely pious, — puts up the larger number of its buildings in the quarters inhabited by them, provides the type of worship and preaching most grateful to them, and only as an afterthought establishes those numerous mission chapels, Sunday-schools for the poor, etc., whose very existence marks most clearly the tenacity of the aristocratic principle.

It is hard to see how all this could be avoided; and in one sense nobody is to blame for it. Yet so long as this state of things continues, the working people will instinctively regard the church as an appendage of the privileged classes. Religion, to their minds,

will too often appear a luxury of the rich, who, not content with the goods of this world, seek to establish a lien on those of the world to come. As a matter of fact, the alienation of the working classes from organized Christianity is a truism discussed *ad nauseam*. Even the Roman Catholic communion — the most democratic among us, with the possible exception of the Methodists — has its hold mainly on the women; the more intellectualized forms of Christianity, such as Unitarianism, are helpless to reach the poor except on lines of practical benevolence; and the Protestant bodies at large, though of course with many noble and striking exceptions; are struggling more or less ineffectively against odds which they do not understand.

It would be an exaggeration to say that all working people feel antagonistic toward the church. Their general attitude is rather that of indifference. The thinking poor are well enough aware that there is nothing unnatural in the situation, and that if the tables were so turned that worldly advantage shifted to their side, it would probably remain unchanged. At times their feeling, especially toward the clergy, is curiously sympathetic. "Say," remarked a labor leader of vivid mind to the writer, "say, I'm awfully sorry for ministers. Most of them are real good men. They know well enough what Christ meant, and they'd like first rate to preach it, — if they dared. But, Lord, how can they? They've got to draw their salaries; they've got families to support." All this quite without a touch of irony.

Many a misapprehension is involved in those remarks, but how salutary for us to dwell on the picture they suggest, of our institutional Christianity as seen from the angle of the working classes! It is the fashion to ascribe the alienation of these classes from religion to the spread of infidelity, and doubtless the advance of scientific thought and

the sapping of Biblical authority are responsible for much. But we should be quite mistaken to look here for the primary cause of popular irreligion. Simple folk are far less affected by the demonstration of dogma in the abstract — could dogma ever be so demonstrated — than by the revelation of a supernatural power in the life. Here indeed we have the only efficient proof that ever was or will be to the existence of supernatural power at all, — and to this proof people are as sensitive as they were a thousand years ago. Granted a man in whose actions Christian faith has borne its perfect fruit of holiness, and it is extraordinary to note how the phantoms of Doubt flee from his presence. Why not face the truth? It is not the defects of an abstract creed that hold our laboring poor out of sympathy with the religious life of the nation; it is rather the absence of any evidence, accessible and satisfying to them, that Christianity is a vital force in the lives of its adherents; it is their failure to perceive any apparent difference in the methods of business, the standards of luxury, the social practice, of those within and without the churches.

Of course there is nothing new in this contrast of the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount taken at face value with the Christianity of the church. Wherever we tap history we find it. The only disappointing fact is that it should continue to be as strongly marked in the church developed under the fostering care of a democratic civilization as it was in the church of old, forced to hold her own more or less valiantly against an opposing theory in society and the state. One is tempted to say, indeed, that never was the contrast so striking, never the distinction between the church and the world so nearly invisible as to-day. "The torpor of assurance," which Browning so deprecated, no longer presses on Christian belief; but it rests with heavier weight than ever before upon average Christian con-

duct. "We are suffering," writes that honest and searching thinker, Bishop Gore, "from a diffusion of Christianity at the cost of its intensity." Probably a faith in the brotherhood of man, living enough to effect a radical alteration in the standards and mode of life, found more obvious and widespread expression under distinctively Christian auspices in the thirteenth century than it does, so far, in the twentieth.

What will convince the working people that Christianity is a vital force in the world, making for brotherhood? Not the faithful lives of the many believers whose characters are apostolic in unworldly beauty; owing to the alienation of classes, these lives with few exceptions are lived out of the range of vision of the poor. Not the multiplication of works of mercy; owing to mistakes in the past, these works may be, and, alas, often are, misconstrued, as sops to Cerberus, — opiates thrown with interested motives to lull into inglorious stupor a righteous discontent. We must look elsewhere for the means of making unmistakably evident to our disinherited and to our social sufferers the spiritual devotion and unworldliness, the earnest faith, that beyond a shadow of doubt exist among us. This manifestation we shall not find short of the true socializing of the church; the revelation on her part and the part of her children of that spiritual democracy toward which, in the midst of growing materialism and greed, our people stretch their yearning hands of prayer.

It is a pure intellectual process, free from sentimentality, that has led us to this conclusion. In one way, and only in one, will the working people at large be convinced that our Christianity is genuine, — by the practice, on the part of rich and prosperous folk who claim to live under the Holy Name, of a simplicity of life evidently greater than that of their compeers, and of a social fellowship visibly independent of class divisions. The one practice implies the

other. We of the modern world have experienced a healthy and thorough reaction from that asceticism pursued to the end of personal holiness that marked the Middle Ages. But the true alternative to asceticism is not the enjoyment of as many comforts as one can honestly afford, nor the obliteration of a visible difference between the mode of life of the man of this world and of him whose treasures are elsewhere. Rather, as democracy effects more and more completely its inward transformation, we shall find an irresistible motive impelling us to deliberate simplicity in that love of our fellows which cannot rejoice in abundance while others go hungry. Ours will be, perhaps, a simplicity fine as that which marked private life in the best days of Greece, — no foe to Beauty, but a friend, giving her a larger scope, dedicating her ministry of joy to the common life, not to individual indulgence. Mediæval asceticism drove men into the desert; modern simplicity should be a social impulse, opening the way to widest fellowship. Surely, this ideal needs only to be seen to be followed, so lovely is it, so alluring, so near an approach does it offer to that art of perfect living which blundering humanity seeks in devious experiments through the ages, and which it has never yet attained. That the ideal is difficult is no reason against its acceptance, — when was difficulty a barrier to religious zeal? Always, ardent souls exist who yearn for sacrifice; they exist to-day; they yearn to find clear cause of division between church and world. The cause is here, did they but see; the Christian ideal, now as ever, separates its votaries, outwardly as inwardly, from the votaries of this world, calls on them for sacrifice of comfort, — harder far, of conventionality, — and shapes their lives to a new likeness.

The Christian ideal has always borne to the civilizations in which it found itself a double relation. It has modi-

fied them, it has also set them at defiance. Slowly, subtly, invisibly, it has transformed the life it found, — softening manners, altering institutions, gently raising the standard of purity, mercy, and honor. To achieve its end it has eagerly, and presumably wisely, accepted the sanction of the state and of the public. But, in this process of accommodation, Christianity has itself suffered; it has been driven to present, not so much an image of absolute holiness as a compromise adapted to the approval of the majority; gradually entering the shadows of earth, the radiance of its virtues has suffered a twilight change. Therefore it is well and necessary that every civilization, while undergoing this unconscious influence, should also behold perforce in the lives of actual men and women an example of that uncompromising Christian type which must always find itself more or less out of harmony with the ethical standards accepted by the world at large.

So, in the far-away days when Christianity was first making its way into the noble barbarian hearts of our forefathers, it expressed itself serenely if paradoxically in fiercest fighting terms, and the twelve Apostles, those men of peace, became "heroes under heaven, warriors gloriously blessed." At the same time a Columba, an Aidan, a Cuthbert, suddenly, and as it were by miracle, revealed to the world living images of the Beatitudes. A little later, in feudal times, we find the militant ideal so native to humanity, so unknown to the Gospels, still in control of the world. Christianity, in its heavenly wisdom, utters no useless denunciations, but adopts, modifies, introduces new elements of courtesy and mercy, and produces that most alluring of figures, fascinating by an inward contradiction unknown to the heroes of antiquity, the Christian knight, who lifts an angry sword in the Name of the Sufferer, and slays his foes, often for the mere joy of the slaying, with a prayer to the Victim

of men upon his lips. At the same time, the Middle Ages never forget the Counsel of Perfection; and monk, nun, and friar, especially before the degradation of the religious orders, manifest before men the mystery "that the child is the leader of lions, that forgiveness is force at the height."

The centuries march onward; and wherever we look we see Christianity unconsciously raising the moral standard, eliminating the cruder sins, producing a civilization more and more merciful and just. Yet we see it also never for an instant tolerating a final compromise; ever summoning the children of the spirit to follow an absolute ideal. In our own day the emphasis of the Powers of Evil has changed from sins of violence to sins of greed; the world, that is to say, has become commercial rather than militant. Religion does not falter. She accepts the typical modern leader of men — the merchant — as she accepted the fighter of old. Restrained, modified, the fine type results, so frequent in America during the days of our fathers, and still, one is glad to say, familiar, — the Christian employer, true and fair in all his dealings, albeit chiefly inspired by the wish to make a business success and accumulate large wealth for his children. Meanwhile, it is probable that the level of obvious ethics in the community at large has become higher than ever before. This we note with satisfaction, but can we pause here? Assuredly not. Still we hear the ringing summons, "Be ye perfect;" still there shines beyond us that vision of absolute holiness, which, though one and the same forever, yet varies in emphasis from age to age. The moment is crucial. A more generous theology leads us to turn away from the rigors and terrors of the religion of our fathers, and to replace the image of the awful God they feared by that of a deity, less holy, one is tempted to say, than good-natured. The Protestant bodies, which still hold the balance of influence

among us, have always set the level of general moral compromise higher than has the Roman Catholic communion; at the same time, they have with few exceptions laid less stress on the Counsel of Perfection. The very fact that obvious infractions of the Decalogue are now at a discount leads to an insidious self-satisfaction. For all these reasons the need of those who shall demonstrate the uncompromising nature of the demands of Christianity is not over; rather, it was never more profound. The special aspect assumed by these demands is determined by the special inconsistencies and errors of the democratic and mercantile civilization under which we live. As, in the days when sins of violence were rampant, meekness and non-resistance carried to an extreme were the ideal qualities on which the church laid most stress, so to-day, in these times of peace, when the desire for luxury or at least for material goods all but dominates our common life, and renders fellowship impossible, the chief call of the church invisible is to an unworldliness manifest to all men. And as, in mediæval times, it was probably well and essential that the Christian virtues should be dramatically displayed by religious orders made prominent through separation from ordinary society, so in a democracy our need is not for an order, nor for an individual here or there, set apart by peculiar marks to a special holiness, but for simple folk who in the normal walks of daily life live out to its completion the Christian law.

The Christian church started in an "upper chamber," and Christian homes, consecrated by religious awe, were long its only abiding place. As time went on, the young religion, if theory once current speaks true, adopted for its own the pagan Halls of Justice. The House of Justice and the House of Christ should be indeed forever one and the same; but the more primitive and more certain connection strikes yet deeper. The Christian homes of the land must be the

shrines of that social practice which is but Christianity translated into terms of human relation. Democracy in its advance has liberated sinister forces never foreseen by the earlier apostles of liberty, and that common life which freedom was to have won and the democratic state to have realized is not yet seen. Now in the time of stress, when these separating forces, which the new society, to our surprise, permits if it does not engender, are driving the classes so far apart that they cannot hear each other speak, where if not to the church of Christ shall we look for those other forces that make for unity? We are confronted by a new opposition; no longer that between democracy and aristocracy, but that between democracy the creed of the lover and democracy the creed of the egotist. So great are the demands which the higher conception makes on poor human nature, that only the tremendous reinforcement to social idealism afforded by Christianity can, one is inclined to say, enable us to

satisfy them.¹ "It is by the religious life that the nations subsist," and the church is the soul of the nation. It is not enough to-day for her children to exercise private virtues in the domestic circle, or to conform to the strictest standard of honor that the public demands. They have a great misapprehension, for which the church of the past is responsible, to overcome; they have a special task to fulfill. If on all citizens it is incumbent to promote, so far as they may, the higher aims of our civilization, how much more is this the duty of those who hear the double summons to democratic fellowship uttered by their country and by their Lord! Among those who follow the Carpenter of Nazareth should be found the common life we seek. To the church at least, though all else should fail us, we may look with hope unfaltering for the slow but sure realization of that spiritual democracy of which our fathers dreamed, and in the faith of which our republic was founded.

Vida D. Scudder.

TWO JAPANESE PAINTERS.

I.

YATANI JIRO.

LOOKING into a lotus pond, — gay of a summer eve with tea-house lanterns, — and where Hon Street turns down to the castle of Kameyama, there used to be a fragment of a huge stone wall. Of old, when the historic castle was young in the heyday of *samurai* chivalry, there stood at that very spot the outer gate of the castle.

In the shadow of the gate stood a modest shop. In its many colored interior, seated upon a bit of cotton cushion about as roomy as a hand, Yatani's father, and his grandsire before his fa-

ther, had painted away their life-long days upon cheap umbrellas. It brought rice, not much to be sure, but quite enough to keep their bodies upon the earth, and from the curse of idleness and luxury; also, it brought peace to their families, and the ghosts of their ancestors were pleased with it. Naturally, in the course of ripening years, Yatani was also expected to walk in the worthy steps of his father. And his father, with the traditional patience and devotion of the Nihonese artisan to his work, did the best he could for the son. But none bought the umbrellas which Yatani painted.

"Where can you find these things,

¹ Bryce: Holy Roman Empire.

— the things that you paint upon your umbrella? What are these things, anyway? What do you intend them to be? Oh, the extreme of patience!" his father would say to his son.

The effects of all the wise admonitions, however, were, as a wise proverb would have it, as "the spring wind on the horse's ear!" And, instead of painting upon sun umbrellas ladies and beasts, gods and fools, knights and things, with the democratic brush which is no respecter of persons, and in colors screaming at each other, he went on melting his dreams into colors, and putting at naught all the sane and good advices of his sire, and did not cease, for a moment, laying on bold lines upon cheap umbrellas, — the bold lines which frightened his customers away.

Something worse than woman — for ambition is the strongest and the last love of a man — was at the bottom of his bad ways. He wanted fame, and modestly enough and incidentally to bring the whole artistic world at his feet. It seemed to take days — long days. And the amazingly long patience of his father was not quite long enough.

One fine morning Yatani's father was rubbing his eyes at the mountain which lay between Kameyama and Kyoto. He saw no trace of his son there, but spring mists were building purple shelves on its emerald shoulders.

Certain loose-minded streets, crooked as the conscience of a sinner, in a little Bohemia of Kyoto artists, for a few years used to grin pathetic sympathy at Yatani as he wandered through them, aimless as Luck and careless as Fate. He watched many a grand procession of Daimyo, and afterward he painted it. But no order from a prince came for his pictures. Temples, flowers, birds, pagodas, spring scenes, cherry blossoms, there they were, — all sketched out with bad ink, the precious wealth of his fancies, upon the sheets of paper which he cheated out of his fellow Bohemians.

When a good meal failed his stomach, then the dreamer fed upon something more spiritual, a cake of mist which came to him glorified with the perfume of the immortal names of masters.

He woke with a start one night. The straws all about him were wet with dew-drops, and within them the moon sparkled like the white souls of stars. He looked up at the eave of the straw roof of a deserted hut and saw the moon peeping curiously at his open-aired privacy. That was what woke him then, the curious moon. He had been tired for some time of straw beds. Moreover, he knew that the good wives of farmers were also tired of feeding him from day to day.

"Suppose I should become a guest of a prince," he told the dewy night. "Many a beggar-artist has been entertained in a palace, — and a palace may be as good as this straw bed, at least for a change!"

Desperation is such a bold thing.

The Prince of Kaga, who, at that time was representing his master, the Shogun, at the court of the "Capital of Flowers," was famous for his hospitality to the artist, — to the man of genius. And those were the goodly days when the men of genius wandered with the winds over the land despising silk and gold for their attire.

At the palace gate of the Prince of Kaga: —

"The august wish of the honorable presence?"

"The humble one is an artist, — a painter," Yatani told the guard at the gate. "Will the honorable presence condescend to acquaint his august prince that the humble one craves to wait upon his pleasure?"

Water for his feet was brought, and Yatani threw away his straw sandals with a bitter humor. For the first time the significance of what he was doing came upon him with the full force. He was playing a game which might cost him his life. To trifle with the art-

judgment of a prince was not considered, in those days, the safest thing in the world. Ah, well! what mattered life to him, — the life, naked of fame and robbed of immortality?

“Condescend to pass into the Hall of Karasu, — this way, honorable presence,” and a retainer ushered him.

Dressed in a cotton *kimono* — and you could see the rigorous hand of refined taste upon every inch of it — the famous patron of art received the beggar-artist with the simplicity of a comrade.

“That screen,” said the prince, “has been waiting for the coming of a master for nearly four seasons. And whatever Master pleases to bestow upon it, I am sure it will be but too impatient and grateful to receive it from him.”

The screen was in a strange contrast to the severe simplicity of the attire of the prince. There was in the centre of it a rectangular piece of white silk, very narrow and very long, and a heavy brocade stretched away from it to the lacquer frame on which a pair of gold dragons were climbing.

Yatani, as you know, had painted often on his sheets of paper; for one small iron coin he could get two of them. To paint on a screen which would cost five hundred pieces of gold was a new experience for him therefore. His eyes staring, he froze in front of the screen. Evidently he mistook the white centre silk for the face of Death. The prince with his own hands arranged the dishes of ink and water.

There was silence — the silence such as you sometimes feel rather than hear falling between prayers. Yatani’s face grew white. And one watching him would have said that his bloodshot eyes were trying to discover a viewless picture already traced there upon the silk by a spirit brush. For the first time in his life he believed from the bottom of his heart, with all the sincerity of his soul, in the gods. As a matter of fact he was praying. Slowly and absent-

mindedly he dipped his brush into the black “sea” of the ink-stone.

To the best of his memory, he dreamed — for a certain space of time, he could not tell how long — that he was sitting face to face with a god. Because he could not reach him with his voice he painted his prayer in black and white upon the silk of the screen.

In after days he remembered, as in a vision, the wild gestures of the dignified prince, sprouting all about him like a forest of sprigged branches. And “Superb, Master! ’T is superb, Master!” from the prince reached Yatani’s ears like a shout from the other world.

If you like, you can see it this very day, in a certain room of the old palace of Kioto, that screen, that picture of Yatani’s.

A terrific hurricane is whipping mountain-huge clouds into a whirlpool. Through its nightly coils you catch a glimpse of a heaven-ascending dragon. And when you follow the lightning of his eyes you see through the break of the dense cloud a lone star beckoning the ever aspiring dragon — like the ideal of man, like the smile of a god — from the far away which becomes higher as he mounts.

That is the picture.

II.

A YEDŌ PAINTER.

Hokudo was descending from the Yedo Castle of the Shogun, from the feast that was held in his honor, in the above-cloud company. Also it was the celebration of the completion of a new palace room, and Hokudo’s was the chief brush that gave unto the new room the life that is not of the flower nor of the mortal man.

Coming down the palace steps, escorted by the proud princes and the lords of many castles and provinces, at the

top ladder of his fame, he had a look about him of a man whose joys were a cobweb. The spring of the festive *saké* was cold within his veins. His eyes were far away.

"The honorable work of the Master is altogether above praise; the honorable success, *domo*, is quite beyond our humble congratulations," these and similar words his companions of noble rank were saying to him.

"The humble one has no face-and-eye to accept so high a praise from so high a source," his cold, courteous voice was saying.

He did not quite understand either what his noble companions were saying, or what came out of his own mouth.

I have said that the world had rendered unto him far more than it rendered unto Cæsar, and what this joke, or, if you will a dream, of a life could afford was his. Moreover, he had something of what the gods alone could give, — for was he not blessed with the genius which, in the minds of so many, came very piously close to meriting a shrine? That was not all; it was also his, that happiness which seems to play will-o'-the-wisp with the artist, which is considered to be the greatest of human pleasures, which the wise and the pious cannot always be sure of (witness Socrates and Wesley), and which, more than anything else mortal, according to the testimony of the good, gives man a foretaste of heaven, — I mean, a happy home. He was deeply in love with his wife; as for her, she adored her husband.

And he was unhappy.

"Upon my word, you are the hardest mortal to please," said a very intimate friend of his once, in a confidential and truth-telling moment; "and I am sure that is the opinion of the gods as well."

"Not too fast, my friend," the painter begged his judge; "I do not think that I am so very hard to please, since I ask for only one thing. There are many — and you among others — who

ask of the gods for more than a thousand things."

"And what is that one thing?"

"Since I have not gained it as yet, it is unreasonable for you to ask me about it."

"Of course, — I might have known this; in fact, I know that everything that you, yourself, could think of, the gods have given unto you."

And the painter smiled sadly at his friend.

"And then, look at my white hair!" the painter went on. "I am getting old. You must remember that you are helping me to celebrate my fiftieth birthday, this night."

In the shadow of the Atago Mountains there huddled a little community, which, although much looked down upon by men, still was happy with more than an ordinary share of fresh mountain air, of the big smiling slice of blue sky.

Between this hunters' village and the Kameyama Castle there were many pines, ricefields, thatched roofs, mountain streams, and the clover-scented savanna of the length of twenty-five miles. And Kameyama was the native town of the famous court painter of the day. The town people — and especially the simple men and women and children of the field — were very much bewildered in their attempt at forming a definite idea as to the real greatness of the painter, and in their embarrassment they concluded that the prophet should not be without honor in his own town, and in their magnificent and altogether sublime hero-worshiping enthusiasm they decided in seeing a very little difference between the painter and an every-day god.

The painter, on the other hand, whenever he came back to his home and clan — and he remembered it once every year as regularly as the calendar — insisted that he was the same one, a little bigger now and a little older, of course, nevertheless the same whom, in the now

fabled days of their boyhood, Takano had licked within a rather ticklish distance of death for no other unreason than that the painter (a very timid youth in those days, looking much more like a girl than a man-eating monster, fire-tongued and ever laughing at death, which was the supreme ideal of the boys of those golden days) gave, unasked, and secretly like the gift of a thief, a pat or two upon Takano's dog, half dead, cut, torn, trampled, kicked, and painted all over with its own blood and the mud of the street. Very free and sociable as the painter was, the streets of Kameyama used to miss him suddenly. Where could he go on those mysterious disappearances? None could tell. Not even the imagination of the Kameyama people to whom the sun of the south is so kind and gives much of its poetry.

To the hunters' village under the shadow of the Atago Mountains there came, once upon a snowy day, a singular visitor. The simple hunters of beasts did not know who he was, who he could be. To them, he had much of the looks of a *sen-nin*, — one of that marvelous race of philosophers who lived upon meditation and mountain dews.

"A rather deep snow, Mr. Hunter." The singular visitor stopped at the door of one of the huts and talked with its master. When the hunter asked him in, he entered without the slightest embarrassment, in an excellent humor, thoroughly at home and at ease, and sat at the fireplace dug in the ground floor of the hut.

"I see the God of Luck smiled upon you, Mr. Hunter; he has sent many good-looking sons to you; and how is the game of the year? I hear that the deer are making their shadows more and more scarce in these mountains every year."

And their conversations took many a wandering trip into many parts of the mountainous country, into many private corners of a hunter's lonely life, buried deep in the winter snow. Then suddenly the eyes around the hunter's fireplace

became all very large, and those of the children made a brave effort to leap out of their sleep-heavy sockets. The reason of it all was that the strange visitor, in an off-hand way, as a sort of side issue, pulled out of the bosom pocket of his thick winter clothing a roll. When he unrolled it, it was a picture of a wild boar.

"Look at it closely. Have you seen a dead boar, like this?" so saying he handed it to the head of the family. The hunter examined it, and in a short time he lost the look of one gazing at a bit of a beautiful picture. In his eyes — and the visitor was scrutinizing very carefully indeed — entered the light which you see in those of a huntsman who is looking at a game in a great distance. The hunter evidently was no longer thinking of the picture; he was thinking of the boar itself.

"Yes," he said, after a good long look, "yes, it is dead, this boar!"

The visitor rolled the picture back into his breast pocket. A few more words were exchanged, meaningless and very meaninglessly spoken about meaningless commonplaces. And the strange visitor passed on. At the door of another hut he was seen to stop. Inside the second hut, as in the first, one could see him pulling out the roll of the same picture, speaking in much the same manner, asking the identical question, "It is a dead boar, as you see?" And the hunter of the second hut, like he of the first, agreed with the stranger. "Yes, yes, it is dead, — I am certain of it!"

And the third hut and the fourth, tenth and twentieth, and — and all agreed that the boar was dead. Then like a mist, like a lie, the stranger vanished.

And the streets of Kameyama found once more the famous painter, smiling his sad smiles, unhappy, oh, so unreasonably, as ever!

And the hunters of Atago Mountain wondered at the annual visit of the stranger, always with the picture of a dead boar, asking the same question from year to year, asking the same people.

And romances were born by hundreds: "The Master goes into the deep mountain every year to receive the art-secret from the demi-gods Ten-gu," said the prevailing opinion. It was not as easy for the townspeople of Kameyama as it is with us to connect the strange visitor in the hunters' village and the artist in his mystic disappearances.

It was in the depth of the Atago Mountains; it was in the white depth of winter; also, it was in the silent dead of night. Under the tall arm of a very tall pine of the age unknown to men a tall flame was making its dazzling effort to be taller. Around it a group of hunters was laughing and poking the embers, trying to rekindle, in the ashes of past days, the sparks of the ancient memories and the tales told them by their sires. The camp-fire threw upon the snow, over the half-erased outlines of the squatting hunters (which looked like brush and wash study, soft as the tropical twilight), all sorts of golden patterns for the benefit of the studious stars doing their utmost to peep through the envious net of pine needles.

All of a sudden their ears stood watchful sentinels, just like those of the deer. Some one was treading upon the white silence of the winter night; a vague form rose from the sloping path.

"Iya! fair night to you, Masters-of-Hunt."

It was a clear voice. One of the hunters made room for him. When the fire fell upon the face of the newcomer the hunters recognized their old acquaintance. He spoke to the hunters, as of yore, of their affairs; told them a few entertaining tales of far-away Yedo of the Shogun; and sure enough,

just as the hunters were expecting to see, the visitor looked for the roll of picture in his breast pocket.

The hunters did not know that the painter had just finished the picture that very evening by the last fading light upon the snow. And how could they? They did not know that the visitor was a painter at all.

"A picture of a dead boar, as usual!" — that was what the painter said. And the picture started on its silent tour around the fire. He was the third who spoke: —

"But — ei, but this is no dead boar!"

One who had an exacting eye upon the painter would have said that, just then, the painter strangled a sudden thrill within him.

The first and the second hunters who had looked at the picture raised themselves upon their hands and tilted themselves toward the third, who was holding the picture.

"That's — that's what I was thinking; I could see very well that the boar is not dead," said the first. And the second, "No, sir, that thing is n't dead."

And the gray silence upon the snow absorbed the variously worded opinions of the hunters around the fire. A sleeping boar — that was the consensus of the opinions around the fire. The painter rolled the canvas, and burying it carefully in his breast pocket he lifted his face toward the fire. It played upon it curiously, wondering much. Upon it was a light, — it was the reflection of the smile that was blossoming, just then, in the painter's soul, — but how could the fire be expected to know anything about it?

The painter tried, as was his polite custom, to finish off his interview with the hunters with many friendly sentences about the matters which had much interest for them but very little for himself. His lips, however, were empty because his heart was so full.

Beyond cavi, it was in the direction of the studio of her husband, that singular noise. The good lady who had shared the life of struggle and of fame with the painter was opening her ears very wide, full of unquiet curiosity. Her imagination was paralyzed; what on earth could it be? It was not an ugly sound, far from it; in it was something of the laughters of young frolic.

It came again. And the reason that it gave her a little start was because — oh, of course, she, thoroughly ashamed of so outrageous a thought, made haste to erase it with a smile — she thought that she recognized the voice of her illustrious husband in the sound. The greatest painter of his age, at the prime of his artistic powers, he, shouting in the sacred calm of his studio, like a boy of five with his first stolen persimmon! What, indeed, could she be thinking about?

“Oh, ho, ho, ho!” she laughed. At the time she was arranging flowers in the *tokonoma*. And her fingers were returning to a pair of scissors. However, she was a woman. She rose, and smiling, half in the spirit of investigation, half for the joy of taking her husband in a mirthful surprise, and wholly for the fun of the thing, — yes, for fun, — she made her gentle way toward the *shoji* of the studio.

On her way, upon the polished oaken veranda, she stopped all of a sudden, tottered a little; all her skepticism was shattered; there could be no more doubt about the matter; it was her husband, — her dignified, cultured husband; it was the greatest of all the court painters, who was actually cutting up like a pup with a kitten. What could be the matter with him? Feeling very sure, this time, that she was doing something wrong, strangling her breaths in the throat, she stole her way to the

shoji of the studio. And another burst of childish merriment broke upon her nervous ears. She fell in a heap, like a feather, on the veranda outside the *shoji*. She heard the voice within say: —

“Now, then, old chap, — happy, happy old man! Buddha and Rakwan! was there, could there, ever be a man happier than I am now? I, the envy of the gods! and at last — Bosatsu and Buddha! — it was the tedious road, and ye gods! how I did toil and eat my bitter heart in silence, in sadness, despair! Ah, well! but look at this — at last — after — after — let me see, — thirty, well nearly forty years in round numbers! And at last! Ei! Ei! — look at this! So at last I have succeeded in painting the difference, — the nice distinction between sleep and death! Victory, and oh the glory! Ei! Ei! Not a hunter — no, not one — saw a dead boar in this picture! Ha, ha, ha, ha!”

Overwhelmed with anxiety, forgetting altogether the mirth which made her first steps light with the lightness of that of a mischievous child, and perfectly blind to the humor of the famous painter, shouting and laughing like an Indian, she forced the *shoji*, her hand all in a cold tremor. The *shoji* glided open without saying anything.

“Any one can paint the boundary line between life and death, but the sleeping life! What a triumph! You rogue, — the happiest of mortals, you, the envy of the gods, you little rogue! a-ha, ha, ha, ha!”

The good lady saw her husband wild with a picture. “His masterpiece, doubtless; I had never seen him in such a condition in all my life!” she thought, with a black fear creeping into her heart. “And — and — Buddha forbid that it should rob him of his mind, that masterpiece!”

Adachi Kinnosuke.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.

ONE of the aspects of American life that must impress every foreigner visiting this country for the first time is the attention given to outdoor sports. Athletic meetings and sporting events are regularly reported in the daily newspapers with a wealth of detail exceeding any other single department of news. The rivalry among cities, clubs, and schools is so keen that our main interest outside of business hours seems to be in some form of physical contest. Organized outdoor sports are recent developments which have begun within the memory of men still young. They seem at first glance like a sudden reaction against former neglect of the body, but they are more logically a development of physical exercise into a newer and more artificial form, and under changed conditions.

Up to the close of the Civil War the need of physical training was not felt, and the stimulus to an outdoor life was supplied by the continual exploration of new country. All life was practically out of doors. Our people were scattered over a wide domain, and the centres of population were small. The great West to be explored and settled easily turned the thoughts of a young man to his rifle, and to the adventures to be found in the forest. Sport was a child's occupation by the side of the great game that he played.

Colleges suffered from the effect of this drain of men of strength and initiative, who were more likely to turn away from books to seek their careers in the opening up of new territory and in the business connected with developing natural resources. The improvement in physical appearance of college boys generally is often ascribed to the physical training which is now common; but it might with as good reason be ascribed to the large infusion of the

stronger type. The pale student no longer holds a monopoly in education. He is still with us, surrounded by so many of his sturdy companions that he is no longer typical of college life. The disappearance of the backwoods and the growth of large centres of population have thus created the demand for an artificial outlet; and the games are the natural successors of the youthful activities of a pioneer period. For boys in a large city far removed from open country organized play is almost a necessity.

What a foreigner would observe of the intensity of sports is only one manifestation of the spirit which American people now put into everything. The commercial growth of the past twenty years is probably equal to that of all the preceding years since the discovery of the continent. The energies of the entire nation have been turned into channels of trade and pleasure, and we are passing through a period of surprise and readjustments calculated to upset the nerves of any people. Many arts are being revolutionized. A machine has no time in the United States to wear out, before it is superseded by something thought to be better, and we are constantly hearing of inventions that will wipe out entire industries. Our sudden leap into prominence as a commercial power has affected us like the discovery of a vast gold mine. The majority are engaged in the struggle for wealth, and most things are judged from a material standpoint. This condition was inevitable from the first, and it constitutes only a phase of American development which will pass away as the novelty wears off.

If in the craze for winning our sports exhibit the spirit and method of trade, it is because boys cannot escape from their environment into an atmosphere

more ideal. The only place where we can hope to maintain the higher motive is in colleges and schools. There the young men are collectively under better control, and they are for a season removed from the competition of the outside world. Athletic sports have obtained a strong hold upon them, and the public is entirely familiar with the large number of games among students of different universities and colleges. Much has been said against the contests, and the opinion that they have been allowed to go too far is quite common. In discussing this subject, let us remember that boys and girls will carry to school the impulses and habits learned at home, and that society at large shares the responsibility for degraded sports. Youth is the natural time for play, and it is well to provide some wholesome method of working off superfluous animal spirits. Physical contests are probably the best; at any rate they are far ahead of billiards and horse-play. If, then, disagreeable extremes often spring from them, it does not follow that the ultimate result is not the best that could be attained in the present state of society.

While universities and colleges have become natural centres for athletic contests, scholarship has seemed to lose its proper perspective. The appearance of thirty thousand people to see a football game, and the disappearance of all students from their classrooms during an entire day, would have filled a professor of the old school with despair. He would have looked upon it much as the general public now regard a prize fight or a bull fight. Many professors hold this view to-day, and a very respectable vote could be obtained in most college faculties against the severer forms of intercollegiate contests. It is not intended to imply that teachers are opposed to outdoor sports; but rather to some of the practices that seem to follow in their train. There are evils, and for the good of American students

they ought to be stated without reserve. At the same time the subject should be approached without prejudice, as the adequate treatment of the physical side of college life is perhaps one of the most important questions now before educators.

The old idea of education was that a youth could obtain all the benefits of a college training from books. The value of a sound body was recognized in theory, but in practice no systematic method of obtaining it seemed to be thought necessary. A college simply represented study and books. Education, crystallized along conventional lines, was confined mainly to men entering the professions of law, medicine, and divinity. Now all this is changed. The modern college is obliged to take into account the demands of commerce, and the applications of science to the well-being of man. Many of the professions now require the higher education as a foundation, and the majority of subjects taught have been placed on college catalogues within a few years. The dominating note underlying courses of study for undergraduate students is, before all else, the production of enlightened citizens. Physical vigor has therefore acquired a practical significance which it never had before. It is fast becoming as much a man's duty to take proper care of his body as it is to cultivate his reason. Most colleges have been forced to provide the opportunity for some kind of physical training.

The systematic culture of the body began in this country in a very small way, but its growth has been most rapid. Gymnasiums, such as are now resorted to by many young people, fill a highly useful function. Unfortunately many colleges and universities lose a large part of the benefit accruing from them. Usually there is no recognition of the work done. Competent instructors are provided, and every opportunity is given to the students to benefit by their teaching, but everything is voluntary. Phy-

sical excellence does not in any way affect a student's standing or help him to get his degree. This is a serious handicap to a gymnasium, as the exercises indoors are at best extremely monotonous and dull. It is only natural that a young man should want credit in the shape of marks, as for a course of studies, when he has spent several hours a week during an entire year in manipulating weights for the good of his body. Failing these or any other inducement in the gymnasium, he turns to outdoor sports, wherein success yields an immediate return in the applause of his classmates and friends. This is where college faculties have been slow to recognize their opportunities and duties.

Outdoor sports were for many years left to regulate themselves in the hands of students without experience of life to guide them, and often under the influence of irresponsible persons to whom college contests represented nothing more than the excitement to be found in a horse race or a professional baseball game. It was not sport for sport's sake, but sport for the sake of beating somebody by fair means, or by political intrigue. The inevitable result was an intolerable condition which had to come under the correction of faculties whether they liked to take the time from their lectures or not. Their interference was resented at first by students and athletic graduates, and mutual confidence was practically destroyed. The difficulty was how to improve the contests without entirely prohibiting them. The enthusiastic promoters of the sports were rarely good advisers, and for some years college professors worked alone on a most troublesome problem. The prevailing notion that they belonged to a class living in the clouds did not increase respect for their opinions even when governed by reason and sound sense. In consequence progress has been slow. The spirit of sport is certainly much better as the newness has worn off, but much remains

to be done. The first step was to make rules for the guidance of students in their intercollegiate relations. Committees were necessary to that end, and as a rule representatives of the student body were called into consultation. In most colleges these committees have remained to regulate the sports and to safeguard them against bad practices in the future. The rules commonly in force are similar in spirit, if not in substance, throughout the college world. They are simply records of experience relating to past abuses, as they have invariably been framed to cure some evil or to promote fairness.

There are only three rules that require comment here. The first and most difficult of administration is in the nature of a definition of professionalism. The intention of this rule is to disqualify from participation in college sports all men who have received a money benefit or its equivalent by reason of their previous connection with athletics. It would be foolish to treat this as a moral question, although it does affect the honor of a team. The distinction between an amateur and a professional is one purely in the interest of sport, because the latter has presumably made more or less of an occupation of athletics, and therefore outclasses the former. Hence the contest wherein professionals are set against amateurs is unequal if the facts are known; unfair, if the facts are concealed. In either case the result is bad. A spirit of retaliation, absolutely fatal to friendly contests, is introduced. The rule was made at a time when abuses were common, and some of its provisions now seem too sweeping. The technicalities that arise are often absurd, yet the distinction between the two kinds of players had to be drawn, and the line was not a clear one under the best of circumstances. On the whole, the rule has promoted honorable dealing between college boys, and its influence in the preparatory schools has been far reaching. It should not be modified in

spirit except for very weighty reasons, although a greater latitude in its interpretation might be allowed to committees.

There is no doubt that college boys often dishonor themselves consciously or unconsciously by concealing facts in relation to their standing as amateurs. Even older men are sometimes willing to degrade sports by deception. A letter was received at Harvard several years ago, informing the Athletic Committee that the services of a well-known athlete could be secured as coach, if he could be paid a stated sum in such a way that no evidence could be found against his amateur standing. The most common lapses among students occur in the summer in connection with baseball. Some of the men undoubtedly play on hotel and summer resort nines for a substantial gain. They know that they are cheapening themselves, but the practice continues with concealment of the actual facts. There are various methods of receiving financial benefit without violating the letter of the athletic rules. One of these is exhibited in a letter, by no means unique, received last spring by a first-rate college ball player. A few extracts are given below: —

“I write to ask if you know of a first-class pitcher that can be obtained for the summer, to pitch on the ——— team of the ——— League, a team that will be made up entirely of fast college players. Such a pitcher would be used most liberally here, — in fact, he could have almost anything he wanted, and he would be protected in the matter of privacy concerning any arrangement made. This is the best summer town on the coast, and clean baseball players will be taken into the best society here. Our players will come from ———, ———, ———, and other colleges. It is possible that you may know of one or two good men on the Harvard team who would like such an outing, which will cost them nothing from the time they leave home until they return there. If

so, I shall consider it a great favor if you will write me about them. We must have a corking team this year and stand willing to plunge on a pitcher. The right man will find seventy-five monthly in his jeans, and he can wonder as much as he likes how it got there. Could n't you be induced to visit some friends who will be provided for you down this way? ”

Another rule requires all members of athletic teams to be genuine students of the college which they represent, and to be satisfactory in their studies. A student who is not promoted every year to a higher class, or is on probation for neglect of studies, is not allowed to play on any team. It does not follow from this that athletes as a class are good students. The eager desire to play acts as a spur to many otherwise dull men, and some of them have been thus goaded into mental activity. The games are powerful incentives to some boys, and can be depended upon to keep them straight. In this respect their advantage to mental and physical discipline cannot be denied. Statistics on the scholarship of athletes are not conclusive. Allowance is rarely made for the fact that young men in bad standing are carefully weeded out of the teams, and that therefore comparison with all other students is unfair. It does not stand to reason that a student in intercollegiate athletics can do as much work as one who devotes all his time to study. The athletic season of football, for example, lasts six weeks in the fall, and, so far as classroom work is concerned, the time is practically thrown away. The members of the team attend lectures regularly, they are obliged to; but their minds are on signals and plays for the next game or practice. As a consequence, one fifth of the year is lost, and the players have to do as much work in the remaining four fifths as others do in the five fifths. With average students it will not be done. The physical training which the football men have

gone through cannot under favorable circumstances increase their efficiency enough to make good the difference. Then, as a rule, their participation in athletics has made them natural leaders in the social life of the college, and so they lose still more time. The only point that may be regarded as established by the records is that few students admitted to the teams are subsequently thrown off for poor scholarship. This proves that most athletes can usually do enough work to remain satisfactory in their studies. Of late years a good player has lost caste if he permits himself to be disqualified through any fault of his own.

The question of scholarship should not be approached in a narrow spirit. Do students gain anything in athletics that justifies the time taken from their studies? That is the vital consideration. While a definite and convincing answer cannot be given in all cases, it is safe to say that many do. It is a matter of common observation that athletes as a class have more initiative, and know better how to deal with men, than other students, especially when they first graduate. Whether they really hold their own in a long life is another matter. Much depends upon the individual.

A third rule relates to the procurement of good players from other colleges, by social or money inducements. To discourage this practice no ex-player of a college team is allowed to join the team of another college until after he has been enrolled for one entire year. This has removed one cause of complaint, but a real evil nevertheless remains. There is too much solicitation of boys in the preparatory schools with a view to the strengthening of college teams. Agents are constantly on the lookout for good candidates. Let a boy exhibit any unusual ability as an athlete, and half a dozen colleges will be after him. Inducements are offered in the nature of social advantage or of sin-

ecure positions, which carry with them substantial financial gains. Often good athletes or their friends set a value on their services, and solicit positions. An example of this is shown in the following extract from a letter lately received by the Athletic Committee at Harvard:—

“I should like to call your attention to Mr. —, who is thinking of entering college. We want to place him in some college where his athletic talents will be recognized and will be of use to him.”

Then follows a list of his achievements, with a request to know what the university can do for him. College teams should be made up of men who come to them naturally, and the secondary schoolboys should be freed from all forms of solicitation. They unsettle the judgment of both parents and boys. An extension of the one year rule to include all students from going into the intercollegiate games during their first year in college would be wholesome in its effects.

The three rules mentioned form in the main the backbone of college regulation of athletics. There are other rules intended mainly to keep the contests within bounds, and to promote so far as possible a friendly relation between contestants, but, unhappily, many things cannot be reached by rules. Student tradition and public opinion when rightly directed are of greater value than even regulation, if the players can be made to feel them. Various abuses creep in from an intense desire to win, and every year brings its crop of tricks. One of these is found in coaching a team from outside after the men have gone on the field to play. When eleven young men appear on the football field, it is commonly understood that they are going to win or lose on their merits, and not with the assistance of some one on the side lines. Outside coaching is in this sense entirely wrong, and yet it is often done secretly. In most cases the only justification pleaded by those guilty

of it is that the other side does the same, — just as a corrupt politician would justify buying votes, — and that we have to resort to this method to enable the good to triumph. As a matter of fact, trickery is usually resorted to, not because the other side actually does it, but because some one suspects that the other side is going to do it. In some cases he is wrong, in others he is right. The best that can be said for side line coaching in football, however, is that it belongs to that class of shady practices which lessen the interest in the game.

Intercollegiate athletics seem at times to suffer from a kind of insanity which bids fair to ruin them by destroying the interest of people who like to see fair play. There is no reason why games should not be made to build up character, and to teach patience, grit, and courage; but, unfortunately, winning in these days is put above everything else. This I believe to be a mere fad that we can live down in course of time, for deep in every young man's heart there is a love of fairness which permits him to be led into trickery only under the mistaken idea that it is justified as a last resort. No good business man in America can ever derive satisfaction over success achieved by sharp practice or dishonesty. This is the saving grace of the nation. The principal lessons that rules and tradition can teach are to play the games fairly without whining over the result, and to introduce no element prejudicial to the highest ideal of college life.

There are several claims for intercollegiate sports. First, that they establish the physical vigor necessary to enable the mind to do its most effective work; second, that they stimulate outdoor exercise all over the country; third, that they form an atmosphere of temperance and moderation in living, and thus restrain students from excesses; fourth, that they teach self-control and fairness; fifth, that they bring the grad-

uates and undergraduates of different universities together in bonds of friendship; sixth, that college loyalty is promoted. Let us examine these claims somewhat more in detail.

At present all sports do serve as physical developers to a number of college students, but not equally. Some are better suited to the purpose than others. A moderate game which does not try the powers to the utmost, and which can be entered by any one, is undoubtedly beneficial. Others, which involve a tremendous strain on the system and elaborate preparation continued over long periods, are of doubtful benefit. It is the daily exercise extending over years that builds up the physical strength, and keeps a man up to his highest mental powers. Regular sleep and moderate eating are even more important than exercise. For this reason the military schools are vastly superior to the ordinary colleges in the physical setting up of boys. The teams need very little special training at West Point and Annapolis, for the cadets are always in training. They are kept busy during a four years' course in which the body receives as much daily attention as the mind. Every afternoon has its drill, usually out of doors, and every evening finds the cadet in bed by ten o'clock.

The sports most commonly found in colleges are football, baseball, track athletics, ice hockey, lacrosse, basket ball, hand ball, cricket, rowing, tennis, golf, fencing, and swimming. The first six usually end with graduation; the others may be continued through life as opportunity offers. Three of them, football, rowing, and track athletics, demand at times an exhausting strain, which may leave behind it a permanent weakness in some part of the body. Statistics would be difficult to obtain, and the statement should be made with due reservation; nevertheless, it stands to reason that no physical effort that leaves a man in a fainting condition

can be of real benefit. All of us have seen men collapse in a boat, or after a hard foot race. It may be that this is generally due to poor preparation for the contest, and that better methods would remove all danger. Rowing and the track games are so improving and satisfactory to a large number of students that they could not be given up without serious loss. Some modification of the length of the course might make rowing less exhausting. Four miles does not seem any better than three miles in testing two crews, and it is usually the fourth mile that does all the damage.

Football stands in a class by itself. It attracts enormous crowds, and is more spectacular than anything else we have ever had in American colleges. This is considered by many to be one of the chief objections to it. In some respects it is superior to any other sport. The combinations, like those in war, are endless, and the same quality of mind is required to work them out. Then, while the element of the unexpected is not lacking, games are seldom won by a fluke. The best equipped team almost always wins. Yet as at present played, it is doubtful if football ought to have a place on college grounds. The old idea of fun has long since passed away, and although the excitement of a great final contest still remains, the players cannot possibly enjoy the season of drudgery that leads up to it. I have heard students say that they cared little for the ordinary game. One young man told me that he loathed it, and that only the pressure of his friends, and an ambition to share in the glory of a winning team, carried him into it.

There is always the risk of serious injury to the participants. No season passes without many of them being in the doctor's hands for bruises, sprains, and broken or displaced bones. Frequently in the heavy games, players have to be carried off the field, sometimes unconscious. Often in stopping

a play, the side on the defensive take chances with their own lives and with those of their opponents, justified only in certain professions like fire protection, life-saving, sea-faring, and rail-roading. Another aspect of the game is that foul play cannot well be detected by an umpire, and, worse still, it often pays.

It is a fact that modern life demands courage, and that football develops it; nevertheless it is foolish to risk life and limb in a game because it teaches physical courage. There are so many ways of learning courage, which is most often a matter of temperament, that we may well look around for some less dangerous method, unless the roughness of the game can be regulated out of it. This is by no means impossible. The steady improvement in spirit and the great reduction in the number of injuries promise much for the future. It is only fair to add that the advocates of the game seem to be fully warranted in claiming that injuries indicate lack of skill, and that proper training teaches a boy how to take care of himself on the field. The attitude assumed by most colleges that the game has merits which entitle it to further trial is perhaps justifiable; at any rate, it is the most practical. There is a mistaken idea that football is peculiarly fitted to train men for military service, and there is absolutely no evidence to justify it. Quick decision, courage, and ready resource are often called out in a game as in a campaign; but there is much more demanded of a good soldier. The monotonous and regular performance of duty in the long delays between battles, and in the many years that happily intervene between wars, tests a man's moral fibre more than the charge across a bloody field. The bulk of a soldier's or of a sailor's work lies in the preparation for the thing he may be called upon to do, while the principal work of a team, and that for which they entered college, is neglected during the six

weeks of the season. This is the proper point of view in considering the value of a training for war. As to the moral courage which is more frequently the badge of good citizenship than physical courage, that is about evenly distributed throughout the student body, with perhaps a slight advantage to the young man who is working hard for his education.

It is difficult to make a clear case for intercollegiate athletics as a stimulus to outdoor sports. We may be confusing cause and effect, and it may be the craving for an outdoor life which has stimulated college sport. Without doubt, the great intercollegiate games do appeal to the imagination of all small boys, and lead them away from mischief to baseball, football, and the track games. In this respect they are of unqualified good to every community. We see hundreds of boys at their games today where we saw only tens a generation ago.

One of the chief objections to intercollegiate games is that at present they require only a handful of specially qualified men on the big teams, with a very large number of unqualified men sitting on the bleachers to watch them. Now, it is the latter class that most need physical training and that waste much of their time in college. With the present rage for victory at almost any cost, sports cease to be all round developers, and teams are necessarily made up by a weeding process which pays little attention to any who are not physically able to stand the strain of a hard season. The sports cannot, therefore, be considered in a thoroughly healthy condition. Intercollegiate games ought to be the result of a great deal of competition wholly within each university, where every student should be encouraged to go out on the field an hour every day.

No one can associate with the athletes of our large universities without being struck with their general temperance and moderation. They commonly

talk more about their sports than their studies, and they are sometimes too demonstrative; but in the essential things that go to make men of good physique they establish the fashion at college. In this respect alone, outdoor sports and intercollegiate games offset much of the trouble they cause. The presence of a large number of young men who are in training and who keep themselves in good condition has a wholesome effect upon every entering class. The practical disappearance of hazing may be fairly credited to athletics as much as to faculty regulation. The upper class men would find it difficult to haze a possible candidate for a team. Another consideration is the atmosphere of democratic equality that prevails on the athletic fields.

That college sports promote self-control and fairness is quite evident in spite of occasional lapses. There has been a steady improvement in the spirit of the college youth during the past twenty years. After all it is only by experience in the actual conduct of affairs, such as those relating to sports, that young men learn fairness. The majority of them go to college unformed, with experience only in what is proper in the home circle, but with no adequate notion of what is due to their fellow beings in the world at large. From this spring many of the errors into which they fall. A freshman often violates the spirit of ordinary courtesy and fairness in his sports, not because he is bad, but simply because he has never come into contact with other men in such a way as to show him what is really square. The games exert a very wholesome influence in this respect. The cheerfulness with which the average student will suffer a penalty in a game, or will accept exclusion from a game, is proof that athletics teach self-control. When a young man says that he "did not make the team," that is the whole story. There is very little whining about unfairness in the selection of a team or

about the one-sidedness of the coach and captain. It usually comes down to the statement, "I was not good enough to make it." This kind of education is unqualifiedly good. Team play which means that the individual must give way to the needs of the society in which he is placed is a valuable antidote to the spirit of the age, — individual success at almost any cost.

One feature of the games is particularly disagreeable to any one not interested in either side. That is the organized cheering. The home team always has the advantage, if there is any, as their friends are most numerously represented on the seats, and are well prepared to assist them by shouting at critical moments. They always cheer the good plays of their own side, and often the mistakes of the opposing side. Nothing could be more discourteous or unfair to visitors, and yet it seems impossible to make students understand this. The call that is regularly issued, "Come out and help the team," carries with it the implication that they are willing to win by shouting and playing against a team that can only play. The amusing side of this is that students always complain of the organized attempt to rattle their own men when visiting other universities. There is no possible objection to the cheers that spring naturally to a young man's lips over a good play, and enthusiasm is a beautiful sight in a crowd of boys; but let the whole thing be natural and not pumped up.

The friendships and memories associated with one's college days become increasingly attractive as the years pass. A boy of fine temper and strong sympathy is always an influence, and there is no place where his true qualities may be discovered as they can be in a team. It is doubtful, however, if games between two teams ameliorate college courtesies in any great degree. There is at present a prevailing atmosphere of suspicion, and colleges are too

often set at odds with one another by a game. This extends to the graduates and sometimes even to the faculties, and it is shocking to hear what one university will say about another when there is a difference of opinion upon some eligibility question. The newspapers are full of it. As a matter of fact, one athletic dispute can destroy for years the good will of two otherwise friendly colleges. We see so many cases of it, that we may be pardoned some skepticism on the promotion of intercollegiate friendship by intercollegiate games. When students and officers of one university point the finger of scorn at those of another, we may usually be sure that both are wrong, and that their games should be suppressed as common nuisances. We still have much to learn, and the effort to study the subject in conference of representatives from all universities is a movement in the right direction.

The loyalty of college men is without doubt quickened by regular return to the alma mater to see the chief games; but it is not unfair to charge it with being the shouting kind of loyalty which does not yield adequate return. The great gifts to the universities rarely come from men who have been athletes, and not seldom from men who have never been to college. In some institutions, athletic teams are encouraged and intercollegiate contests are deliberately promoted for advertising purposes. It is doubtful if the resulting gains are of solid advantage. The real value of the athletic system in stimulating loyalty and in fostering the growth of a college is not yet fully tested. It has been in effective operation less than a generation, and ex-members of teams have not had time to earn great wealth. Of the good will of the graduated athlete there is no possible doubt. He always holds his college in affectionate remembrance. He will work for it, and beg for it, but he would not claim to be alone in this.

One aspect of athletics which stands apart from the merits of the games is the large sum of money necessary to run them. At one university, for instance, the expenditure on the teams was over fifty thousand dollars. This seems unduly large, but when we divide the total outlay for all teams by the number of boys who appeared upon the fields, the amount for each one does not appear so out of proportion. There were about two thousand men in rowing, baseball, football, track athletics, tennis, and many other minor sports, and the annual expense was about twenty-five dollars per student. Of course this does not represent the whole case, as most of the money was used to pay the expenses of the university football, baseball, track, and rowing teams on which only a small percentage of the students actually played. There are undoubtedly great wastefulness and extravagance where undergraduates are entrusted with the management of finances. They have not had the experience to safeguard them against loss. A graduate treasurer, or manager, is an absolutely necessary part of the administration. Under the best of conditions, a large part of the income from the sale of tickets for the games goes into expenses that would have been thought wholly unnecessary twenty years ago. The training and equipment for a game are immeasurably more expensive than they were when a young man provided himself with a single garment to use in a boat race, and no trainer was thought of. Nowadays no player is expected to pay any part of the expense beyond what he would have to pay for his board under ordinary circumstances. Everything is provided by the management. This proceeds from two causes: first, the praiseworthy desire to give all students an equal chance for the teams, when otherwise the rich man would have the advantage of the poor one; second, the questionable desire to give every competitor recognition for his participation

in athletics. The young man who makes a team usually looks upon himself as one deserving well of his university, just as a man who has fought for his country expects to hear of it. It is essentially the same spirit that creates a large pension appropriation. As a member of a second eleven once said, "I am working faithfully for the university, and I ought to have some recognition." He was arguing that he ought to be sent with the first eleven to a neighboring city, where he could enjoy a vacation during term time. Not that any of the athletes are paid, but their relation to the management is precisely that of a citizen to the Treasury Department. The money seems to roll in freely, and the average boy does not realize the value of it. This is the real evil of gate money. No student should have his responsibility in money matters destroyed by the undermining and agreeable process of spending unlimited means easily obtained. The correction is found in the graduate treasurer, and in a committee responsible for the collection of money and for the sale of tickets. By holding team captains and undergraduate managers to rules laid down by a committee, and relieving them of all money that comes in, reckless expenditure is at least checked. At the same time, income and expenditure should be reduced by common agreement among colleges.

One of the largest items in the yearly budget is for training, which requires trainers, coaches, physicians, rubbers, and a special diet. The fundamental cause of the employment of doctors is that the men are undergoing preparation for extraordinary effort, and extraordinary risk. The heart has to be examined, and those who develop weakness rejected. Then, too, young men who are nearing the end of a season are said to be "on edge," when the nervous system is on the verge of a breakdown. The services of physicians are most necessary in football.

The trainer is usually a man who supervises the food and the general relation of the students to exercise, very much as a nurse looks after a patient, or as a mother tends a family of children. He is often, especially if good-tempered and straight, a very useful man. On the other hand, if suspicious and jealous of his reputation as a skillful manipulator of muscle, he is likely to set rival teams by the ears, and to exert his influence toward the worst kind of jockeying. He seldom possesses the ideals that should prevail in a college atmosphere. His introduction into sports springs probably from the difficulty of getting practical advice from the doctors. Their experience has usually been with sick men, and with the remedial methods necessary to cure the sick. When confronted with the problem of taking care of well men, they seem to fail. There is no telling what a man's nerves will do under stress of emergency, and a good judgment of character is generally superior to a knowledge of anatomy. That there is much to be learned, however, is shown by the many disastrous failures of overtrained teams. The best training seems to be in a natural and regular life, with common sense applied to the choice of food, and great temperance in the use of alcohol and tobacco.

Another large item of expense is in traveling between colleges. A number of substitutes and advisers are often carried along, as, for instance, in a recent game requiring eleven men about sixty formed the squad whose traveling expenses were paid by the management.

It is like moving a theatre troupe. The engagements are made six months ahead, and scheduled games have to be played on the hour, regardless of expense.

How far intercollegiate sports have demonstrated their permanent value as part of a college education is still a matter of opinion. They must be judged in the end by their effect upon character. If they can be made to teach self-control and manliness to a large number of students without a sacrifice of the regular classroom work, they are worth keeping and assisting. The present evidence is, on the whole, favorable, although there is nothing to show that outdoor games wholly within the confines of each university would not accomplish as much. The intercollegiate feature is the main cause of the great publicity and of the numerous disputes.

There is no doubt of the false perspective which on account of this publicity athletics assume in the eyes of every schoolboy. A boy preparing for college once explained the situation to me. "I must learn baseball and football. It does n't make any difference how poorly I pass the examinations, so long as I get through. That has nothing to do with my career in college. If I can play football I amount to something immediately after I get in. What is the good of the other things, if I don't amount to anything?" This theory of the case will not produce scholars or enlightened citizens, and it is upon this issue that the case must be worked out.

Ira N. Hollis.

MORAL HESITATIONS OF THE NOVELIST.

I WAS reading one of the more brilliant of our recent novels the other day, when I stumbled upon the definition of a typical modern consciousness. Following the hesitations of its hero in his effort at self-recovery, as he tried to break the tie which bound him to the wife of another man, I was conscious all the time that while the situation was old enough, the moral criticism belonged to the present and not to the past. The story concerned itself with the difficulties of passion, but its chief emphasis was on the difficulties of a conscience alive to infinite possibilities of mistaking the right in a moral experience yet unmapped. What are the duties to one's self and what to another in the tragedy of passion? That was the problem of the story. Charlotte Brontë answered the question easily enough, fifty years ago — a simpler problem in *Jane Eyre*, of course, because the woman may always sacrifice the man with less brutality than the man may sacrifice the woman. But simpler, also, I came to think, because for the author of *Jane Eyre* certain moral values held good which have lately themselves been questioned. In fact, this novel seemed to me diagnostic of a mood which is at present producing some of our best literary work, and confirmed certain of its traits in my mind. Readers of modern fiction will at once recognize the traits that I mean. The first is sincerity; not only the sincerity of an upright nature, but the sincerity of which we read in John Fiske's description of Huxley, that lives in a resolute fear of self-deception. The second is a lack of dogmatism, especially dogmatism about the moral life, amounting almost to timidity. The modern novelist is perplexed, not only by the difficulties of conduct, but by the reality of the moral standards themselves.

Stevenson's *Pulvis et Umbra* is the best known and most complete expression of this modern mood. In fact, Stevenson's greatest hold upon us is not his style, but just the way in which he has given typical and humane expression to the new ideals. They were waiting for a personality so daringly unconventional as his to make them live. "The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong," says Stevenson, "and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honored for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at best a municipal fitness." And again, in the Christmas Sermon he describes the same predicament, "Somehow or other, though he [man] does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good." My novel puts it more hopefully when it says that with the new ideas "there are so many more ways of being right." In both cases, however, the relativity of our experience is the fact brought home to the moralist. Absolute standards are out of date. Science has changed all that. We are called upon to reconsider all the old undebatable things which formerly put their check upon the will and the imagination. If a man's acts are so many pathological symptoms, how shall we speak of morality at all? Suppose even that what we have denounced as a sin may have in it something of natural virtue? We have lost the old touchstone, and where shall we discover a new?

Stevenson would say that the new aim is larger charity of judgment, that the kindness possible to the new point of view is our compensation for the great loss we have suffered in faith and singleness of purpose. Whatever else we

moderns are, at least egotism has become for us an impossible sin. We find ourselves and others conditioned alike by facts of birth and of surrounding beyond our own control. The suspended judgment, meekness in the presence of an inscrutable destiny, — this is what the revelations of the modern world have bred in us. And if we have lost on the side of our convictions, at least we have gained greatly in our power to sympathize and to perceive. The exercise of these gifts is our first duty.

Just here Howells and Stevenson agree. No writers are surely further apart in artistic conviction. We are always pitting them one against the other for the sake of argument. But we do not notice the identity of their moral feeling, although here they are both modern, both under the same dispensation. You will remember in *Annie Kilburn* how the minister of the new school cannot "prophesy worth a cent." Neither can Mr. Howells, in those books which seem most characteristic of his quality. He shows us good and evil in a man's life, he lays bare the causes of failure in character or in our imperfect society; but he is shy of judgment, or if he ends in a dogmatism at last, we feel that it is not without some violence to his own nature. Kane's worldly but delicious comment on the dream of social betterment in the *World of Chance* reads like a betrayal of the author himself, unable to dismiss his humorous doubt of the ideal, which has yet won his serious devotion. When it comes to moral judgment of the individual, the same inconclusiveness reigns. What, after all, can we say of Northwick, creature of environment, or of Faulkner, a changing of disease. Surprised, often sorrowful observers of life we may be, but never prophets and never judges of human conduct. Mr. Barrie's Tommy and Grizel strikes the same note. It is so unlike the author's characteristic good humor that I have sometimes thought the story showed the unfortu-

nate influence of Stevenson upon a man of quite a different genius. But perhaps not. The fatalism of Tommy's end reads, after all, like the fruit of that self-searching which in modern fiction is another name for sincerity. The modern author feels obliged to give account to himself of every motive; and if he stands very near to his experience, the result is a confusion of mind that overwhelms moral judgment. Is Tommy and Grizel the confession of such an acute self-consciousness? The last chapter is not pleasant to read. It is an offense to me, as I hope it is to all good readers. The author is bound to extenuate nothing of the painful record, but he has pushed his scrutiny beyond the limit of his self-control.

The reader never feels so much the refinement of the modern conscience as when he turns from some older literature to the contemporary novel. There are some questions, for instance, that Shakespeare never asks, or never presses too far, in spite of the Elizabethan freedom of speculation, and that special subtlety of intellect which made him so hospitable to all moods and all facts. Beyond a certain range of speculation he does not go. Partly, perhaps, because the world beyond does not exist for the Elizabethan imagination; but partly the man's instinct seems to guard the sanctity of accepted moral experience. 'T is to consider too curiously. There is something eminently practical in the attitude of even the emancipated Elizabethan toward the moral life. It is the saving grace of Hamlet. Perhaps no modern novelist, with an equally typical modern subtlety, has come so near this moral simplicity as Tourguenieff.

Shall we ever again recover it without a loss of sincerity? Or would a deliberate return to the practical point of view mean a step backward? Emerson stands to our latest generation of thinkers for a very positive mood, which only half represents the man. In fact Stillman was nearer the truth when he said

that Emerson would willingly have gone to the stake, but he would have done so questioning the nature of his own emotions. And this is what the good reader of Emerson comes to feel. His serene independence of vision was a hard-won gift, the fruit of character rather than of temperament. "No sentence will hold the whole truth," this prophet exclaims, "and the only way in which we can be just is by giving ourselves the lie." And again, "I am always insincere, as always knowing there are other moods," — a sentence one might reasonably ascribe to Amiel. Yet, in spite of all this imaginative restlessness, one carries away from Emerson an impression of the singleness of his character, of a moral integrity which I have heard to-day called egotism. Rather we may think it was the final fruit of the man's insight. I have been looking in vain through his essays for a sentence which I remember well enough, in which he counsels the writer to speak as if, for the time, his truth were the one truth in the world. This is certainly a counsel not of arrogance but of self-discipline. The author is sacrificing the complete sincerity, which has so many temptations for the intellect, to what he takes to be the better cause.

Fénelon has made a distinction between simplicity and sincerity; it has a wonderfully modern application. According to Mrs. Craigie's interesting theory, our modern turn for introspection is the heritage of the Roman confessional. If that is so, Fénelon, priest and confessor, had evidently direct acquaintance with our spiritual difficulties in his own day and generation. "Simplicity," he says, "is an uprightness of soul which checks all useless dwelling upon one's self and one's actions. It is different from sincerity, which is a much lower virtue." In other words, there is a rule of abstinence for the intellect which forbids us to analyze motive too far, and which tells us that truth cannot be captured by this elaborate

sincerity that we feel to-day is our painful duty.

Who will say that this word, so true for practical life, is not the last word for art? Simplicity is a higher virtue of style than sincerity, — almost an impossible virtue, one would think to-day, on account of the influences that have confused and suspended judgment. It is only by an effort of character that a man of imagination, a disinterested observer of human nature in the light of all that science has told us of its origin, can arrive at any moral conclusion about life. Yet it is just the lack of these final judgments which seems at the root of our modern pessimism and of the sense of futility that haunts the modern novel. There has been an almost licentious use of the perception. We have understood all sides; we have entered sympathetically into every point of view. But the will that lies at the bottom of all practical morality and all constructive art has been paralyzed by this act of speculation. The modern apologist finds himself in a world far more unreal than any he has tried to escape.

To return to Tommy and Grizel. For all the author strives so violently against self-deception, do we not feel that less truth than moral casuistry went into the invention of Tommy's end; and that in real life nothing of the sort took place? When we are disembarassed of all personal feeling in the matter, we are sure that while Tommy continued to have sentimental lapses, he was yet at bottom a better man for the struggle he had made with himself. We are sure that Grizel, the mother, was not, after all, so unhappy; for of course the woman Grizel bore Tommy children, and in that simple and natural way bound him to herself. The story, so told, would of course be infinitely less clever than now, but nearer to what Thackeray and the old-fashioned novelist would have imagined it. And may not the old-fashioned novelist, with his old-fashioned ideals, have been the truer to life?

Somehow it looks as if the next literary motive was to be a rediscovery of the simpler moral outlook. At least one feels in the work of the very latest school not so much a new method as a new way of feeling life. Tolstoy's case is typical. He was born into the generation of the scientific novel; then by and by came the humanistic revolt, entirely inevitable for a nature so passionate and so imaginative. He found no help for any of his speculative difficulties; yet he took refuge in a life which, whether it could bear the test of scientific analysis or not, had at least more reality for the man. Still, in Tolstoy's case, there remains the great schism between the moral and the scientific instinct. He returned to the old mood with its simpler moral distinctions, his mind still unconvinced. But science itself is preparing the way for the younger writer. Since psychology is becoming humanized and is less and less inclined to confuse its own point of view with practical reality, sooner or later the psychological novelist is bound to confess a change in his own principle. He

will be more inclined to credit the idealism of simple people and to let the will play its part in the story. Perhaps of all forms of imaginative literature the novel is the last to be able to voice a new intellectual inspiration. In the novel, ideas are the very body of experience; and the observer, less easily than the thinker, can change his habit all at once. Whenever a change occurs with him, it must be not merely intellectual; it must be structural. So Howells, Hardy, Tolstoy even, belong to the older generation. But every year new writers are being born into the new set of influences, and the younger men are unconsciously infected. Instinctively they begin to trust the larger and more enthusiastic moods which were crowded down by a conscientious intellectualism. The new prejudice is away from subtlety toward more force and conviction in style. All this means that the author is regaining the courage of his personality, and that the next generation of novelists shall recover a certain hold upon life which those just passing have lost.

Edith Baker Brown.

ELAINE.

THE Damosel, succored at last, stood under her pavilion, which was a blossoming peach tree, sun all round her, gay summer green underfoot, the brown and the flash of the brook in her eyes. And in the open, eager and brave, the Knight battled with the Giant, who, all accounts agree, was as cruel as he was voracious.

Five minutes the combat lasted up and down the little meadow, the Knight flushed and breathless,—though one would swear he fought because he loved it,—the Giant smiling broadly through his growls. Five minutes the two wrestled, locked close, the Knight matching

his quickness against his adversary's strength, until at last—this always happened, you remember, in the old days—the Giant slipped and sprawled. The Knight put his foot on his foe's neck and flourished his arms.

"Where's your sword?" called the Damosel from her place.

"Over there by the brook. Hurry up and get it, Damosel." Then, looking down at the Giant, "Lie still, Major," commanded the Knight.

Something like a spray of blossoms from the peach tree flashed lightly across the grass of the battlefield.

"You run pretty good for a girl,"

said the champion, as he reached out his hand for the sword, "but" —

"Behold Excalibur!" the Damosel said, not heeding. "Now give the Dolorous Stroke."

"The what?" asked the Knight, rather blankly.

"The Dolorous Stroke. Don't you remember? You must n't poke him that way. And then the castle will all tumble down."

"Oh yes. Look out then!"

The Damosel shut her eyes. In the dark she saw the great brand flash all silver, heaved high above the champion's head; she heard it hiss down; and when the Giant yelped a little, as not understanding this part of the play, the Damosel looked up with a cry of delight.

It had been a splendid combat. They sat them down in the shade of the pavilion to rest.

"Now," said the Knight, looking about him, "I'll find a Saracen."

"That does n't come *yet*," the Damosel made answer, very quickly. She picked up a battered little volume from where it lay in the grass beside them, half opened it, made as if reading down a page, then closed it. "The — the book says" —

She waited one tremulous minute, not looking at her companion. The cheek turned toward him glowed warm as the heart of a peach blossom. She plaited tiny folds in the edge of her skirt. A minute long the silence lasted. Perhaps there was that in the summer sunlight, or in the south air, or in the warm scent of the earth, which laid an enchantment on her light and sweet.

"Well, what *do* we do, silly?" inquired the Knight.

"We'd better go back to King Arthur's court, I suppose," she answered after a moment, the smile dying from her eyes.

The Knight scrambled briskly to his feet. "Go ahead," he cried, "I'll give you a start 'n' beat you."

A second time the pink and white whirled over the meadow, the Knight close behind; and the Giant, recalled from hunting, barked wildly as he wallowed alongside. Here was something better than sitting under a tree. Then the whistle of the five o'clock express shrilled up the valley, and with the sound Excalibur became a stick again, and Camelot a pile of fence rails. It was the Knight who first perceived the change.

"Got to go now," he declared. One would guess he had waited the signal.

"Don't let 's," urged the Damosel from her perch on Camelot's highest tower. "I don't believe it's time."

The other moved away. "Oh, come on, Jean. We can't stay here *all day*."

The Damosel looked from her champion back across the fair level field of Arthur's realm, to where under the two pines dark Cornwall began, — that dear green land where were adventures for any knight to seek, for gallant ladies perils to undergo and delights to enjoy. She saw her blossoming pavilion, where enchantments were.

"Do you really *want* to go home?" she asked doubtfully.

"Joe said I might help milk if I got in early."

The dull dwellers in the summer village never could rightly call this pair who, clad in mail or in samite, rode a foaming charger and a milk white palfrey at a hand gallop across the fields and through the woods seeking adventures. Knight and Damosel remained unguessed. Just as Arthur's realm seemed a level pasture, so these two looked to be only a handsome twelve year old boy and girl, whose manners were as delightfully formal as their behavior entirely scandalous. For them the country people could find no other name but "the Professor's children."

Perhaps though this was only for the sake of convenience. Perhaps the villagers knew in their hearts that by

rights the titles of chivalry were the youngsters', but were kept in some way from uttering them aloud. They always explained anyhow that they never could remember who the children really were. And, in a way, that was the case in the city too, where everybody called the boy and girl "the Professor's children" even in the very shadow of the university buildings. It was the easiest name to give them, said the world, though the world knew that they did not belong to the Professor at all, — the villagers choosing it because they were at a loss to tell the true names of those whose life seemed in flashes that of the old times, the college folk hearing their little romance from this or that story-teller.

"They're up to the darndest things," said the country folk, bringing to mind some queer bit of mimic pageantry or deed of knight-errantry. "Why" —

"He's the old gentleman's grand-nephew," the gossips explained, with circumstance. "He was left when young Stevenson and the girl he married died down at Caracas somewhere. There was an epidemic or a revolution."

"And the little girl?"

"Poor Avery's."

The conversation at the club would hang suspended at that point always. The elders sighed when they recalled the memory of the dead young scholar, and the juniors wondered soberly if ever their little names would be remembered as this one.

They were not the Professor's children at all. They were fairy folk. They were legacies to him, much like the books he received from time to time, or — to value them at the Professor's own rating, said some with a giggle — they were like the two sheets of early English manuscript which Dr. von Pentz willed him when at last Tübingen air blew out that flame itself had kindled.

The last of all to give the boy and girl their popular name was the Professor himself.

"My charges are very well, thank you," was his invariable answer to any one asking how the children did. He stressed his words lightly, but so as to admit of no misunderstanding. And for five years after they came to him he kept to his formula. He brought them nurses and tasteful clothes and a doctor when they had measles. He asked advice, considerably embarrassed, of this or that house-mother. In the twilight hours he tried to tell them about the dear great God who loved them, and of the bad little devil who sat on their right shoulders to whisper in their ears.

"I will do my duty by them," said the Professor, "conscientiously."

A dweller on a mountain top, he came down every day into the valley of childish things. From his proper place he could look east and west, and talk with the giants and the gods, seeing the world far below him, a friend of lightnings and of the wind from the sea. The swallows visited him up there and the curlews. Though he accomplished it every day, the descent from his throne was not easy. He scarcely knew how to speak the speech of the tiny creatures he found waiting for him below a little in awe. For five years he saw them across wide spaces. Talking with them as they sat round-eyed and very quiet side by side on the high-backed settle, he kept his hand on the book — any book — which would bear him back again, up, up, to the company of the Great Ones. And presently the difficult hour would tick itself out, the mellow voice quiet, the little listeners would look at each other and go back to where Major was waiting. His children? Hardly that, but he took scrupulous care of them.

"My duty," said the Professor one day, as often before, "is plain."

There came to him then a light wind as he sat lonely and very high on his cold throne. The Professor listened carefully, for the breeze was from the

quarter of inspiration. He knew it was apt to speak the truth, for all he could sometimes hardly understand its message.

"It should n't be your duty, sir."

"I am very sorry for them."

"To a logical mind the next step is obvious."

The Professor looked east and west into the cold clouds, then down to the greening earth. "I think," he murmured, getting on his feet, "I will try anyway."

"They are waiting for you," said the breeze, "in the library. They are reading in the *Morte d'Arthur*."

The Professor prepared to descend. "I remember that I used to play Indians," he admitted; "but I should think that Sir Tor, for instance, or" —

"Sir Gareth," the breeze laughed with him.

"And she could play Lynette. I'll show them."

"You can be a horse perhaps, or a dwarf. One must be humble, sir. And you are going to be very happy."

Not remote any longer, making his life part of theirs, — a very sweet relation, people said, — the Professor watched every move of his children, whether at play in Arthur's fairy realm, or listening to the real world. He suffered, was rewarded, was very contented. There were sunny days on the old place in the country, — sheer romance. There were the earnest months from September till June when the hours for work and play were sounded from the college chimes. Jean went away to the famous school, but came back after a few months because all the money was needed for Jerry. The latter began to discover things, and to miss others, for all his cleverness, not guessing at their existence. The Professor continued to meet with the world's greatest. If there entered changes into the life of the two wise men and the girl who knew only her duty, they were but as the slow al-

terations of nature from one beauty to another, — those of a tree or of the daylight, a little of autumn or of night that the leafage and the sun may be the fuller and more beautiful. If it came about after the years that the three followed no longer a single path, at least their ways were not so sundered but that they could call to one another as they walked on. It seemed to make no difference even when the Professor bade his boy further the work he would leave incomplete, for Jerry said he could do nothing unless he felt his guide's hand in his, and the next instant turned in his chair to catch the friend's smile he had learned to look for in Jean's eyes.

"A delightful family!" exclaimed the gossips, watching carefully through the years. "The old man's really like a father to 'em."

"And the children brother and sister."

"Possibly," said the gossips, "but" —

"How do you mean? Are they — does Jean" —

"Of course we don't *know* anything about it," rejoined the gossips quickly.

But that night, when the big new life-plan was talked of, Jean — this quite by chance — was sitting outside the circle of light around the hearth, so that her brother could not see her face. And all through the two hours that followed she said no word, remaining all quiet in her place, though the men's talk was of high things, and though more than once the old or the young would seem, as always, to include her as one who planned with them for all that was to come. They talked of the happy years in Germany, of the long days in the Bodleian or the Museum, of the thrill that comes with power, — all this as Jerry's due, the heritage of him whom Barham called her brother. But when Jean came into the light her lip quivered and her eyes were dulled.

Neither of the men looked at her, however.

"*Ohne Hast, ohne Rast, boy,*" the Professor was saying.

"I'm going to try, sir."

"And we're going to help him, eh, *Herzchen?*" The Professor caught her by the arm as she passed. "We'll stay behind, like the old man and weak woman we are, but we'll help. Shall we not? Ah, I am so happy! I feared he might choose some other path."

"You must be." Then came a little pause. "Will Jerry be going away very soon?"

"All in good time, *Liebling*. There is much to be done. He's only beginning. But go he shall some day, and he shall make himself great."

"Of course Jerry will be great!" she cried, as though answering a challenge. Then she came close to the younger man. "Good-by," said Jean, kissing him.

"Good-night," he replied, thinking to answer her.

Theirs was a very sweet relation, Barham said again. It was pleasant to see the old man, spent with long battling, hand his weapons to the youngster and send him forward, pleasant to mark the skill and strength of the new champion. And Jean? Well, college women are a good deal like soldiers' wives after all. If they cannot fight themselves, at least they can hearten those stronger, or bind the wounds of their hurt heroes. It is not much to do, perhaps; but then they are best far from the field. The battle is easier won so.

The working time passed. Once more the little meadow stretched out all green and gold under the sun, along its edge the brown brook sang cheerily, and under the peach tree sat the Damosel all alone. She was reading in a little book, but looked up quickly as a shadow fell across her page.

"Always Malory!" cried the voice of the Knight. "I never saw such a girl!"

"You used to like him, too."

"I do now. All those romances of chivalry. They're very interesting."

"We used to act him out, don't you remember?" the Damosel went on.

"Indeed I do. You were fine at all those games."

"So were you. I remember."

"They've given me the traveling fellowship, Jean."

The Damosel did not answer at once. Watching her, one would say she had not heard, she was looking so far away. But her mouth pinched a little at the corners.

"Yes, we've won out, Jean. Three years sure wherever I want abroad. And it's all your doing, Jean, — yours and the Governor's. If it had n't been that you and he helped so much and told me how" —

"Three years?" she asked swiftly.

"Yes. And" —

"Oh, Jerry, I am glad you've won it. Jerry, did I really help you *any*?"

"Of course you did. It's my start in life, Jean. And I *do* thank you for it."

"It's for three whole years?"

"At least. More if I behave."

"You must try to be good, then." She laughed up at him hardily.

The boy laughed too, and turned away; but stopped for a moment and looked up and down the length of the meadow.

"A fine old playground, was n't it, Jean? Do you remember the names we used to call things? I don't believe you do."

The Damosel bent her head. Her fingers were knit tight.

"What was the peach tree then?" he asked lightly.

It was a breathing space before she replied. Then —

"Astolat," said the Damosel, very low.

Emerson Gifford Taylor.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

POETRY AND COMMONPLACE.

"ONLY a staff cut from Sophoclean timber will support your lonely dreamer as he makes his way over the marl," wrote Mr. Francis B. Gummere not long ago;¹ "but the common citizen, who does most of the world's work, and who has more to do with the future of poetry than a critic will concede, finds his account in certain smooth, didactic, and mainly cheerful verses which appear in the syndicate newspapers, and will never attain a magazine or an anthology. If singing throngs keep rhythm alive, it is this sort of poets that must both make and mend the paths of genius. . . . If minor poets and obvious, popular poems ever disappear, and if crowds ever go dumb, then better and best poetry itself will be as dead as King Pandion. No Absent-Minded Beggar, no Recessional."

Nobody can suppose that Mr. Gummere is here advancing a new gospel of doggerel or a defense of the slipshod. Since, according to his habit elsewhere,² he is considering poetry as a scientific fact, as "emotional rhythmic utterance," and striving to emphasize the significance of that utterance in its ruder forms, it is natural that his argument should appear to approach an apology for the commonplace. Indeed, he is frank in accepting the word as applicable to the best poetry, if it is applicable at all. "Commonplace is a poor word," he says. "Horace gives one nothing else." Whatever impatience he manifests toward persons of other minds is due to his sense of the extreme urgency of his theme: that the study of

poetry to be intelligent must attain the rank and method of a science. "Poetry, high or low, as product of a human impulse and as a constant element in the life of man, belongs to that history which has been defined of late as 'concrete sociology;' and it is on this ground, and not in criticism, that the question of the decline of poetry must be answered." Mr. Gummere is indignant with critics for not perceiving this: "They exclude from their study of poetry," he complains, "a good half of the facts of poetry."

This is a sobering charge. One wishes to be sure that there is reason for throwing such overwhelming stress upon the significance of the social element in poetry. When we have admitted that some sort of emotional rhythmic utterance has always been essential to the popular comfort, and when we have determined by the method which Mr. Gummere suggests that the instinct for such utterance is not likely to grow dull with time, shall we have even paved the way for proof that great poetry will continue to be produced? Yet this is precisely the "old case" which Mr. Gummere is considering. However academic the question of the decline of poetry may have been, it has never meant anything else, to those who were disposed to be exercised about it, than the decline of great poetry.

Mr. Gummere further urges the application of the sociological method to concrete criticism. Yet when we have gone the length of historical analysis to prove, according to his suggestion, that "Lycidas, as a poem, is the outcome of emotion in long reaches of social pro-

¹ *The Old Case of Poetry in a New Court.* The Atlantic Monthly, June, 1902.

² *The Beginnings of Poetry.* By FRANCIS B. GUMMERE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

gress," it is not altogether clear what new truth we shall have discovered about the poem or about the poetic function. Necessarily the great poet conserves and epitomizes and perfects; that is why he is great. And that, since he implies, and acts as spokesman for, a thousand smaller voices heard only by a few and for a day, is why we still find meaning even in "those old hysterics about genius," which Mr. Gummere disdains; and why we find it unnecessary to refer every poem, great or small, to whatever mass of data in "concrete sociology."

In our doubt as to the propriety or usefulness of the neutral definition of poetry which sociology affords, we may profitably recall that merely literary definition which has hitherto served the world comfortably if unscientifically. One turns perhaps to certain well-remembered passages in the Oxford lectures of Mr. W. J. Courthope, one of the greatest modern expositors of classical criticism. "Poetry," he says, "is the art which produces pleasure for the imagination by imitating human actions, thoughts, and passions, in metrical language." It must, however, produce pleasure not for the coterie or the class, or even the people as a whole, but "pleasure which can be felt by what is best in the people as a whole . . . pleasure such as has been produced by one generation of great poets after another whose work still moves in the reader wonder and delight." Naturally, therefore, "the sole authorities in the art of poetry are the great classical poets of the world." This view of poetry by no means ignores its fundamental relation toward society. "As the end of art is to produce pleasure, poets and all other artists must take into account alike the constitution of the human mind and the circumstances of the society which it is their business to please." But this truth, stated without qualification, may easily mislead: "Popular taste has, no doubt, a foundation in Nature. . . .

' But the unrefined instinct of the multitude is, as a rule, in favor of what is obvious and superficial: impatient of reflection, it is attracted by the loud colors and the commonplace sentiment which readily strike the senses or the affections. Observe the popular songs in the Music Halls, the pictorial advertisements on the hoardings, the books on the railway stalls, the lists in the circulating libraries; from these may be divined the level to which the public taste is capable of rising by its own untrained perception. That which is natural in such taste is also vulgar; and if vulgar Nature is to be the standard of Art, nothing but a versatile mediocrity of invention is any longer possible." The classical critic, that is, would see no hope for poetry in the mere survival of a popular susceptibility for rhythm. Yet if he does not spare contempt for the commonplace and vulgar, he is at great pains to make clear the importance of the universal element in poetry. "The real superiority of the painter or the poet, if we measure by the work of the highest excellence, lies . . . in the ability to find expression for imaginative ideas of nature floating unexpressed in the general mind." "The secret of enduring poetical life lies in individualizing the universal, not in universalizing the individual."

From this point of view, one reflects, what does Mr. Gummere's "communal song" mean to the critical mind? Taken to include, as seems to be expected, all current attempts at "emotional rhythmic utterance," it means very little; hardly more than the really considerable public inclination for the banjo and the coon-song would mean to the student of music. At its best, with all possible concession to its virtue of spontaneity and its suggestion of a natural prestige for poetry, it represents only the rude attempt at expressing that universal experience which the individualizing hand of genius is able to express adequately. An instinct for utterance

does not in itself constitute or even imply, though it may produce art. There have been nations singularly prone to rhythmic utterance, yet barren of noble poetry. The significance of such a habit of utterance must be little more than sociological. It is, in short, doubtful if any deeply scientific method is likely to affect the general sense that a million failures in poetry (however ingenuous and sincere, however widely listened to even) are of less import to the race than a single success; that to study the mighty poets of the world must be the most probable means of realizing the immense significance of poetry as an element in human life.

II.

Very narrow in range and monotonous in substance is the verse in which many of us common citizens find our account. It is flatly emotional and baldly respectable. It preaches, it pities, it regrets; it is full of the memories of childhood, of innocence, of the old homestead and the song that mother used to sing. At its nadir of quality and perhaps its zenith of influence, one finds it cried over at the vaudeville theatre. It is surprising how sympathetically even a "submerged" audience will listen to that babbling of green fields which it has never seen.

Here in America this sort of communal song appears to have attained a sort of apotheosis. Not to risk the indiscretion of naming Longfellow in the connection, one may cite aloud the work of Whitcomb Riley, a poet of real powers, who has been content to make very common citizens laugh and cry by quite obvious means. The morale of the case is similar to that of a hypothetical painter with a cultivable talent of a high order who should content himself with drawing crayon portraits for country sitting-rooms. Yet it is hard to judge coldly of the fact. So many persons have read Mr. Riley's good verse who would

never have read his or anybody else's better verse, that only determined loyalty to an unbiased standard, the standard of the poet's own possible best, can keep one discontented with the result of his work. Measured by that standard, he is seen to have loitered upon the broad levels of commonplace when he might have dropped his plumb into the depths of universality. It is something to be a virtuoso, even upon the harmonium; but the instrument has fatal limitations.

Now and then Mr. Riley's characteristic mood escapes from the vernacular and finds a voice of much lyric delicacy; as in these verses from *Our Boyhood Haunts*:—

"And then we
Just across the creek shall see
(Hah! the goaty rascal!) Pan
Hoof it o'er the sloping green,
Mad with his own melody:
Aye, and (bless the beasty man!)
Stamping from the grassy soil
Bruisèd scents of *fleur-de-lis*,
Boneseet, mint, and pennyroyal."

It is worthy of remark that during such momentary lapses into English the writer should incline to the employment of classical allusions and literary fashions of speech. That is a form of revenge which the Muse delights to take upon those who wish to ignore her.

If Mr. Riley approaches his best in moments of emancipation from dialect, the reverse is true of Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar. In his *Poems of Lowly Life* and its companion volume there is much merely graceful echoing of familiar strains. It is in his negro melodies, with their rich and home-felt sympathy, their projection of a racial contour which is of universal interest, that one feels the presence of the quality with which the world in the end finds its account. If this is communal song, it is also something more; it is poetry.

One is not so sure what to say of the verse of Mr. Edwin Markham, who has taken rank of late as a poet of the people. When he does not remember to

be full-chestedly democratic, he is remarkably pliable to suggestions from classic literature. When he is not talking about toilers and tyrants, he is quite likely to be chanting of naiads and "Norns." One is not sure that The Man with the Hoe fails of being a true inspiration. Perhaps one is unfairly prejudiced against the poem by the extraneous fact that the author, after its first success, wrote a magazine article thereon beginning, "I did it!" and proceeding to describe the manner of its doing, with diagrams. At all events, the dogged force which marked that poem does not reappear elsewhere in his work. The bluntness and simplicity of his didactic manner appear artificial in the bulk. There is, for example, rhetoric but not quite poetry to be sure of in his characterization of Lincoln as

"A man that matched the mountains, and compelled

The stars to look our way and honor us."

As poetry it must be felt that many of his conceptions are, to use Mr. Courthouse's phrase, mere "Idols of the Fancy." That is perhaps why one experiences a sudden relief in coming now and again upon a passage from which the didactic spirit is altogether absent, and in which fancy has legitimate play, as in these lines describing a lizard:—

"The slim gray hermit of the rocks,
With bright inquisitive quick eyes,
His life a round of harks and shocks,
A little ripple of surprise."

Surely this is a very delicate touch of poetry, as just as it is unpretentious in conception, and as right as it is simple in expression.

Simple justice must admit that the daily press now and then produces verse which, while it may not possess just the quality to commend it to the magazine or to insure it a place in the anthology, is, in one sense or another, beyond the commonplace. The Chicago Tribune is

¹ *Line o' Type Lyrics.* By BERT LESTON TAYLOR. Evanston: William A. Lord. 1902.

to be congratulated upon having originally printed the verses which make up Mr. Taylor's recent volume.¹ They are far better than most newspaper verse; they contain more sense, and, as a whole, more poetry. The trail of the journalist is sometimes too apparent. There are frequent slips in accuracy and not infrequent lapses in taste, jests not quite far enough from vulgarity, and local hits too palpable for the relish of a second reading. But there are several numbers which are more fit to rank with English light verse of the better class than anything American since the day of H. C. Bunner; there are some admirable satirical bits; and there is a Ballade of Spring's Unrest from which the third octave especially deserves to be quoted:

"Ho for the morning I sling
Pack at my back, and with knees
Brushing a thoroughfare fling
Into the green mysteries;
One with the birds and the bees,
One with the squirrel and quail,
Night, and the stream's melodies:—
Ho for the pack and the trail!"

Another volume is at hand whose title confesses its origin,² and which contains verse of the "smooth, didactic, and mainly cheerful" sort in the continued production and popularity of which lies, we are told, hope for the poetry of the future. Here are many such passages as

"Wiser the honest words of a child
Than the scornful scholar's fliers;
Richer a fortnight of erudest faith
Than a score of cynic years."

Or, —

"Let not the sham life of the tinsel city,
Whose false gods all the blazing fires of
folly fan,
Blast the green tendrils of my human pity;
Oh, let me still revere the sacred soul of
man."

This sort of verse is probably as palatable, and even as immediately profitable, to the common citizen as any verse could be. Nobody can possibly wish to

² *Songs of the Press.* By BAILEY MILLARD. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard. 1902.

laugh at it. Unless to the sociological student of poetry, however, it falls short of special significance; not because the feeling expressed is not sincere and sensible and of universal appeal, but because it is imperfectly individualized: loosely grasped and vaguely uttered. One perceives that this is the real status of the trite and the commonplace, and fancies that when Mr. Gummere chooses Horace as an eminent example of the commonplace in poetry, he is holding the weak thread to the light. For there can be nothing less commonplace than the perfect expression by individual genius of the facts of universal experience: nothing less commonplace, that is, than true poetry.

III.

We may turn for a moment to a recent volume of verse¹ in which this feat has been in some manner accomplished; in which simple and common emotions have been turned to poetry in the literary as well as in the sociological sense of the word. The verse of Ethna Carbery is informed with that passionate sense of race to which the work of the Neo-Celtic school owes much of its saliency; a patriotism concerned less with politics than with the conservation of national ideals. It therefore represents the spirit of an ancient folk-poetry, and constitutes the true though fragmentary restoration of one authentic type of communal song. The process is in a sense artificial; but these lyrics, with their tense passion and subtle melancholy, so different from the broader Teutonic pathos and sentiment, evidently utter the poet's temperament as well as that of her race. She employs an extraordinary variety of metrical forms without appearing to be whimsical. Often by trifling irregularities of rhythm she is able to gain a singular effect of

naïve beauty; as in these stanzas from *On an Island*: —

“Weary on ye, sad waves!
Still scourging the lonely shore,
Oh, I am far from my father's door,
And my kindred's graves.

“From day to day, outside
There is nothing but dreary sea;
And at night o'er the dreams of me
The great waters glide.

“If I look to East or West,
Green billows go tipped with foam —
Green woods gird my father's home,
With birds on each nest.”

Often, too, the verse moves with the restless lilt, and the expression takes on the curious figures of color, which are unmistakable marks of race: —

“I bared my heart to the winds and my cry
went after you —
A brown west wind blew past and the east my
secret knew,
A red east wind blew far to the lonesome bog-
land's edge,
And the little pools stirred sighing within their
girdling sedge.

“The north wind hurled it south — the black
north wind of grief —
And the white south wind came crooning
through every frozen leaf;
Yet never a woe of mine, blown wide down
starlit space,
Hath quickened the pulse of your heart, or
shadowed your rose-red face.”

I do not know how the listener to music like this, however bound by the poetical conventions of his own race, can deny that it possesses the genuine lyric rapture. Apart from its appeal as the upwelling of a true poetic impulse, its root-hold in a tradition of large significance must give it immunity from the stigma of that poetry of coterie which Mr. Courthope shows to be one of the signs of decadence. It is sad that the first collected work of so delicate a poet should have been published posthumously. The recent death of Mrs. MacManus will be felt as a genuine loss by lovers of poetry.

How difficult it is to carry over into

¹ *The Four Winds of Eirinn*: Poems by ANNA MACMANUS (ETHNA CARBERY). Dublin: M. H. Gill & Co. 1902.

the expression of modern English or American life the free disregard of our established metrical forms which is tolerable in, because in a way indigenous to, the poetry of the Celt is made clear by such work as that of Mr. Bridges.¹ There is something, it seems, in the inimitable leaven of our Teutonic blood which calls for restraint and conformity, and is disinclined, these qualities lacking, to admit that Horace's rule has been followed — that the right form of expression has sprung naturally out of a just mode of conception. For example, the form of expression employed in the two pieces of verse which open the present volume seems almost painfully inadequate. Can one imagine the fitness of addressing a dying friend in these tripping staves? —

“We must part now? Well, here is the hand of a friend;

I will keep you in sight till the road makes its turning

Just over the ridge within reach of the end

Of your arduous toil—the beginning of learning.

“You will call to me once from the mist, on the verge,

‘Au revoir!’ and ‘good night!’ while the twilight is creeping

Up luminous peaks, and the pale stars emerge?

Yes, I hear your faint voice: ‘This is rest, and like sleeping.’”

Or is it possible to be impressed with the propriety of imputing the measure of “‘T was the night before Christmas” to a communication From One Long Dead? —

“I’ve been dead all these years! and to-night in your heart

There’s a stir of emotion, a vision that slips —

It’s my face in the moonlight that gives you a start,

It’s my name that in joy rushes up to your lips!”

Mr. Bridges tells us in his dedicatory lines that he has found his inspiration in Burns, or one might have suspected

¹ *Bramble Brae*. By ROBERT BRIDGES (DROCH). New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1902.

here a resuscitation of the metrical habit once (but long ago) admired in Thomas Moore. But his forms do not always err upon the side of elaboration:

“I lent him to my country

And he wore the Navy blue;

I bade him do his duty,

And he said he would be true.

It’s home they say you’re coming,

And it’s home you came to me

When you wore your first blue jacket

At the old Academy.

And the neighbors said, ‘How handsome!

What a sailor he will be!’

But I only drew him closer

In my coddling mother’s joy,

And said, ‘Well, what’s a sailor?

He’s my brave boy!’”

One is tempted to quote the rest of the piece because it illustrates so admirably the kind of verse the study of which is expected to illuminate our understanding of poetry in the large. Of course Mr. Kipling has been setting the pace for this sort of thing, and a great deal of it is to be looked for by a public which has tolerated *The Absent-Minded Beggar*. May it lead, in some mysterious way, to the production of many more poems like *The Recessional*, — a poem, it must be noticed, which owes much of its power to its rich treatment of a simple and conventional metrical form. Mr. Bridges is himself capable of such restraint and such success, as is proved by the charming lines on Stevenson: —

“What a glorious retinue

Made that arduous chase with you!

Half the world stood still to see

Song and Fancy follow free . . .

And now the race

Ends with your averted face;

At full effort you have sped

Through that doorway of the dead.”

It is a pity that the talent which produced this should so seldom have exerted itself to such an end.

The verse of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson,² on the other hand, possesses

² *Poems*. By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

remarkable evenness of quality. Its faults are not of exuberance or carelessness or arbitrariness of form, but of occasional stiffness and over-consciousness. These defects, however, belong to the quality of careful workmanship which, allied with the quality of sane imagination, produces most good poetry. Certainly the emotional value of Mr. Johnson's work is seldom compromised by his adroitness as a metrist. He does not invent metres, he employs them, and with exceptional skill. The *Winter Hour*, his longest flight, is cast into a simple measure to which he gives much flexibility and grace: —

“O silent hour that sacred is
To our sincerest reveries! —
When peering Fancy fondly frames
Swift visions in the oak-leaved flames;
When Whim has magic to command
Largess and lore from every land,
And Memory, miser-like, once more
Counts over all her hoarded store.”

One imagines how instinctively the poet may have chosen the Heine-like measure of his *Farewell to Italy*, to fit the temper of brooding retrospect, so like Heine, which he has to express: —

“Alas! for the dear remembrance
We chose for an amulet:
The one that is left to keep it —
Ah! how can he forget?”

Nor does it appear that there is anything artificial in the delicate seventeenth-century suggestion which lingers

about the very sweetest and most spirited of his lyrics, *Love in the Calendar*, which it would be a pleasure to quote entire: —

“When chinks in April's windy dome
Let through a day of June,
And foot and thought incline to roam,
And every sound 's a tune;
When Nature fills a fuller cup,
And hides with green the gray, —
Then, lover, pluck your courage up
To try your fate in May.”

It is necessary to speak with more reservation of Mr. Johnson's didactic and occasional verses. His *Poems on Public Events*, *Songs of Liberty*, and the like, many of them ring not false but, compared with his other verse, a little thin. The full ardor of his consciousness is bestowed upon conceptions less diffused. He has done more in creating such a phrase as “grass half-robin high” than in writing many poems upon Dewey at Manila or *The Voice of Webster*. But this is in accordance with a law which governs all but the few supreme masters of song; for it is only they who can with equal success touch the stops of various quills; who are able always, in whatever mood or upon whatever plane, to conceive justly and to express rightly; to create, that is, the noble and rare flower of genius which the world will for some time continue to style Poetry.

H. W. Boynton.

GARDENS AND GARDEN-CRAFT.

“A garden in its pride,
Odorous with hint and rapture
Of soft joys no tongue can capture,”

is a delight to which none but the thrushes can give adequate expression, for they are past masters in the “fine careless rapture.”

It is this nameless charm with which the poets and the thrushes are so famil-

iar, this sense of green delights and garden blessedness which makes itself felt in two of the most refreshing books of garden-lore that have been published for many a day, *Garden-Craft*, by John D. Sedding, and *Forbes Watson's Flowers and Gardens*, the second edition of a book which endeared itself to plant-lovers of thirty years ago. The books are

written from widely differing stand-points, but each reflects the man: the winsomeness of John Sedding's sunny personality and the rare sweetness and unworldliness of Forbes Watson's character are alike touched with that indefinable grace wherewith the gardens are ever blessing back those who love them aright.

To leave the din and clatter of the streets, the clang of the trolley cars, the cries of the venders, and all the jarring noises of this workaday world, and lose one's self in such a book as that of John Sedding's, is indeed a rest unto the soul: to feel the dreamy charm and half-forgotten fragrance of the old gardens and breathe a Herrick atmosphere

"Of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,"

a book where it is a matter of course to meet Gower and Andrew Marvell, and a surprise to chance upon a bit of Brown- ing; where Sir William Temple dissertates upon "The perfectest figure of a Garden I ever saw, either at Home or Abroad," and Evelyn gives advice on terraces; where Lady Mary Wortley Montagu forgets her neuralgia and her quarrel with Pope, although he is not two chapters off, and discourses amiably of the Giardino Jiusti, and even crusty Horace Walpole drops his misanthropy for the moment, and does a service which makes the garden-lover always his debtor.

Like these old-time worthies who chat and mingle so congenially in his pages, Sedding was not a gardener by profession: he was an architect, whose work was blest with both originality and artistic quality, an artist with a passionate love for studying flower and leaf. For garden-making is the craft of crafts for the artist-amateur. "Thus, if I make a garden," writes Sedding, "I need not print a line, nor conjure with the painter's tools to prove myself an artist. . . . Whilst in other spheres of labor the greater part of our life's toil and moil will of a surety end, as the wise man predicted,

in vanity and vexation of spirit, here is instant physical refreshment in the work the garden entails, and, in the end, our labor will be crowned with flowers."

"A garden is a place where these two whilom foes — Nature and Man — patch up a peace for the nonce. Outside the garden precincts — in the furrowed field, in the forest, the quarry, the mine, out upon the broad seas — the feud still prevails that began when our first parents found themselves on the wrong side of the gate of Paradise."

"There be delights," quotes Sedding, "'that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream.' . . . For a garden is Arcady brought home. It is man's bit of gaudy make-believe — his well-disguised fiction of an unvexed Paradise . . . a world where gayety knows no eclipse and winter and rough weather are held at bay."

But this first chapter with its page after page of garden rhapsody is by way of invocation. There are quaint designs for formal gardens with their sundials and clipped yew hedges, an admirable historical sketch of English garden-craft, the work of the old masters, Bacon, Evelyn, and Temple; the sad record of the early eighteenth century when Mr. Brown, in the name of landscape gardening and nature, demolished the ancient avenues and pleasure grounds with a completeness which would have made Spenser's Sir Guyon think of his efforts in Acrasia's bower and blush for incompetence: not even Sir Walter Raleigh's garden was spared "unparalleled by anie in these partes," and as an advertising agent blazons his wares on the silent boulders, Mr. Brown's name was writ large for posterity on English gardening. "All in CAPITALS," to quote Dr. Young.

It is the old-fashioned garden, "that piece of hoarded loveliness" as he calls it, which holds Sedding's allegiance: the garden of the men who wrote and wrought when English poetry and Eng-

lish garden-craft were in their spring-time, where contentions had not entered in. He finds excellent poetic backing for his love of confessed art in a garden, intrenching himself behind two such nature-lovers and notable gardeners as Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott.

Indeed, the kinship between garden-craft and poetry is often overlooked; "we have only to turn to the old poets and note how the texture of the speech—the groundwork of the thought—is saturated through and through with garden imagery," for garden-craft is only another medium of expression for the art of the period: even in the Jacobean garden, "we have much the same quips and cranks, the same quaint power of metrical changes, playful fancy of the poetry of Herbert, Vaughan, Herrick, and Donne."

Perhaps the most potent charm of the book, as of the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*, is in the goodly company and the pleasure of finding, like Chaucer,

"That I was of hir felawshipe anon,"

"to be brought to old Lawson's state of simple ravishment, 'What more delightful than an infinite varietie of sweet-smelling flowers? decking with sundry colors the green mantle of the Earth, coloring not onely the earth, but decking the ayre, and sweetning every breath and spirit;' . . . to be inoculated with old Gerarde of the garden-mania as he bursts forth, 'Go forward in the name of God: graffe, set, plante, nourishe up trees in every corner of your grounde.'"

The landscape architect may look askance at some of Sedding's authorities, not only such garden-masters as Bacon, Temple, Evelyn, or the later gardeners of repute, Gilpin and Repton, or Loudon of the "Gardenesque School," but More, Sir Joshua, Sir Walter, Elia, Tennyson, William Morris, and Wordsworth, who was Sedding's ideal gardener. If, as Ruskin says, an architect should be a painter and a sculptor, a landscape ar-

chitect should be an artist and a poet also, with the poet's imagination and the gift of seeing "the wonders that may be." "To my mind," writes Sedding, "a garden is the outward and visible sign of a man's innate love of loveliness." Now if a man have not this love of loveliness, which is the soul of poetry, his garden-craft profiteth him nothing.

Although it is of English gardening that Mr. Sedding writes, the American landscape architect will find excellent planting hints if he does not object to "precepts wrapped in a pretty metaphor," and there is this catholic advice for the amateur, "Put all the beauty and delightfulness you can into your garden, get all the beauty and delight you can out of your garden, never minding a little mad want of balance, and think of the proprieties afterwards!" while he turns to the "Other Side," and in his *Plea for Savagery* makes charming excuse for those of us to whom the wilderness is dearer and better than the best of gardens, the sweet and blessed country which, however the title deeds run, belongs by birthright to the shy wood folk.

Very pleasant is the glimpse Mr. Russell gives in his memoir of the man John Sedding, — the sunshiny, helpful presence among the young art students, the ready friendliness which was the outer garment of a deeply religious nature, the earnest work, and after the day's work the delights of gardening, "the happiest of homes and the sweetest of wives," the grave on the sunny slope of the little Kentish churchyard where, under the quiet elms, John Sedding and this "sweetest of wives" are together: —

"T is fit One Flesh One House should have
One Tombe, One Epitaph, One Grave;
And they that lived and loved either
Should dye, and Lye and sleep together."

Unlike *Garden-Craft*, there is little theory in *Flowers and Gardens*, and the poetry of the book lies in the rarely beautiful flower studies, the chapters on Vegetation and the Withering of Plants, while

the garden papers are rather desultory prose. The author, who died in early manhood, was a physician by profession, a botanist by taste and inheritance, and more than this deeply and intensely a flower-lover, which the botanist does not always nor of necessity include. Did not Karshish, who was botanist enough to notice

"on the margin of a pool

Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,"

express his astonishment that Lazarus should so love "the very flowers of the field"? Forbes Watson from his youth up was preëminently and passionately a lover of flowers, — not for the lust of the eye, nor for the pride of the collector, not for gracing the house with their "endearing young charms," nor giving color and fragrance to the gardens, — he loved each for its "own dear loveliness."

To his mind there was more to be learned of a plant than its physical structure, — there was its expression, its peculiar beauty: "What is the dearest and the deepest in the flower," he wrote, "is best seen when that flower is observed alone." It was of this "dearest and deepest" element that Forbes Watson sought to learn, studying with scrupulous care of the smallest detail, with unwearying patience, one and another of the common every-day flowers, until as Shelley says, —

"The soul of its beauty and love lay bare,"

and he found there is no curve of petal, no line of leaf nor touch of color, that has not only its part to play in the physical life, but is essential to the attainment of its individual beauty.

The twelve Studies in Plant Beauty, which comprise the first part of the book, show a rare delicacy of observation, a poetic insight into the

"deeper meanings of what roses say,"

that not even Ruskin exceeded, and are touched beside with that other-worldliness one might look to find in writing

done during an illness which a man knew to be his last.

It would be a pleasure to quote his analysis of the Yellow Crocus with its tiny mirror-like devices for flashing and holding the sunlight, or the Cowslip, or his finely delicate study of the Snowdrop, or the poetic interpretation of the Purple Crocus's expression; but these are too long to be given in full, and without the complete analysis quotations if not rendered meaningless would be sadly marred, and the studies are too beautiful for such spoiling.

To a man who loved flowers after this manner, dwelt on their beauty with such a lingering tenderness, it is easy to understand that the gardener's use of them seemed sometimes a desecration; flowers and leaves speckled and spotted whose chief claim to attention was novelty. "Look at that scarlet geranium," he writes, "whose edges are broadly buttered round with cream color (I can use no other term which will express the vulgarity of the effect); consider first the harshness of the leaf coloring in itself, then its want of relation to the form, and finally, what a degradation this is of the clear, beautiful, and restful contrast which we find in the plain scarlet geranium; and then you ask yourself what this taste can be where this is not only tolerated, but admired."

It was because of his love of the individual flower that Forbes Watson fought a good fight against the carpet beds that thirty years ago were in their glory, and considered the acme of garden perfection, — the greatest blare of color, the greatest excellence (which suggests the ideal of the Vicar's family in another art, when Olivia declares admiringly that the Squire can sing "louder than her master").

"Our flower beds," he wrote indignantly, "are considered mere masses of color instead of an assemblage of living beings, — the plant is never old, never young, it degenerates into a colored ornament."

The carpet beds, it is to be hoped, have passed away with that other carpet work of an earlier generation which Mrs. Jameson declared so immoral; still, that popular feminine adornment, the huge bunch of violets is only another form of the same barbarism; nothing could be more utterly alien to the character and individuality of this dear, shadow-loving, poet's flower, and here is a landscape architect whose advertisement in one of the current magazines runs in this fashion: "There is no more useful garden material than the so-called Dutch bulbs, hyacinths, crocuses, narcissi," and the like, none which yield a larger return "for so small an expenditure of time and money!" Alas for the flowers! — the narcissi that Shelley loved — the dainty crocuses that lift their faces to the doubtful sun with such a childlike confidence; they have fallen into the hands of the Philistines; how they must sigh for Content in a Garden of Mrs. Wheeler's making, where the flowers have their preferences consulted, are loved and petted and praised as flowers should be, make room for one another in the garden beds with gracious courtesy, and are given delightful introduction to the world in the charming pages of her little volume where

the sense of green things creeps into the very pages.

"None," Forbes Watson declares, — "none can have a healthy love for flowers unless he loves the wild ones." It is on this study of the wild flowers that he insists, not only for their own sake, although they give ample recompense, but because it is only in this way that the eye may be kept single, that one can know the true beauty from the false, nor go after strange gods and sacrifice for more size and sensuousness the rarer, finer qualities of harmony and purity of form.

If Forbes Watson thought of the hurrying, restless generation, the men and women nerve-distracted, careful and troubled about many things, or wearied with pleasures "daubed with cost," as Bacon says, — the things which make for "state and magnificence, but are nothing to the true pleasure of a garden," — who have eyes, but not for the flowers, he might have felt with the prophet when his servant was anxious and distressed because he saw not the heavenly vision.

"My master how shall we do?" and Elisha prayed unto the Lord and said, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes."

Frances Duncan.

WOODBERRY'S HAWTHORNE.

It was no uncertain calling and election which made Mr. George Edward Woodberry the biographer of Hawthorne.¹ Fifteen years ago, in his *Life of Edgar Allan Poe* in the same series, Mr. Woodberry showed himself to be a skillful architect of biography, a just and singularly illuminating critic; but in the present volume there are virtues not conspicuously evident in the treat-

ment of Poe. There is, to be sure, less fruitage here of the painstaking and happily rewarded research so notable in the Poe, but this was scarcely either possible or desirable. There was no melodramatic mystery in Hawthorne's external life; and the journals of himself and his wife, with the ample records which have been composed by many of his friends, by his son-in-law, and

¹ *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. [American Men of Let-

ters.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

by his son, leave few of the objective facts and incidents of his career unknown. Nevertheless, this latest biography has a distinction all its own, arising in part from the firm and incisive critical analysis, but yet more largely the result of a certain racy and indigent sympathy between the moods and minds of men bred upon the same pine-hung, history-haunted shore.

The account of the earlier fortunes of the Hawthorne family in America, and of the parentage and boyhood of the one great Hawthorne, is distinguished by a felicitous use of the significant detail, giving everywhere evidence of that faculty which may not improperly be termed the biographical imagination, whereby the crude actual stuff of diverse dusty records is fused into the lively image of a man. But it is in the chapter upon the Chamber under the Eaves that Mr. Woodberry first impresses the reader with a sense of the intimacy of his understanding of Hawthorne's temperament. The part played in the development of Hawthorne's peculiar genius by his singular sequestration throughout a dozen of his most plastic years has already been noted by many discerning critics. Hawthorne himself wrote: "If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs." Taking this as his text, Mr. Paul Elmer More contributed to the *Atlantic* not long ago¹ a remarkable essay upon *The Solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, wherein the heart of his mystery narrowly escapes the plucking out; but Mr. Woodberry's is perhaps the first formal biography to make sufficiently "great mention" of this quaint, chrysalitic little room.

The color and import of the level years spent in this retirement are excellently stated in the following passage:

"He had no visitors and made no friends; hardly twenty persons in the town, he thought, were aware of his ex-

istence; but he brought home hundreds of volumes from the Salem Athenæum, and knew the paths of the woods and pastures and the way along the beaches and rocky points, and he had the stuff of his fantasy with which to occupy himself when nature and books failed to satisfy him. At first there must have been great pleasure in being at home, for he had not really lived a home life since he was fifteen years old, and he was fond of home; and, too, in the young ambition to become a writer and in his efforts to achieve success, if not fame, in fiction, and in the first motions of his creative genius, there was enough to fill his mind, to provide him with active interest and occupation, and to abate the sense of loneliness in his daily circumstances; but as youth passed and manhood came, and yet Fortune lagged with her gifts, this existence became insufficient for him, — it grew burdensome as it showed barren, and depression set in upon him like a chill and obscure fog over the marshes where he walked. This, however, year dragging after year, was a slow process; and the kind of life he led, its gray and deadening monotone, sympathetic though it was with his temperament, was seen by him better in retrospect than in its own time."

Yet it was precisely this brooding, monotonous life — so congruous with that essential tacitness of temperament which was perhaps Hawthorne's chief inheritance from his Puritan ancestry — that determined the true bent and idiosyncrasy of his art. It was here that the high singularity of his nature was intensified, and it was in this creative and populous solitude that he acquired that glance which, on the rare occasions when he descended to meet with his fellows, "comprehended the crowd and penetrated the breast of the solitary man." All this is developed by Mr. Woodberry very fully and effectively. It is well to hold it clearly in mind, for it bears upon an interesting

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1901.

critical dictum to be noticed hereafter, wherewith many honest readers will surely wish to join issue.

It is hard to conceive a greater change than that which came in the manner of Hawthorne's life after his fortunate union with Sophia Peabody. Mr. Woodberry writes of the Hawthorne home at Concord with discretion and delicacy, — "a home essentially not of an uncommon New England type, where refined qualities and noble behavior flourished close to the soil of homely duties and the daily happiness of natural lives under whatever hardships; a home of friendly ties, of high thoughts within, and of poverty bravely borne."

Except in his genial Italian days, Hawthorne was probably never happier than here. After the cloistered, shadowy years in Salem, with its sombre traditions and peculiar sophisticated provinciality, feeling himself always by contradictory impulses at once an alien and a true-born child of the soil, what must have been the joy deep rooted in Hawthorne's life during those first months of perfect domestic contentment in the green countryside of Concord! Mr. Woodberry is particularly happy in his characterization of the atmosphere of Concord in those years, and in his statement of Hawthorne's relation as an artist to its life: —

"That part of New England was not far from being a Forest of Arden, when Emerson might be met any day with a pail berrying in the pastures, or Margaret Fuller reclining by a brook, or Hawthorne on a high rock throwing stones at his own shadow in the water. There was a Thoreau — there still is — in every New England village, usually inglorious. The lone fisherman of the Isaac Walton type had become, in the New World, the wood-walker, the flower-hunter, the bird-fancier, the berry-picker, and many another variety of the modern ruralist. Hawthorne might easily have found a companion or two of similar wandering habits and half

hermit-like intellectual life, though seldom so fortunate as to be able to give themselves entirely up to vagrancy of mind, like himself. Thoreau is, perhaps, the type on the nature side; and Hawthorne was to village what Thoreau was to the wild wood."

It would be pleasant to dwell longer upon this graceful narrative of Hawthorne's external life, but the details of his later career as a custom-house official, as a consul, as a man of letters, are already so well known to most readers that it is better to advert to the criticism and appreciation of his writings and his genius as an artist, in which, after all, the chief significance of the book lies.

In closing his chapter upon *The Old Manse* Mr. Woodberry takes occasion to summarize critically Hawthorne's work in the form of the short story. The essential character of the narratives in *Twice-Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse* is set forth with firmness and subtlety. Hawthorne's peculiar use of the symbol of borrowed or attributed life, his preference for the processional in the construction of a story, and the distinctive flavor and effect of the tales are especially well stated. Of them Mr. Woodberry says finely: —

"A charm, a health, even a power, comes to the surface as one gazes, the power of peace in quiet places; and even a cultivated man, if he be not callous with culture, may feel its attractiveness, a sense that the tide of life grows full in the still coves as well as on all the sounding beaches of the world."

But throughout this part of the discussion there is, as has been hinted, one presupposition about which there is room for a very considerable difference of opinion. To put it in the fewest possible words, this is that Hawthorne's art, particularly as it is exhibited in the earlier tales, is rather labored than spontaneous with the spontaneity of genius of the first order. But in reporting the opinion of another, the few-

est words are too often misleading. Mr. Woodberry must speak to his own brief. He says of Hawthorne: —

"The most surprising thing, however, is that his genius is found to be so purely objective; he himself emphasized the objectivity of his art. From the beginning, as has been said, he had no message, no inspiration welling up within him, no inward life of his own that sought expression. He was not even introspective. He was primarily a moralist, an observer of life, which he saw as a thing of the outside, and he was keen in observation, cool, interested. If there was any mystery in his tales, it was in the object, not in the author's breast; he makes no confessions either direct or indirect, — he describes the thing he sees. He maintained that his tales were perfectly intelligible, and he meant this to apply not only to style but to theme. It is best to cite his own testimony. His personal temper is indicated in the fragmentary phrase in the Note-Books; 'not that I have any love of mystery, but because I abhor it,' he writes; and again in the oft-quoted passage, he describes perfectly the way in which his nature cooperated with his art to give the common ground of human sympathy, but without anything peculiar to himself being called into play."

There is truth in all this, cogently stated. No sensitive reader is likely to maintain that there is to be felt beneath the somewhat rigid structure of Hawthorne's tales either the irrepressible welling of inspiration or the large rhythm which he feels in the work of the greatest masters. Still, is it quite just to say that Hawthorne had no inward life of his own which sought expression? One feels that here, perhaps, Mr. Woodberry has carried the delicate affair of rationalizing genius to a dangerous limit. There is, to be sure, small trace of "lyricism" to be found anywhere in Hawthorne's writings. Nevertheless, many readers will con-

tinue to believe that there was a spring of inspiration "in the author's breast," and that the practice of brooding introspection was not unknown to him in the Chamber under the Eaves. Indeed, some people will like to think that there was a queer streak of mystery and supernaturalism in Hawthorne's temperament, — perhaps too fancifully referred to his atrabilious, witch-judging ancestry, — which as much as conscious and elaborate objectivity of method affected his art. This view is sustained by several of his friends who thought that, hidden beneath his shy reserves, broken by moods almost pagan in their sunny geniality, they detected something very like a heart's mystery, "an inward life that sought expression." Indeed, there be some who in reading the very Note-Books which are here put in evidence, wherein Hawthorne himself expounds the externality of his art, will find in the singular supernaturalism or spirituality of the stray, casual jottings of his fantasy, there set down, a hint of the truth. It is true that Hawthorne merely describes the things he sees, but with what eyes shall one behold the dark depths of character and the mysteries of sin in the soul? Is it not, to use a hackneyed but precise "term of art," by apperception? And in such a process is not something more than an author's "human sympathy," something "peculiar to himself," called into play? It may be that all this distorts the natural emphasis of our critic's thought; nevertheless, some such qualification seems not unimportant. For after all how great in biography, as in art and in life, is the import of the indefinable and the vague!

We have paused so long over this chiascuro of criticism that we must pass Mr. Woodberry's remarks upon Hawthorne's longer works rather summarily. This is the less to be regretted because of the fact that it is in dealing with the short story that he has best defined Hawthorne's art, showing by a beauti-

ful demonstration how it is universalized by the abstract moral element in it, the chief result alike of Hawthorne's Puritan descent and of his long solitary brooding upon the life of men's souls.

Yet it will not do to overlook one powerful paragraph about the Scarlet Letter, which, while it is not at all the usual thing to say about that book, is likely to win a hearty assent from the judicious reader:—

"Its truth, intense, fascinating, terrible as it is, is a half-truth, and the darker half; it is the shadow of which the other half is light; it is the wrath of which the other half is love. A book from which light and love are absent may hold us by its truth to what is dark in life, but in the highest sense it is a false book. It is a chapter in the literature of moral despair, and is perhaps most tolerated as a condemnation of the creed which, through imperfect comprehension, it travesties."

Here is a hint which may throw a ray of light down into that "abyss" in him of which Hawthorne sometimes spoke. By the inherited constitution and the acquired tendency of his mind Hawthorne was prone to ponder upon the great evil of sin; his nature was too true and high to find consolation for such evil in that recognition of its necessity which often is laid, a flattering unction, to lesser souls. Yet by the subtle constraints of his inheritance he seemed precluded from rising to a full realization of the mercy which dissolves evil, which is doubtless in the last analysis the finest justice.

This comment has been so much concerned with the more sombre aspects of Hawthorne's professional character, that the stick needs bending the other way to straighten it. Perhaps the most veracious impression of the essential sweetness of his temperament can be conveyed by quoting Mr. Woodberry's delightful appreciation of his children's books, — a department of his work too often overlooked in critical estimates:

"If to wake and feed the imagination and charm it, and fill the budding mind with the true springtime of the soul's life in beautiful images, noble thoughts, and brooding moods that have in them the infinite suggestion, be success for a writer who would minister to the childish heart, few books can be thought to equal these; and the secret of it lies in the wondering sense which Hawthorne had of the mystical in childhood, of that element of purity in being which is felt also in his reverence for womanhood, and which, whether in child or woman, was typical of the purity of the soul itself, — in a word, the spiritual sense of life. His imagination, living in the child-sphere, pure, primitive, inexperienced, found only sunshine there, the freshness of the early world; nor are there any children's books so dipped in morning dews."

The architectonic of Mr. Woodberry's book is unusual among literary biographies. We miss the customary final attempt at definitive characterization of the subject's personality and the estimation of his "place in literature." Yet the book is doubtless more effective — it certainly is more artistic — as it stands. Any competent reader is sure to derive a just impression from the compactly wrought narrative with its sympathetic, luminously phrased comment, whereas not rarely the set picture leaves even capable readers to deplore

"Ter frustra compressa manus effugit imago."

The true lover of Hawthorne will not care to go beyond Mr. Woodberry's concluding sentence, which follows immediately upon the plain account of Hawthorne's death:—

"His wife survived him a few years and died in London in 1871; perhaps even more than his genius the sweetness of his home life with her, as it is so abundantly shown in his children's memories, lingers in the mind that has dwelt long on the story of his life."

F. G.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE no teapot in my soul. If I were a man and a citizen, this would not matter; but, being a woman, it matters vitally. It means that I have no love for the pantry shelves or the things on them, that I loathe a chafing-dish, and that when my friends drop in, casually, about five o'clock, I have not the power of concocting, in the intervals of light and airy conversation, a cup of amber tea to be served with cheery smiles and a lemon. These things ought not so to be in a Christian country. Having been born in a Christian country, — a privilege to which I am indebted for most of what I am, as I am reminded from time to time in church and prayer-meeting, — I ought to live up to the condition in life to which I have been called. I ought to dote on home, and I ought to be able to evolve a cup of tea and a wafer out of my inner consciousness, at a moment's notice, — which, alas, I cannot. There is a moral tagging along somewhere after this subject. I do not know just what it is; but I know that it strikes deep into the roots of being.

I cannot tell when my unregenerate state set in. I was not always thus. I recall a time when I played dishes on the window-sill and made "Sally Lunns" out of a yellow covered receipt book. It was a very disreputable receipt book, printed on thin paper, and full of indigestion, given away at the drug store to wondering schoolchildren and treasured by me for my delectable window-sill. The Sally Lunns, I admit, were chosen chiefly for their picturesque name, and for the stimulus it furnished to the higher imagination; they were doubtless of a deadly nature. But the delight I took in them and the airs and graces and flourishes that went to their composition would seem to indicate that I was not, at that period of

my career, at least, an unsexed female. Somewhere, sometime, unawares, the fatal thing crept upon me.

There were signs of it in early maidenhood. I know the signs were there, because I had a sister in whom they were absent. She was always passing things. If an innocent company assembled in our parlor of an evening, this sister would slip quietly away and would presently return bearing in her hands food products, which she distributed to the waiting crowd. Sometimes it was a pan of apples, red and shining, from the cellar, and sometimes cookies; and once, I remember, it was crackers and water. But it seemed to be the idea — the idea of having something passed — that counted. The thing passed was immaterial, a mere device for setting in motion the wheels of conversation; and between nibbles flights of wit were essayed prodigious in their import. Our parties were always a success, thanks to the presence of a born hostess. The teapot on her hearth sang always gently; and not the least and most unimportant member of the company but felt that it was good to be there. One touch of nature makes the world akin. And in the matter of chewing there is small choice of souls. I have seen a lumpish young man, with a look of dressed-up desperation in his face, changed, in the twinkling of an eye, into an intelligent human being, chewing complacently with the best of them. This I have seen. But this, alas, I have not brought to pass myself. It never occurred to me to pass anything. I could only look on with the rest, in dumb admiration of one who did not have to struggle for acts of social grace, one in whose soul they sprang ready born from a simple, gracious wish to please. I did once, out of the depths of my being, in my sister's absence, evolve the idea of pass-

ing something. But my imagination refused to rise higher than crackers, and when I went to look the bag was empty. So I did not pass them. The crucial moment went by. I have sometimes wondered since whether, if there had been but a handful of crackers in that mocking paper bag, things might not have turned out differently. I like to fancy that I too might be a gentle, gracious hostess, permeating my assemblies with the fragrant scent of tea, and moulding public opinion on olives. But it was not to be.

With wondering gaze I saw the apples passed and wit and conversation begin to flow. But I never caught the secret. "They also serve who only stand and wait," perhaps — I have sometimes fancied that *Mrs. Milton* might have given a different version of the affair. I have a suspicion that she had the knack of passing things. That kind of woman is always passing things, with her husband sitting placidly by and composing poems: "Serene I fold my hands and wait," or "They also serve who only stand and wait," and think that they have contributed their share to the sum total of happiness. Perhaps they have. Their wives think so, — gentle creatures, — and give them tea to drink when their arduous work is done.

The teapot soul is not a product of any one land or clime or race. Wherever woman is found it shines serene. There is one who dwells in my mind, a born Frenchwoman, exiled in early life to the shores of Boston, but retaining ever in her soul a delicate fragrance of social grace. Her sons have become distinguished scientists; her daughters have taken to themselves husbands of the land; and the gatherings in *Madame's* little parlor are unique. It has sometimes been my good fortune to be present at these gatherings, and to watch the tact of *Madame* in holding together the diverse elements of her household and in permeating the whole with a

sense of well-being and joy. She is not an intellectual woman, and she certainly is not beautiful. Yet stalwart, gray-haired men seek her like a sibyl. Long observation has led me to a conviction — *Madame* belongs to the Order of the Teapot. There you have the secret. And much good will it do you! For unless you too are born with a teapot in your soul, not all the knowledge of *Bryn Mawr* nor the beauty of the *Gibson* girl will avail you. Your parties will be cold; and if men think you clever it will be only to wish that you were not. I have a picture of *Madame*, on a Sunday afternoon, in old *Duxbury*, stealing silently around the corner of the house, under her big sun hat, while her sons and her sons-in-law lounged and laughed and smoked on the grass under the elm by the door. When she reappeared she bore in her small hands a plate heaped with cake and pie and doughnuts and cookies, — goodies foraged from the boarding-house pantry. Shouts of joy greeted her, — dinner being exactly one hour past by the clock. She was hailed as a saving angel. Her sons and her sons-in-law fell upon the plate and devoured it to the last crumb. If you want to hear them talk, mention casually in their presence the name of *Madame*, their mother. Then will springs of eloquence be unlocked. They will tell you of her remarkable powers, and of her infinite tact and patience and sagacity, and of what she has done for them. But they will not speak of the plate of pie and cake and doughnuts and cookies. It is hardly worth mentioning — unless one thinks so.

It is only when the teapot rises to the dignity of an art symbol that its full significance is seen. I have a friend who dotes on cooking as a poet dotes on his lines. Her soul floats in tea as naturally and as gracefully as the swan upon its native lake. There are doubtless other similes that might be used; but these will serve to give a faint picture of my idea. Cooking to her is not

a trade, nor a science, nor a task, but a divine art. Her approach to the pantry is a triumphal progress, and her glance as it sweeps the shelves for possibilities and suggestions is full of shining delight. Everything in sight is doomed. With salad bowl and fork and spoon, with salt and pepper and oil and vinegar, with a few scraps of nothing and an onion, she will concoct a dish for the gods. To the uninitiated these things are not so. One may talk learnedly of salads. The receipt books are filled with lore on the subject. But the true salad maker knows that it can only be mixed — like a poem — under the fine frenzy of inspiration. To me a potato is a potato and a bean is a bean and an onion is an onion, and the sight of these respectable vegetables, reposing each on its separate dish, does not awaken in my soul the divine fire of composition. I have no promptings to make a poem of the potato and the bean and the onion, and serve it on a lettuce leaf, fresh and curly, for the delectation of my friends. Alas and alas, that I have not! I would that it were otherwise. When I think of these things, I would that I had never been born, or that the teapot had never been born, or that other and more gifted women had never been born with the fatal and beautiful and eclipsing teapot shining in their souls.

AN old law book published in 1732 *The Lady's Law* did not promise much entertainment for a lazy summer afternoon, and *The Lady's Law* would have returned to its dusty compeers in a neglected corner of the library if the following sentence had not caught my eye: "Our old Laws and Customs relating to Women are many of them very merry, though the Makers of them might possibly be grave men."

A lawyer who thought that there was just a possibility — a bare chance — that lawmakers might be serious minded was at least original, and the "very merry" customs proved as irresistible

a temptation to me as my author hoped that they would "to all Practisers of the Law and other Curious Persons."

"All Women," began the preface, "in the eye of the Law, are either married or to be married."

It is worth going back two centuries to hear such an encouraging doctrine, and it is certainly a contrast to that expressed in a recent graduation sermon at a well-known Woman's College, where the senior class were assured that only twenty-five per cent of them might even dream of marriage.

Is it possible, by the way, that this pessimistic axiom accounts for the epidemic of Love-Letters with which the book market is afflicted?

Are the Love-Letters of an Englishwoman, the Love-Letters of a Liar, and the Love-Letters of Balzac, Victor Hugo, the Brownings, and all the rest, only published in the vain hope of soothing that craving in the breast of the seventy-five per cent of college women who are warned that they need never expect to receive a personal love-letter?

The Lady's Law gives many proofs of the extraordinary change which has taken place in the position of women in the last two centuries, and in the popular view of marriage; perhaps none is more striking than the statement that "whoever marries for Beauty, Riches, or other motives than those before mentioned" (the Scriptural reasons) "are said to be guilty of a Crime though it be not expressly disallow'd by our Law."

The position of a married woman was not very enviable in those days; she was subject to her husband absolutely, although he could not beat her except for "reasonable correction and chastisement;" neither could he sell her "Diamond and pearl chain," if she had such a thing, nor her "necessary apparel," but otherwise he had almost unlimited power over her. She might not "Submit to an Award, for the Submission is a free Act, and the will of a Feme Covert

is subject to the Will of her Husband and so is not free." If she was extravagant and borrowed money and "cloaths herself better than doth belong to her Quality, although this comes to the Use of the Baron, because his Feme ought to be cloathed; yet because it is beyond her Degree, he is not chargeable with it." In matters of household bills, however, where women "are allowed by their Husbands to be Housekeepers, and they are used to buy things upon Trust for the Household, the Husband shall be charged for them, for in such respect the Wife is as a Servant."

In the reign of Charles II., Judge Hyde arguing on the subject of a man's liability for his wife's personal expenses said: "It is objected that the Jury is to Judge what is fit for the Wife's Degree, that they are trusted with the Reasonableness of the Price, and are to examine the Value; and also the Necessity of the Things or Apparel. Alas, poor Man! What a Judicature is set up here, to decide the private Difference between Husband and Wife? The Wife will have a Velvet Gown and a Sattin Petticoat, and the Husband thinks Mohair is as Fashionable and fitter for his Quality: The Husband says that a plain Lawn Gorget of 10s. pleaseth him and suits best with his Condition; but the Wife takes up at the Exchange a Flanders Lace or Point handkerchief at £40. A Jury of Mercers, Silkmen, Sempsters and Exchange-men are very excellent and indifferent Judges to decide this Controversy: It is not for their Support to be against the Wife, but to be for her, that they may put off their braided Wares to the Wife upon Trust, at their own Price and then sue the Husband for the Money."

How constant is Human Nature, and to-day how many a husband with an extravagant wife thinks "Mohair is as Fashionable and fitter for his Quality."

The Law was not always consistent

in its defense of a husband's purse against his wife's encroachments. In one case where a man's heirs sue his widow for goods and money purloined from her husband during his lifetime, "Egerton, Chancellor, denied Relief. He said he would not relieve the Husband were he Living, for he sate not there to give Relief to Fools and Buzzards, who could not keep their money from their Wives." Yet, in another case, where the wife of an improvident husband, "by her great frugality," had saved a large sum of money for the good of her children, the money was taken from her as "being dangerous to give a Feme Power to dispose of her Husband's Estate," although it is difficult to see why this husband was less of a Fool and Buzzard than the other.

The Law is liberal enough to secure the "necessary apparel" of a married woman to her even after her husband's death, and goes so far as to pronounce that if a husband has given his wife "a Piece of Cloth to make a garment, and dies, although it was not made up in the Life of the Husband, yet the Wife shall have it." Among a woman's "Bona Paraphernalia," a chain of diamonds and pearls worth £400 has been held "necessary apparel" to an earl's daughter; although a dissenting opinion maintained that they were "not necessary for her, but only convenient."

Breach of promise cases and suits for non-support must have been astonishingly easy in those days if fashionable, for the Law held that: "If a Man say to a Woman, I do promise to marry thee, and if thou be content to marry me, then kiss me or give me thy Hand; and if the other Party do kiss or give her Hand accordingly, Spousals are contracted."

A marriage was even held to have been contracted when no words were said: "A Ring is solemnly delivered and put on the Woman's fourth Finger by the Party himself, and she willingly accepts the same and wears it, the Par-

ties are presumed to have mutually consented to be Man and Wife, and so have contracted Matrimony, altho' they used not any Words."

A nice distinction is made by the Law in regard to presents made before marriage. "When Jewels, etc., are given as a pledge of Future Marriage between two Persons, there is an implied Condition annexed, that if Matrimony do not ensue, the Things may be demanded back and recovered. Though, according to our old Books, if the Man had a Kiss for his Money, then the one Half of what was given could only be recovered, and the other Half was to be the Woman's own Goods; but the Female is more favoured, for what so ever she gave, were there kissing or no kissing in the Case, she may demand and have all again."

The difference of fifty per cent *ad valorem* seems rather a high estimate of the discrepancy in value between a man's kiss and a woman's, and appears to prove conclusively the author's statement that woman is indeed "a Favourite of the Law."

It was during the height of the season, and at the end of a long list of calls, that we suddenly thought of the old friends we had not seen for so long.

"It is a little out of the way, but I think we shall have time," said my companion.

Almost all the carriages on Connecticut Avenue were going in the other direction, and we seemed to be driving out of the world of busy, happy, careless leisure, — the world of painstaking idleness, of conscientious pleasure-seeking, and of obvious advantages! It made one feel a little lonely to be going the other way. It was a very attractive world indeed.

On one of the still unpaved avenues framed in a distant glimpse of woods and hills, we explored slowly for the house. It was at the very end of a pretty little white stone block, aggres-

sively new, and turning a blank stare — in the form of an unsheathed brick wall — upon the neglected field just beyond. The elevation of the street was such that one could look diagonally across the city and see the late afternoon sunlight flash in a glittering rebound from the golden dome of the library.

A maid evidently as new as the house, but not as urban, opened the door for us, and was good-naturedly uncertain whether to let us in or not, as "the Missus is sick, ye know."

But before she had clumped halfway upstairs to see if we should be received, the Squire had heard our voices, and came hurrying down. His grim old face wore a look of welcome that seemed to erase the stern lines, and he shook both of us by the hand at once, long and heartily. "Come right up!" he said. "It'll do her a heap of good to see you."

She was sitting in the front chamber, — a small, fragile figure half hidden in a pink chintz easy-chair, with the most inviting of footstools under her helpless feet. There was a pale pink bow in her dainty cap to match the ribbon at the throat of her white wrapper. The sunlight, flowing through the broad window to ripple placidly on the walls, seemed a very different thing from the blinding dazzle on the library dome, — it was mellow and tranquil, — the golden heart of the sun poured out there to delight and cheer those faded blue eyes.

"I'll take myself off and leave you ladies together," said the Squire. He bustled away with a great assumption of hurried responsibility. We three talked awhile of old friends, happy associations, and beloved places. She forgot a great deal, repeated herself very often, and cried softly from time to time, as she stroked our hands, and told us how glad she was that we had come. We could see how much she had failed since we saw her last, but her wrinkled face was prettier than many a girl's with both beauty of feature and

the immortal loveliness of a gentle nature and a pure, sweet soul.

We had always called her husband "the Squire." The title traveled with him from his own little town when he first came to Congress. He was a rugged old fellow, of pronounced views, — often as narrow as they were positive, — but the man was genuine through and through; there was not an ounce of expediency in his being. When he clung with savage energy to some position which seemed — and probably was — retrogressive to younger, broader men, it was never a matter of cautious policy or a weighing of possible benefits, but the defense of a profound conviction. By and by they did not return him to Congress. That was after his wife began to fail. His career was her glory. He put off telling her again and again. At last the usual time came for them to move to Washington, and she began to wonder at the delay. He made a sudden, desperate resolve, — she should never know at all. The packing began, the journey was taken, and this small house rented on the outskirts of the city. He picked up a little law practice here and there, through interested friends and his real ability. He requested those of us who were likely to see his wife not to mention his defeat before her.

It was slow, hard work for him, but even in his native town, through his long absences, he was no longer in the current of things, and it was perhaps almost as easy to gain a modest income here.

I sat where I could see him filing papers in the next room. With nervous fingers he pored over them, and fastened them carefully into neat packages with the rubber bands which are a *sine qua non* to every man who has once been a Congressman. His eyes wandered from time to time toward the little figure in the front window, and I saw for the first time on that grim face an undisguised look of yearning tenderness. And then

he silently drifted back into our room again, "to put things to rights on the mantel-piece."

A few more moments, and he was standing behind her chair, forgetting that he had ever tried to stay away. She reached a soft wrinkled hand up to him without a word, and he covered it in both of his. Then we all went on quietly talking.

"Ezra had to go up to the house today," she said, "and the morning was a whole year long without him. I'm a selfish old woman, for I know the country needs him, and I'm afraid his committee work is getting behind; but it is n't going to be for long, — and I want him so. Ezra, you must n't ever leave me again!" She turned to look back at him, with anxious, clinging, dependent worship in her eyes. He lifted a loop of the little bow on her cap over his finger, and bent to kiss it.

"No, no, wife, never again. We'll let Congress go." He half turned toward us as he spoke, and there was a pleading inquiry in the motion. It said, "You will spare her? — and help me pretend?"

Proud and sensitive, defeated and set aside, he chose to bear it all alone.

"Your husband can afford to stay away awhile now," I said quickly. "He has won his reputation, you know. Don't you remember I happened to be beside you in the gallery the day he was called the best parliamentarian on the floor?" (He had defeated the consideration of a very popular measure which he considered extravagant, by a clever and pertinacious use of points of order.) I have always been so glad I was there that day, for as I spoke, his old back straightened, and the "official" poise came back.

"Ah, yes, yes, I remember that day well," he said, with a gratified ring in his voice. She said nothing, but watched him proudly.

As we went away, he escorted us downstairs, but first he kissed her, and

she clung to him as if he were going from her on a long journey. She called down to us, "Come again soon. Perhaps if you can spend the morning some day I would let Ezra go up to Congress, — but I don't know, — I don't believe they need him as much as I do — just now."

And with smiling, patient bravery, as if she could see him from her chamber, he called back cheerily, "I don't believe they do, wife — just now!"

THE name of Dean Prior, where our friend Herrick says he was of jocund Muse and chaste life, is, like one of his songs, in everybody's memory. It is a hard, gritty little place to get to, however, even at the best season: some miles from any station, and caught in a web of winding roads and equivocating signposts. On the fiercely stormy afternoon when I had my one choice to do it or die, I nearly achieved both ends. Such a savage horizon, with sinister glimpses of the bare tors of Dartmoor; such a clotted, malign sky; such steep, miry, and stony ways, where you were alternately chased or encountered by all the infant floods of England, are not often known, let us hope, in the county of sunshine and clotted cream. At any rate, that critic who bewailed the "abominable tidiness" of the English landscape cannot have been cradled in romantic and whimsical Devon. The whole countryside, allowing for the great decrease in woods, must have looked quite the same in Herrick's time. We think of him, shrewdly, but carelessly, as an Elizabethan; but his grave was dug while Charles II., no longer young, was still chasing moths at Whitehall. Many trees which stand about, many thatched roofs and gables, are much as he knew them. Overhead is the same heaven of intense flamelike blue, a reflection caught, perhaps, from the tropical beauty of a not far-off sea; and on every side are the slanted fields and "cloistered hills," dyed the

most exquisite red in the world: a color so strange and sweet that it sets you thinking of mystical things, and of the *sanguis martyrum* of this Isle of Saints. The letter remaineth; but where are Herrick's merrymakers, his hock-carts, wassails, and stomachers of primroses? From a not too cursory survey of the inhabitants of his parish, I should give them first place in a competition of miserable sinners. A more joyless set of folk I wot not of. The pilgrim, baptismally clean in the spring rain, in the jolly armor of a mackintosh and a decidedly centripetal old hat, longed to shout in passing at each of the dismal female faces at door or window: —

"Come, my Corinna, come! Let's go a-May-ing."

My private conviction is that Parson Herrick's delicious pastoral pages are pure bluff; that there was no Anthea, no Perilla, no flute-playing, no bride-cakes, no goblins, nothing! and that "dull Devon," a phrase which came from his town-loving heart in a personal poem, hit the truth. To prove it, you need but accost the posterity of those Christians to whom that darling pagan ministered. There they are, incapable of Maypoles "to this day."

Dean Prior is a village, pretty as a picture, which lies a mile north of Dean Church. At the latter hamlet you find, as the name implies, the church and vicarage, and a few shy houses among trees. And there, most probably in his own chancel, Herrick sleeps. Though the high ground without is sown with graves, you may look in vain there for Prew, his Maide, and for the other young names of "a short delight," which are deathless in the Hesperides. The church is interesting from its comely situation, but the interior, "restored," of course, has no character. People, you are told, do not always come there for Mr. Herrick. No, indeed! They come for architecture. Wonderful are the ways of People. High up against the north aisle

A Call on
Robert Her-
rick.

wall, at the east end, is a tablet to the poet's memory, the wording of which, happily, I have forgotten. I retain, however, only too clear an impression of various items which nobody wants to know: especially that a family of repute in Leicestershire was responsible for the "lyric voice of England," and that some hyphenated member of that family graciously provided his famous kinsman with a stone. Oddly enough, the inscription names Herrick as the author of the Hesperides only. It would have seemed decent, close to his old altar, to have remembered the Noble Numbers, and their genuine, though slightly decorative pieties. One discovery I made which pleased me, and sent me marching back to Totnes, over wet hill and dale, with the lovely stanza in my ears: I saw in Dean Church an epitaph which Herrick must have seen too, and liked, and which had a more immediate pathos for him, inasmuch as he must have known the living three who chose there a nobly humble tomb. The little monument, beautifully preserved in its original coloring, holds the kneeling figures separated, in the usual fashion of the time (that of King James I., judging from the dress), by a faldstool; the wife and mother on one side, the knight and their only son upon the other. It is the latter, represented in little, for convention's sake, whose love speaks in the mural verse cut below, without date or name for any of the dead:—

"No trust to Metal nor to Marble, when
These have their Fate, and wear away, as men.
Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and Spent:
But vertue rears the eternall Monument.
What more than these can tombs or tombstones
pay?

But here's the Sun-set of a tedious Day.
These two asleep are: I'll but be undrest
And so to Bed. Pray wish us all Good Rest."

Let us summon no local antiquary to dispel for us the exquisite impersonality of those lines, with their plaintive closes marking the transition of religious feeling between a Catholicism,

which asked only a *Requiescat* of the passer-by, and a Protestantism which spent itself on eulogy of the departed and moral precepts directed against the unarmed reader.

There were primroses and wild myrtle in the sodden hedgerows around Herrick's home; lambs were bleating by their mothers in the chilly meadows: "And all the sweetness of the Long Ago Sounds in that song the thrush sent through the rain,"

as the silent custodian closed the door of the church on the "happy spark" which no man can find where it is still glowing. But on the way home, by thought transference or coincidence, I had a bit of humorous and illustrious luck. There in the rough, narrow, muddy lane lay a lumpy whitish stone, and in the stone was Master Robert Herrick! It was a little joke of the gods to reproduce so, in profile, the one known portrait of him, Marshall's print, curly-headed, jovial, draped upon an urn; unbeautiful as that is, only older, with the very biggest of Roman noses, and an artificial eye - twinkle which is a joy forever to the drenched worshiper who pocketed the heaven-sent souvenir, with a grin, on that last day of March, A. D. 1901.

I WONDER if other readers find the *Magna Pars* autobiographic novel as unsatisfactory as I do. Probably but few, if any, to judge by the enormous currency which many books written in that form attain. When I have finished reading one such, however entertaining and engrossing, I lay it by with a certain sense of having been disappointed and half defrauded of the interest and excitement which I felt I had a right to expect from the subject, the epoch, and the circumstances concomitant with the action.

There is no veil of secrecy that can conceal from the reader the conclusion of the autobiographic novel. The spectator in the theatre, witnessing even a standard sensational melodrama, may

always have in reserve his doubts whether the conventional scheme of rehabilitations and retributions may not be changed ultimately into an unexpected tragic plan, and the virtuous hero sink at last a victim into the evil snares which are spread for him according to regulation. But when the hero lives to tell the tale of his own exploits, the reader can have no misgivings as to the outcome of any peril or conflict; the narrator, although disheartened or damaged for the time, must have pulled safely through, or he could not now be recounting his triumphant steps.

True, we still press on from chapter to chapter with a natural interest to learn how many more dangers and difficulties are to present themselves, of just what nature they are to be, and by what hairbreadth escapes safety from them is to be won; but of their actual outcome there can be no question, while also the general tone and temper of the narrative enlighten us as to whether the conclusion of the whole matter was bright, peaceful, and happy, or darkened by permanent regrets and sufferings or irreparable losses and bereavements. For given retrospects would appear different to cheerful and to melancholic souls. And, further, however terrific and exhausting a bout may threaten to be, one loses interest in the most dreadful details when the end is foregone. When one knows that there has been "hippodroming" in a race, a ball game, or a glove fight, what can he really care for the separate heats, innings, or rounds?

To enjoy a story thoroughly, one should be always uncertain not only as to what he will find on the next page, but also as to what the last chapter will contain for him. The true playwright understands this, and resorts to every device he can contrive to elude both reason and suspicion, and to increase as much as possible the element of unexpectedness in his dénouement. Consider for an instant the splendid illustration given in *Much Ado about No-*

thing. Follow the action as closely as we may, estimate every probability at its full value, and give all weight to Beatrice's virtual betrothal of herself to Benedick in the chapel scene, — yet we shall have come to within about thirty lines of the last curtain ere Shakespeare consents to settle the question finally and to show us the lady actually accepting her suitor in the presence of the assembled company; so that the satisfaction of the long perplexed spectator may well range with the joy of the much tantalized wooer.

Suspense and surprise are among the great factors in the construction of a story as well as of a play, and the query may therefore fairly be raised as to whether that novelist does not diminish his power and his command over his readers who adopts the autobiographic manner for a tale meant to thrill and perplex, to enchain and to lead captive and captivated. Undoubtedly, the captiously interrogative will always "want to know" how the impersonal narrator can have become acquainted with the incidents and words that he records; but as relation in the anonymous third person is as old as tradition, ballad, and history, it may continue to be accepted as the standard and most authentic form, and still be excused from explaining how it comes into possession of its facts. And, at any rate, it cannot be accused of drawing the long bow in self-glorification and concentrating attention upon an Ego and his experiences, with disturbing the fit proportions of a whole story, or discounting the aggregate values by "too previous" statement or suggestion. This is in itself an additional advantage, for one does not like to have his admiration for a hero's prowess, or his delight at an unexpected and hardly hoped-for victory or escape, qualified by the apparent boastfulness or bumptiousness of that hero's reiterated "Thus did I," with its savor of Falstaff rather than of Coriolanus.

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THE NEW ETHICS.

I. FORESIGHT AND REPENTANCE.

SINCE psychology and ethics are partners, ethics is bound to take the first chance to return psychology's lead. As long as psychology put full-fledged faculties of free will and conscience into the soul's original outfit, it was all very well for ethics to respond with inexplicable intuitions and categorical imperatives. Now that psychology is telling us that the will is simply "the sum total of our mental states in so far as they involve attentive guidance of conduct," and its sole sphere of action "the attentive furthering of our interest in one act or desire as against all others present to our minds at the same time," ethics can no longer put us off with cut and dried rules for keeping a fixed, formal self out of mischief, but must show us how, from the raw materials of appetites, passions, and instincts, with the customs, institutions, and ideals of the race for our models, to create, each man for himself, an individuality of ever tightening coherence and ever expanding dimensions.

This twofold task, to preserve the unity of life at the same time that we multiply and magnify the interests we unify, gives to ethics at once its difficulty and its zest. Either half of this task would be easy and stupid. If unification, simplicity, peace, is our sole aim, we have but to call in the monks and the mystics, the lamas and the mental healers, for a half dozen lessons and

treatments. If, on the other hand, we aim at bulk, complexity, tension, almost any business man, or club woman, or "globe-trotter," or debauchee, can teach us as much as that. To challenge the simple unity of our habitual lives by every interest that promises enlargement and enrichment, and in turn to challenge each new interest in the name of a singleness of purpose which it may stretch as much as it please, but on no account shall break,—this double task is hard indeed; the zest of this game is great.

In a task so difficult as this of relating ever new materials to each other in the unity of an organic whole, failure is the only road to success. For there are ten thousand possible combinations of our appetites, desires, interests, and affections, of which only one precise, definite way can be right, and all the rest must be wrong. As Aristotle learned from the Pythagoreans, virtue is definite, or limited: vice is indefinite, or infinite. It is so easy to miss the mark that any fool can be vicious; so hard to hit it that the strongest man's first efforts go astray. "Adam's fall" was foreordained by stronger powers than even the decree of a God. For every son of Adam, sin, or the missing of the perfect mark, is a psychological necessity. Nothing short of a miracle could prevent a man's first, experimental adjustments of his environment to himself from being the failures they are. For in every art and craft, in every game

and sport where skill is involved, the progressive elimination of errors is the only way to a perfection which is ever approximated, but never completely attained.

Yet the difficulty of the moral life is at the same time its glory. For the very source of the difficulty may be turned into a weapon of conquest. The difficulty is all due to the organic connection of experience. If experiences stood alone, disconnected, the moral problem would be simple indeed. Hunger feasting is better than hunger starved; thirst drinking is better than thirst unquenched; weariness resting is better than weariness at work. If the feast, or the drink, or the rest were the only things to be considered, then the gratification of each desire as fast as it arose would be the whole duty of man. None but a fool could err. But, on the other hand, the wise man would be no better off than the fool. There would be no use for his wisdom; no world of morals to conquer.

Foresight is the first great step in this career of moral conquest. The mind within and the world without are parallel streams of close-linked sequences, in which what goes in as present cause comes out as future effect. This linkage at the same time binds and sets us free. It binds us to the effect, if we take the cause. It sets us free in the effect, if the effect is foreseen, and the cause is chosen with a view to the effect. These streams of sequence repeat themselves. They are reducible to constant types. They can be accepted or rejected as wholes. To accept such a whole, taking an undesirable present cause for the sake of a desirable future effect, is active foresight, or courage. To reject a whole, foregoing a desired present cause in order to escape an undesirable future effect, is passive foresight, or temperance. Foresight reads into present appetite its future meaning; and if backed up by temperance and courage, rejects or ac-

cepts the immediate gratification according as its total effect is repugnant or desirable.

It is at this point that vice creeps into life. If virtue is choosing the whole life history, so far as it can be foreseen, in each gratification or repression of a particular desire, vice is the sacrificing of the whole self to a single desire. How is this possible?

Partly through ignorance, or lack of foresight. Yet vice due to ignorance is pardonable, and is hardly to be called vice at all. It is sheer stupidity. This, however, which was the explanation of Socrates, lets us off too easily.

Vice is due chiefly to inattention; not ignorance, but thoughtlessness. "I see the better and approve; yet I pursue the worse." In this case knowledge is not absent, but defective. It is on the margin, not in the focus of consciousness. In the language of physiological psychology, a present appetite presents its claims on great billows of nerve commotion which come rolling in with all the tang and pungency which are the characteristic marks of immediate peripheral excitation. The future consequences of the gratification of that appetite, on the contrary, are represented by the tiny, faint, feeble waves which flow over from some other brain centre, excited long ago, when the connection of this particular cause with its natural effect was first experienced. In such an unequal contest between powerful vibrations shot swift and straight along the tingling nerves from the seat of immediate peripheral commotion, and the meagre, measured flow of faded impressions whose initial velocity and force were long since spent, what wonder that the remote effect seems dim, vague, and unreal, and that the immediate gratification of the insistent, clamorous appetite or passion wins the day! This is the modern explanation of Aristotle's old problem of incontinence.

Whence then comes repentance? From the changed proportions in which

acts present themselves to our after-thought. "The tumult and the shouting dies." The appetite, once so urgent and insistent, lies prostrate and exhausted. Its clamorous messages stop. The pleasure it brought dies down; vanishes into the thin air of memory and symbolical representation, out of which it can only call to us with hollow, ghost-like voice. On the contrary, the effect, whether it be physical pains, or the felt contempt of others, or the sense of our own shame, gets physical reinforcement from without, or invades those cells of the brain where memory of the consequences of this indulgence lie, latent but never dead, and stirs them to the very depths. Now all the vividness and pungency and tang are on their side. They cry out Fool! Shame! Sin! Guilt! Condemnation! Then we wonder how we could have been fools enough to take into our lives such a miserable combination of cause and effect as this has proved to be. The act we did and the act we repent of doing are in one sense the same. But we did it with the attractive cause in the foreground, and the repulsive effect in the background. We repent of the same act with the repulsive effect vivid in the foreground of present consciousness, and the attractive cause in the dim background of memory. Then we vow that we will never admit that combination into our lives again.

Will we keep our vow? That depends on our ability to recall the point of view we gained in the mood of penitence the next time a similar combination presents itself. It will come on as before, with the attractive offer of some immediate good in the foreground, and the unwelcome effect trailing obscurely in the rear. If we take it as it comes, adding to the presentation no contribution of our own, we shall repeat the folly and vice of the past; become again the passive slaves of circumstance; the easy prey of appetite and passion; the stupid victims of the serpent's subtlety.

Our freedom, our moral salvation, lies in our power to call up our past experience of penitence and lay this revived picture of the act, with effect in the foreground, on top of the vivid picture which appetite presents. If we succeed in making the picture we reproduce from within the one which determines our action, we shall act wisely and well. By reflecting often upon the pictures drawn for us in our moments of penitence, by reviving them at intervals when they are not immediately needed, and by forming the habit of always calling them up in moments of temptation, we can give to these pictures, painted by our own penitence, the control of our lives. This is our charter of freedom; and though precept, example, and the experience of others may be called in to supplement our own personal experience, this power to revive the actual or borrowed lessons of repentance is the only freedom we have. Call it memory, attention, foresight, prudence, watchfulness, ideal construction, or what name we please, the secret of our freedom, the key to character, the control of conduct, lies exclusively in this power to force into the foreground considerations which of themselves tend to slip into the background, so that, as in a well-constructed cyclorama, where actual walls and fences join on to painted walls and fences without apparent break, the immediately presented desire, backed up by all the impetus of immediate physical excitation, shall count for precisely its proportionate worth in a representation of the total consequences of which it is the cause.

II. SOCIAL SYMPATHY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

If I were the only person in the world, if all the other forces were material things, with no wills of their own, then the single principle of inserting into the stream of sequence the causes

which lead to the future I desire for myself, and excluding those of which I have had reason to repent, would be the whole of ethics. Fortunately life is not so simple and monotonous as all that. The world is full of other wills as eager, as interesting, as strenuous, as brave as we, in our best moments, know our own to be. By sympathy, imagination, insight, and affection we can enrich our lives an hundred-fold by making their aims and aspirations, their interests and struggles, their joys and sorrows our own. Not only can we do this, but to some extent we must. It is impossible to live an isolated life, apart from our fellows. Man is by nature social. Alone he becomes inhuman. A life which has no outlet in sympathy with other lives is unendurable. If men cannot find some one to love, they insist on at least finding some one to quarrel with, or defy, or maltreat, or at least despise. Even hatred and cruelty and pride have this social motive at their heart; and in spite of themselves are witnesses to the essentially social nature of man, and the soul of latent goodness buried beneath the hardest of corrupted and perverted hearts.

Our social nature complicates and at the same time elevates enormously the moral problem. It is no longer a question of dovetailing together the petty fragments of my own little life so as to make their paltry contents a coherent whole; I now have the harder and more glorious task of making my life as a whole an effective and harmonious element in the larger whole which includes the lives of my fellows and myself. Here again there is a vast task for the imagination to perform; a more spacious cyclorama for it to construct. Not merely the effects upon myself, but the consequences for as many of my fellows as my act directly and traceably affects, I must now represent. Before I can permit an act to find a place in my present conduct I must foresee, not only

what it means for my own future, but for the future of all my neighbors who come within the range of its influence.

For their future is, in proportion to the closeness of the ties that bind us, almost as completely in my control as it is in their own. Indeed, if I be the stronger person, if I have clear foresight where their prevision is dim, if I grasp firmly aims which they hold but feebly, their future may be even more in my hands than it is in their own. Thus the parent is more responsible for the child's future than is the child himself. The husband often holds the alternative of life or death for his wife in his hands, according as he is patient, forbearing, considerate, and kind, or exacting, inconsiderate, cross, and cruel. The wife, on the other hand, more often holds the future of her husband's character in her hands, making him sober and honest if she is winsome and sincere; driving him to drink if she is slovenly and querulous; leading him into dishonesty if she is extravagant and vain. Every person of any considerable strength of character can recall many an instance in which by a half hour's conversation, followed up by occasional suggestions afterward, he has changed the whole subsequent career of another person. To one who has discovered the secret of this power, a week permitted to pass by without thus changing the life-currents of half a dozen of his fellows would seem a wicked, wanton waste of life's chief privilege and joy. I could name a quiet, modest man who at a low estimate has changed directly and radically for the better a thousand human lives; and indirectly, to an appreciable degree, certainly not less than a hundred thousand. He is no professional preacher or evangelist; and the greater part of this vast work has been done in quiet conversation, mainly in his own home, and by correspondence.

Such power of one man over another is in no way inconsistent with the freedom and responsibility of them both. In psychical as in physical causation

many antecedents enter into each effect. When I pull the trigger of my shotgun, and by so doing shoot a partridge, I am by no means the only cause of the bird's death. The maker of the powder, the maker of the shot, the man who put them together in the cartridge, the maker of the gun, the dog that helped me find the bird, and countless other forces, which we express in such general terms as the laws of chemistry and physics, enter into the production of the effect. Nevertheless, my pulling the trigger, though not the whole cause, is a real cause. Precisely so when I offer my boy a quarter for shooting a partridge, and under the influence of that inducement he goes hunting, he is just as free in trying to secure the reward as I am in offering it. Both my desire for the partridge which leads me to offer the prize and his desire for the quarter are factors in producing the result. We are both free in our acts, and both share responsibility for the shooting of the bird. For that act figured alike in his future and in my future as an element in a desired whole. The same external fact may enter as an element in the freedom of thousands of persons. A great work of art, for example, is an expression of the freedom not only of the artist who paints or writes, but of all who see or read in it that which they long for and admire. The goods of the will and the spirit, unlike the goods of the mill and the market, are "in widest commonalty spread." They refuse to be made objects of exclusive possession. I cannot intensely cherish an idea, or entertain a plan, for which my fellows shall not be either the better or the worse. Every conscious act deliberately chosen and accepted is an act of freedom, and every word or deed goes forth from us freighted with social consequence, and weighted to that precise extent with moral responsibility.

Hence social imagination or sympathy is the second great instrument of

morality, as individual imagination or foresight was the first. If our individual salvation is by foresight and repentance, our social salvation is through imagination and love. No logical "reconciliation of egoism and altruism" is possible; for that would involve reducing one of the two elements to terms of the other. Both are facts of human experience, found in every normal life. I live my own life by setting before myself a future, and taking the means that lead thereto. I find this life worth living in proportion to the length and breadth and height of the aims I set before myself, and the wisdom and skill I bring to bear upon their achievement. But I cannot make my own aims long, wide, or high, without at the same time taking account of the aims of my fellows. I may clash with them, and try to use them as means to my own ends. That leads to strife and bitterness, sorrow and shame. Either my own ends are defeated if, as is generally the case, my fellows prove stronger than I; or else they are won at such cost of injury to others that in comparison they seem poor and pitiful, not worth the winning. This is the experience of the normal man; and though by pride and hardness of heart one may make shift to endure a comparatively egoistic life, no person can find it so good as never to be haunted by visions of a better, which sympathy and love might bring.

On the other hand, if I generously take into account the aims of my fellow man, and live in them with the same eagerness with which I live in my own, using for him the same foresight and adaptation of means to ends that I would use for myself, throwing my own resources into the scale of his interests when his resources are inadequate, sharing with him the sorrow of temporary defeat, and the triumph of hard won victories, I find my own life more than doubled by this share in the life of another. The little that I add to his foresight and strength, if given with sym-

pathy and love, when added to the energy, latent or active, which he already has, works wonders out of all proportion to the results I could achieve in my life alone, or which he alone could achieve in his. Love not merely adds; it multiplies; as in the story of the loaves and fishes. It not only increases; it magnifies the life, alike of him who gives and him who receives. Just why it should do so is hard to explain in purely egoistic terms; as hard as to explain to an oyster why dogs like to run and bark; or to a heap of sand why the particles of a crystal arrange themselves in the wondrous ways they do. It is a simple, ultimate fact of experience that just as a life of individual foresight is on the whole better worth living than the life of hand to mouth gratification, so the life of loving sympathy is a life infinitely more blessed than the best success the poor self-centred egoist can ever know. If a selfish life were found on the basis of wide experience and comprehensive generalization to be a more blessed and glorious life than the life of loving sympathy, then the selfish life would be the life we ought to live: precisely as if houses in which the centre of gravity falls outside the base were the most stable and graceful structures men could build, that would be the style of architecture we all "ought" to adopt. Ethics and architecture are both ideal pursuits, in the sense that they have as their object to make a present ideal plan into a future fact. But both must build their ideals out of the solid facts of past experience. It is just as undeniable, unescapable a fact of ethics that the aim of a noble and blessed life must fall outside its own individual interests, as it is an undeniable, unescapable law of architecture that the centre of gravity of a stable, graceful structure must fall within its base.

Still the appeal to brute fact, though valid, is not ultimate. There is a reason for the fact that structures in which the centre of gravity falls outside the

base are unstable; and physics formulates that reason in the law of gravitation. So there is a reason why a selfish life is unsatisfactory; and ethics formulates that reason in the law of love. These facts are so; but they have to be so because they could not find a place in the total system of things if they were otherwise. A universe of consistent egoists would not be a permanent possibility. It could only exist temporarily as a hell in process of its own speedy disruption and dissolution.

Yet just as a man can forget his own future, and in so doing wrong his own soul, a man can be blind to the consequence of his act for his neighbor, and in so doing wrong society and his own social nature. The root of all social sin is this blindness to social consequence. Hence the great task of sound ethics is to stimulate the social imagination. We must be continually prodding our sense of social consequence to keep it wide awake. We must be asking ourselves at each point of contact with the lives of others such pointed questions as these: How would you like to be this tailor or washerwoman whose bill you have neglected to pay? How would you like to be the customer to whom you are selling these adulterated or inferior goods? How would you like to be the investor in this stock company which you are promoting with water? How would you like to be the taxpayer of the city which you are plundering by lending your official sanction to contracts and deals which make its buildings and supplies and services cost more than any private individual would have to pay? How would you like to be the employer whose time and tools and materials you are wasting at every chance you get to loaf and shirk and neglect the duties you are paid to perform? How would you like to be the clerk or saleswoman in the store where you are reaping extra dividends by imposing harder conditions than the state of trade and the market compel you to adopt? How would you

like to be the stoker or weaver or mechanic on the wages you pay and the conditions of labor you impose? How would you like to live out the dreary, degraded, outcast future of the woman you wantonly ruin for a moment's passionate pleasure? How would you like to be the man whose good name you injure by slander and false accusation? How would you like to be the business rival whom you deprive of his little all by using your greater wealth in temporary cut-throat competition?

These are the kind of questions the social imagination is asking of us at every turn. There are severe conditions of trade, politics, war, which often compel us to do cruel things and strike hard, crushing blows. For these conditions we are not always individually responsible. The individual who will hold his place, and maintain an effective position in the practical affairs of the world, must repeatedly do the things he hates to do, and file his silent protest, and work for such gradual change of conditions as will make such hard, cruel acts no longer necessary. We must sometimes collect the rent of the poor widow, and exact the task from the sick woman, and pay low wages to the man with a large family, and turn out the well-meaning but inefficient employee. We must resist good men in the interest of better things they cannot see, and discipline children for reasons which they cannot comprehend. Yet even in these cases where we have to sacrifice other people, we must at least feel the sacrifice; we must be as sorry for them as we would be for ourselves if we were in their place. We must not turn out the inefficient employee, unless we would be willing to resign his place ourselves, if we held it, and were in it as inefficient as he. We must not exact the rent or the task from the poor widow or the sick saleswoman, unless on the whole if we were in their places we should be willing to pay the rent or perform the task. Even this principle will not en-

tirely remove hardship, privation, and cruelty from our complex modern life. But it will very greatly reduce it; and it will take out of life what is the cruellest element of it all, — the hardness of human hearts.

To sternly refuse any gain that is purchased by another's loss, or any pleasure bought with another's pain; to make this sensitiveness to the interests of others a living stream, a growing plant within our individual hearts; to challenge every domestic and personal relation, every industrial and business connection, every political and official performance, every social and intellectual aspiration, by this searching test of social consequence to those our act affects, — this is the second stage of the moral life; this is one of the two great commandments of Christianity.

III. AUTHORITY AND PUNISHMENT.

To see the whole effect upon ourselves, and upon others, of each act which we perform is the secret of the moral life. Yet we are shortsighted by nature, and often blinded by prejudice and passion. The child at first is scarcely able to see vividly and clearly beyond the present moment and his individual desires. And in many respects we all remain mere children to the end. Is not the moral task then impossible?

Hard it is indeed. Impossible, too, it would be, if we had no tools to work with; no helps in this hard task. Fortunately we have the needed helps, and they come first in the authority of our parents and rulers. Their wider experience enables them to see what the child cannot see. Their commandments, therefore, if they are wise and good, point in the direction of consequences which the child cannot see at the time, but which, when he does see, he will accept as desirable. An act which leads to an unseen good consequence, done in obedience to trusted authority, or respected law, is right. The person who

does such an act is righteous. And the righteousness of it rests on faith: faith in the goodness and wisdom of the person he obeys. Righteousness at this stage, therefore, is goodness "going it blind," as the slang phrase is; or, in more orthodox terms, walking by faith, and not by sight.

As long as the child walks in implicit trust in the wisdom and goodness of his parents he cannot go far astray. Ignorant, shortsighted, inexperienced as he is, he nevertheless is guided by a vicarious intelligence, in which the wisdom and experience of the race are reproduced and interpreted for him in each new crisis by the insight of love. What wonder, then, that the commandment, Honor thy father and thy mother, whether in Hebrew or Chinese legislation, is the great commandment with promise! Not only does the obedient child in particular cases get the consequences which he afterwards comes to see were desirable, but he acquires habits of doing the kind of acts which lead to desirable consequences, and of refraining from the kind of acts which lead to undesirable consequences. These habits are the broad base on which all subsequent character rests, as on a solid rock deeply sunk in the firm soil of the unconscious. As our bodies are first nourished by our mother's milk, our souls are built up first out of the habits of acting which we derive directly from doing what our mothers tell us to do in thousands of specific, concrete cases, and refraining from doing the things their gentle wisdom firmly forbids. The love of mothers is the cord that ties each newborn soul fast to the wisdom and experience of the race. "We are suckled at the breast of the universal ethos," chiefly through the vicarious maternal intelligence. Hence the awful waste, amounting to a crime against both the hard won ideals and standards of the race, and the future character of the child, when indolent, or vain, or ambitious mothers turn over the formative

years of their children to ignorant, undeveloped nurses! Though the chances are that the average nurse will prove quite as wise and good a guide to the young mind as a mother who is capable of turning her child over to the exclusive training of any other guide than herself. The pity is not so much that the ambitious mother relinquishes her highest and holiest function as that there are children born who have mothers capable of doing it. Given such mothers, the nurses are often a great improvement on them.

The derivative, vicarious nature of righteousness at this stage makes clear the need and justification of punishment. The mother sees a great, far-off good, which the child cannot see at all. She commands the child to act in a way to secure this good as a consequence. He disobeys. He loses the consequence which she desires for him. He weakens the indispensable habit of obedience, on which countless other great goods beyond his vision depend. He cannot see vividly either the specific good at which she aims, nor the general good that flows from the habit of implicit obedience. She then brings within the range of his keen and vivid experience some such minor and transitory evil as a spanking, or being sent supperless to bed; and makes him understand that, if he cannot see the good of obedience, he can count with certainty on these evils of disobedience. Punishment, then, is an act of the truest kindness and consideration. It is a help to that instinctive and implicit obedience to authority, on which the child's greatest good at this stage of his development depends. No child will permanently resent such well-meant punishment. As Mrs. Brownning says:—

"A mother never is afraid
Of speaking angrily to any child,
Since love, she knows, is justified of love."

The withholding of punishment in such cases is the real cruelty; and the mother who is weak enough to do it is a

mawkish sentimentalist, to whom a few passing cries and tears are of more consequence than the future welfare and permanent character of her child. From this point of view, punishment is an act of mercy and kindness, as Plato shows us so clearly in the *Gorgias*. Every mother who believes her child to be ever so little below the angels is bound to substitute the gentler evils of artificial punishment for the greater evils of a life of unpunished naughtiness.

All moral punishment, whether inflicted by parents, schools, colleges, or courts of justice, is of this nature. It helps the offender to see both ends of his deed. When he commits the offense, he sees vividly only one end of it, the temporary advantage to himself as an individual. He does not see with equal vividness the other end, the injury to the interests of others, and to his own best self as a potential participant in these larger interests. Punishment attempts to bring home to him, if not in the precise terms of his offense, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, at least a partial equivalent, in privation of money or liberty, or public favor, the other end of his act, which at the time of acting he did not keenly and vividly appreciate. Such strict retribution is the best favor we can confer on an offender, so long as he remains unrepentant. To give him less than this is to cut him off from his only chance to get a right view of his own wrong act. It is the only way to open his eyes to see his act in its totality.

What if a man repents? Shall we still punish him? Not if the repentance is genuine and thoroughgoing. What, then, is true repentance? An evil act, as we have seen, has two ends: one attractive to the individual for the sake of which he does it; the other injurious to his own better self and to the interests of others. This second end the wrongdoer does not see clearly when he commits the offense. Afterwards he sees it, in its natural consequences; in

the indignation of the offended, in the condemnation of society, in the imminence of punishment. This second part of his act, when it comes home to him, he does not like, but wishes himself well out of it. This, however, is not repentance; and no amount of tears and promises and importunities should ever deceive us into accepting this dislike of unpleasant consequences for a genuine repentance of the wrong act. Every wise parent, every efficient college officer, every just judge, must harden his heart against all these selfish lamentations, and discount them in advance as a probable part of the culprit's natural programme. Dislike of unpleasant consequences to one's self is not repentance. Repentance must reach back to the original act, and include both the pleasant cause and its unpleasant consequences to others, as well as to one's self, in the unity of one total deed, and then repudiate that deed as a whole. When repentance does that, it does the whole moral work which punishment aims to do. To inflict punishment after such repentance is inexcusable and wanton brutality.

The theory of punishment is clear: its application is the most difficult of tasks. It is very hard to discriminate in many cases real repentance from dislike of unpleasant personal consequences. Then it is hard to justify severity toward one who is believed to be unrepentant, and absolute forgiveness to one who has shown evidence of true penitence. Whoever has to administer punishment on a large scale, and attempts to be inflexibly retributive to the impenitent and infinitely merciful toward the penitent, must expect to be grossly misunderstood and severely criticised for all he does, and all he refrains from doing. If the way of the transgressor is hard, the way of the moral punisher is harder. The state practically confesses its inability to discriminate true from false repentance; and lowers its practice from the moral

plane of retribution or forgiveness to the merely legal plane of social protection, giving to the executive a power of pardon by which to correct the more glaring mistakes of the courts. In view of the clumsiness of the means at its disposal, the great diversity of moral condition in its citizens, and the impersonality of its relations, probably this protective theory of punishment, which says to the offender, "I punish you, not for stealing sheep, but to prevent other sheep from being stolen," is the best working theory for practical jurisprudence. But it is utterly unmoral. It has no place in the family. Only in extreme cases is it defensible in school and college. In settling personal quarrels it should have small place. Uncompromising retribution to the impenitent, unreserved forgiveness to the penitent, which Christianity sets forth as the attitude of God, is the only right course for men who are called to perform this infinitely difficult task of moral punishment.

IV. THE SYMBOLICAL VALIDITY OF MORAL LAWS.

The success of the ethical life depends on keeping the consequences of our acts, for ourselves and for others, vividly in the foreground of the mind. Personal authority of parents and rulers, supported by swift sure penalties for disobedience, is the first great help to the good life. But we cannot always have parents, tutors, and governors standing over us to tell us what to do and what not to do; to reward us if we do right and punish us if we do wrong. Still less can we afford to rely on natural penalties alone, as they teach us their lessons in the slow and costly school of experience. The next stage of moral development employs as symbols of the consequences we cannot foresee and appreciate maxims to guide the individual life, and laws to represent the claims of our fellows upon us. These maxims

and laws have no intrinsic worth. Their authority is all derived and representative. Yet inasmuch as they represent individual or social consequences, they have all the authority of the consequences themselves. More than that, since consequences are particular and limited, while these maxims and laws are universal, these maxims and laws, derivative and representative symbols though they are, have a sacredness and authority far higher and greater than that of any particular consequences for which in a given case they happen to stand.

These maxims and laws are like the items on a merchant's ledger; or, better still, like the currency which represents the countless varieties of commodities and services we buy and sell. The items on the ledger, the bills in the pocket-book, have no intrinsic value. Yet it were far better for a merchant to be careless about his cotton cloth, or molasses, or any particular commodity in which he deals, than to be careless about his accounts which represent commodities of all kinds: better for any one of us to forget where we laid our coat, or our shoes or umbrella, than to leave lying around loose the dollar bills, which are symbols of the value of these and a thousand other articles we possess. Precisely so, the authority and dignity of moral maxims and laws are in no way impaired by frankly acknowledging their intrinsic worthlessness. To violate one of these maxims, to break one of these laws, is as foolish and wicked as it would be to set fire to a merchant's ledger, or to tear up one's dollar bills. These maxims and laws are our moral currency, coined by the experience of the race, and stamped with universal approval. Their authority rests on the consequences which they represent; and their validity, as representative of those consequences, is attested by the experience of the race in innumerable cases. A moral law is a prophecy of consequences based on the widest possible in-

duction. Hence the man who seeks a satisfactory future for himself, and for those his act affects, in other words the moral man, must obey these maxims and laws in all ordinary cases without stopping to verify the consequences they represent, any more than an ordinary citizen investigates the solvency of the government every time he receives its legal tender notes.

This illustration at the same time reveals the almost universal validity of moral laws, and yet leaves the necessary room for rare and imperative exceptions. A man may find it wise to burn dollar bills. If he is in camp, and likely to perish with cold, and no other kindling is available, he will kindle his fire with dollar bills. He will be very reluctant to do it, however. He will realize that he is kindling a very costly fire. He will consent to do it only as a last resort, and when the fire is worth more to him, not merely than the intrinsic, but than the symbolic value of the bills. Now there may be rare cases when a moral law must be broken on the same principle that a man kindles a fire with dollar bills. The cases will be about as rare when it will be right to steal or lie as it is rare to find circumstances when it is wise to build a fire with dollar bills. They come perhaps once or twice in a lifetime to one or two in every thousand men. The breaking of a moral law always involves evil consequences, far outweighing any particular good that can ordinarily be gained thereby, through weakening confidence and respect for the validity and authority of the law itself. Yet there are exceptional, abnormal conditions of war, or sickness, or insanity, or moral perversity, where the defense of precious interests against pathological and perverse conditions may warrant the breaking of a moral law, on the same principle that impending freezing would warrant the lighting of a thousand-dollar fire.

One hesitates to give examples of cir-

cumstances which justify the breaking of a moral law, for fear of giving to exceptions a portion of the emphasis which belongs exclusively to the rule, and falling into the moral abyss of a Jesuitical casuistry. Yet it is an invariable rule of teaching never to give an abstract principle without its accompanying concrete case. Hence, if cases must be given, the lie to divert the murderer from his victim, the horse seized to carry the wounded man to the surgeon, the lie that withholds the story of a repented wrong from the scandal-monger who would wreck the happiness of a home by peddling it abroad, are instances of the extreme urgency that might warrant the building of a thousand-dollar bonfire which takes place whenever we break a moral law. The law against adultery, on the other hand, admits of no conceivable exception; for no good could possibly be gained thereby that would be commensurate with the undermining of the foundations of the home.

Moral laws are the coined treasures of the moral experience of the race, stamped with social approval. As such they are binding on each individual, as the only terms on which he can be admitted to a free exchange of the moral goods of the society of which he is a member. No man can command the respect of himself or of society who permits himself to fall below the level of these rigid requirements.

The mere keeping of the law, however, does not make one a moral man. It may insure a certain mediocrity of conduct which passes for respectability. But one is not morally free, he does not get the characteristic dignity and joy of the moral life, until he is lifted clear above a slavish conformity to law into hearty appreciation of the meaning of the law and enthusiastic devotion to the great end at which all laws aim. A juiceless, soulless, loveless Pharisaism is the best morality mere law can give. To protest against the slavery and in-

sincerity of such a scheme was no small part of the negative side of the mission of Jesus and Paul.

Yet the freedom which Jesus brings, the freedom which all true ethical systems insist on as the very breath of the moral life, is not freedom from but freedom in the requirements of the law. It is not freedom to break the law, except in those very rare instances cited above, where the very principle on which the law is founded demands the breaking of the letter of the law in the interest of its own spiritual fulfillment. It is doubtless true that no man keeps any law aright who would not dare to break it. I lack the true respect for life which is at the heart of the law against murder if I would not kill a murderer to prevent him from taking the life of an innocent victim. I do not really love the right relation between persons which is the heart of truth if I would not dare to deceive a scandal-monger, intent on sowing seeds of bitterness and hate. I do not love that welfare of mankind which is the significance and justification of property if I would be afraid to drive off a horse which did not belong to me to take the wounded man to the surgeon in time to save unnecessary amputation or needless death. I do not believe in that union of happy hearts which is the soul of marriage if I would not, like Caponsacchi, risk hopeless misunderstanding, and shock convention, in order to let the light of love shine on a nature from which it had been monstrously, cruelly, wantonly withheld.

There is nothing antinomian in this freedom in the law. He who will attempt the rôle of Caponsacchi must, like him, have a purity of heart as high above the literal requirements of external law as are the frosty stars of heaven above the murky mists of earth. He who drives off the horse to the surgeon honestly must be one who would sooner cut off his right hand than touch his neighbor's spear of grass for any lesser cause. He who will tell the

truthful lie to the scandal-monger must be one who would go to the stake before he would give the word or even the look of falsehood to any right-minded man who had a right to know the truth for which he asks. He who will slay a murderer guiltlessly must be one who would rather, like Socrates, die a thousand deaths than betray the slightest claim his fellows have upon him. No man may break the least of the moral commandments unless the spirit that is expressed within the commandment itself bids him break it. And such breaking is the highest fulfillment.

This theoretical explanation of moral laws, with its justification of exceptions in extreme cases, is absolutely essential to a rational system of ethics. Yet it must not blind us to the practically supreme and absolute authority of these laws in ordinary conduct. These moral laws are, as Professor Dewey happily terms them, tools of analysis. They break up a complex situation into its essential parts, and tell us to what class of acts the proposed act belongs, and whether that class of acts is one which we ought to do or not.

The practical man in a case of moral conduct asks what class an act belongs to; and then, having classified it, follows implicitly the dictates of the moral law on that class of cases. Gambling, stealing, drunkenness, slandering, loafing, he will recognize at a glance as things to be refrained from, in obedience to the laws that condemn them. He will not stop to inquire into the grounds of such condemnation in each special case. To know the ground of the law, however, helps us to classify doubtful cases; as, for instance, whether buying stocks on margins is gambling; whether the spoils system in politics is stealing; whether moderate drinking is incipient drunkenness; whether good-natured gossip about our neighbor's failings is scandal; whether a three months' vacation is loafing, and the like. Once properly classified, however, the man who is wise will

turn over his ordinary conduct on these points to the automatic working of habit. Habit is the great time-saving device of our moral as well as our mental and physical life. To translate the moral laws which the race has worked out for us into unconscious habits of action is the crowning step in the conquest of character. These laws are our great moral safeguards. They come to us

long before we are able to form any theory of their origin or authority, and abide with us long after our speculations are forgotten. If ethical theory is compelled to question their meaning and challenge their authority, it does so in the interest of a deeper morality, which appeals from the letter of the law to the spirit of life of which all laws are the symbolic expression.

William DeWitt Hyde.

THE BOOK IN THE TENEMENT.

CARLYLE once exclaimed, "On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them; — from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing!"

To most of us books are so wanted; at one and the same time they are the most utter necessities and the most splendid and lavishly bestowed luxuries of daily living. We have access to so many more books than we need or can possibly use, that to the bewildering greatness of our riches a new volume is often an embarrassment, however "momentous, wonderful, and worthy." With difficulty are we able to appreciate a poverty, an actual famine of those good things with which we are surfeited, "the things we call Books."

One summer I went to a somewhat isolated town of small size, taking with me all of my own extremely limited but most treasured library. I was unpacking it one afternoon, when a friendly neighbor called. "I have just been arranging my books," I happened to say casually.

"Books!" cried my visitor. "Have

you brought some books? May I, oh may I see them?"

Like other personal collections they were widely various. Mr. Stedman's Victorian Poets, in sober indigo, stood beside the Essays of Elia, in white besprinkled with blue forget-me-nots, — a little girl's Christmas present. A lavender and silver volume of Drummond's Addresses leaned lightly against the Lincoln green of *Le Morte D'Arthur*; *Vanity Fair* was not far from Emerson's Poems, while a prompt book of Tennyson's Becket and a table of logarithms were together. My cherished volumes seemed indeed a "motley crew."

The joy of my neighbor was increased by their very diverseness. She seized upon them eagerly, one by one, and rapturously examined their title-pages. "Nobody in town has Trilby," she exclaimed, "and we have been so anxious to read it; we have seen reviews of it! And Burke on the Sublime and the Beautiful! — I have always wanted to read that; and the only person in the place who has it does n't like to lend his books," — her face suddenly fell. "Perhaps you don't, either," she added tentatively. "There are so few books in our town," she continued, "that even one new one is a blessing, and is passed around and around. And the very sight of a lot of unexpected new

ones like these makes a person forget her manners. Maybe you don't lend your books, though." She glanced at me in half apology; she gazed at my books with complete longing. A person averse to lending a morning paper would instantly have been melted by that look to the point of proffering a first edition.

"But I do lend my books," I said; "always and often; you may borrow any of them, and you may lend them to any one else in town."

She took me at my word. Trilby I did not see for several months; it journeyed from house to house; no time was wasted in periodically returning it to me; friends and neighbors passed it on, until, as one of them told me, "every one had read it." Then it came home, travel-stained and older, but all the more valuable to me for additional associations. Treasure Island, I finally presented to a family of boys who seemed unable to part with it. A volume of Emerson's Essays attached itself permanently to another group; and not until a tardily obtained new copy had grown familiarly penciled and faded did I cease to feel lonely for the volume of Edward Rowland Sill's Poems that never returned. Was it not Thoreau who, when his Homer was transplanted without the formality of his consent to another's library, said that the Iliad and the Odyssey belonged to every man, and therefore to any man?

The happiness of my first caller in that small town over a few score books, apparently unrelated, I never quite forgot, — her keen enjoyment; her delicious hesitations as to whether she should read Trilby first, or Burke on the Sublime and the Beautiful, or Colombe's Birthday; her delight as she looked for the first time at the Hugh Thomson pictures in a quaint edition of Cranford. She aroused an interest that I do not expect ever to lose in those persons who are not surrounded by bookshelves; who have not dwelt among libraries; in those

persons especially and chiefly who have not "heard great argument about it and about."

In the city tenements I have met so many of them; and incidentally, sometimes almost accidentally, they have told me what they have read, and why they have read. They do not read books about books, nor do they read them for that "mystic, wonderful" thing, their style. They never "hold up their hands in ecstasy and awe over an innocent phrase;" and they would stare inquiringly at a person who might invite them to join "a band of esoteric joy." To them a book is great or small according to what it says, not to the way it says it. They may admire the felicity of the saying; frequently they do; but their admiration does not in the slightest degree color their view of the saying itself. A spade, they would seem to argue, is always — to quote Cleg Kelly — "juist only" a spade, no matter how gracefully and exquisitely it may be otherwise called.

Not very long ago I was calling on one of my friends in the tenements. Observing her interested glances toward Mr. Oliver Herford's Primer of Natural History which I chanced to have with me, I asked her if she cared to look at it more closely. She opened it at random, and meditatively, musingly, read aloud: —

AN ARCTIC HARE.

AN Arc-tic Hare we now be-hold.
The hair, you will ob-serve, is white;
But if you think the Hare is old,
You will be ver-y far from right.
The Hare is young, and yet the hair
Grew white in but a sin-gle night.
Why then it must have been a scare
That turned this Hare. No; 't was not fright
(Al-though such cases are well known);
I fear that once a-gain you 're wrong.
Know then, that in the Arc-tic Zone
A sin-gle night is six months long.

"What do you think of it?" I asked as she finished the rhyme and silently turned the page.

"I think it's nonsense," she replied briefly; "I should n't have s'posed people ud read anything so silly. Why do they?"

"It is written so delightfully," I explained.

"What dif'rence does that make?" she said in puzzled surprise. To her, certainly, it made none whatever.

This woman was one of the first persons in the tenement district to speak to me about books and her reading of them. One Christmas I gave her little girl a copy of Grimm's Fairy Tales. The next time I met the mother I inquired as to whether the child had been interested in the stories. "Yes, she was that!" was the reply. "She got a lot o' pleasure outar that book, — an'," she added, with a shy smile, "so did I."

"I suppose you read it to her," I said.

"No," answered the woman, "I did n't; I read it to myself after she was in bed, — which was the only time I got a chance at it, so took up was she readin' it herself. Maybe it was silly," she continued, "but I did enjoy them stories! One night I felt awful discouraged an' kinder blue; an' I read some of 'em, 'bout kings an' princesses, with ev'rything so gorgeous, an' they sorter sparkled up my feelin's till I felt real heartened up." As she concluded, she looked at me a trifle anxiously, wondering whether I understood.

The next week I gave her *The Talisman*, and one day, *The Scottish Chiefs*; and then *Kenilworth*; and I lent her *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Pride of Jennico*. She read them all with the keenest joy. "If I'd knowed," she said one night, "what a 'mount o' pleasure, an', more still, real comfort, books has, I'd er took to readin' 'em long before I did."

Since she has taken to reading them, not a few have found their way to her dingy tenement. Most of them have been "about kings and princesses, with everything so gorgeous." Some one advised me once to offer her something

less highly colored, but I did not. She supports her drunken husband and her children; her daily work is the scrubbing of public stairways. Surely she is entitled to long evenings of fairy tales; not all the romances in all our libraries can give her picture of the world too bright a tint.

She came sometimes to the college settlement in which I was especially interested, and we spent delightful hours discussing the relative charms of *Helen Mar* and the *Princess Flavia*, and the comparative prowess of *Richard Cœur de Lion* and *Basil Jennico*. One evening she noticed a copy of *Ibsen's Ghosts* lying on the table, and, impelled no doubt by the weird title, she wished to borrow it. "You would n't find it particularly attractive," I said; but she continued to regard it with fascinated eyes; and remembering the allurements of the thing denied, I reluctantly gave it to her.

In less than a day she returned the book. "What did you think of it?" I inquired.

"Well," she replied thoughtfully, "I don't know. I did n't read it all. I read the first part, an' it was that gloomy! Then I read the last, an' it was gloomy too, — so I did n't read no more. I don't mind books to begin gloomy, if they end all right. But what's the use readin' things that begin gloomy an' end gloomy too? They don't help you, — an' you can't enjoy 'em."

This was her criticism of *Henrik Ibsen's* dramas. She had read not more than half of one of them; but have not other critics who have read all of all of them expressed a somewhat similar opinion?

The majority of the workers of the settlement during one summer were persons possessed of a consuming enthusiasm for the poetry of *Rudyard Kipling*. They read it, and memorized and quoted it, and left volumes of it scattered about in every part of the house. In

the course of a very short time, some of the people of the neighborhood who were friends of the workers acquired the prevailing taste.

Several of the girls whom I knew became extremely interested, and by degrees genuinely enthusiastic. "It's so different from other poetry," one girl said to me as she returned my copy of *Seven Seas* after having read aloud the Hymn before Action, of which she never tired. This same girl memorized *L'Envoi*, and repeated it with such beauty of expression and depth of feeling that visitors, having once heard, remembered so well that coming again to the settlement many months later, they eagerly asked for "the girl who recites *L'Envoi*."

Another girl was captivated by *Our Bobs*. She learned the poem, and often repeated it, and imperceptibly she came to have a fervent admiration for Lord Roberts. Her delivery of the stanzas was delightful; she was of Hungarian birth and tradition, but she said *Our Bobs* with a convincing warmth, most especially these lines:—

"Then 'ere 's to Bobs Bahadur —
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket-Wellin'ton and 'arder —
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs!"

One night an Englishman happened to be among our guests at a settlement festivity, and his astonishment at the foreign girl's rendering was evident. "Kipling," he exclaimed, "and Lord Roberts; and she is n't English!" He was not speaking to the girl, but she overheard. "You don't have to be English to appreciate Lord Roberts and like Kipling," she explained simply.

One of my particular friends, a Polish girl, was attracted by only one of all Kipling's poems; and that one, *The Last Rhyme of True Thomas*, she loved. It seemed always to be present with her.

Going to see her once, after she had been in the country, I asked, "Were you in a pleasant place?" She smiled: "It was like the place in the poem."

"The poem?"

"Yes; don't you remember?—

'T was bent beneath and blue above —
'T was open field and running flood.'

Very recently she called to see me, just in time to hear another caller vehemently express her views regarding the newly bestowed English titles. The Polish girl listened with the greatest interest.

"Who iss Beerbohm Tree?" she questioned when we were alone. I told her, and after a moment's reflection she said, "If he iss great, what does it matter? He iss like True Thomas; he does not need to be made a Knight, he already iss one."

Most of the girls did not care for the *Barrack-Room Ballads*. The girl who recited *L'Envoi* said that she thought they were not real poetry. To her the most real of Kipling's verse was this one stanza:—

"Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,
And wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise, — but Thou —
Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

"Why do you like it?" I asked her.

"Because it makes me want to do my work well," she replied. Is not this why we all like it?

Two boys whom I met at the settlement read Kipling. One of them delighted in *The 'Eathen*; but his favorite ballad he mentioned quite by chance. "Whenever I go to the beach, I always say over a poem that begins '*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean*,'" a girl said one evening when he was present.

"I say, —

'Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!'"

another girl confided.

The boy appeared interested, but he

was silent. "Do you say either of those poems when you are at the seashore?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I don't; but there is some poetry I always think of. It commences like this:—

'The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;'

I like it better than them other two ocean poems. It's so friendly-like with everything."

The other boy, who was a Pole, came to see me one afternoon when I was rejoicing in an exquisite edition of the Recessional which one of my friends had just given me. My pleasure in it aroused his interest, and I read it to him, and together we admired the illustrations. "Will you lend it to me?" he asked; "I'd like to learn it."

He came the next week to return the book, which he had carefully protected with a cover made of a Hebrew newspaper.

"Kipling, did he ever write anything else?" were almost his first words. I lent him another volume, and in the months that followed he read many of Kipling's poems. He said very little about them; and it was in the most striking way that I discovered how deeply he had been impressed.

The night after President McKinley's assassination, I was belated in the tenement district, and in rather a dark alley through which I was going in order to gain time, I met my Polish boy friend; he silently left his companions and accompanied me. "A terrible thing has happened to our country," I said presently.

"Ah, yes," said the boy in a low voice. "All day," he continued, "a piece of the poem in your little red book goes over and over in my head"—

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart!"—

He interrupted. "Ah no, not that!" he said sadly. "You can think of that, but not I! The man who did this thing, he iss a Pole, and I, I am a Pole! And

it hurts me hard. *This* piece iss what cries in my head:—

'For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!'

He was a young boy, but he repeated the lines with a passionate fervor; they voiced the most intense feeling he had ever had, the feeling of kinship with his own people, even in their shame.

I had a very lovely experience once in connection with one of Kipling's most familiar poems. A woman living in a tenement attic, whom I had known for several years, asked me if I knew any "friendship verses," meaning rhymes such as she had read in an autograph album in a house in which she had been a servant.

"Yes," I replied, "and this is my favorite:—

'I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.'

She desired me to write it down for her. The next time I called, she requested me somewhat mysteriously to come again on a certain day at a given hour. When I went, I found the table spread with a white cloth which had been a window curtain. The cracked cups and pewter spoons were arranged on it with careful precision, and the teapot was boiling on the stove. "Will ye be havin' a cup o' tay wid me?" she asked, beaming with hospitality.

I was surprised. She had never before invited me to tea. I wondered greatly what had prompted the invitation, but my wonder was not of long duration. As she filled my cup with the rather bitter beverage, my hostess looked at me with gentle, affectionate eyes, and said: "You've knowed whin good things happened to me, an' sorrows. You was glad whin me baby was born, an' you stayed by whin me boy died.

But ye ain't never eat anything wid me, — an' I want you ter now."

Nothing more beautiful than this has ever happened to me; nor, I am sure, to any one else.

A book which created much discussion among several of my friends in the tenements was *The Christian*. Their attention, in every instance, had been drawn to it by the appearance of Miss Viola Allen in the dramatization. Even those who did not see the play heard about it, and saw Miss Allen's pictures as Glory Quayle. My copy of the book was in constant demand.

It was interesting in the extreme to listen to the various opinions of the story. Usually the reader was in violent sympathy with the hero, and enraged against the heroine; or the reverse. "Poor John Storm, he was so noble and good; and Glory brought so much trouble on him!" one girl exclaimed.

"John Storm!" dissented another; "I did n't find him so noble! He wanted his own way too much. I felt sorry for poor Glory; *she* had the worse time."

Another girl told me that she thought it an unhealthy story. She was a most thoughtful reader of books; and her verdict of *The Christian* admits of but slight amendment. "Why do you think it unhealthy?" I questioned.

"Because it is so exaggerated," she began.

"That does not necessarily make a book unhealthy," I demurred.

"Not when it's straight," she said slowly, "but *The Christian* is twisted; it calls things what they are n't, and does n't call them what they are. And then it makes them bigger, — till, altogether, you get so mixed up, you can't tell one thing from another." This statement is broad, but is it too broad?

The girl who thus succinctly described *The Christian* had a less clear-seeing friend, who when I met her was being injured by books which she read because

she saw them advertised, or heard them discussed. "I've been reading a book called *Red Pottage*," she began one evening at the settlement. Her manner suggested that she had been advised against the novel, and that she expected me to be shocked or astonished to hear that she had read it; to her evident surprise, I merely said, "It is an interesting book."

"Oh, — do you think so?" she cried.

"Did n't you?" I returned quietly.

She flushed. "Yes, — oh yes," she said. The sense of importance in her own daring in reading it forsook her when she found that it did not especially excite my interest.

"And what do you really think of it?" I asked her seriously.

"I liked Rachel," she replied. "I thought the way she loved Hugh was beautiful, — and he was bad, too."

"That was not why she loved him," I answered to her unspoken thought.

"Was n't it?" the girl exclaimed in amazement.

"No, — don't you remember? — it was in spite of that."

The next time I saw her she said without preface, "You were right about Rachel, in *Red Pottage*; I looked over it again."

Even though she had, the book had harmed her, and harmed her beyond immediate help. From the power of books there is no protection; for the great ill done by them there is small remedy. That girl, living in a tenement, needing all the good influences possible or obtainable, had been hurt as only the unsophisticated and uncultured can be hurt by a morbid novel. To the present moment, a mere casual mention of that particular book causes in her an instant self-consciousness.

Vanity Fair opened a new world for one of my settlement friends, who, as she herself said, had never been very fond of reading. "It's the best book I ever read," she declared. "I liked it so much; the man who wrote it did n't

hurry; he took time to tell every little thing, and I enjoyed that. And then, the people in it are so interesting!"

"Which of them do you like best?" I asked.

"Becky," said the girl; "she had the most to her. Of course Amelia was good, and Becky was n't, — but I sorter think Amelia just *happened* to be good; she did n't *decide* to be. Becky would er been a hundred times better than Amelia if she 'd been brought up dif'rent."

While she was still absorbed in Vanity Fair, one of my friends gave me Mrs. Fiske's edition of the book, so copiously illustrated with photographs of the play; I took it to the settlement, and the girl hailed it with gratifying delight. Afterward, I lent her a magazine containing several of the original pictures for Vanity Fair. She regarded them doubtfully; "I think Thackeray writes better than he draws," she observed.

Later she read Pendennis and The Newcomes; and more than before she enjoyed Thackeray because he took time "to tell every little thing." I therefore recommended Anthony Trollope; and she followed Eleanor Harding and the Grantlys through many volumes. She also read Evelina; and some of Jane Austen's novels.

One day when she called I was reading the second volume of The Tragic Muse. She questioned me about it, and finally accepted my offer of the first volume. The next evening she returned it. "Have you finished it?" I said in surprise.

"No," she answered, "I did n't like it. The people in it seem to do nothing but talk."

I suggested that she take one of Mr. Howells's books, and she selected The Lady of the Aroostook. "I read it all," she said, "but I did n't get much enjoyment out of it. It was like sitting and looking out of a window."

"But that is a very interesting thing to do," I ventured.

She reflected. "Not when nothing is happening," she said with decision.

The last time I saw her she was reading The Mill on the Floss. "And there are a lot more by the same author," she exclaimed joyously; "enough to last me a long time!"

Even longer have the legends of King Arthur and the Table Round lasted another girl whom I met first on the settlement doorsteps. She came with other children one summer evening several years ago to hear fairy tales. "Tell some new ones," delicately suggested a child who had been a listener on other evenings; and so I told them about the Coming of Arthur, and the woe of Elaine the Lily Maid of Astolat, and the sacrifice of Percivale's Sister.

The new little girl heard with parted lips. When the last story was finished, she lingered: "Who told you them stories 'bout the sword in the stone, an' the good knight Galahad, an' the maiden that floated down the river?"

"I read them in a book," I began.

She grasped my hand. "Oh, can I borrow that book?" she pleaded.

She was only eleven years old, and I lent her The Boy's King Arthur. As soon as she had read it, she came again to me. "Are there any more?" she asked fervidly. I gave her Le Morte D'Arthur; and for a time she was absorbed in it to the exclusion of all other books. Somewhat later she read The Idylls of the King. So familiar did she become with the history of Arthur's court, that once, when, after searching in vain for a passage in Malory, I appealed to her, she immediately opened the book and found it for me. Her delight in the annals of chivalry, of that "fair beginning of a time," has been boundless.

One spring day, not very long ago, I met her near the Museum of Fine Arts. Her eyes were bright with a dreamy pleasure. She looked at me with happy mysteriousness. "What lovely thing has happened to you?" I asked.

"Have you time to come with me a minute?" she replied excitedly.

The moment I said that I had, she took my hand, led me across the street to the Public Library, and up into the Receiving-Room. She pointed comprehensively to Mr. Abbey's glorious work. "See!" she whispered, her face shining.

Another little girl to whom I told fairy tales had, even at the age of five, a particular fondness for Greek myths. One day, finding her watching with friendly interest a spider spinning a web, I told her the story of the presumptuous Arachne. She listened with wide eyes. "I like that better than Cinderella," she said; "'cause I can see 'Rachny spinnin' her web to get 'head o' 'Theny; there *is* spiders an' webs. But I can't see no fairy god-mothers; there ain't none to see."

After she learned to read, I lent her that charming little book, prepared for kindergarten children by Miss M. Helen Beckwith and Miss Susanne Lathrop, In Mythland. Considerably later she was taking a trolley ride with me, and we went past a garden in which there was a gorgeous mass of sunflowers in full bloom. My small friend had hitherto seen sunflowers only in pictures, but she recognized the originals. "Jes' look," she cried before I could call her attention to the garden, "jes' look at all them Clyties!"

From earliest days, women have named their children for the heroes and heroines of fiction. In the tenements, as elsewhere, there are many small boys and girls whose only claim to splendor rests in an elaborately picturesque or regally long name. I know a child who has finally learned to sign herself Gwendolyn Margherita Camille. But even her name pales beside that of another acquaintance, a little boy with very red hair, who is the namesake of the famous hero of Zenda.

He came with his mother one day to a picnic held in a serene and dignified

suburb; and though several years have since passed, more than one resident vividly remembers his daring exploits on that occasion, when he was yet but three years old. The other children looked at the brook; Rudolph, with a shout of glee, walked right into it, and straight up the current. When he had been summarily returned to dry land, he rushed whooping and howling upon the tenderly kept pansy bed of a horror-stricken neighbor.

"Rudolph is so adventurous!" I said to his mother, as I sought out dry shoes for him, and meditated an apology to the owner of the pansy bed.

"Yes," agreed the mother with a sigh. "Sometimes I get real worried over him, wonderin' how he 'll turn out. Then, I remember the other Rudolph was adventurous too, an' *he* turned out all right; so I tries to be patient, an' to hope for the best."

Very often persons in the tenements and at the settlement asked me to recommend books, and to lend them; and when they were ill and I called, they sometimes asked me to read aloud. One day I went to see a woman who had been on her sick bed for many weeks; and instead of desiring me to read as I had been led to expect, she said, "Do you know any poetry to say off by heart?"

When I replied that I did, her pleasure was great. "Please say some, — won't you?" she asked.

During the frequent visits I made to her after that day she invariably renewed the request. Several poems that especially appealed to her I repeated, until she knew them almost word for word. I thought that she would tire of the fancy, but she did not; it seemed to fill some unexplained want.

One day she died. After the funeral, her husband, his four bereaved little children clinging to him, followed me to the door. He appeared to have something further to say, and I waited. "Ye — ust to say po'try to her," he began.

"Yes," I said, "she loved poetry."

"Yes, yes," he assented, "she got real comfort out of it." He paused. "I was wonderin' would ye jes' say over some now, to me and the childern," he added hesitatingly.

"Will ye?" urged the eldest girl; and I went back with them to the room, now so sadly desolate, in which the mother had lain so long, and said The Psalm of Life.

"Your wife liked that best of all," I told the man. "But," I continued, as I again stood at the door, "I wish I could do something else; poetry is not much comfort when one is sorrowful."

"No," agreed the man, "no; but what it says is." Who can give a truer explanation of the greater love we have always for poetry?

A habit of economizing time by carrying books about with me and reading them in unexpectedly free moments once put me in the way of discovering a woman of a rare fineness of feeling. Calling one morning at her tenement, I left my books, which chanced to be a small pamphlet copy of *The Vampire*, a volume of Edward Rowland Sill, and *If I Were King*. When I went for them, my friend said, "I've been readin' your books. You don't mind?"

"Oh no," I assured her. "What did you read?"

"That," she answered, pointing to *The Vampire*. "But I did n't like it; I think it's too hard on the woman."

"And what else did you read?" I inquired.

"This," she said, opening *If I Were King*, and with perceptible irony going over the lines:—

"If I were king—ah love, if I were king!
 What tributary nations would I bring
 To stoop before your sceptre and to swear
 Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair.
 Beneath your feet what treasures I would fling:
 The stars should be your pearls upon a string,
 The world a ruby for your finger ring,
 And you should have the sun and moon to wear

If I were king.

"Let these wild dreams and wilder words take wing,
 Deep in the woods I hear a shepherd sing
 A simple ballad to a sylvan air,
 Of love that ever finds your face more fair.
 I could not give you any godlier thing
 If I were king."

She concluded with genuine scorn. "You don't like that either?" I suggested.

"No," she said emphatically; "it makes a woman out to be so silly!"

"And my other book?" I queried.

Her face brightened. "Oh, that is grand!" she exclaimed. "I only read one piece in it; but it was beautiful!" She showed it to me; it was *The Venus of Milo*. "It's lovely," she continued, "specially this part;" and with shy pleasure she read:—

"Thou art the love celestial, seeking still
 The soul beneath the form; the serene will;
 The wisdom, of whose deeps the sages dream;
 The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
 In stars, and flowers, and waters where they
 roll;
 The unheard music whose faint echoes even
 Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
 Thereafter, till he follow it to heaven."

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad you like that!" I said involuntarily.

"Is n't it grand?" she agreed eagerly. "It don't say nothin' 'bout lips an' eyes an' hair; it makes out that the way women *is* is what counts; an' it don't talk 'bout givin' things, — which don't count either. It cares 'bout what's best, an' lasts longest, an' I think it's beautiful." She lived in a poor tenement; she lacked incalculably much; but she had divined; and her intuitive appreciations were flawless.

Most of the girls and boys who were connected with the settlement read Shakespeare, usually through their interest in the theatre. A girl who had kept my copy of *Hamlet* for more than a month said by way of apology when she returned it: "I could n't get enough of reading it; the more times I read it, the more times I wanted to read it again! It got hold of me so."

This same girl came to me one evening with a very meditative face. "Do you like poems written by a man named Browning?" she asked abruptly.

I told her that I did indeed; and then she said, "Are they hard to understand?"

"You might try them, and see," I advised. She accepted the suggestion with avidity; but she came in a few days to say that she thought them *very* hard to understand. "I can't keep up with them," she said in a discouraged tone.

"You have n't been trying for very long," I reminded her. "What did you read?"

"Saul," she replied; "and *In a Balcony*."

I lent her *Pippa Passes*; and, to her delight, she found that she could "keep up" with that. Her enthusiasm for Browning grew slowly, but steadily. When Mrs. Le Moyne, with Miss Eleanor Robson and Mr. Otis Skinner, presented *In a Balcony*, she saw the production; and not long ago she said to me, "I don't always understand Browning; but there's something about his poetry that makes me want to keep on reading it any way." We all have a great deal to say about Browning and his poetry; but does not all our wisdom eventually resolve itself into just exactly this?

These simple readers are unerring critics of what they read. They take the author with a complete and effectual literalness.

One of the girls whom I knew sent me on several occasions Christmas booklets and fancy valentines. Then, having read Emerson's *Essay on Gifts*, she gave me nothing excepting some piece of her own handiwork; and, one night, an orange. "He thought fruits were all

right for presents," she said as she offered it.

She had a friend, an older woman, who came to the settlement to see me one evening. I was alone; and after a few preliminary remarks, she asked me to read to her. When I had finished a short story, she suggested some poetry, and I read the songs from *The Princess*. Many months later, her husband died; and when I went to her, she was sitting, holding her child in her arms.

"You still have your baby," I said; there was, as there always is, so inadequately little to say.

A sudden light of recollection came into her eyes. "Yes, I have," she said, "just like the wife in one o' the poems you read. I remember she said, 'My sweet child, I live for you!'" She held her little girl closer. "It *do* make a dif'rence — havin' a baby left," she whispered.

Books are so countless, and readers are so much more innumerable; accustomed as we are to the thought, do we ever quite realize it? With all our books about the influence of books, it is doubtful if we succeed in appreciating even in comparatively small proportion the greatness of that influence.

"The Writer of a Book, is not he a Preacher preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong." Very often do these words of Carlyle's come into our thoughts if we have friends among the people of the tenements, the untaught people who take the preaching so deeply to heart, not only when it is strong and good, but also when it is weak and bad. To them it is indeed of the last importance that the maker of the book do his work right.

Elizabeth McCracken.

TO-MORROW'S CHILD.

I.

OLD Doctor Jourdé was rowing home from Pontomoc, — down Bayou Porto and up Bayou Marie, — a queer, squat, barefooted figure under a broad Panama. He stood half upright and used a contrivance of oars by which he could face toward the bow, for, long ago when he first came up the Marie, he had determined never to run another risk. In fact Jourdé was a man with a story, and when his neighbors learned what it was they shook their heads. It was sad, they said, assuredly it was sad about that death on the operating-table, — but? What was a death to a doctor? Did they not kill their hundreds? This poor Jourdé was too tender. One death, and he had thrown away his profession and come up the Marie to live like a hermit.

Plainly the good doctor wore such a broad Panama that it might shed responsibilities, yet a responsibility was confronting him as he rowed home. An unopened letter lay in the bow of his boat, held in place by an oyster shell, but capable of anything when freed from shell and envelope. He eyed it with uneasiness and rowed slowly, having agreed with himself not to open it until he reached his cabin.

An hour after Jourdé had landed, young Doctor Willis, of Pontomoc, came up the bayou and found him sitting in his doorway and blinking at the letter. He looked up, and the protest in him directed itself toward Willis.

"Eh, docteur?" he said appealingly.

Willis sat down. He had one of those faces which are good for irresolute eyes; years ago he and the old physician who dared not practice had become close friends; Willis dared and blundered and dared again, learning much from Jourdé. He said nothing, but Jourdé's oddly cast

eyes cleared a little of their bewilderment.

"Eh, docteur?" he said again, holding out the letter.

Willis read it and folded the pages slowly. The old doctor had had a niece, it seemed, and she had just died, leaving him an inheritance which would have tested the courage of a braver man.

"A little girl!" Willis said.

"Eet ees not posseeb'!" Jourdé broke out with pathetic sharpness. "Eet ees a life I 'aye h-abandon — ze care of people. And a child to be educate — to be intr-roduce — to be marry! Eet ees not posseeb', docteur."

"When do you go for her?" asked Willis.

"In ze morning," Jourdé answered. He looked round the cabin as if to think how to install a new inmate. The floor was of hardened earth; his bed was a cheap cot; his clothing hung on pegs in the walls; his blackened cooking utensils were scattered over a bench which served him as dining-table; in place of a window were solid wooden shutters, open now to the fading color and soft air of sunset. But out of this barren living-room a door led into a tiny lean-to shelved from floor to ceiling for books and pamphlets, and lighted from the north by a glass window near which was a study-table. This lean-to had been an afterthought, a concession to his unchanged need of mental opportunity, and it suggested a similar concession for the child.

"A boudoir," he said plaintively, — "a boudoir can be build on for ze little Violette — eh, docteur? Eet ees not posseeb' zat I take care of a child, but since eet ees true" — he sighed and looked out at the Marie glistening in the twilight.

"But you will not bring her here, — that is, not to stay," Willis protested.

"You will go where she can have advantages."

"She mus' be educate — she mus' be intr-roduce — she mus' be marry," Jourdé admitted, "but not to-day, eh, docteur? To-day — while she has such youth — she shall 'ave ze air-fresh. Ze air-fresh ees ze most great advantage for ze young."

Willis shook his head in the dusk. "She's old enough to be in school," he urged.

Jourdé sighed again. "Eef she ees strong," he said.

Violette could scarcely have been called a strong child or a frail one. She was thin and dark and animated, and, though never ill, she gave an impression of mental rather than physical vitality. Even Willis could not deny that it might be better for her to be kept out of school for a year or two, but he feared that the isolation of the cabin on the *Marie* might offset its abundance of fresh air; for at first she was pitifully lonesome.

When Jourdé brought her home, her first question was, "And with whom shall I play?"

"Play?" Jourdé repeated. "Have you no dolls?" He spoke in the perfect French which most creoles have at their command, even though their ordinary speech is soft and slurred, and something in his manner revealed an inherent punctiliousness in him which Violette was to learn well as the years passed.

"I mean children," she said timidly. "I saw many children watching us out of the door of a little house as we came up the bayou. Shall I play with them?"

"The children of Antoine fils?" cried Jourdé. Pride of birth, of education, of station, leaped into every line of his short plump figure, which was already barefooted and coatless. He stooped and took Violette's eager little face between his hands. "Never, my child," he said. "If they come here you must

be most polite, most considerate, but you must hold yourself quite apart. You are of a different world."

"But with whom shall I play?" she asked.

"A dog?" Jourdé suggested. "What would you say to a dog?"

For answer she burst into tears.

The good doctor was distressed. He gathered her into a somewhat stiff embrace, and was amazed when she flung her arms around his neck, and clung to him, stifling her sobs against his shoulder. He carried her out to the bench under the fig trees and held her patiently, and when she lifted her head, brushed away her tears, and kissed him on both cheeks, he was too abashed for words. They were still under the fig trees, and she was still clinging to him, when Willis came up the slope from the boat landing. Jourdé had had time for many new thoughts. He was only half grateful for the vigor with which her little arms held him. She was too impulsive, too feminine, for the reckonings of a hermit, one half of whose mind had gone to rust. He looked at Willis over the tangle of her brown hair.

"Eet would be more simple eef she were a boy," he said.

"But she's not a boy, and she'll not be a boy to-morrow, either," Willis answered.

Jourdé's lightly penciled brows drew together. "She asks wiz whom shall she play," he went on. "She 'as see ze children of Antoine fils, but! — Imposseeb'!"

"They'll not hurt her," Willis said, looking grave. "Better let her play with any children that come along."

"Imposseeb'!" Jourdé repeated, "they are of a different world." He sat for a time frowning up into the thick leaves. "Eet weell not be long," he said finally. "When she ees strong she shall be placed in school wiz many charming young girls. Meanwhile," — the shadow of his own defeated life came into his eyes, and to hide it from Willis

he looked at the child and stroked her hair, — “meanwhile, eet ees well, perhaps, for a soul to know eetself — even ze soul of a child.”

In the time which followed, Willis often wondered how far the soul of Violette had progressed in its task of self-knowledge. She roamed the woods and haunted the banks of the Marie like a wistful ghost, and, if she were not on the knoll watching for him when he came, she was there to gaze after his boat as he rowed away; for she had taken him into her heart at once, just as she had taken her uncle. At first her greetings embarrassed him with their ecstasy, but gradually her manner changed. Both men were exquisitely gentle with her, but quite incapable of returning her affection in kind. She was used to feeling herself gathered into her mother's arms, and kissed and held close and kissed again with a fervor like her own. Jourdé thought he was doing well when he smoothed back her hair and touched her forehead with his lips. Willis, being younger and realizing her loneliness more keenly, went so far sometimes as to salute her cheek; but as neither of them had the gift of warmth and spontaneity she was thrown back upon herself; she became grave and older than her years. She wore black, for Jourdé proved to be a stickler for the full etiquette of mourning, and, as briers tore and marsh mud stained her dresses, she became a more and more pathetic sight. When Willis was far from the Marie he was often haunted by a vision of her as she stood on the knoll watching for him, but watching still more eagerly, he thought, for something young or something feminine, — something which did not come.

“She mus’ ’ave playmates,” Jourdé would say resolutely as the two men sat under the fig trees, “she mus’ be educate — intr-roduce — marry. Zis life of solitude mus’ be h-abandon” — the bright loneliness of the Marie would catch his eye, and he would hesitate —

“eet mus’ be h-abandon, but not until she ees quite strong, eh, docteur?”

II.

Sometimes it seemed as if the Marie itself had grown interested in the case of Violette. The doctor was slow in taking her out to the world where she could have playmates, but the bayou brought her playthings and tokens from the world. There were days when whole fleets of cypress chips, rudely shaped into boats by the children of Antoine fils, came up on the tide, and sometimes more elaborate toy-boats, carved by older hands, drifted by and required to be caught and anchored. Then the children of Antoine fils would paddle up, a whole row of them in one unsteady pirogue, to reclaim their treasures and be treated with politeness by Violette. Or, in the place of wooden boats, the tide as it flowed out would bring fleets of azaleas and jasmine bells in the spring, or the red leaves of swamp maples in the fall. And on all days the tide brought her a message, whispering it around the reeds that fringed the knoll. Violette could never quite catch the words, but she listened hour after hour to the whispering voice with a feeling that soon — to-morrow, perhaps, or the next day — its meaning would grow plain. It told her to wait, she was sure of that, for everything said “Wait” to her, but there were other, sweeter words which she could not understand. Often she waded barefooted into the soft mud to listen, and stood among the reeds, seeming to sway in the breeze as they swayed, while her wistful, abstracted gaze told the story of her life on the Marie, — a life that had fitted itself to waiting and to dreams. Often the children of Antoine fils passed by and she scarcely saw them, having accepted the fact that they were of a different world.

They resented her, those children of Antoine fils. The thought of her fell

on them like a shadow as they plastered up miniature charcoal kilns and fired them on shore, or did valiant feats of logging, wading in a drift of twig and branches in some shoal. They had names for her to express how proud she was and how unsociable, and even when she rescued their boats they believed that she did it to have an opportunity of showing her politeness — her politeness and nothing more. Yet it was the children of Antoine fils who sent to her the first interpreters of the voice in the reeds.

One day a boat came upstream bringing two children from the outer world, which in this case was Pontomoc. One of them was a boy named Page, who was just boy and nothing else, — brown and careless and open-eyed, with a remarkable look of knowing what he wanted and did not want. It was his daring which had planned this venture into forbidden waters, but he had planned to come alone. Then the little girl, whose name was Dorothy, had found out and had bought her passage — girl-like — by the threat of “telling” if he left her behind. And so Page was dour, while Dorothy had a fluttering triumph in her blue eyes. There was a story she had heard about this bayou, a most fascinating and romantic story, and the boy was too glum to say if it were true.

At last they came to the children of Antoine fils who were dealing animatedly with rafts of mimic logs. Page would have passed them with far less interest than if they had been a school of playful mullet, but Dorothy was of a different mind.

“They could tell us,” she said.

“Who cares?” asked Page.

His sister wrinkled up her short nose at him and then turned to the children. “Is it up this bayou that the little girl lives with the doctor who killed somebody?” she asked.

Part of the children only stared, but one of the boys nodded and pointed sullenly upstream. “She won’ play wid you. She plays wid nobody,” he said.

Page rowed on, leaving the logging force unthanked, while Dorothy began piling vague image on image, after the way of a child. A little girl in a place so remote that one had to run away to reach it was like a princess in a story-book; a little girl who played with nobody was unnatural — like an enchanted princess; and a little girl who lived with a doctor who had killed somebody was an enchanted princess with an ogre standing guard. And so the Marie became an enchanted stream, and Dorothy’s big blue eyes grew wide, and even Page was touched by the prevailing glamour and regenerated into the prince which she still lacked.

“What you bugging out your eyes at me for?” asked Page.

There are things which we cannot quite explain to boys.

“Oh, Page, think of living with a man that had killed somebody!” Dorothy said, coming out of dreamland with a little gasp. “Would n’t you just be scared to death!”

“Hoh! I don’t s’pose he did it a-purpose. Anybody might happen to kill somebody.”

“But s’pose he was to happen to kill *her*!”

“Hoh!” he said again.

One by one the green knolls and the low interludes of marsh slipped by. There was no sound but the dip of oars.

Dorothy caught her breath. “Oh, Page, look! Do you s’pose she lives in that little house?”

“What do I know about it?” he asked without turning to look at Jourdé’s whitewashed cabin standing in showy relief against his fig trees. “I tell you, I’m not interested in girls.”

Violette in her black dress came out of the cabin door and down a path toward the bayou. “Oh, Page!” Dorothy murmured. She forgot to steer, and as her brother still refused to turn his head it happened that their boat swung inland a few rods below the doctor’s landing-place.

Violette's gait changed to a run. Her heart beat fast, seeming to cry out to her, "Children! Children who look as if they belonged to your world!" "Not there," she called. "Row to this tree!"

Her voice surprised Page into looking round. "We don't want to land," he said.

"But I should be so happy," she begged wistfully. "It is so long that I have played with no children."

Her English was well pronounced, but with a quaintness of accent and wording which Dorothy thought just the thing for an enchanted princess, but Page had come up the bayou by a different mental route, and it meant nothing to him, apparently.

He stirred the water with an oar. "I suppose you know that I don't play with girls," he proclaimed.

It seemed brutally final. Violette turned away, and Dorothy was on the verge of tears, when the boy, having made his own position clear, relented somewhat. "That need n't stop you, though," he said to his sister. "You can land if you want, and I'll row on and come back for you. I did n't want you along when I was tryin' for green trout, any way."

So Dorothy landed, and the two little girls started up the path. A tremulous shyness possessed Violette, while Dorothy was tremulous with bravery. It took courage to go ashore alone to play with a little girl who lived with a man who had killed somebody. Her wondering glance was everywhere, — on the little cabin and on the fig trees, but most of all on Violette's face.

"You're just like a princess," she said in an adoring voice, — "a princess shut up in a castle! And when Page is big he'll be the prince, and he'll steal you out. Mamma says he'll like girls when he's big. I like you now." She gave Violette a quick sweet kiss upon her cheek.

It was an awakening kiss, setting free

all the older child's repressed hunger for love. She clasped Dorothy close and pressed kiss after kiss upon her face; her breath came in sobs. "It is so long that I have waited," she whispered. "It is so long that I have played with nobody! But now I shall keep you. I shall never let you go away."

Dorothy pulled herself free and burst into tears. "Page!" she called, running back down the path, — "Page! Page!"

"Oh, what have I done?" Violette cried, following her. "I love you, that is all."

The little girl put her fingers in her ears. "I want to go home," she wailed. "I want to go home. Oh, Page! Page!"

He was only a few rods upstream. He turned and rowed leisurely back. Violette hated him for the look of disgusted triumph in his face. "I thought you'd stay about that long," he said.

His sister bounded down the path and into the boat, and he pushed off. There was nothing more that Violette could do to keep them; they did not even say good-by. She threw her arms round a tree and clung to it and sobbed; she could hear the dip of the boy's oars, and the girl's voice saying, —

"I did n't want to stay there always, but when you are big you can go back and steal her. You've got to, 'cause I told her so."

He laughed derisively. "Catch me stealing a girl!" he said.

The oar strokes grew fainter. The vision and the hope had passed. There was no sound but the bayou whispering "Wait," in the marsh.

Then some one touched her arm. She looked up and there stood the boy, — his face very red and his eyes very kind. "Say, don't cry," he urged. "I'll steal you, or anything."

She turned her cheek against his shoulder. "It is so long," she said, "so long that I have played with nobody. Where is *she*?"

He put his arm very stiffly round her

waist, and laid his cheek against hers. "She treated you the worst kind, backing out like that," he said. "I tied the boat a ways upstream and told her to stay in it. She began to yowl again, but I did n't care. She 's always like that. That 's why I hate girls."

She lifted her head, and her brown eyes looked into his gray ones with a question.

"You 're different," he explained, flushing more deeply. "I knew it first thing. You would n't live up here if you was scarey. You" — He broke off in confusion and began on a different line. "We 're going away from Pontomoc to-morrow, and I don't s'pose we 'll ever come back. I did n't want you to feel that way."

"Going away?"

He nodded.

The tears came into her eyes again.

"Don't cry," he begged. "I came back to tell you it was just her way, and now I must be going. Don't cry, please."

She brushed her eyes with her hand.

"I love you for coming back," she said.

He kicked the pine needles in embarrassed pleasure. Their eyes met again. A moment later he was running away without looking back, for he had whispered good-by and left a kiss on her cheek.

That evening, the old doctor drew Violette to his side. "You have grown to like the Bayou Marie, is it not?" he asked. "I see the look of contentment for the first time in your face."

Sometimes a child has no words. She crept close and laid her hand in his.

He smiled and looked across at Willis who was sitting by, and there was a gentle exultation in his glance.

"Eh, docteur?" he said.

III.

"I should like to see it," Violette said to Willis. "May I ask the doctor to take me to see it, mon oncle?"

Old Jourdé lifted his gray head from his medical journal. Years had passed on the Marie, altering little except the color of his head and the height of hers. She was a young woman now; luminous shadows had fallen into her eyes as into calm water, but she was still pale and slender, still waiting for the fresh air to complete its work before she was taken into the world.

"See eet?" he repeated. "W'at ees so beautiful zat you wish to look away from ze Marie, — eh, docteur?"

"One of the daughters of Antoine fils is to be married to-night," Violette said, "and I have curiosity to see a wedding."

The old doctor looked at his friend. "Eh, Weellis, ze feminine — ze toujours feminine!" he commented, with lifted brows. "W'at do you say, docteur? Shall eet be gratify?"

"Why not?" asked Willis. "Sights are few enough."

Jourdé smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "As you say," he agreed. "Violette 'as gratitude to you for many pleasures," he turned to the girl, "ees eet not?"

Violette put one hand on her uncle's shoulder and one on that of Willis. A soft color stole over her face. "I have gratitude to you both for many pleasures," she told them. She kissed her uncle, and lifted her face to Willis.

Willis was middle-aged and grizzled now, and since she came to the Marie there had never been a time when she had failed to greet his visits with a kiss, yet his face stirred slightly as he bent to salute her, as if her action had interpreted some controlled impulse of his own.

Jourdé saw the look, wondered at it, and fell to musing. "Ze toujours feminine," he repeated, "and ze toujours masculin also, eh, docteur? Eef not, who would marry?"

The younger man met his glance laughingly over the girl's shoulder. "Not we old doctors, surely," he an-

swered, out of the same quiet poise which made his nerves steady in his profession and his judgment balanced. "Come, Violette."

As he helped her into the boat he noticed that her hands were cold; he gathered them into both of his and held them for a moment.

"Is it so exciting, then?" he asked. "One would think your dearest friend was to marry, — or you, yourself."

"It is true, Justine is not a very close friend of mine," she admitted, "but can you tell me of any closer friend I have? And I am curious to see a marriage. Justine has lived here beside me always; she has seen no more of the world than I have, except that she has had playmates. Perhaps she has been lonely, as I have, — I have never talked with her enough to know, — and now I want to see if she looks happy."

They had taken their places in the boat. Willis began to row with the long, easy stroke which he had learned from many journeys up and down the Marie. Bands of fading light lay on the water, for the sun was down. The girl's figure in the stern of the boat rose white against the darkened shore, — she wore white now, and some of her own ideas went into the forming of her gowns. Little as she had changed, Willis had a sudden feeling that the child he had helped to care for had been the mere chrysalis of this Violette, who for the first time in her life was speaking to him of her loneliness.

"Do you remember what mon oncle used to say about me?" she went on. "It's a long time now since I've heard it, — 'She mus' be educate — intr-roduce — marry!' If he had really done it, I suppose we should be at the last of the list by this time. It is for that I wish to see the face of Justine. I wish to see if I have lost or gained."

"I have begged him to go away with you," Willis said. "Don't you suppose I've felt what it was for you to have no friends but two old men?"

She dropped her chin into her hand. A bit of cloud above her flushed unseasonably, sending its glow on to her face. "I have been happy," she said. "A long time ago I learned how to wait. Shall I tell you how foolish I have been? Don't you think girls are always foolish — romantic?"

"Ze toujours feminine," Willis answered softly.

"Yes, I was that. I thought somebody would come some time — up the bayou, you know — come looking for me just as if we had known each other always, as if it had been settled long ago that — that we loved each other. That passed the time for me. Was it very foolish?"

"We all have dreams," he told her. "It does no harm."

"But I dreamed *all* the time. What else could I do? I could see his face even — sunburned, with gray eyes, very true and kind, but very sure of what they liked and did n't like — the kind of eyes that would understand all the things I could never tell to mon oncle, nor even to you. I was so sure he would come that only one thing troubled me. I knew I should be afraid to tell mon oncle. I knew what he would say. He would n't want us to love each other just then. He would want me to breathe a little more fresh air first, or wait until I knew my own soul."

"And so we have spoiled even your dreams for you — we two old men."

"Oh no, not you. I have always counted that you would be on my side if he came. You are not old, like mon oncle."

"Of course, I'm always on your side," Willis said, but in spite of her protest he felt himself incrustated with years. The soft light glowed and paled across the dusk, but she was talking to him as she might have talked to a woman or to a priest.

"Can you see any end to it all?" she asked suddenly.

Willis rowed a while in silence. "It

is a question that is seldom out of my mind," he said at last.

She laughed with soft bitterness. "It has been in your mind ever since I came up the Marie, has n't it? There is nothing to be done with mon oncle. He grows older and less likely to risk anything each year."

Willis smiled at her whimsically. It was the most intimate hour of their friendship, and yet he had never felt so far from her, so bound to respect their disparity of age. "Now if your uncle and I had only been growing younger, — if we could meet you halfway, — the thing would be simpler," he declared.

She agreed, missing his idea with a completeness which cut him in some hidden region of self-love. "Yes," she said, "if mon oncle were only young he could be reasoned with, but to reason with him now would be wasted breath."

She leaned forward watching the shore; for after rounding the next curve they would be within sight of the house of Antoine fils. In their talk, Willis had almost forgotten where they were going and what for, but she had not. Night settled between them, but he could still feel the wistfulness of her face. They rounded the curve; a ray from the lights on shore fell across her, and her expression changed as if the future were about to be opened, through some magic glass. They passed into the dark again. Willis drew in his oars and eased the boat against the landing. As he helped Violette out he found that her hands were still cold, — colder than before. He drew her very close and she clung to him for a moment trembling, but with no intuition of a new meaning in his touch. The words that had come to his lips gave place to some folly about looking for gray-eyed young men and sending them to her. Then they started on to the wedding of the daughter of Antoine fils.

Jourdé sat where they had left him,

watching the Marie in the twilight, and thinking of all the years in which he had watched it, — not because he had hoped it would bring some one to him, but because he trusted it to bring nobody; they had been strangely quiet, strangely futile years. Life and ability had been given to him, — wonderful tools to work or to play with, — but he had chosen to lay them down on the bank of the Marie and fold his hands. It was such a secluded place that they had lain there for a long time, but word had come that they were to be called for soon. He had not been well of late. Willis had seen the change, and had plied him with questions, and he had denied every symptom. There could have been no subterfuges with Willis if he had admitted this and that, and he had been postponing everything too long not to postpone the acknowledgment of acute ill health. There would be many things to decide on the day when he told them that he was to leave the Marie, — and not for the world which he had promised Violette. The child's future was too hard a problem for him, as it had been from the first. Of course there was Willis always. What he left undone Willis would attend to in some way, yet it was a graceless thing to announce, "I am going to step out and leave this task for you, my friend." No number of words could make the burden lighter; he would speak before the end, but as long as he could hold up his head, like a man with years to live instead of months, there was no haste.

So he had reasoned until the expression on Willis's face that night had offered him a gracious plan. If Willis loved Violette everything was simple and could be decided without delay. All his postponements in the past had been accomplished under the veil of something so near to self-deception that his regret and shame for them had been veiled also. He had never fully deceived himself, but he had postponed calling himself to account. Yet now

that an easy way opened, he was zealous to start on it. The matter must be arranged at once. He would speak to Willis that night and give his approval. Violette's opinion he questioned little. Willis was far older than she, but she was fond of him. It would be a suitable marriage. It would settle everything. He had reached a decision at last.

There was little for him to consider after that. It was restful to sit under the fig trees knowing definitely what the end would be. He was conscious of the world around him as a vague calm breadth, stretching out to the infinite, and dark save for the glimmering of stars in the Marie. Perhaps he slept a little, his sense of ease merging gently into dreams. It seemed but a short time before he heard the sound of returning oar strokes; then Violette's white dress, with a tall shadow behind it, came up the path from the landing. The old man spoke out of the obscure shelter of the trees.

"Eh, so soon?"

"Yes," the girl answered, "and the face of Justine was beautiful. So happy, so much at peace."

"Then you may tell us good-night," Jourdé suggested. As she left them he turned to Willis, still speaking in French: "You have sacrificed your evening to the whim of Violette, and now I have my little whim. I beg to detain you a quarter hour."

Willis sat down. There was a dream-like quality in the way his life was interwoven with the lives of Jourdé and the child. When he came up the Marie he was no longer the wholly staid and practical man whom people knew in Pontomoc; he was more flexible, more ready to follow the lead of circumstance or caprice.

"I'm in no hurry," he said. "Sometimes when I've stayed up this bayou longer than usual, I begin to understand why people who live here do not go away."

"Ah," Jourdé answered, "I think

you could never understand that, my friend." He was silent a moment, wondering whether to begin by confessing his own ill health, or by giving Willis a chance for confession. From Violette's window, through its white curtain, came the glow of a candle, making a faint path of light from the house to the fig trees. A breath of air stirred the leaves overhead. Then the night was so still that younger men would have felt it laying an immaterial finger on their lips.

Willis leaned back and sighed. Jourdé bent forward. There was in his face a pathetic understanding of himself that warded off reproach.

"There has come an end to futility, to postponement," he said. "Do you remember the questions you asked me some time ago?"

Willis nodded, looking keenly into his friend's face.

The old man lifted his shoulders. "You were right, but what could you expect of me?" he asked. "I postponed admitting it. To admit it would have been to face the future of Violette."

"The future of Violette," Willis repeated. "Do you mean?" — He hesitated a moment, then put the crucial questions as to Jourdé's malady. The old man nodded gravely at each one, until his secret lay quite bare between them.

"It is the end of futility, of postponement, is it not?" he said.

Willis could make no answering comment. A great desolation confronted him. He could better spare the whole of Pontomoc than the comradeship of this old hermit; and when Jourdé died Violette would be lost to him, as well. She should go out into the world, he would arrange for that, but his life would be left like the bed of the Marie if the stream dried away.

"And thus," Jourdé went on, "I am at last ready to make arrangements for the child."

"You can trust me for that," Willis

said. "You will advise me, but I will take all the steps."

"You will do as I advise? You promise it?" Jourdé asked, laying a hand on the younger man's knee.

Willis found something intensely pathetic in the question and the touch. "I will do whatever you think best," he said.

"Then you will marry Violette. Marriage is the only safe way by which a girl can enter the world."

It seemed to Willis that from the spot where Jourdé's hand rested a thrill passed over him. He thought intensely for a time, weighing his own desire against the unconsciousness with which she had clung to him on the landing of Antoine fils. Finally he shook his head. "The difference in our ages is too great. You have forgotten that girls have dreams."

"And the centre of the dream must be a good man, if a girl is to have happiness," Jourdé answered. "She is fond of you, it would be safe and suitable. I should not ask it if it would be a sacrifice to you, but I saw in your face to-night that you loved her. Is it not true?"

Willis could only plead the unfairness of pressing his suit upon a child who longed for broader life and freedom, yet had grown up with the habit of accepting all decrees.

Jourdé had never imagined that a girl could do otherwise than accept life as it was arranged for her. Willis loved her, and she would not refuse him. "And how can we know her feeling if we do not ask?" he argued. "At least give me the permission to speak to her—give her this opportunity for a settlement, for the assurance that she will not be left alone at my death."

The younger man had risen and was pacing to and fro, into the path of her candle-light and out again. Violette could scarcely feel herself alone as long as she had his friendship and protection, he thought, yet how could he know?

And perhaps, if a man loved a woman, he owed her the expression of his love, that she might accept it or refuse. He came back to Jourdé.

"It is for me to ask permission to speak to her," he said. "I must make that stipulation with you. I will ask her to marry me if you will leave the matter all in my hands."

The old doctor looked at the filmy bridge which she had thrown across the dark from her youth to their age. "She has not retired," he began in a tone which deprecated its own eagerness. "I could ask her to come out to you a moment" —

Willis smiled, though his feeling for Violette had never seemed so hopeless an audacity before. "She will think it a strange afterthought, but go if you think best," he said.

Jourdé's bare feet padded silently along the path which they had long ago worn to a hollow.

"My child," he said, tapping at Violette's door.

For a moment there was no sound. Then the door opened, showing a white, nervous face. "What is it, mon oncle?" she asked.

"You have not undressed?"

"No, mon oncle."

"Then Docteur Weellis begs a word with you under the fig trees."

The girl took him by the hand and led him into the room. He followed her, surprised but docile.

She motioned him to a chair where she had been sitting by her table. The sheets of a freshly written letter lay outspread.

"Mon oncle, this is for you to read," she told him, and he noticed that her voice trembled.

"I shall read it while you go outside?" he asked.

She stooped and put her arms round him, kissing him as she had kissed him on the day when he tried to comfort her after forbidding her to play with the children of Antoine fils.

"Yes, mon oncle, read it while I go outside," she said.

His glance followed her to the door and returned slowly to the letter. What fantasy had inspired her to write to him? He gathered the sheets together but did not read them at once; he was aware, as he had been at the first, that she was too impulsive, too intensely feminine for the reckonings of a hermit, and it was peaceful to sit idle while Willis was arranging her future out there under the trees. His hand relaxed on the sheets of her letter, but tightened again.

"Another postponement," he told himself, and began to read. Suddenly he rose and hurried to the door.

"Weellis!" he called, — "Weellis!"

The younger man came quickly out of the dark.

"She is not with you?" Jourdé asked. "She did not go to you?"

Willis looked round her room. He had thought that he was called because she refused to come out; he had expected to see her there, half frightened, perhaps, by some imprudent hint of Jourdé's. A glimmer of the truth came to him before the facts, and a determination to be on her side, no matter where she was, followed it, though something seemed to stand still in him, dreading what he might hear.

"No, I've been waiting," he said in a guarded tone.

Jourdé, too, stared round him as if he had not quite understood, — he was confronting something which was hard to understand after the years in which Violette had waited and obeyed. "She went direct from under my eyes," he said, with a choked sob that was heart-breaking from a man. "It is an inconceivable boldness — an effrontery" — He passed his hand across his forehead, gathering his thoughts with an effort out of the limbo of pain. "Come!" he cried, plucking at Willis. "We must follow her."

Willis laid a calm hand on him. In

his own mind the idle, undirected years took form like a procession leading forward inevitably to some such night as this when he and Jourdé should meet each other in Violette's empty room. "May I see the letter you have there?" he asked quietly.

Jourdé held it out and relapsed into a daze. "Inconceivable," he said again.

The younger man sat down at the table, spreading out the pages in the candle-light. They blurred at times, giving way to the face of Violette in the boat. He shaded his eyes from his friend's sight. Violette's voice spoke the words of the letter into his ears, and to their girlish poverty of expression he added the richness of his love for her, trying to control his sense of having been wronged and deceived, trying to think only of the child who had been denied companionship and had learned to wait by learning to dream.

At last, love had taken the place of dreams. In a few words she told the idyl of her meeting with the boy. She had longed to speak of him, but had been afraid. Now his name dotted the pages. She had never forgotten him, she had always been looking for him to come up the Marie, and now that he had come, and that they loved each other, she had been trying for weeks to say so, and she had still lacked the courage. Finally she had promised to meet him and go to Pontomoc to be married. She loved her uncle, she loved Willis, she begged their forgiveness — The end was a broken sentence where Jourdé had come in.

Willis still shaded his eyes. Through his sharp heartache the sense that it was all foreordained by the life she had lived increased until he almost felt as if he had been prepared for just this thing. His eyes were wet as he thought of how she had hidden her joy for fear that two cautious old men should shatter it, and yet had taken pathetic precaution herself by going to see if Justine looked happy and assured.

"Oh, poor child!" he said half aloud.

Jourdé was standing in the shadow, sobbing. "We must follow her at once," he said. "She went from under my eyes—it was a deception—an effrontery—but we must prevent the dishonor"—He broke down again and came close to Willis with frank admission of his grief and weakness. "And what a treatment for you," he added. "Ah, letters always bring trouble. I have foreseen trouble from the first."

Willis rose. "Do you know what we shall do?" he said. "We shall follow them, but not to bring them back. We shall be present at the ceremony. It shall not be a runaway marriage."

The old man drew himself together, and the whiteness of his face took stern lines. "You wish me to consent to her marriage with a stranger?" he asked.

"I know him very well in Pontomoc," the younger man answered. "He is a suitable *parti*. It will be a good settlement for her."

Jourdé inclined his head in acknowledgment of the worldly note. It put him on familiar ground, as Willis had hoped, yet it reminded him that his own plans for her settlement were now added to his list of unaccomplished things. He sighed tremulously. Excitement and emotion had spent his strength, and

excitement was ebbing; the journey to Pontomoc merely to give an approval that had not been asked for seemed a monstrous tax on him. There was too little of his life left now to waste.

"If it is a good settlement, there is no need that I should go," he said. "I find myself very weak. It will be quite sufficient if you follow them and see the marriage."

Willis turned to go. He was used to lonely duties, and on such an errand he was thankful to be without company, yet he paused near the open door. "Come, to show that you have no hard feeling," he urged.

"To-morrow," Jourdé answered. "I can bear nothing more to-night. To-morrow will be soon enough."

He sank into a chair near the doorway and watched the erect figure of his friend fade into vagueness down the hill. The stars in the Marie twinkled, and an incoming tide was whispering in the reeds. They were older friends to him than Willis and Violette.

"To-morrow," he repeated, and smiled slightly; a waft of coolness from the water lifted the gray locks from his forehead. The problem of Violette was solved; it drifted from his mind, and he fell asleep.

Mary Tracy Earle.

A SONG.

AH, say "to-morrow" softly, lest thou wake
 Some sleeping sorrow!
 How knowest thou what drowsing fates attend
 That unborn morrow?

Ah, dream not dreams too splendid, lest
 They mock thy care;
 Ah, Hope, burn not too brightly, lest thy torch
 Should light despair!

Arthur Ketchum.

THE END OF AN ECONOMIC CYCLE.

To Adam Smith, writing in the year of our Independence, 1776, the real significance of America to the Old World was the fact of the opening up of a "new and inexhaustible market to all the commodities of Europe." This was the opinion of the most prescient political economist of possibly all time. And yet how fateful to his prophecy were the next few years! In much the same way, the merchant princes of the mediæval Italian cities must have seen in the emergent northern towns of Germany and France assurances of a developing commerce for their wares. But trade is capricious, and civilization takes a restless delight in the process by which the colonies of to-day become self-sufficient, then dominant, on the morrow. Thus Venice stealthily appropriated from Constantinople the hegemony of the commercial world, while her outposts in turn became the centres of the world's industry, and eventually transferred the control of exchanges from Italy to Germany, Spain, and the Netherlands. By this same resistless process, the centre of commercial gravity shifted across the English Channel in the eighteenth century, and took up its abode on the banks of the Thames, and with it went the culture, refinement, and power which inevitably follow the world's exchanges.

Then London became the clearing-house of the world. But little more than a century after the obviously true comment of the author of *The Wealth of Nations*, we see the centre of the world's business again shifting and Europe confronted with a commercial invasion by the surplus products of America. This *bouleversement* of the world's commercial preconceptions is much too recent for its effects to be appreciated; it is much too close at hand for the results even to be conjectured. The di-

version of trade from English and German counters to our own is one of the least momentous of the forces which have been set in motion. Of itself, this is merely a matter of national bookkeeping. The ultimate political influence of this shifting of trade balances can be compared in its consequences only to the great world movements of trade and commerce, by which the centre of exchanges has shifted ever westward from the beginnings of civilization about the rivers of Mesopotamia to the rivers of Great Britain, by way of temporary halting-places in Phœnicia, Greece, Constantinople, Venice, Florence, and the Netherland cities. Wall Street is probably within the mark in anticipating that New York will be the clearing-house of the world within a comparatively few years, and with that once established, the supremacy of Great Britain will depart as has the supremacy of her predecessors, only the period of the passing will be more brief, and the immediate consequences more momentous.

The influence of this trade readjustment (a readjustment which is not unlike a revolution in its consequences) has already made itself felt in our politics. The external manifestations of the change are too patent for comment. It was one of the unconscious forces that precipitated the Spanish-American war; and in a subconscious way it affects our Philippine policy, our relations with the Orient, and the demand for a trans-Isthmian canal. It is, in fact, the potential justification for the present colonial policy of America, and, in its ultimate relations, of our internal policy as well.

All great political and social changes are subconscious. They are psychological. But we never admit this to be true of changes which are contemporary. And yet, by the formula of Professor

Edward A. Freeman, "Politics is present history and history is past politics." The Protestant Reformation was a *Kulturkampf* rather than a succession of battles and councils. Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, and the Philosophers were the French Revolution. The Assembly and the Terror were but explosions. Lincoln had a ground wire by which he communicated with the country, and it was the latent, unexpressed, and unappreciated conscience of the American people that abolished slavery. To-day the political forces at work within us, while not so patent, are scarcely less potent.

A long perspective is required properly to estimate social forces. A half century passed before the French Revolution presented anything save chaos and anarchy to the conservative, and a fertilizing stream of beneficence to the radical. Only recently have its true proportions come into full view. While such historical perspective is denied as to the contemporary phenomena of America, still the changes which took place in Great Britain during the years that followed the Napoleonic wars offer some parallel to our own situation. During these years, English trade sought out the markets of the world. The expanding energies of the nation broke by force the mediæval restraints and eighteenth-century barriers which chained her commerce to local exchanges. On the repeal of the Corn Laws, men freely predicted that Parliament had brought down a catastrophe upon England's industrial system. As a matter of fact, with the abolition of the archaic protective duties, her trade became world wide. Great Britain had reached a point where her energy demanded to be free. It was strong enough to enter the struggle unaided, and the development which ensued was due to its release. Many signs appear to indicate that we have now reached a position not unlike that which confronted Sir Robert Peel at that time. Changed conditions have

brought new needs, and certain things may be necessary now that would not have been advisable a few years ago. With the greater fluidity of American thought, the expression of our national convictions will certainly be much more ready than was that of Great Britain under the leadership of Cobden and Bright.

Historically considered, the protective tariff has ever been looked upon by a large body of voters as an expedient rather than as a principle. It had its birth in necessity,—the hard necessity of the Civil War. But such a consideration does not require its maintenance now, for America stands unique among the nations of the world in the plenitude of her financial resources. In truth, the events of the past few years have brought such an alteration in our conditions and commercial perspective that considerations which called for state aid to industry a generation ago, and urged its long continuance, now require a readjustment to new conditions and changed needs.

The press bears constant witness to the fact that internationalism is the keynote of present day politics. We have come to think on a world scale. But little over three generations ago the local fair was the horizon of trade. Only in the matter of luxuries were national boundaries crossed. The Orient meant the land of silks, spices, and precious gems. The formulas of the early economists were those of the hand loom and the charcoal furnace. Man's life began and ended with his family and immediate neighbors. To-day, the commercial arena is that of the world itself. It has passed national boundaries. And the future tariff policy of the United States must be governed by the size of the bargain table; not more by home than by foreign conditions. From this time on it is probable that home labor and domestic industry will suffer more from an inadequate market than from the competition of foreign makers. Wisely

or unwisely, we have broken the shell of nationalism, and only unwise restraints can impair our trade growth. And we cannot trade with impoverished peoples. The "balance of trade" doctrine, if ever true, has no application to-day, for we cannot long drain our customers of their gold, and we dare not permit them to become impoverished or their industries to languish. "A poor nation, a poor king" was the pregnant saying of a French finance minister, and in a like manner the modern Secretary of Commerce may say, "An impoverished market, an impoverished producer." We have come to know that domestic trade exists only because the producer of finished steel takes his pay in coal and iron. The prairies of the great West supply New England with food products because the Kansas farmer accepts his pay in kind. If he refused commodities in exchange, he would soon be without a market for his food stuffs. In much the same way, it is the fires under the English boilers that drive the threshing machines of the far West, and, to the extent of our foreign trade, clothe the miners and mill operators of the East. We were able to ignore this trade truism so long as our horizon was limited by national boundaries. But the time has come when a sound and permanent policy concerning trade relations must be solicitous of the industries of England, Germany, and France, just as the commonwealths beyond the Mississippi are now dependent upon the prosperity of the mill hands in the East.

Never before were people so dependent as they are to-day. It is conceivable that we may fry all the fat out of our consumers or bring about a retaliatory tariff war. And it would seem that a tariff readjustment designed to awaken more cordial trade relations with European countries would benefit not only the American consumer, but the producer as well.

Moreover, never since the Civil War have we been in a position to take up the problem of scientific tariff revision so well as now. This is true for various reasons. The national revenues are abundant and are growing rapidly. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, the income of the Federal Government from taxation alone reached the extraordinary sum of \$545,700,000, with a surplus of receipts over disbursements of \$78,000,000. This surplus, it is true, has been abated by the revenue reduction act of the present Congress. At the same time, the currency question has passed into history, while the relation of industry and capital has become most close, owing to the fact that the industrial combinations are intimately allied with the banking interests of the country. No longer is the manufacturer dependent upon local banking aid. He does his own banking. Consumption and production are likewise susceptible of more accurate adjustment to each other, so that periods of over-production or under-consumption are less likely to recur than heretofore. For upwards of a generation, owing to persistent currency agitation, speculative railroad construction, and an industrial competition which was little less than war, the world of finance was so delicately adjusted that the slightest disturbance threw it out of balance, and whatever evil results may have followed from business consolidation, it must be admitted that by it the industrial world has been rendered stronger and more stable than it has ever been before.

For these reasons, it would seem that tariff readjustment along scientific lines might be safely undertaken without disturbing the business situation. The interest of American expanding trade may be joined with that of the great body of the people for the accomplishment of a reform which will prove a blessing to those most inclined to resist its coming.

Frederic C. Howe.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

EVERY observant person has recognized the recent striking increase in the number of people wearing glasses, and while this fact can be considered a sign of our advancing civilization, the question may be asked, What it will lead to and is it a necessity? The answer must be that while our environment, our professions and trades, compel a constantly increasing demand upon one of the most delicate and complex organs of our system, it is necessary, in order to preserve the function of the eyes in their highest possible state, that concerted action be taken to that end. The writer firmly believes that neglect of the eyes and the injudicious use of glasses are great contributing factors in the general deterioration that is taking place in these organs.

Very few realize the number of blind persons in every civilized community. Statistics are uninteresting, but a few figures are necessary to demonstrate the truth of the foregoing statement. The United States Census Reports for 1890 show that out of a total population of 62,622,250 the total number of persons returned as blind in *both* eyes was 50,568, or 808 to each million of population, which is in the proportion of one blind to every 1238 inhabitants. This proportion while less than in 1880, when there was one blind to every 1032 inhabitants, is still enormous. The proportion of blind to the entire population varies greatly in different countries, from that in Holland of 445 to one million of inhabitants, to that in Iceland where there are 3400 to one million of inhabitants; the percentage for the United States being slightly below the world's average.

A further study of the United States Census Reports for 1890 shows that the proportion of blind rapidly increases up to the age of twenty, remains stationary

from twenty to thirty, increases again gradually until forty-five is reached, and then increases rapidly to the age of seventy-five. These figures show that the period when blindness increases most rapidly is during school life and in old age. Statistics from reliable observers covering many thousands of cases show that 33.35 per cent of blindness could certainly have been avoided, and that 38.75 per cent were possibly avoidable. Thus we see that a large proportion of cases of blindness are unquestionably preventable.

It is not the purpose of this paper to enter into the study of the causes of blindness, or exhaustively to consider its prevention. Before studying the care of the eyes let us glance for a moment at the far more important subject, — the relation of the eyes to the general health. While but very few realize the extent of blindness in the world, I think I may say that no one but the oculist appreciates the amount of suffering and ill health caused by defective eyes. During the past few years the public have become somewhat educated to the fact that a large proportion of the headaches of school-children, and oftentimes of adults as well, are solely the result of some strain upon the eyes. Not many years ago the oculist would have been greatly surprised to have a patient come to him for headaches unless referred to him by the family physician; while to-day patients frequently consult the oculist first. The same procedure is followed in various nervous disturbances. The medical profession have learned that many cases of mental depression, irritability of temper, and inability to apply the mind have resulted from eye-strain; and that insomnia, spinal irritation, general nervous prostration, and even choreic symptoms may be due to the same cause. Epilepsy,

nervous dyspepsia, and other reflex nervous disturbances have undoubtedly, in many cases, been caused by some ocular defect and cured by its correction.

That such a series of conditions *may* result from the eyes is explained by the intimate connection existing between the eye and the brain by means of a nerve of special sense, nerves of sensation and motion, the sympathetic nervous system and the blood supply, which renders the transmission of an irritation or inflammation in one organ to the other a not unlooked for consequence. The nerve connections, motor, sensory, and sympathetic, between the muscles of the eyes and the nerve centres, are abundant and intimate. Is it, therefore, at all surprising that a constant regular or irregular strain on the ocular muscles, week after week, month after month, and year after year, will in time produce headaches and various other nervous disturbances by communication of the irritation to other nerve origins? No; it is more astonishing that we do not observe more frequent and more varied complications from eye-strain, when we consider the great frequency of anomalies in refraction and the outrageous abuse of the eyes in this intellectual age in which we live.

Every oculist has seen case after case of these various conditions promptly relieved by the correction of the ocular defect. He has seen cases where the child pronounced by the parents and teachers dull and backward becomes the brightest in his class after wearing glasses that give him normal vision without the effort that has caused a condition of brain fag. He has seen many a nervous, weakened, ill-nourished child become as robust and healthy as his playmates after the removal of some eye-strain.

The mechanism of the eye is perhaps the most delicate apparatus in our entire body. For the perfect performance of its function every part must work in perfect harmony. To secure this har-

mony both the refraction and the muscular balance of the eyes must be perfect. It is a fact that an absolutely emmetropic, or normal, eye is but rarely found.

An abnormal eye may have any one of eight different refractive errors. To secure perfect vision, rays of light must be brought to an exact focus upon the retina of each eye. If any refractive error exists, these rays will either not be focused upon the retina, or the focusing will be done by an undue effort of the ciliary muscle, or some one, or more, of the twelve extrinsic muscles of the eyeballs. Furthermore, to have single binocular vision, it is necessary that both eyes should be so directed at the object viewed that the image shall be received upon identical points of the two retina, and for a perfect image must fall upon the macula lutea, or central point of distinct vision, of each eye. This is accomplished by six muscles attached externally to each eyeball. These muscles work in pairs, one practically antagonizing another, and at the same time working together with their fellows of the other eye. Therefore, to hold both eyes perfectly straight, without any undue strain, each one of these twelve muscles must possess and exert a given definite strength. As to the relative normal power of these muscles we find that they vary greatly; one muscle may normally have twenty to thirty times the power of another in order to perform its function, and the normal power of each muscle may also vary greatly in different individuals.

From this very general glance at the mechanism of the eye it can be readily seen how easily a disturbance of the refractive or muscular equilibrium may occur. In order to secure perfect binocular vision without undue strain or effort, any of the various forms of refractive or muscular errors that may be present must be corrected if causing strain. As we usually find both refractive and muscular errors existing in the same

patient, the key to the whole problem rests in the determination of *the* factor that is creating the mischief.

Here let me decry the too prevalent habit of going to the optician, or the far greater evil, the bargain counter of our large department stores. The optician should be, and as a rule is, a skilled mechanic whose sphere is the careful grinding and adjusting of lenses upon the physician's prescription. Unfortunately he is too often imbued with the instincts of the tradesman and will endeavor to make a sale to every applicant. Too much cannot be said in condemnation of the indiscriminate sale of glasses by stores, peddlers, and the self-styled professor. Every oculist of experience has seen many an eye lost and many a patient's health ruined by the use of glasses purchased from some of this class. In answer to the reason so often assigned, of inability to pay the oculist's fee, I would simply say that no conscientious physician ever refuses to reduce his fees to those unable to pay full charges, while at the numerous eye clinics thorough and careful work is given gratis to all unable to pay any fee.

As I have said, the safety of the eye as well as the health of the patient rests in determining the disturbing element; and here again is shown the necessity of the physician's skill to decide between cause and effect. If the trouble is dependent upon refractive errors, correct glasses must be prescribed; but if due to muscular errors, glasses are frequently not indicated, and many times when worn do positive harm. In the opinion of the writer, many persons, especially children, are wearing glasses unnecessarily, as by correcting their muscular errors the eyes can be relieved without such aid. The conclusion to be drawn is that to preserve to the eye its highest function, the physician should be consulted and not the tradesman. No one would expect the blacksmith, be he ever so skillful, to repair the delicate mechanism of a watch when out of order. No

more should one trust the most delicate organ of the body to the glass fitter.

Let us return to the prevention of trouble by considering the care of the eyes. This should practically commence at birth, and in order to secure its highest usefulness must be continued throughout the whole life. It is estimated that at least thirty per cent of the blind in this country have become so from purulent ophthalmia. The eye is most susceptible to any infection, and therefore the greatest care should be used that no infectious matter shall at any time come in contact with the eyeball. Absolute cleanliness is of the utmost value in the treatment of inflammatory conditions of the eye, and no nurse or attendant should ever touch his own or another's eye except with absolutely clean hands. More cases of blindness have resulted from this one cause than from any other. Many a babe has been rendered blind for life through the carelessness, in this particular, of the mother or nurse. Pure, clean water is the only application that should be made to the eyes of the newborn child, except upon the advice of the physician. The moment the babe's eyes show the slightest discharge or redness a competent physician should at once be called, as infants' eyes are especially susceptible, and oftentimes within twenty-four hours the disease will have advanced to such a degree as to render hopeless the possibility of saving any sight. The cautious physician should for the first week or two examine the eyes of the babe from day to day, so that the onset of any trouble may be at once met by active treatment. The eyes of infants should be protected from all glaring lights and especially the direct rays of the sun, both indoors and out. The babe should never have its attention attracted by objects held close to the eyes, for repeated convergence at near-by objects may predispose to or even produce strabismus. This observation holds good as the child grows older.

From poring over story and picture books when in too fine type or held too close to the eyes, myopia threatens. The fine worsted and bead work used in some of the kindergartens is for this reason objectionable. Give the growing child plenty of outdoor amusements, where the eyes have a long range during the developing period of life, and we shall see fewer little ones wearing glasses for myopia and astigmatism.

One of the most important fields for the exhibition of contemporary knowledge and interest in sanitary science is presented in our educational institutions. When we consider the total number of hours passed in the classroom during the child's school and college life, the additional hours required for study and preparation outside of the school-room by the present day system of forcing the child too rapidly, when we compare these hours with the time left for recreation, exercise, and sleep, and recall that these years are the years of physiological growth, is it any wonder that we find so many commencing their active life as physical wrecks? It is therefore plainly a duty we owe to posterity to consider carefully the hygienic environments of our children as well as their mental and moral training. The school life of the growing child should be so regulated as to secure the best mental advancement and at the same time the best physical development. Every observing physician has seen many children who commenced school life in apparently good health soon complaining of headache, nervousness, loss of appetite, and other symptoms indicative of impaired general vigor.

In the early part of the last century we find attention first called to the relations existing between the myopic eye and the demands of civilized life. Within a comparatively few years more complete and systematic examinations of the eyes of school-children have been made, so that to-day we have as a basis for our statistics the examination of the

eyes of over 200,000 pupils of all grades. An analysis of these examinations shows that in the primary schools nearly all the children enter with normal eyes. In the higher grades twenty-five per cent have become myopic, while in university life the percentage of myopia has increased to from sixty to seventy per cent, which shows that the number of near-sighted pupils increase from the lowest to the highest schools, and that the increase is in direct proportion to the length of time devoted to the strain of school life.

In the face of these facts it seems the imperative duty of the hour carefully to investigate the cause of this deterioration of the eyes of our children during school life. The evident relationship of this increasing near-sightedness to school work seems to indicate some fault in our educational methods. Owing to the fact that myopia is often hereditary it is impossible to eradicate the condition for generations to come, but acquired myopia can be prevented or very greatly decreased by careful and frequent examinations of the eyes, together with thorough hygienic preventive methods during the years of physical growth and mental training of the child.

First, as to the importance of frequent examinations of the eyes of children. Statistics prove that a very large proportion of the eyes of young children are hypermetropic. So great is this preponderance that many authorities claim that the normal eye is a hypermetropic one. Careful observations have shown that in almost every instance the change from far to near sight is through the turnstile of astigmatism. That this change does take place has been proven by the progressive increase in the percentage of myopia during school life. By repeated examinations from year to year, the first change can be detected and suitable treatment taken to check its progress. I believe that the eyes of every child should be carefully examined at the commencement of school life,

and that the examination should be repeated at least every year until the time of full development of both mind and body. The care of the teeth commences even earlier than this, and is continued throughout the whole life. We have become educated to the importance and necessity of sending our children to the dentist every six months or year for examination whether disease is suspected or not. The far more precious and delicate organ, the eye, is almost universally left to do its work unaided and uncared for, until often serious and irreparable damage has been done, and the innocent victims of our ignorance and neglect are deprived of the full realization of God's greatest gift, that of sight. It is not the vision alone that pays the penalty of this criminal neglect, but a long train of physical wrecks brought about through reflex action from eye-strain. It is not necessary to go into the details as to how or what general conditions may result from defective eyes, but merely to sound a warning as to the danger from neglect of the eyes in early life. To continue the comparison with the teeth, we can get very acceptable false teeth, but artificial eyes have not proven of much practical service.

Every school should possess a series of test letters, and each scholar at the commencement of each term should have the eyes examined by the teacher. This examination is so simple that any teacher can be instructed in a few minutes, so that she can determine if any defect exists. All that is essential is a set of Snellen's test types placed in a good light, the letters of which should then be read with each eye separately at a given distance. The child should then be examined with the astigmatic card, and the lines running in all directions should appear to each eye alone equally clear and distinct. Then a small card plainly printed in four and one half point (diamond)¹ type should be read by

the child while the teacher measures with a rule the nearest point at which it can be easily read. This distance should correspond with the normal near-point from an emmetropic eye, which should be recorded on the back of the card for the different ages from six to twenty years. If these tests show no defects, the child may be admitted to the school, but if a defect be found in any of these tests, particularly the first, the parents of the child should be at once informed of the existing defect of vision and the consequent need of professional advice. Further than this, during the school year, if the child complains frequently of headaches while studying, or seems to be getting nervous, anæmic, etc., the teacher's duty is to suggest again to the parents the wisdom of seeking a physician's advice.

The examination as suggested would at once detect imperfect vision from any cause; if due to refractive errors, it could be corrected; if to intraocular disease, treatment might save the sight which otherwise would possibly be lost.

In all cases of children with inflamed eyes, they should be required to present a physician's certificate of the non-infectious nature of the disease before being permitted to enter the schools. Our orphan asylums, public homes, and institutions of all kinds require a physician's certificate before admitting children with any redness or inflammation of the eyes. Should we be any less strict before permitting these children to associate with the healthy ones in our schools?

Let us now consider the faulty conditions of school life which bear more or less directly on the eye as well as on the general health of the child. The curriculum of study in the majority of public schools is a hard and fast one, which all students are expected to follow. I believe that a more elastic curriculum should be adopted, whereby children with defective eyes, or a more or less feeble health, shall be required

¹ This line is printed in diamond.

to take only as many and such studies as they may master in safety. Such a modified course, while it would lengthen the student life by one or more years, would do much toward preserving the eyes and general health.

A decided reform should also be made in the system of requiring study at home. The average school session of five or six hours a day should be sufficient to prepare for college by the time pupils are sixteen or eighteen without requiring nearly as many additional hours of home study, which robs the students of the recreation and sleep they should have. The work at home is usually accomplished when the body is tired, and the brain sluggish, generally by artificial light (which is too often an improper one), and frequently with a faulty position of the body. I believe that with a proper regulation of recitation and study during school hours alone, the brain, made more active by sufficient recreation, exercise, and sleep, will accomplish far more than by the present system.

The paper and type used in school-books have in recent years been vastly improved, yet there is room for still further improvement. In selecting books for children the type should always be large, bold, and clear. Cohn and Webber claim that type at least one and a half millimetres in height (equal to long primer) is the smallest that should be used in schoolbooks, and the distance between the lines, or leading as it is called, should be two and a half millimetres. The paper should be of a dull finish, instead of the highly glazed finish of many books, and of a dead white or a cream color. In many of the books used by children the print is too small and of a poor impression, which is very injurious to the eyes. This perhaps applies more particularly to the interesting books and periodicals prepared for the young, and especially to newspapers. The character and amount of reading are too often not properly regu-

lated at home. The reading of sensational papers and novels at hours when the child should be asleep is a habit too freely indulged, at the expense of both mental and physical development.

There should also be frequent breaks in the application of the eyes at close work. This frequent interval of rest for both the brain and the eyes can easily be secured in the schoolroom by a change from the book to the blackboard, to oral instructions, lectures, etc. The school session should be broken by short recesses in the open air and gymnastic exercises.

A consideration of the eyes and health of our school-children must necessarily involve the location of the building, as to surroundings, light, etc., and the school furniture. The location in cities should avoid narrow streets and high surrounding buildings which interfere both with light and air; and away from noises, exhalations, smoke, and dust from factories, stables, markets, etc. Playgrounds in the open air, either in ample grounds or on the roof of the building, should be provided for intermission of the sessions. The building should be so constructed as to avoid dampness, and should furnish ample ventilation without drafts. In the country, especially, care should be taken that the location be well drained, and away from malarial and other injurious environments.

Sufficient light is of the utmost importance, and should be first considered in the architectual plan of all school-houses. The quantity of light, Cohn says, cannot be too much; while Javal says that every portion of the room should be so flooded with light that the darkest place will have sufficient illumination on a dark day. To secure this Javal believes that the distance of surrounding structures should be twice their height. The necessity of sufficient light is shown by an attempt to read in the twilight or in a dimly lighted room. A

test as to the amount of light required is the ability of a normal eye to read diamond type readily at twelve inches. According to Risley the window surface should never fall below one square foot of glass for every five square feet of floor space, and this should be exceeded in many locations, on the north side of the building, and on the ground floors. The quality of light is, of course, modified by the color of the walls in the schoolroom. The light shades of green, yellow, blue, or gray should be used in the coloring of the walls, and also the furniture and wood-work. The loss of light caused by large surfaces of blackboards can be saved by roller shades of the same color as the walls, to be lowered when not in use.

Next in importance to the quantity of light in the schoolrooms is its direction. The ideal light of the schoolroom is that from the left side, or the left and rear of the pupils. Lighting of the room from two opposite sides should be avoided if possible, yet when necessary to secure the requisite amount of light, that from the right should be high up in the room. In this way we secure a diffused light in the room from the illumination of the ceiling and avoid the objectionable cross-lights. This arrangement at the same time affords means of ventilation.

In the most excellent and thorough article upon school hygiene by Dr. S. D. Risley,¹ to which I am greatly indebted in the preparation of this paper, much space has been devoted to the consideration of the school furniture. While the faulty construction of the school desk and seat is a very important factor, according to orthopædic physicians, in the causation of spinal curvature, it has been, and undoubtedly still is, a no small factor in the increasing myopia of school life. Vast improvements have been made in the average schoolrooms of today in this respect; still a visit to al-

¹ System of Diseases of the Eye, Norris and Oliver, vol. ii. 1897.

most any school will show more or less of the pupils in an improper position. The great danger to the eyes lies in the pupil bending over his desk and thus bringing the eyes too close to the work. This abnormal near-point adds largely to the strain upon the accommodation and convergence, and at the same time causes an increased congestion of the coats of the eye, all of which serve to increase the tendency to near-sightedness. The proper arrangement of the seat and desk is such that the child will find it easier to sit upright at his work than in any other position he can assume. The direction and measurements for securing such a position by means of a correct seat and desk are fully given in many articles upon this subject.

The blackboard forms an important adjunct to school life, and its more general and extended use should be encouraged. The strain upon the eyes is much less when looking at a relatively distant object like the blackboard than it is at the near-point, as in reading and writing. Hence instruction by board exercise is much less fatiguing than work done with the pencil or pen. The surface of the board should be kept black and clear by frequent washing, and the crayons used should be either white or yellow. Wall maps and charts are also useful for the same reason as the blackboard, in that they permit of instruction at a greater distance. In all children who have already developed near-sightedness, to avoid the increasing tendency to draw the work nearer and nearer to the eyes some of the many forms of head-rests which hold the head erect and at a proper distance from the work should be used.

I have dwelt at length upon the care of the eyes in childhood, because it is at this time of life that there is the greatest danger to vision. Furthermore, when proper care has been given to the eyes in early life, we enter adult life with better eyes and a better

understanding of their requirements. In all classes — men, women, and children — there is an inherent prejudice to the use of glasses, but to those suffering from refractive errors the use of the correct glass is one of the greatest boons. I acknowledge that the prevalent error of oculists is the too early and frequent prescribing of glasses. In many instances the use of glasses can be avoided by the correction of some deficiency in the balance of the extrinsic muscles of the eye, which may be the cause of the asthenopic or reflex symptoms. In all cases of decided refractive errors, however, the use of correcting lenses is a necessity. When glasses are required they should be given proper care by the wearer. We have often seen patients wearing glasses so scratched and dirty that a great effort must necessarily be made to see through them. Eyeglasses should never be folded, as they soon become misshapen and scratched. For the same reason glasses should not be thrown carelessly upon tables, stands, etc., and when out of shape, nicked, and scratched, they should be repaired or new ones purchased. After the correct lens has been selected, care should be taken that the frames are skillfully adjusted by a competent optician, as oftentimes improperly fitted frames destroy all the benefit that would have resulted from the glasses.

The prevalent habit of going without glasses for reading as long as possible is also a bad one. The public should be taught that all normal eyes require glasses for near vision about the age of forty or forty-five; that postponing their use later than this age causes an effort of the accommodation which does harm. The prejudice to the use of glasses seems to be dying out, and the laity are realizing more and more the necessity of paying attention to the eyes.

One of the most important questions relating to the general care of the eyes is What is the best light? This should always be answered, the diffuse natural light of day; and the next best, that which most nearly approaches daylight. Artificial light should be profuse, white, and steady, and that which most nearly meets these requirements is that known as the Welsbach light. The incandescent light when protected by translucent globes is also an excellent light. Gas and kerosene are also good, but should be shaded with globes colored white on the inside and tinted green on the outside. The solar light when reflected from white surfaces has often been injurious. It is therefore wise to protect the eyes with a slightly smoked glass if they are to be exposed for too long a time to the glare of the sun upon snow, water, or the bright sand of the seashore. What has been said in regard to children in school applies as well to the adult, that the eyes should be used only when the body is in an erect position, and that the light should fall upon the book or paper from the left side. It hardly seems necessary to caution against the use of the eyes in reading after twilight, when riding on the cars, while lying down, etc., but as all these things are being done daily we cannot cry "don't" too often.

In conclusion let me remind the reader that the health of the eye depends to a great measure upon the condition of the general system. The eye is not a separate and distinct organ to be treated wholly independent of the bodily health. While the eye can undoubtedly cause abnormal conditions of other organs, it can at the same time suffer from other diseased conditions. Therefore, by obeying the common laws of health the usefulness of the eyes will be best maintained.

A. B. Norton.

A POSSIBLE GLIMPSE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

READERS of Boswell's Johnson are aware of a strange gap in the life, extending over the whole of the years 1745 and 1746. Johnson's "Proposals for a New Edition of Shakespear" appeared at the beginning of 1745, and with that exception, no single event is known, no anecdote recorded, no publication mentioned, no letter preserved. Yet those years were full of material for an author and a talker. Boswell reminds us — as who would not? — that in those years Charles Edward raised the Stewart flag in Scotland, invaded England, eluded two armies of King George, marched to a point only one hundred and twenty-seven miles from London, won two pitched battles over the royal forces, and was defeated only after keeping the whole country in anxiety for eight months.

The author of the article on Johnson in the National Dictionary of Biography sneers at the suggestion of Boswell that his hero might have been connected with the Pretender's expedition. But where is the absurdity? Johnson was notoriously a passionate partisan of the Stewarts. Lichfield, his birthplace, his mother's residence, the home that never lost his affection, was a chief station of the Duke of Cumberland's army, and the Pretender's line of march came within twenty miles of it; while all around it the Staffordshire folk were considered the most intensely Jacobite part of the English people. If Johnson had visited his native town, or even had letters from his mother and his stepdaughter in those years, he must have had his thoughts full of the invasion. Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden must have interested him as much as any man in England. Did he really know nothing about it all? Or did he know too much, that we find no more mention of "the '45" in his life than if he had been six years old instead

of thirty-six? For all that those years with their events and memories show us of him, he might have been on the Continent, in prison, or confined with a broken leg.

Johnson himself was so very obscure in these years, his talents slowly struggling into recognition, that it is not strange that his name appears so seldom in correspondence; yet as one repository after another of family papers becomes unlocked, the key to his more than obscurity in these eventful years may yet be disclosed. Whether the notes now offered to the reader really afford that key may be questioned; they are fragmentary, and I have no right, if I had the power, to expand them. Such as they are they may at least give shape to interesting conjecture as to the whereabouts of a man, every incident of whose career is more studied, now that he has been for more than a century in his grave, than ever it was while he walked the earth.

A short time ago a noble family, which had long maintained a spacious residence in one of the older but still aristocratic quarters of London, determined to let that house, and live exclusively in the country. Such a move, after long years of occupation, is almost sure to bring to light papers, hastily stored, never examined, and all but forgotten. That interesting old letters should be found in unsuspected repositories of a family mansion such as I mention was every way to be expected. Through an old and pleasant acquaintance with several members of this family, amounting to close intimacy with one honored and loved by all who knew him, — now, alas! deceased, — I feel justified in laying before the public a copy of some bits of correspondence. Nothing, however, has been published by the owners of the papers, and perhaps never will be. I have no right

to mention their name, nor to present any portions of the letters beyond what have a purely literary and historical interest. That name has been known and respected in England for many centuries.

I am not able even to present these extracts with the garniture of eighteenth-century spelling and capitals. The copyist has not seen fit to reproduce those quaintnesses of dress; and, after all, I do not know that we enter into the thoughts and feelings of Chesterfield or of Johnson any better by seeing that they wrote "Cloaths" and not "clothes."

Many of the letters from which I present extracts appear to be from members of the family of the Drummonds, the great banking house, several of whom intermarried with the nobility, and especially with the family to which I allude. If a conjecture were allowable as to how the papers I have mentioned came to their recent place of deposit, it would be that in some of the not very remote London riots, which raged in the immediate neighborhood of Drummonds' bank, the family papers were hastily removed to the house I have mentioned, which was at no very great distance, yet out of rioters' range, and in which they would be sure of being preserved with care and interest.

The family of Drummond is one of the most ancient in the nobility of Scotland. It gave a queen to one of the early Stewart kings, and its members have always stood by that royal line. In the time of James II., the heads of the house were devoted to the king's interest, and shared his exile to the utter wreck of their estates at home. But a cadet of the family had the shrewdness to retrieve his fortunes by a process unfamiliar to the Scottish feudal aristocracy. He came to London and founded the great banking house of "Drummonds" still flourishing. It would appear from the correspondence given here that the Scotch fidelity to "kith" kept the London Drummonds in communication with

their exiled cousins. One letter appears to be from Lord John Drummond, son of the (titular) Duke of Perth, who joined the Chevalier's army in Scotland, and was with it in the march to Derby:—

"You were right, my dear kinsman, in your warning that our forces would receive no accession from the king's friends in England. We have been wholly deceived in this matter. Lancashire, reported so full of loyal gentlemen, has sent us hardly a soldier, and the like is true of Staffordshire. We were, however, Cameron tells me, joined by one recruit last night from Lichfield. He is devotedly loyal, and full of valuable information about the well-disposed, both hereabouts and in London; but apart from this, I know not what we can do with him. He is of herculean stature, but entirely without use of arms, and it is hard to make a soldier of a raw recruit, who appears nearer forty than thirty. Besides, he is most averse to discipline, and although he has been but eighteen hours in camp, has already contradicted everybody he has met. Yet I am desirous to see him, for Cameron says he is an Oxford scholar, a perfect mine of learning. I asked his name, and Cameron said he certainly understood it to be Johnstone, but when he asked the monster if he was of Lord Annandale's family, he pretended not to understand; but on being called 'Mr. Johnstone,' replied, 'Sir, that is not my name' so savagely that Cameron inquired no further."

The next fragment is from a letter from the Marquis of Granby, afterwards so renowned as a general, in 1745 a young regimental officer in the Duke of Cumberland's army. His grandson, the Duke of Rutland, had a very severe fire at Belvoir Castle some seventy years later. One might guess that this and other family letters were hastily rescued, and sent, while the castle was rebuilding, to the Drummonds, between whom and the house of Manners there was a family connection:—

“You may perhaps have heard that we had a skirmish with the Pretender’s rear-guard at Penrith, in which, I am sorry to say, several officers were killed, wounded, or taken. Among the latter was a captain in my regiment. He was not held long among them, for they are marching northwards so hurriedly that they do not keep a very close guard over their prisoners. On his return he told a curious story of his experiences among them. It was so lively that I can write it down for you almost exactly in his own words:—

“They treated me very civilly, and I dined with the Pretender’s chief engineer officer, a Frenchman. He did his best to give his table, which was scarcely luxurious, something of a French air. The Scotch officers were thorough gentlemen, if they did wear petticoats; so was the host; not so an odd creature, in a nondescript dress, neither soldier nor *bourgeois*. He ate very coarsely, drank deep, and strove to engross the entire talk, hardly giving anybody else a chance, except when gorging himself. I first noticed him growling out, ‘Ariosto gives a strange account of the Scotch; he makes them allies of a king of England and Charlemagne against the Saracens,’ and then down went his monstrous head over his plate again. I have dipped into Ariosto, but I cannot recall his Scotchmen, and the queer mixture of learning and grossness made me look at this person again. I seemed to remember him. Presently he was in a full French talk with our host; the accent was extraordinary, sounding to me somewhat Irish; the words so slowly uttered, that they could easily be followed, and as regular and correct as if printed. I cannot undertake to give the French, but the sense was plain; he declaimed against the Scotch, declared they had neither religion nor cleanliness (he had nothing to boast of on that article himself), neither breeches nor loyalty. The French officer very civilly suggested they were

proving their loyalty to their rightful king. ‘Monsieur,’ said the oddity, firing the word out of his great jaws; ‘they may seem loyal to his Royal Highness now, but they only want him as a cat’s paw to pull off their own land of beggars’—*pays de gueux*, he called it—‘from ours, and have a king of their own; they forced him back when he was on the high road to victory; they sold his great-grandfather, and they would sell him, if the Elector were not too stingy to offer them their price.’”

All students of history know how bitterly unjust this insinuation was; a reward of thirty thousand pounds could not allure a single Scotchman to reveal Charles Edward’s hiding-place, after his hopeless defeat. The extract goes on:

“Knowing that Scotch gentlemen were often familiar with French, I was on thorns for fear of an outbreak, and thought it best to turn the talk if I could. ‘Pardon me, sir,’ I cried, ‘is not your name Jackson? I fancy I have seen you at the table of my kinsman, the Earl of Chesterfield.’ ‘Sir,’ said the ogre, turning on me, ‘my name is not Jackson.’ ‘I ask pardon again,’ said I. ‘I saw many guests there, and have not always retained their names; but I could hardly forget your person, as I saw few so learned as yourself.’ ‘Sir, I do not know whether you saw more learned men or more fools at the table of my Lord Chesterfield,—I suppose you expect me to say his Excellency, as he now represents the Elector of Hanover at Dublin; but, I assure you, I remember neither your name nor your person.’

“‘I could not have supposed, sir, that you would recall either; but being Lord Chesterfield’s kinsman, and privileged to meet his guests’—

“‘Sir, it is a privilege which in my case you could have had but once; my Lord has obviously forgotten both my name and my person, and has never repeated his invitation.’ You may conceive I did not obtrude myself on him farther.”

The last extract is from a member of the family in whose house this correspondence is understood to have been found; known, however, in 1746 by the name he had assumed on marrying an heiress:—

“You know that Oxford and the Church have not destroyed my interest in all that relates to my former profession, so learning that my old regiment was in the Duke’s army, I determined to see what a rebellion is like. I found them at Carlisle. They had just reduced the unhappy garrison which the Pretender left behind as he retreated into Scotland. The Colonel and officers all received me with open arms; wished I would drop my gown and sport the cockade again. The Colonel told me his plans, and added:—

“‘You’re the very man I want, Harry. We have captured a mob of poor devils here—Oh, I keep forgetting you’re a parson now—whom I think that d—d—saving your reverence—Pretender left on purpose, knowing we should take the place. I suppose nothing can save the fighting men; but there are some non-combatants that it would be a shame to hang. I’m a humane man myself; but the Duke—Well!’ Here he paused, and hemmed. ‘Now I do wish you would talk to some of them, and find out something in their favor. There is one particular big fellow I’ll send in to you directly, for the Scots tell me he is an Englishman, who has been wrangling ever since he joined them; a scholar and no soldier.’

“He left me, and there was brought in almost immediately a big fellow indeed, very shabbily clothed, but with a strange look of defiance. When he saw me, he flushed suddenly up to his eyes. I knew him! It was—But on the whole, I won’t tell you his name, and you will see why. I knew him at Lichfield, when my regiment was quartered there, and he has been in my house in London.

“‘I see you remember me, Mr. —,’ said I, ‘we are old friends.’

“‘You were indeed my friend, Mr. Aston, when you bore another name and another coat. I suppose you expect my compliments on your present circumstances.’

“‘I expect nothing,’ said I, ‘but that you shall tell me, for old friendship’s sake, how you came into this position.’

“‘I know well, sir, that one who has served in the forces of the Elector of Hanover will despise the call of loyalty to his rightful king.’

“‘Oh, you and I have fought out that battle long ago; but your Scottish friends seem to have taken their Prince, and left you to perform what you believe a loyal subject’s duty by yourself.’

“You should have seen the strange convulsion that passed over his whole frame as I spoke; it seemed as if the veins in his forehead would burst. ‘Sir, the Scots’—he broke out, and then his voice subsided into a strange grumble.

“‘Never mind the Scots,’ I said, ‘but whether they are here or there, you know the destiny that awaits you?’

“‘I shall be hanged,’ he said in a terribly calm voice.

“‘I intend you shall not,’ I replied; ‘you have, I know, a mother and a wife who need you. The Colonel tells me he means to send a recruiting party to the Midlands. You will be put in their hands as a prisoner. They will go through Lichfield, and there they will lose sight of you. I know every man in my old regiment, and can make my word good. You will, for your mother’s and your wife’s sake, *and for mine,*’ I added, looking him fixedly in the face, ‘remain absolutely quiet till this rising is over, and in all your after life never mention this excursion of yours. In this way I can save you; if you do not do as I say, you will indeed meet the fate you have named.’

“‘Sir,’ he said in another uncouth convulsion, ‘I shall give no pledge’—

“‘I ask none,’ said I, ‘but I am sure you will do as I say all the same.’

"He was removed; the Colonel agreed to get him a decent suit, — no easy matter for so enormous a frame, — and I saw him no more. You see at once that it would be a risk to name him."

And these are all the notes there are to offer. It would be going too far to say they certainly point to Samuel Johnson. That name is not actually given; Lord John Drummond and Lord Granby only report what others told them; the Irish accent is most unlike Johnson, nor do we know definitely of any dealings he had with Lord Chesterfield before 1747, though the celebrated letter does not absolutely preclude an earlier acquaintance. Mr. Aston says he saw a

person whose description tallies with Johnson's; but he does not name him; nor is there any evidence that the three writers, or any two, meant the same man. The utmost we can venture to say is, that these scattered notes may give a hint to clear up the Egyptian darkness which now covers two years in the life of one who has since become one of the world's heroes, but who was not in the least such to the two noblemen, and a long way from such distinction even to his friend Mr. Aston. They would certainly have formed quite enough basis of fact for Stevenson to work up into a novel portraying Johnson in the Jacobite army.

William Everett.

SALLY.

THE woman who told me this had no more idea that she was telling a story — a story with a plot and climax — than she had an idea that her bonnet, a wonderful creation of red feathers and black lace, was crooked; and any one who saw her complacent round face saw at the same time that she was totally unconscious of that angular fact. Had she been told of the bonnet, or gotten sight of it in any available window or mirror, it is reasonably certain the story would never have been finished. Women of her class are easily plunged into self-consciousness, and are more readily confused by it than those of classes above them who have learned to hide their feelings. This woman, it was very evident, knew nothing whatever of this art.

She was a large woman, with a lively, happy face. She wore her dress cut away a little, a bit V, though it was in the street car that I saw her. Her neck, burned almost as red as her face, which was a shade off the red feathers, had creases in it like that of a man who works in the sun. At the back of her

neck a few hairs were gathered tightly around a brown kid curler, consciousness of which, had it come to her, would also very certainly have stopped the story. Such things are trivial. In another type of woman I should not have cared, but I felt sorry as I thought of her finding out about that brown kid curler at night when she took her hair down. I knew it would spoil the whole day for her. Children are like that. They imagine when they find out such a tragedy about themselves that everybody has been conscious of it, that they have been a laughing-stock to every one; but not many women of this woman's age, who have gone through a woman's experience, — love, marriage, child-bearing, child-losing, and the rest, — retain any such childlikeness. I knew she had it, though. This was not instinctive either; anybody could have seen it. It might have been suggested to even a very poor student of human nature by the round lines of her eyes, by the plump look about her wrists, and the complacent way her fat, freckled

hands — crossing each other at the wrist over her stomach — fell loose and good-natured, — the hand with a big seal ring on its second finger being very naturally on top. I had the feeling that when she found that curler at night she was going to look frightened first, then dismayed; then I felt sure she would say, “Oh, my sakes!” Just as I was thinking this, she jolted over against me with the jolting of the street car, and said rather apologetically, “Oh, my sakes! Ain’t these cars a caution! — The way they do take on!”

That was the end of it, and she settled herself again somewhat closer to a thin, sour-visaged little man who sat next her and wore a G. A. R. hat with a cord about it. We were on the front seat of an open car. It stopped a moment, and I moved closer to the woman to let some one take the place next me. Then the bell rang, the brass brake ripped with the sound of tearing a brass seam open, and this time I jolted a bit toward her. I had no time to apologize, for she said quickly, —

“That’s all right! Don’t they take on, though! My sakes!” Then, as though to make me more comfortable, “Do you live out this way?”

“No,” I said, instinctively putting affability into the word.

“Oh, you don’t!” as if she perhaps ought not to have supposed so. I don’t know why she should have seemed to me hurt, but she did, and I said, —

“No, I don’t live out this way at all; I live in quite the other direction — way across the river in Kentucky.” I said this exactly as one would talk to a child whose approbation one covets.

“You do! Well now! Why, you’re a Southerner then!” She turned a little and looked at me with genuine admiration.

I nodded and smiled. I think that smile really got me the story.

“Well now! Jim! this lady’s a Southerner!” She turned to the soured little man beside her, but he made no

motion to show he had heard. “Well now! Why, Jim’s first wife was a Southerner. Yas she was. She was from Virginia. And you’re a Southerner! Well now! I’m that tired! But I just love the G. A. R. meetin’s. We always go. Jim ain’t strong. I allus tell ’im it does him a sight o’ good. Jim got wounded at Chickamauga. He got wounded twice, onct in his shoulder, onct through his arm — there;” she felt of her own fat elbow. “He was carried off fer dead, Jim was. He’d a-holt o’ the flag, you know. Awful dangerous! My, yes! I allus told him ef he’s ever went into another fight he’s t’ let the flag be. But then I don’t guess he would. Most like as not he’d go carryin’ it again, — Jim’s got his own notions, — an’ get his other arm hit so he could n’t shet up the shutters at night fer me. He can’t carry coal now. It’s awful bein’ wounded like that. Jim’s had his share. It ’uz fer the country o’ course, an’ they allus give us a good time at the G. A. R. They allus show they’re obliged fer what Jim an’ the rest o’ the boys did.”

Here she paused to look at a big float of the “Union Forever” from which a rather bedraggled Columbia was getting down into the street. She watched it with the keen interest of a child as long as it was visible, then she turned to me: —

“I can’t help thinkin’ of you bein’ a Southerner. There ain’t many here. I allus kind o’ liked Southerners. The girls is some of um awful pretty and sweet. Some of um ain’t, of course, but some of um is. Law sakes! I’ve heard o’ them Southern girls till you can’t see. There ain’t hardly one o’ the G. A. R. boys but as is got a story of ’em to tell. Yas, Jim’s first wife was a Southern girl. She was livin’ in Virginia durin’ the war, and Jim he was a-fightin’ an’ a-raidin’ an’ a-tearin’ up gener’ly in Virginia. He an’ some other fellus went out one day a-raidin’ to get somethin’ to eat, that’s

how come Jim first saw her. Say, Jim," — she turned again to the little man beside her, — "tell the lady how it was you first come to see Sally."

"Jim" might have been stone deaf, for he made no sign of having heard. The hollows about his eyes and temples were unpleasant, and his mouth showed lines of petty ill temper and illness. Yet it was unmistakable that he had been handsome in his own way. His features were clear, and his eyes, although not kind, must have at one time held a certain attraction. Though a little man, he had sharp, almost aggressively square shoulders. His wife was evidently used to his dogged silence. She did not urge him, but began quite brightly: —

"Well, they got into Sally's house, you see, like they used to do a-raidin', and they said they wanted somethin' to eat. An' Sally — Jim did n't know her then — she up an' says, her eyes a-flashin' — Sally she had lovely eyes — she up an' says, she says, 'You're a set o' sneakin' cowards. Yas, a set of damned sneakin' cowards' (this in lip pantomime, with eyebrows raised); 'you ain't worth,' she says, 'the powder to blow you up,' she says, 'else I'd get it an' blow you up!' she says. Sally was terrible sperited. Well, they went on a-takin' things like as if she had n't 'a' spoke. Jim he was sargent or some-thin', an' he jest tol' um to go on like as if there warn't a woman within gun-shootin'. Jim allus was kind o' commandin', an allus did know how to treat high-sperited folks. Y' ought to see Jim with our boy Willy! Tommy's a good boy, but Willy got to takin' notions in his head here not long ago, an' Jim he just settled him, he did, in just about two shakes, so that I reckon Willy ain't had a notion sence. I let Jim do all the managin'. Jim says I ain't got no command at all; no more I have, I reckon. Well, Sally she watched um jest white, like things get when they're boilin', then she lef' um an' lit out up-

stairs. Jim he kind o' suspicioned she was up to somethin', so he lef' the rest haulin' over the cupboard, and follered her. When he got up there she'd gone into her bedroom, Sally had. Jim he opened the door. There was an old four-poster with cretonne ruffles on it top and bottom. I never did like um, did you? They hol' the dust, an' they do say dust is terrible unhealthy. I dunno how we lived to get here, no way, with all them unhealthy old folks' notions; I used to sleep in one of um myself. Sally was a-settin' on the bed, an' Jim he — Aw, Jim," — she turned again to the soured little man, pleadingly this time, "you tell the lady how you got the saddle."

"You'd think, Carrie," said the man fretfully, "it was somethin' big I done." And he relapsed into his dogged silence.

"Well, so it was," said the woman proudly; then quite cheerfully, despite this damper: "Well, Jim he says to her, he says, 'Wot you got under that bed?' An' Sally she says, clinchin' her han', 'There ain't nothin' under it!' an' Jim he says cool, you know, 'Then you don't mind your lookin', I reckon.' He come and took a-holt o' the cretonne ruffle, an' Lordy! ef she did n't up and swing her foot out an' fetch him a lick right in his breast. Jim's awful quick; he's got a temper, but he's cool. The general complimented him high on it once. Sally was awful pretty then. And then them Union boys they kind o' liked the way them Southern girls helt out. Well, Jim he caught a-holt of her foot, — that's one thing Jim allus did say fer Sally, she did have little feet, — an' he says, Them ain't made to kick Union soldiers with,' he says, — Jim's got a awful cute tongue, — 'an' they ain't made to stand on Union soldiers' necks with, neither,' he says. 'The thing they're best a-doin' is runnin' to fetch Union soldiers water and things to eat. Now while I holt um I'll just look under here a minute.' Sally was terrible hot, but Jim he just

kep' cool an' kep' a-holt of her ankles tight, an' he dragged out from under the bed a side-saddle. It's a beaut, too; all little red tassels around the flap. Sally's paw had give it to her. Then Sally she screamed an' twisted away from him an' run an' stood in the door, her eyes a-lookin' like they'd strike fire, an' she says — Aw, Jim, tell the lady what Sally says about the saddle."

The man made no answer. She turned again and took up the narrative cheerfully: "Well, she says, says she, 'If you take that saddle, yas,' she says, 'if you take that saddle out o' here it's goin' to be acrost my dead body. Yas it is!' she says, just a-chokin' with mad. Jim he looked at it careful. It's a fine saddle, but it warn't no particular use to Jim. Course he could 'a' solt it, I guess, but 't was a side-saddle, you know, no good to him. But it just kind o' riled him to see her a-holtin' out like that, like she was n't afraid o' him ner no devil, Union ner Reb, that she'd ever saw; an' I don't guess she was then, neither. He just thought he'd kind o' like to tame her; Jim he allus likes to do anythin' he sets his head to; an' he says to her, says he, 'Ef I'd a mind to holt yer wrists like I did yer feet, I reckon I'd get out over your live body, but it ain't the use o' doin' it, I guess. You're too pretty a little thing,' he says, 'an' I would n't hurt you 'less the general commanded it. Ain't there no back stairs?' There was a door an' a hall an' some stairs at the other side o' the room. 'I won't trouble you,' Jim says, says he; 'I'll go out this way with it.'

"When Jim got to the other fellus, they laughed at him a-carryin' away a side-saddle, an' when he tol' um about it, one of um heard a chipmunk scrapin' a nut, an' he says, 'That's her grindin' her teeth, I guess.' 'No,' says Jim, 'she's likelier cryin',' says he. 'Naw, she ain't,' says Dick Brady, — you don't know Dick Brady, — well,

'Naw, she ain't,' says Dick, 'she's too high-sperited to cry.'"

The woman looked a moment into my face with a childlikeness of dawning thought, — a something she had overlooked; then she said soberly and very kindly: —

"I'd not tell you this, an' you a Southerner, 'cep'n' o' course Sally she loved Jim afterward, you know, an' married him, an' then there ain't no hard feelin' now 'twixt the North an' the South any way; they're all brothers an' sisters now, an' we've long time ago furgot an' furgive yer fightin' against the Union. Besides — Shall I tell you about afterward? Well, the boys put up a bet on her a-cryin', an' Jim an' Dick Brady, when it got a little darker, they went back just to see what she was a-doin'. They snuck up to the house — there was a light in the kitchen — an' there she was. You bet she was n't cryin'! There was a grea' big, towerin', big-boned Reb, like them Virginians is, you know, a-standin' up by her, an' maybe she was n't lightin' in to him! My sakes! she was just a lambastin' him like a tea-kittle boilin' over on a hot stove. Sometimes he'd say, 'But Sally' — an' law, she would n' even let him speak fer himself. You see, she'd put him to hide in the cupboard in her room, when she seen the Union soldiers a-comin', an' Sally she thought when Jim had a-holt o' her ankles an' was a-talkin' to her so commandin', an' takin' the saddle, Sally thought this man — Bob Tracy his name was — ought 'a' had 'a' come out an' stood by her. Them Southern girls expects so much o' men! My sakes! Why, he'd 'a' bin took so quick it ud 'a' made his head swim. Besides, did n't she put him in the cupboard herself, when she seen the Union men a-comin'? an' he says now, 'Sally,' he says, big an' patient, 'when you put me there,' he says, 'you kissed me an' says to me, you says, "Oh, Bob, honey, don't come out fer nothin', not fer nothin', ner let um take you pris-

'ner; 't ud break my heart ef they was to get you." I was thinkin' o' that, Sally,' he says. An' Sally fired up, an' she says, 'When I said that I did n't reckon no low-down despectable damned sneakin' coward was goin' to take a-holt o' me!' When Sally says this, Jim says he snickered out there in the yard without meanin' to, but Lordy! Sally would n't 'a' heard a cannon, I guess, then; an' Bob Tracy he says to her, he says, 'Sally, it may seem queer to you,' he says, 'but if you think I was a coward — well then I was a coward,' he says, 'because of love fer you,' he says, 'an' I 'd have you to know it took courage to be a coward, too,' he says, 'an' if I had n't 'a' loved you so an' thought o' you breakin' your heart if I was took pris'ner, if I had n't 'a' give you my word, I 'd 'a' done like I felt like doin', an' I 'd 'a' come out no matter if I had tol' you I would n't, and I 'd 'a' smashed that feller's head right wide open,' he says, 'when I saw him take a-holt of you.'

"That was the end. Law sakes! Sally she got quiet then, an' she says, 'You seen him take a-holt o' me, then!' An' the big feller he says, 'Yes, Sally,' he says, 'I seen 'im through the keyhole, and I dunno how I stayed there in the cupboard!' he says; 'if it had n't 'a' bin you 'd tol' me to, an' I loved you so, the Lord hisself could n't 'a' kep' me there. I dunno how I stayed,' he says; an' Sally she says quiet, 'I dunno neither how you stayed. I reckon,' she says, 'you 'd better go off an' study over it, as long as you 've a min' to, an' you need n't come back,' she says, 'when you 've found it out, neither.' He went over to her an' tried to take a-holt of her 'cause he was a big feller and he was white an' he wanted to make up, an' he says to her, 'Sally,' he says, 'you ain't meanin' that, 'cause you love me, you 've told me so. I 've bin brought up an' raised with you, Sally,' he says, 'an' I ain't ever loved nobody else, ner ever will.' Sally pushed him

away. 'When I loved you,' she says, 'I did n't know I was lovin' nobody that ud let a damned sneaking low-down coward take a-holt o' the girl he loved. No, I did n't,' she says. 'You can go off,' she says, 'an' not come back,' she says. He looked at her steady a minute an' says, 'Sally, do you mean that?' and she says quiet, 'Yes, I mean it. You can go.' Then he got hisself together, an' looked back at her onct, an' then he opened the door and went out and shet it, an' went down the path right clost to Jim and Dick Brady, without ever a-knowin' it. He was a slimpsy, towerin', big-boned Reb, but Jim ain't afeard o' nobody, an' he was in fer capturin' him, but Dick Brady he got a-holt o' Jim's gun-arm, an' he says, 'Let him go,' he says, 'an' watch the girl! 'T ain't done yet!' So the big Reb went on out the gate, never knowin', an' Jim an' Dick they watched Sally. She stood right still fer a right smart time a-lookin' at the door, an' then she went to the table an' put her head down an' just began a-sobbin' an' a-sobbin', — an' a-sobbin' fit to kill. Jim says to Dick, 'What did I tell you! Ain't I won my bet? There ain't no doubt,' he says, 'about her cryin', I guess, is there?' he says; but Dick Brady would n't allow it was so, an' would n't allow Jim had won his bet. 'She ain't a-cryin' fer the saddle,' Dick says, 'ner fer you,' he says. 'She 's cryin' fer that big-boned, slimpsy Reb, 'cause she loves him,' Dick says. 'She 's cryin' fer that, an' 'cause she 's too proud to go an' call him back, an' she knows it,' he says. An' he never would pay Jim his bet, neither. I guess that was kind o' the beginnin' o' the split up atwixt um. They ain't bin right good frien's sence.

"Jim never did see Sally after that till after the war was over, an' the niggers all free, an' he 'd got well o' the fever that well-nigh killed him. It was up here in Ohio; she 'd gone up there after the war to teach school. The South

was too poor to raise a disturbance, much less a livin', an' Sally's folks was dead and buried. Well, Jim met Sally one night up here in Ohio at a choir meetin'. She sang, Sally did, and Jim he's got a lovely big bellerin' bass voice. The minister heard him that first night Jim ever come there an' went to that church, an' asked him would n't he stay and join the choir, an' come nex' Friday to choir practice. Well, that nex' Friday did n't they come right spang up face to face, Jim an' her."

Here she turned to the soured little man, but decided otherwise, and continued with an almost childlike delight in the situation. "Well, Sally says, says she, bristlin' an' gettin' mad an' hot an' white, 'Ain't you the man as carried off my side-saddle?' "

The woman chuckled a little.

"Well I'll be damned if I ain't," Jim says, says he, lookin' her kind o' square in the eye, an' kind o' twinclin'. Jim he thought then she was the prettiest thing that he most ever saw, an' he looked at her kind o' quizzzy an' cool. 'An' ef you ain't a-mindin' out,' he says, 'I'll come an' carry you off too. You mind what I say. I'm brave,' Jim says, 'if yer big bony Reb was n't.'

"Jim says she got just the color o' the big red piony we've got in our back yard in Marietta. It's one of Sally's plants. She allus was a good hand at flowers; I ain't much hand at um, but I allus took care o' that one partickler. It's just the color o' the shades we've got in the sittin'-room, an' it looks so pretty having the flowers on the table. I allus put the pionies under Sally's crayon. It's a lovely crayon I had done of her by one o' these men that come around. He said he'd do it fer nothin'. My sakes, ain't they cheats, though!" — this in a whisper — "he charged me six dollars fer the frame. I ain't never let Jim know."

There was a pause in which she seemed to be regretting the six dollars.

Then in answer to my question she went on:—

"Oh, well, it come about easy enough in time; most things do. Jim he jus' kep' cool an' jus' kep' on steady makin' up his mind to get her. Jim allus gets what he sets out to get. There is them kind o' folks you know. I tell him — kind o' teasin' him — I don't believe he loved Sally at all at first. Course she was awful pretty, but I tell Jim he just set in to get her like he did set the saddle, 'cause he knew she was dead set against it. There's a heap of matches made that way. Jim wanted maybe at first to show her he could manage her, like he showed her he could carry off the saddle. What use had Jim got fer a side-saddle with little red tassels on it, no way! I wish you could hear Jim tell it, but he's bin marchin'. 'T was jus' little by little, he jus' set steady, Jim did, an' he kind o' fixed her steady with his eyes each choir practice, now an' again a-walkin' home with her, till Jim said he noticed she did n't grow red all in a flash, you know, like she was angry, but kind o' colored up slow when he spoke to her. Once when he spoke kind o' sharp about her singin' off the key she got dead white, an' he noticed her hand shake holdin' the music. Jim's got a funny way with him (don't I remember how I collapsed right quick when he was a-courtin' me); he turned to her an' he says kind o' gentle an' sweet, 'The sweet birds when they get tamed sings sweeter,' says he, kind o' to make up. That night she tried to stay away from him an' kind o' slipped out ahead o' the rest, but Jim he follered her like he did when she slipped upstairs, you know, an' on the way home he got his arm around her, an' tol' her she was goin' to marry him; he tol' her she loved him an' that she could n't help it no mor' n she helped the saddle."

"And they lived in the North?"

"Right up here in Marietta, that's where we live. I kind o' think maybe

she ought n't have been in the North; it was colder than she was used to. She died of a kind o' consumption like. Then, besides, I guess she got sort o' takin' notions. Them Southern girls do take notions, you know. They're terrible proud, an' Sally had mor'n her share o' sperit. They ain't used to servin' nobody. They expect the men to keep fussin' round an' crawlin' an' doin' what they say, like it was gospel law. But my sakes! Jim ain't that kind. If he comes in an' finds his supper late he thinks he's got the right to scold, and so he has o' course, an' he does it. Ef there's one thing on earth Jim does know, it's how to manage people like he likes. He's a born soldier, Jim is." She lowered her voice. "I never did ask Jim; he jus' tells me little things onct in a while, but I reckon Sally was the kind as like to be loved every minute, you know, an' if they ain't they go a-declinin' an' fadin' an' weepin'. It's awful foolish to go declinin' an' fadin', partickler with a man like Jim. Then Jim he kind o' took an' taught her that he did n't have time to fool round her always; he made her understand little by little, I guess, that now they was married they was n't to waste time spoonin', when there was dishes to wash, an' him elected one o' the council too, an' busy.

"Fer a while I guess she gave him a good deal o' worry with her ways an' expectin's o' bein' served an' fooled an' played with. Then after a while I guess she begun to understand. She learned, I guess, that you could n't keep up love an' foolin' an' sweet things like that allus. An' o' course you can't. You had n't ought to marry a man if you ain't goin' to mind him an' take care of him, an' obey him like it says. Some women ain't the least idy wot the marriage service means. It's mostly mendin' shirts an' stockin's, an' gettin' dinners on time, an' havin' children, an' givin' up your own notions. Women ain't all alike, you know. It's a pity.

Now I'm the kind that can be sort o' reasonin' about everything, an' I don't fret myself. My sister always says, 'Well, Carrie,' she says, 'you've got a kind o' easy way o' takin' things, like a wagon that's got lots o' axle grease,' she says. But Sally — well, Sally got kind o' sick, you know. I reckon it was a good bit of it just imaginin'; they do say now, these here modern doctors, that most of our ailin's is just imaginin's. Well, she got so she said she did n't have the strength even to go down the street; she just stayed there in the garden. She just loved them flowers, partickler that — you know — that piony. She'd brought it from her front yard in Virginia when she first come North; she'd most kilt it, I guess, carryin' it around. Well, you see, when she got the notion about not goin' nowhurs, I guess it kind o' riled Jim. Men don't marry a girl, you know, that's tired all the time, an' then it, maybe, just imaginin' too. Jim he says to me the other day when I thought I'd got the lumbago in my back, an' lef' my dishes stand, Jim says, says he, 'See here, Carrie, don't you go gettin' imaginin's an' superstitions an' things like the Southern girls gets,' says he; 'I've had enough in my time,' says he. 'You're too old to begin that kind o' foolin',' Jim says. Jim has had a sight o' trouble in his time. I guess Sally was awful superstitious. I don't like to start nowhurs on Friday, ner break a lookin'-glass, but I ain't a bit superstitious; but Sally was, an' kind of imaginin'; they get it from them darkies, you know. An' 't was n't long 'fore it seemed like she thought she was n' goin' to get well. She just got so she went into the garden attendin' to the flowers an' nowhurs else. An' one day she was pickin' dead leaves off the piony, an' all of a sudden she leaned down and kissed one o' the flowers like it might 'a' bin a baby: 'I'm goin' away,' she says, 'an' it'll be like goin' back to where we was raised together!'

Jim he was right nigh her, and she did n't know it, and she kissed the flowers again. An' Jim he says to her, says he — I don't know whether Jim was maybe kind o' scared, or only just mad — says he, 'Sally,' he says, 'you're foolin' just beyond my style. You're goin' to get yourself sick with your foolin' an' imaginin's, you an' your piony you've bin raised with! Now I want ye to stop it, ye hear!' — kind o' commandin'.

"Jim says it allus kind o' puzzled him the way she took it. I guess he thought he'd got her sperit beat a long while before; but lawzy! did n't she look at him a minute just like she had on the bed with the cretonne ruffles — terrible white an' sperited. 'T ain't a bit o' use to be sperited with Jim, — she ought to 'a' knowed it by this, — an' I reckon she did, 'cause she lost sperit all of a sudden, an' she says to him, 'Do you want the potatoes fried to-night fer your supper, er baked?' — just as meek. She kind o' lost her sperit steady after that. Jim's sister 'Mandy had to come over an' help Sally with the work. An' one day, 'Mandy says, Sally was at the gate, an' somebody come by on horseback — an' my meezy! who you guess it was, but that big slimpsy Reb as Sally fired up at when she was a girl! He'd come from her home in Virginia to a big convention o' farmers held here in Ohio, an' he did n't have no idy she was there. Just come acrost her, like you do sometimes. An' he just stopped his horse there by the gate an' talked with her a long while. I reckon even if she was mad with him it was kind o' nice to see somebody from where she used to live. When he went away she come back to the kitchen where 'Mandy was, and set down, and 'Mandy says she looked so peaked, an' just set there not sayin' a word. Bimeby the tears begun rollin' down her cheeks, an' she says, ' 'Mandy,' she says, 'I wonder ef it's wicked to be glad I ain't goin' to get well, an' to wisht the baby was

goin' away with me too? I'd hate,' she says, 'to have the baby stay, an' grow up, an' learn,' she says.

"Mandy liked Sally right well, but she fired up, an' says, 'Sally, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself,' 'Mandy says, 'you with all your blessin's and plenty o' good food to put in your mouth. It's shameful,' she says, 'fer you to take on so.'

"From that day, 'Mandy says, Sally just kind o' drooped, an' onct or twict when she was a-sleepin' she'd git talkin' soft about goin' back to where they was raised together — her and the piony. 'T was awful fer Jim. 'Mandy had to stay right on then an' do all the work. After a little, when the baby come, it come too soon; an' Sally died, an' the baby died. Jim's had a awful sight o' trouble. Them Southern girls ain't allus right strong ner sensible, you know. Jim had n't ought ha' married one of 'em. I allus did tease him an' say ef it had n't bin fer that there saddle — you see Sally was so sperited at the start — my sakes! She was awful pretty, though. That crayon's just lovely! I wisht you could see it. An' that piony — now if you ever was to come to Marietta I'd give you a slip off of it. There ain't to my mind nothin' prettier than a right red piony. Jim he don't hanker after it, but then he ain't no hand at flowers, no way! Land sakes! you can't expect a man to think o' them things, er care."

At this juncture the car stopped. The sour-faced little man, without a word of warning, got out, thus throwing his wife into a flutter of very pardonable astonishment.

"Law sakes!" she said, gathering up a little leather hand-bag and making precipitately for the side of the car, "is this where you get out?" Her husband glanced over his shoulder only long enough to make sure that she was following him, and then went on several feet in advance of her. Once she turned to look at me, and nodded energetically

the good-by of which the alarming suddenness of her departure had deprived me. This seemed to make her stumble very badly, however, and set her bonnet

even more crooked, — after which, as long as I could see her, she devoted her attention to following the sour-faced, sharp-shouldered little man.

Laura Spencer Portor.

MOZART: A FANTASY.

WHEN the winds of the morning were first loosed by God, they leaped like hounds from the leash, harking through the spaces between the worlds in search of the Things That Are. In their adventurings they came upon All Things, — stars that were blue as forged steel, those red as blood, the ringed worlds, the crimson and the yellow suns in their solitudes, scintillant seas of star dust, the reservoirs of man's knowledge; the amazing chaos of the Things That Were Yet to Be.

Also they came upon the place of the Birth of Waters; and a very strange place of great dimness, where was only the Silence of Nothingness. There, huddling in the chill was a lair of monstrous creatures, Discords, waiting for the chiding of human beings that they might find a medium for their voices. They writhed there, through the æons, torn and tortured for lack of outcry.

A comet's journey from this place, drifting in long shafts from the centre-most sun, were other creatures, very wonderful and of potential loveliness, known to all the stars as Harmonies. They, likewise, waited for the lifting of the stillness. They watched with holy eagerness for souls to voice that which broke from them against the Walls of Silence in impetuous waves.

Not a spirit hurried from the Place of Souls through the white Vast toward the habitations of men, but all the band set on it, struggling for the mastery. The Harmonies went with the swiftness of light; but the Discords had within

them the strength of the Powers of Darkness, and only once in a full round of time did a Harmony break through their black band and merge into Life. The victory was with the Discord for a time and times.

So it came about that soul after soul sped to the body which was to house it, hectored with a dinning Discord which clung to it as tentacled creatures of the nether deep cling to drowned men. The spirits in this abject case were doomed to the deliberate and cruel sins, to quarrelings, to narrowness of vision, to greed and doubt; their faces grew craven, their eyes were accursed with the evasive glance.

When, by the chance of a chance, a Harmony gained the mastery, it made life lovely for the being it inhabited, and men found fair names by which to denominate such an one, — poet, or liberator, or maker of songs.

The winds learned all this in their excursions, — they learned all things, — and they came in time to take their part in this mystic war. The black winds of destruction and of night leagued themselves with the Discords; the blossom-bursting winds, the white and perfumed servitors of the dawn, the gallant winds from mountains and from mesas, enlisted with the Harmonies.

A century and half a century of yesterdays, a swift soul, dropping between the spheres toward Earth, was set upon by these contending spirits. In the Vast, among the stellar solitudes they fought, and in the scorching nebula of a yet

unrounded star the conflict reached its height. Then came a great white wind from the farthest chamber of the East and smote the Discords, till they mingled with that molten world; and from the confusion of the warring creatures the gentle soul went on its way tremblingly toward Earth.

Seven Harmonies swept after it, — seven Harmonies, wild with impatience for utterance. One Harmony was for song and one for reeds, one for horns, one for instruments of the drawn strings, and one for keys of ivory on resonant boards of brass; one for harmony of thought; and one, serene, past man's divinest dreams, for harmony of life. All these swung downward with the gentle soul, and made such sweetness in their going that men, a-toiling on the Earth, listened, amazed, thinking that after years of yearning they heard the spheres.

The seven Harmonies, the gentle soul, and a delicate fresh-born body became as one, — a vibrating entity, a man-child with a mystic power, a lyric babe, smiling in unheard melodies.

"This little child," the old nurse said, "seems to be in the company of angels. It cannot be that he has long to live."

The Harmonies within him were too eager for articulation to wait in patience for his body to grow. Five years of dreams made him a master of the instruments. But if he was spared the need of study, he was refused the meed of rest. He was scourged with beauty; the thongs of his spirit goaded him day and night. He was the servitor of the creatures that had come from the shafts of the central sun; and they, knowing that in the brief term of a man's life there was not a tithe of the time required to express their intent; knowing, too, that it might be cycles before they would again have domination over a willing soul, clamored — as with the sonorous clamoring of many high-sung bells — for the use of his hands, his eyes, his voice, his brain and heart.

"I have such a sense of religion," he wrote, "that I shall never do anything I would not do before the whole world."

Poverty was with him, if he had noticed it. Love was his, for his sanctifying. Riches he passed by, absently smiling. Loyalty was his, because he was without cognizance of treason.

By reason that the Harmonies loved order, sequence, and technique as much as ecstasy, it was a part of his toil to develop the science as well as the emotion of his art. Praise, happiness, concord, these he knew for forms of law, which he formulated into a code. To express and illustrate it, he worked when others slept, — when others danced. He forgot the material necessities of the body. He sung out his soul in masses; he whispered of love in lyrics; he expressed the storm and stress of his spirit in operas, sonatas, symphonies. He had no choice but to write as if each line were to be dedicated to the Most High. Always, the fair Harmony of beautiful living kept him unspotted from the world.

He was a monarch, with no need for sceptre or for crown. Lesser kings were forgotten when his name was mentioned. Others enriched themselves by means of his genius; but as for him, he often went from his bare lodgings to pawn for bread the jewels which had been flung at him in idle appreciation. It was not permitted him to take thought of wealth, or place, or peace. He was an instrument, fashioned for the playing; he was the vehicle of holy passions; he bent his will and did not question.

Whatever is most exquisite is most sad. It is the law of nature that rapture, vibrating round its perfect circle, shall meet with pain. Love, at its best, melts in tears; tears at their bitterest find God's pure joy. Thus it came about that the Harmonies, ever striving through this body for their ultimate utterance, reached at the climax the great moan called Mozart's Requiem Mass.

It is the processional to which souls,

cassocked for Death, march forth into the Presence. It is a ladder of song by which the sorrowful may climb from the grief of the grave to the peace of it.

One night came a stranger, knocking, and commanded : —

“ Write me a mass for the dead.”

“ Surely my hour is almost come,” said the musician. “ I must write.”

And again came the stranger in the night and asked : —

“ Is the mass for the dead ready for the playing ? ”

The tension of toil was tightened. The Harmonies, filled with such rapture as only immortal spirits know, did their utmost. The musician lay dead, with the Requiem Mass in his hand.

The next night came the stranger querying : —

“ Is the mass for the dead complete ? ”

In the wonder and majesty of the stars the seven Harmonies went their way. Their flight left a quiver of light like that a burning meteor streaks across the affrighted sky. The soul of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart winged back to the Place of Souls, and the body was tumbled in a pauper's grave, — a grave in which two others rested, very humble and much worn with toil. No stone marks the spot. The place has been forgotten.

But the labors of the Harmonies are among the deathless things. And whenever a man can fittingly reproduce them, all discord dies in the air and in the soul, and those who listen are as little children lifted into a world where sin and greed are not, and where Harmony is perfect, — the Harmony which includes all things.

Elia W. Peattie.

THINGS HUMAN.

MAN is unquestionably a highly rational being. Still, if you travel and observe, from the mouth of the Danube to the Golden Gate, you will find most men wearing a coat with a useless collar marked with a useless “ V ”-shaped slash, and decorated with two useless buttons at the small of the back, and one or more useless buttons at the cuffs. The collar, the slash, and the buttons are there in answer to no rational need ; it is not a common climate nor a common racial need of protection against climate that they represent, but a common civilization whose form and ritual they mutely confess. Over this entire area those who aspire to be of the Brahmin caste deck their heads for wedding, funeral, and feast with a black cylindrical covering, suited, so far as we can discern, neither to avert the weapon of the adversary or the dart of the rain, nor to provide a seat whereon man may

sit and rest himself. And as for the women contained within this same area we behold that the amplitude of the sleeve, the disposition of the belt, and the outline of the skirt all obey the rise and fall of one resistless tide which neither moon nor seasons control.

Wherever civilization and education have done the most to make individuality self-conscious and rational, there it is that individuality seeks most earnestly to merge itself in the external confessions of membership in the body of the whole. What it openly seeks in the matter of external confession it however unconsciously assumes in all the inner frame-work and mould-forms of manners, customs, morals, law, art, and faith. The statement of creeds, the standards of morals, the forms of art men adopt without regard to race and blood, or to climate and natural environment. They have them and hold

them as historical endowment, and their lives, no matter how they may struggle to make them otherwise, no matter how they may think they succeed, are formal more than they are rational, are historical more than they are begotten of the day.

It is because man is a social being that he is an historical being, and a social being he surely is first and foremost. Individualism and the theory of individual rights are late discoveries. The "Individual" is scarcely more than a dried *Präparat*, an isolation developed in the glycerine and preserved with the alcohol of the philosophico-legal laboratories. Some very wise people assume to have found out a century or so ago that society and the social compact were created out of a voluntary surrender of individual rights. This holds good much after the manner of Mr. O'Toole's interpretation of the power house at Niagara, — "The machinery what pumps the water for the Falls."

It is because man is a social being that he is an historical being. This does not mean that by nature he maintains a family tree or revels in historical research. The very social order, in which as the inseparable condition of his existence he finds himself, is an historical deposit, an historical resultant. It is indeed history itself, — history pressed flat, if he only knew it, — or rather, history itself is the attempt to raise the flat pictures into relief and give them depth.

The historical interpretation constitutes the only genuine explanation of those complexities of condition and usage which characterize the social fabric, and in default of historical perspective most men at all times and all men at most times simply marvel and conform. This elaborate and unaccountable structure of laws, usages, and religion impresses the normal, untaught mind as a thing too solid, too intricate, and too vast to have been fashioned by

the minds and hands of men such as those of the day. Only gods or heroes could have devised it. Hence it is that the age of heroes always precedes the age of history. But Homer prepared the way for Herodotus, in that the explanation by way of the gods and the heroes offers a first satisfaction to the first groping quest as to how this marvel of society and state could have come to be. And yet neither of the two methods — that by the heroes or that by history — does more than skim the surface. For most purposes, and for the great mass of the matter, we simply, with more or less protest, conform, and are content to restrict that individual inquiry and origination which we like to call freedom to the close limits of some snug private domain well fenced from the common and the street. The labor is too vast, the hope of remuneration too doubtful, the ultimate benefit too questionable, for us to assail the well-established conventional orthography of society.

It is evidently more rational to spell the word *could* with a *cood*. It may be that some will find it a moral duty to truth or to the rising generation so to do, and perhaps they will do it merely for the purpose of setting a good example. But with all the complexity of interests attaching to the use of written English as a social vehicle over the great English-speaking domain, it looks veritably as if the good example were like to be seed sown by the wayside. And even if it should take root and bear its ample fruit of phonetic spellings, would it yet represent a gain to have shut the language of the present off from the past, and made the English of Shakespeare and Milton a dead language to the readers of the next generation? We live in a great society with all the centuries of English thought since the days of Elizabeth, and the written English in the form of a more or less established conventional orthography is the bond thereof. It is very irrational;

it is very illogical, so the reformer and radical tell us, and they are undoubtedly correct. But the interesting feature of the matter is that for these persons the question is herewith settled, and orthography is sentenced forthwith to violent death. If orthography is illogical they esteem it competent for them to say, "So much the worse for orthography," but if orthography serves a high and necessary purpose and still is illogical, may it not be competent for us to say, "So much the worse for logic"? We may indeed suspect that all this logic has been far too shallowly conceived.

I have not introduced this allusion to spelling and spelling reform with any desire to stir the peaceful minds of my readers unto strife, nor is it my purpose to embroil myself with the Spelling Reform Association in this or in any other connection. The fact is, nothing furnishes a better illustration of the human-social institutions such as we are discussing than does language, and especially in those features of its life which reveal the processes of standardizing, and the tendency toward coöperation and uniformity. The forces which make toward establishing the uniformity of the so-called laws of sound are ultimately, as social forces, the same as those which create the standard literary idioms or *Schriftsprachen* and the conventional orthographies. They are all one also with those social instincts that develop the standard formulas of courtesy, the usages of etiquette, fashions in dress, standards of taste in literature and art, the conventions of manners and morals, the formal adherences of religion, and the established law and order of the state. These are all of them the "things human" that go with man as a social, historical being, and, of them all, language as an institution utterly human, utterly social, utterly historical affords the clearest illustrations of those principles which hold sway in this field of humanity pure and un-

defiled; and so it is that the speech-reformer in every guise from the Volapükist to the phonetic speller is typical in general outlook, method of thought, and plan of procedure for all the theorist-reformers who have ever hung in the basket of a *phrontisterion*. We hold no brief for Toryism, or against the reformers but to the end that that social-mindedness which we incline to stamp as historical-mindedness may be sufficiently set forth and characterized; we are constrained to point a contrast and isolate for use as a foil the extreme opposing type of mind and attitude of life. It is seldom that we find a man who is all one, or all the other. The concept theorist and doctrinaire is ordinarily obtained as an abstraction from many men's actions in many different fields, and yet single specimens have been found of almost typical purity. I imagine, for instance, that the somewhat ill-defined term "crank" represents a struggle of the language to label an article of humankind which has been absolutely sterilized from the taint of historical-mindedness. The name crank is, I believe, a title we reserve for other people than ourselves, and in the exercise of our *own* peculiar forms of crankhood we prefer to allude to what we call "our principles." It becomes therefore a somewhat dangerous task, to deal with the concept crank, lest we seem to be laying profane hand upon the sacred ark of principle, even though it be only to steady it along the rough way of human life.

I presume there is nothing of which we are more weakly proud, especially we men, than our logic. And yet it is our logic that too often makes fools of us. In fact, plain logic is usually too simple an apparatus for the need. The data for the construction of a perfect syllogism can only be obtained from an artificially prepared cross-section of life, — which never does it justice. To operate with plane geometry and neglect the third dimension on the axis of his-

toric order is to do offense unto the constitutive principle of human social life. To be human is to be social, to be social is to be historical, and human judgments, to be sound, must be historical judgments. Those judgments which, in life affairs, appear to be the soundest, and which betray that priceless thing termed in common parlance common sense, are based on a contingent reasoning that frankly confesses the incompleteness of its syllogisms. The leap across the gap in the syllogistic structure is akin to that the spark of wit and humor takes, and the direct intuitions in which women are believed to deal with such success are much the same, though the syllogistic structure is only sketched in dotted lines.

Pure reason and plain logic have been always much commended to us as a guide of life. They level the rough places and make the crooked paths straight. For the sorest problems they furnish the easiest solutions. Their prophets are such as have withdrawn from the world, and in the quiet of their bedchambers have thought out the formulas of life. The clearest visions that are vouchsafed to living men concerning the great problems of international finance are shown unto these men in the breezy freedom of the prairie, far from the stifling bustle of Wall Street and its confusion of established facts.

Inasmuch as life is not logical, these men generally find that most things in life are to be disapproved of, and incline to be pessimists. For the same reason they are unlikely to be coöperatively inclined, and criticise more than they create. As it is much easier, by reason of its shallow rationality, to formulate pessimistic discourse than optimistic, it follows that these people, and people who temporarily assume their rôle, are more in evidence in the public press and on the public platform than their relative numbers or importance would really justify.

It certainly would be an unwarranted

generalization if I should assume to find the source of all pessimism in this pseudo-logic of life, — much of it having of course a physical and indeed specifically hepatic source, — but it is well to mark the genetic relation between the two, for pessimism is as false to life as logic is. In human life, and in all things human, the inspiring, life-giving, creative forces are the inseparable three, — hope and confidence and sympathy. They are positive; they draw materials and men together, and scatter not asunder; they construct and not destroy. For human use it is evident that criticism was intended by Providence as a purgative, not as a food.

Our occupation with the phonetic-spelling reformer as type of the logical or pseudo-logical doctrinaire has for the time carried us away from the characterization of that historical order in human life with which this discourse on things human had its beginning, and which we had ventured to call the orthography of human society.

Every year of our swiftly unfolding national history brings to our view with startling emphasis some illustration of the great fact that our national life is composed out of social conditions intricately dovetailed and interlaced, which have their roots in a history too complex for the easy analysis of the political theorist. On every hand a warning comes for political sobriety and patience. It is now about a quarter of a century since an amendment to the Constitution extended the ballot to the negro of the South. The action was taken in deference to the evidently logical application of certain principles of human right believed to be well established. Those who aggressively favored the action were men of noblest purposes, of undoubted patriotism, and of positive moral enthusiasm. The case was to them so clear as to leave no room for hesitation or doubt. The logic of war had enforced the logic of reason. Time however has now done its clarifying

work, and behold, in spite of all the logics, the social facts that were there, lying in wait, have reasserted themselves. In the name of consistency a violence had been done. Despite all our aversion to the evasion of the written law, the people of the North, so far as one may infer from public expressions, have quietly, slowly withdrawn from the field of protest, leaving the historical facts to do their own sweet will and work, community by community, state by state. War and logic prevailed at the first, the historical facts prevail at the end.

We as a people are said to come of a practical-minded stock, and that practical-mindedness which made the English Constitution asserts itself continuously in our national life, as we show over and over again our capacity flexibly to adjust ourselves both as people and as government to the changing conditions which arise about us and reshape our duty and our opportunity. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court, tangled as they seemed at first report, resolve themselves into a plain significance as regards their main bent. The letter of the law written in view of distinctly different conditions and for radically different purposes and safeguards cannot restrain the people through their representatives in Parliament or Congress from devising means of procedure that shall satisfy existing needs. Whether we assume to live by written or unwritten Constitution, it will always be, with a people such as we by spirit and tradition are, the Constitution written in the people's life and work that holds the sway supreme. There must be after all some deep philosophy in Mr. Dooley's apprehension that whether the flag follows the Constitution or the Constitution the flag, the decisions of the Court follow the election returns.

Five years ago we were in the midst of a frenzy of popular logic on the currency question which has now so far

abated, leaving so few traces that it cannot be considered unsuited for mention under the far-famed shelter of the academic freedom. The supporters of the doctrine of the free coinage of silver were, I believe, in the main sincere. The doctrine was easier to understand and advocate than its opposite. Its simple, crystalline logic appealed particularly to large masses of people who are impatient of complicated historical instruction, but to whom, as to all of us humans, it is a high satisfaction to think they are thinking. The opposing doctrine labored under the embarrassment of being founded in the historical facts of established international usage, but in its good time the historical logic prevailed over its shallower counterpart, as it must needs always do.

It is always a prolific source of danger in a government such as ours that parties are tempted to set forth in platforms far-reaching policies which seek their grounding in smoothly stated a priori principles of right and government. These strokes of radicalism, like the French radicalism and its argument from the state of nature, serve to clear the air, though usually at high cost, and we should not like to see them utterly withheld from the people, and a politics of organizational and personal struggles utterly displace them. The safer and more veracious use of the party platform will be that which deals with questions within practical range and proposes policies in reference to existing actual conditions. It is not necessary to explore the ultimate problem of the origin of evil and original sin every time a hen-roost is robbed.

The manners and morals of any social community at any given time constitute a firm historical deposit, with sanctions and guarantees so strong that the hammer and acids of analyzing reason find it an ill-paid task to stir them. There are men who have thought it worth while to raise persistent protest against that gentle convention which

garbs us in the dress coat. It would be an easy matter doubtless to prove after reflection its unworthiness as protection for the lungs or thighs, and it might be difficult to defend it against a proposition to redispense its material by transfer from back to front, but the dress coat is there, and convenience uses it rather than serves it. This is far easier than to think out a new coat on eternal principles every year. In general the issue does not appeal to the interest of the great public, and no one is likely to find his political fortunes advanced by any manipulation thereof.

That institution of civilized society, the family, framed through the uniting of one man and one wife until death do them part, is an institution confirmed in the festings and pains and joys of centuries of human experience. It is anchored and framed and jointed into the very fabric of society, until society is unthinkable without it. In the presence of a social structure so established, and whose existence and purity are bound up with the very life of society, there is no place for the small queryings of the theorist. If he abides among us he will conform. Society cannot tolerate, and will not, that one family be dissolved and another "announced" at the instance of some personal convenience or some shallow logic of affinities.

There is a certain law and order which human society must insist upon as a prior condition to all discussion regarding forms and mechanism of government and distribution of rights and privileges. The first thing to do with a debating society is to call it to order. The first thing to teach a child is to do what it is told to do, and for the reason that it is told to. Other reasons await the more placid opportunity afforded by complete pacification. We have of late, in educational matters, been traversing a period of much experimenting and much unsettling of views and aims and methods. One may not therefore with

any confidence expect a general agreement upon any proposition, however elementary. It has seemed to me nevertheless that there ought to be agreement, even if there is not, concerning one thing, namely, that our aim in educating is to make the individual more effective as a member of human society, — I would indeed venture to make it read, "effective for good." If education addressed itself simply to the development of the individual as an unclothed immortal soul, the mundane state would scarcely be justified in its present interest. It is as a prospective member of society and a citizen that the pupil claims the interest of a school-supporting state. An education which now accepts this definition of its aim cannot admit itself to be in first line a branch or dependency of biology. Children are little animals surely enough, but it is for our practical purposes immeasurably more important that they are incipient social beings. That the biological theory of education has exercised in many a detail an injurious influence on the practice of the schools I believe has not escaped the attention of many of us. One leading result has been a groping vagueness that has possessed the minds of teachers and professors of teaching themselves, a vagueness which has arisen through cutting loose from the solid piers of the historical facts, close akin to that which we mark in the vagrant discipline which seeks to deal with society apart from history and decorates itself with the name of sociology.

The education that educates remains in spite of all the vivisections and post-mortems a *training*, — a training that adapts and fits the little barbarian to his civilized environment, an environment in part natural, to be sure, but preëminently social and historical, a training that makes him punctual, dutiful, obedient, conscientious, courteous, and observant, self-controlled, law-abiding, and moral, and gives him sobriety of judgment, and encourages health to abound,

health of body and mind, which is no more nor less than sanity.

In the attitude toward human life there abide the two contrasted types. One is the voice crying in the wilderness, the man clad in skins, ascetic, teetotaler, radical, reformer, agitator; and of him they say he hath a devil, he is a crank. His mission is to awake with a ringing "Repent" the dormant public mind and stir the public conscience, but in him is no safe uplifting and upbuilding power. His errand is fulfilled in a day, and after him there cometh one whose shoe latchet he is unworthy to loose, — the man among men,

the Man-Son, living the normal life of men, accepting the standing order, paying tribute unto Cæsar, touching elbows with men of the world, respecting the conventions of society, healing and helping men from the common standing-ground of human life.

The call which comes to the University from the need of the day is a call for trained men; not extraordinary specimens of men, but normal men; not eccentrics, but gentlemen; not stubborn Tories or furious radicals, but men of sobriety and good sense, men of good health and sanity, — men trained in the school of historical-mindedness.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

OLD TIMES AT THE LAW SCHOOL.

IN the middle of the line of pictures nanging between the delivery desks in the reading-room of the Harvard Law School is a striking group of three-quarter length figures that suggests a Copley, but is in reality the work of Feake, a young Newport Quaker of about a century ago. A stiff, red-coated gentleman stands at a table surrounded by admiring female relatives. He is Isaac Royall, Brigadier-General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, member of the Council, stanch upholder of King George. His magnificent old mansion in Medford is still standing, and of its owner it is comfortably recorded that "no gentleman of his time gave better dinners or drank costlier wines." But after the battle of Lexington, like a good Tory, he followed the British to Halifax, and thence to England, where he died.

By his will, executed in 1778, it appeared that he cherished no animosity against the rebellious subjects of his king; that on the contrary he had left a number of charitable and educational bequests for their benefit. Harvard

College did not fail to receive his due consideration. His attitude toward it, moreover, was of an oddly modern type. He was evidently a believer in the professional schools, or would have been had they existed. At least he did what he could to broaden the college into a university, for he left two thousand acres of his land in Granby and Royalston, "to be appropriated towards the endowing a Professor of Laws in said Colledge, or a Professor of Physick and Anatomy, which ever the said Overseers and Corporation shall judge to be best for the benefit of said Colledge." This gift was allowed to lie idle until 1815. Then the Corporation roused itself, selected the first alternative of the gift, and appointed Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, first Royall Professor of Law. This chair he held till 1827, but owing to his duties on the bench, was able to lecture only during the summer term of college. In the words of good Dr. Peabody, "The income of the Royall Professorship was barely sufficient to pay for a course of twelve or more lectures to each succes-

sive senior college class. Judge Parker's course comprised such facts and features of the common and statute law as a well-educated man ought to know, together with an analysis and exposition of the Constitution of the United States. His lectures were clear, strong, and impressive; were listened to with great satisfaction, and were full of materials of practical interest and value. He bore a reputation worthy of his place in the line of Massachusetts chief justices; and the students, I think, fully appreciated the privilege of having for one of their teachers a man who had no recognized superior at the bar or on the bench."

Now it is to Chief Justice Parker that we should look with especial veneration, as the following extracts, verbatim, from the College Records will show:—

"At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, May 14th. 1817. Present. 1 The President 2 Mr. Gore 3 Judge Davis (Treas.) 4 Mr. Lowell 5 Judge Phillips. . . .

"The Royall Professor of Law having represented to this Board, that in his opinion and in that of many friends of the University and of the improvement of our youth, the establishment of a School, for the instruction of Students at Law at Cambridge, under the Patronage of the University, will tend much to the better education of young men destined to that profession, and will increase the reputation and usefulness of this seminary; and the Corporation concurring in these views, it was voted as follows. —

"1. That some Counsellor, learned in the Law, be elected to be denominated UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF LAW; who shall reside in Cambridge, and open and keep a school for the Instruction of Graduates of this or any other University, and of such others, as, according to the rules of admission as Attorneys, may be admitted after five years study in the office of some Counsellor.

"2. That it shall be the duty of this

Officer with the advice of the Royall Professor of Law, to prescribe a course of study, to examine and confer with the Students upon the subjects of their studies, and to read lectures to them appropriate to the course of their studies, and their advancement in the science, and generally to act the part of a Tutor to them in such manner as will best improve their minds and assist their requisitions. . . .

"6. As an excitement to diligence and good conduct, a degree of Bachelor of Laws shall be instituted at the University, to be conferred on such Students as shall have remained at least eighteen months at the University School, and passed the residue of their noviciate in the office of some Counsellor of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, or who shall have remained three years, or if not graduates of any College, five years, in the School, providing the Professor having charge of the same shall continue to be a practitioner in the Supreme Judicial Court.

"7. The Students shall have the privilege of attending the lectures of the Royall Professor of Law free of expense, and shall have access to the other Lectures of the University usually allowed to be attended by Resident Graduates, without charge, or for such reasonable Compensation as the Corporation, with the assent of the Overseers, shall determine.

"Voted That the foregoing votes instituting a new department at the University be laid before the Overseers that they may approve the same if they see fit."

Note the timid pride of the last vote. "A new department at the University" had indeed been "instituted," with a considerable future before it. At the same meeting the Hon. Asahel Stearns was voted first University Professor, and a committee duly appointed to apprise him of the honor.

Stearns was a Harvard graduate, a former member of Congress, and en-

joyed the highest professional reputation. With Chief Justice Shaw he revised the Massachusetts Statutes, and his work on Real Actions was long the standard text on the subject. "He was warmly interested in the public charities of his day, exercised a generous hospitality, and was equally respected and beloved. He was a man of grave and serious aspect and demeanor, but by no means devoid of humor, and was a favorite in society. His wife was a lovely woman," says Dr. Peabody, "full of good works; and there was never a sick student in college whom she did not take under special charge."

Professor Stearns was much more than first University Professor of Law in the new school. He was the entire faculty. His office, in Harvard Square, was the school; and, as good Dr. Peabody sententiously remarks, "a building, a library, and an organized faculty were essential to make the School attractive." Some apologies for the first two were presently provided in a very old, low-studded building on the site of the present College House, where a so-called lecture-room and an equally dubious library were fitted up. But the number of law students rarely rose above eight or ten, and in 1829 had actually run down to one. At this stage Mr. Stearns naturally resigned. Parker had already done so, and the existence of the Law School was about to terminate of mere inanition when the author of Dane's Abridgment took it into his head to follow the example of his English forerunner, Viner, and endow a Professorship of Law with the profits of his book. His aim was to get some one who should teach the principles of jurisprudence systematically and scientifically. To that end he offered the college \$1000 for the foundation, stipulating that the first professor should be Joseph Story of the United States Supreme Court. Judge Story had already declined the Royall Professorship, and was far from willing to accept this new one; but as

its founder stoutly insisted on withdrawing the gift unless the chair was filled in accordance with his wishes, Story finally consented.

At the same time the Royall Professorship was filled by John H. Ashmun, and the real history of the Law School began. Story's fame was already world wide, and the public interest in the Supreme Court and its members was at a pitch never equaled before or since. The school broadened into national reputation. The library rapidly increased. The number of students in the very first year of the new era was no less than thirty, and rose by leaps and bounds to one hundred and fifty. In spite of the liberal expenditures for the library there was a handsome surplus of funds. In three years the need of better quarters became imperative, and again Mr. Dane came forward with a large contribution, and a temporary loan of more. In 1832 Sumner wrote: "Dane Law College (situated just north of Rev. Mr. Newell's church), a beautiful Grecian temple, with four Ionic pillars in front, — the most architectural and the best built edifice belonging to the college, — was dedicated to the law. Quincy delivered a most proper address of an hour, full of his strong sense and strong language. Webster, J. Q. Adams, Dr. Bowditch, Edward Everett, Jeremiah Mason, Judge Story, Ticknor, leaders in the eloquence, statesmanship, mathematics, scholarship, and law of our good land, were all present, — a glorious company."

Mr. Ashmun, whose mental powers had always been far in advance of his physical, died at the early age of thirty-two. He is perhaps the most brilliant figure in the whole history of the school. Though so young he had already "gathered about him all the honors, which are usually the harvest of the ripest life." At the bar, where he was admitted at an early age, "he stood in the very first rank of his profession, without any acknowledged superior." He filled the Royall Professorship with distinguished

ability. His advanced position as an educator, as well as the quality of his work, may be inferred from the fact that in the curriculum of those early days he included a course of lectures on Medical Jurisprudence of such value that they were published after his death. To quote further from Professor Story, "Although his learning was exceedingly various, as well as deep, he never assumed the air of authority. On the contrary, whenever a question occurred, which he was not ready to answer, he had no reserves, and no concealments. With the modesty, as well as the tranquil confidence, of a great mind, he would candidly say, 'I am not lawyer enough to answer that.' In truth, his very doubts, like the doubts of Lord Eldon, and the queries of Plowden, let you at once into the vast reach of his inquiries and attainments. There is not, and there cannot be, a higher tribute to his memory than this, that while his scrutiny was severely close, he was most cordially beloved by all his pupils. He lived with them upon terms of the most familiar intimacy; and he has sometimes with a delightful modesty and elegance said to me, 'I am but the eldest Boy upon the form.' Owing to ill health, he could not be said to have attained either grace of person or ease of action. His voice was feeble; his utterance, though clear, was labored; and his manner, though appropriate, was not inviting. . . . He felt another disadvantage from the infirmity of a slight deafness, with which he had been long afflicted. His professional success seems truly marvelous. It is as proud an example of genius subduing to its own purposes every obstacle, opposed to its career, and working out its own lofty destiny, as could well be presented to the notice of any ingenuous youth." In May, 1833, his long consuming illness took a suddenly fatal turn, and he expired peacefully in the night, the only person at his bedside being one of his devoted pupils, young Charles Sumner.

The Royall Professorship, thus sadly vacated, was accepted by Simon Greenleaf, Reporter of the Supreme Court of Maine. Then were the days of the giants. For twelve years those twin kings of American jurisprudence, Story and Greenleaf, held absolute dominion, and moulded a whole generation of lawyers. More than eleven hundred students sat under their instruction. Good textbooks were seriously needed, and both Story and Greenleaf addressed themselves to the task of producing them. Greenleaf published his famous Evidence, and a number of other works, but was quite eclipsed by the labors of his energetic colleague. For Mr. Dane's scheme of systematic teaching had included the stipulation that the occupant of his professorship should deliver and publish a series of lectures on the following five subjects: Federal Law, Federal Equity, Commercial and Maritime Law, the Law of Nations, and the Law of Nature. Story at once began on this list, but found it ramified so fast that at the time of his death he had become the author of no less than thirteen volumes of treatises, all of international authority. He seems to have been a writer by nature, one of those men to whom the sight of a quire of foolscap and the feel of a pen between the fingers are all that is necessary to crystallize thought into a form to be seen of all men. In court he was constantly writing poetry. Here is a sample, found in one of his notebooks, doubtless set down with a grave face and every appearance of interest in the case before him:—

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING AN ARGUMENT IN COURT.

SPARE me quotations, which tho' learned, are long,

On points remote at best, and rarely strong.
How sad to find our time consumed by speech
Feeble in logic, feebler still in reach,
Yet urged in words of high and bold pretense
As if the sound made up the lack of sense.
O could but lawyers know the great relief,

When reasoning comes, close, pointed, clean and brief,

When every sentence tells, and as it falls
With ponderous weight, renewed attention calls.

Grave and more grave each topic, and its force
Exhausted not till ends the destined course.

Sure is the victory if the cause be right,
If not, enough the glory of the fight.

When not writing, the judge was talking. He was one of the most tremendous talkers that long suffering Cambridge has ever heard. It is still remembered how, on his trips into Boston by the daily omnibus (fare twenty-five cents), he entertained friends and strangers alike by his unquenchable stream of pleasantries, anecdotes, and sage observations. His lectures at the school carried away his listeners with the pure enthusiasm of the speaker. His extraordinary memory, copious learning, and long practical experience, combined with his ready invention of illustration, and wonderful fluency of expression, often caused him to wander widely from the starting-topic, and sweep with amazing facility over far-distant regions of theory or practice, or even personal reminiscence. Alas that a veracious chronicler must set down that in those bygone times the young idea in process of being taught was no more scrupulous in evading that process than are the earnest disciples of the present. "It was easy," says a student of that day, "to draw the old judge from the point under consideration to a lengthy account of Chief Justice Marshall and his fellows . . . and this was apt to be done every day." Professor Ashmun apparently tried to restrain and even counteract this tendency of the judge, and there is a tale to the effect that Story once remarked somewhat testily, "Now Ashmun, don't you contradict what I say. I believe you would try to correct me if I told you that two and two make four." "Of course I should," retorted Ashmun instantly, "they make twenty-two."

Story's interest in the school was wonderful. It was his pet and pride.

He was continually devising new and delightful plans for its improvement. He doggedly refused any addition to his original salary of \$1000 a year, insisting instead that whatever more was offered him should be expended in increasing the Law Library, improving Dane Hall, or accumulating the fund which now forms the foundation for the Story Professorship. It is estimated that his gifts to the school, in this way alone, amounted to \$32,000. His lectures were periodically interrupted by attendance on the court at Washington, but he always returned at the earliest moment, and with the greatest enthusiasm. After each absence he would enter the library and hold a regular reception, shaking hands with each student, and making affectionate inquiries after his success. His personal interest in every pupil was as extraordinary as it was unflagging, and created the most intimate and confidential relationships. The following incident is told by the author of *Two Years before the Mast*, and well illustrates the general tone of the school and the kindly nature of the Dane Professor:

"Soon after I had left the School and was admitted to the bar, I had occasion to argue a motion for an injunction before him in chambers, *ex parte*. The case involved some points of general interest in equity practice and principles, as it related to the deceptive use of trademarks, but the granting of the injunction was matter of little doubt. The judge appointed the library of the Law School as the place for hearing the motion, gave notice to the students, and had them nearly all present. This was partly as an exercise for the school, but in a great degree — as I know from the direction which he gave the hearing, requiring me to develop the principles and facts, and from his previous introduction of the case to the school — to afford me an opportunity of appearing to advantage before so good an audience, some of whom had been my fellow students."

G. W. Huston, L. S. 1843, gives another glimpse of Story in the lecture-room: "In the winter of '42, Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, accompanied by Lord Morpeth, were at Cambridge a length of time settling the Maine boundary question. These three men were in the habit of attending Judge Story's lectures, — access to the library being what brought them to Cambridge. After an exhaustive consideration of some point, when Judge Story had told what Lord Mansfield thought about it, and Chief Justice Marshall's opinion, and when Lord Morpeth had listened with his lips open and his heavy eyelids closed in a negative attitude, for he had inherited gout of many generations, Story would suddenly turn to the old Lord sitting on a bench with the students, and inquire, 'And what is your opinion, my lord?' Morpeth would suddenly change his whole countenance, gather up his lips and his eyebrows, his eyes sparkling, and would deliver an exceedingly interesting opinion on the point under consideration."

Two portraits of Story hang in the school, both noticeable for the moon-like red face and its aspect of extraordinary benevolence. Huston says: —

"Story was a low, heavy-set man, — very fair skin, blue eyes, with but little hair on his head, being very bald save a little tuft on the top of his forehead, which he often combed during lectures with a fine comb carried in his vest pocket. He was easy of access and beloved by the young men. . . . He kept up constant letter-writing to and with many of the great men of Europe. Professor Greenleaf was taller, black hair in profusion, and keen black eyes. I have heard him say, I believe, he was forty years old before he began studying law in Maine where he was raised. He was not popular with the boys, being sometimes sarcastic. His mind was acute and his reasoning hair-splitting."

Greenleaf, indeed, was in many respects the exact opposite of his col-

league. In the words of Professor Parsons: "Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf worked together harmoniously and successfully, and perhaps the more harmoniously because they were so entirely different. With much in common, for both were able, learned, and of the most devoted industry, there were other traits that belonged to one or the other of them exclusively. Greenleaf was singularly calm, finding strength in his very stillness; always cautious, and therefore always exact. Story was as vivid and impulsive as man could be. His words flowed like a flood; but it was because his emotions and his thoughts demanded a flood as their exponent. . . . Story's manner was most peculiar; everybody listened when he spoke, for he carried one away with the irresistible attraction of his own swift motion. And Greenleaf, somewhat slow and measured in his enunciation, by the charm of his silver voice, the singular felicity of his expressions, and the smooth flow of his untroubled stream of thought, caught and held the attention of every listener as few men can."

Charles Sumner, who served as assistant instructor for a time before his trip to England, makes the following interesting comparison in a letter from London written to Judge Story in 1838:

"You know Lord Denman intellectually better than I; but you do not know his person, his voice, his manner, his tone, — all, every inch, the judge. He sits the admired impersonation of the law. He is tall and well-made, with a justice-like countenance: his voice and the gravity of his manner, and the generous feeling with which he castigates everything departing from the strictest line of right conduct, remind me of Greenleaf more than of any other man I have ever known."

Again, in 1844: "Greenleaf takes the deepest interest in the unfortunate church controversy, uniting to his great judicial attainments the learning of a divine."

There was indeed a strong Puritanical cast about the author of the Treatise on Evidence. This is observable in his portrait in the reading-room. He used to annotate a portion of the Bible every day; and he published an attempt to apply the rules of evidence to the writings of the Evangelists, which proved more of a curiosity than a success. In one of his letters he describes himself as cultivating cheerfulness as a religious duty. What few specimens of his wit remain, however, lean toward the ponderous, and would tend to prove that his cultivation was carried on upon a somewhat barren soil. In his sitting-room he would write or study for hours, surrounded by his family and their friends, conversation, games, music, and the thousand distractions of a household that was distinctly a "going concern," yet absolutely serene and undisturbed, so great were his powers of concentration.

Thus under these two great masters, occasionally assisted by lesser lights, the school grew and prospered exceedingly, till the increase of students and library demanded an addition to Dane Hall. Accordingly the long transverse portion of the present fabric was built, and opened in 1845 with brilliant ceremonies. Judge Story, in presiding at this occasion, was unconsciously performing one of his last good offices for the school. His health had been worn away by his triple exertions as teacher, author, and judge. For thirty-three years he had missed but one term of court at Washington, yet when he realized he must give up some of his work he preferred to keep that at Cambridge, and was just arranging his resignation from the bench when he was stricken with his last sickness. For over two years Professor Greenleaf, having been promoted to the Dane Professorship, performed almost all the work of the school, when he, too, felt his health giving way, and resigned his chair. The Dane Professorship was then accepted by Theophilus Parsons, of Brookline. He was at that

time in a large Boston practice, especially in Admiralty and Marine Insurance, his favorite subjects, daily leaving his house so early and returning so late that he had hardly any home or family life at all; and he used to tell how his young son one day inquired, "Mother, who is that nice gentleman that sometimes spends Sundays here, and seems so fond of me?"

The Royall Professorship, left vacant by Greenleaf's promotion, had meantime been held for a year by the son of Chancellor Kent, and was then filled by Joel Parker, Chief Justice of New Hampshire. Under him and Parsons the main work of the school went on for nearly a decade. The University Professorship was revived for a year, with F. H. Allen as incumbent, but he resigned in 1850. Other well-known names are associated with this period as instructors or assistants, among them R. H. Dana, Sr., George Ticknor Curtis, and the author of Cushing's Manual. The eminent Wheaton, appointed to lecture on the Law of Nations, died immediately afterwards, and Edward Everett, appointed some years later, never took the chair.

Again, as in the previous era, the two principal figures claim our attention. Each curiously resembled the former occupant of his chair. Parsons was a fascinating lecturer, a most genial and social man. I am indebted to Professor Langdell for the following characteristic reminiscence of him: "It was the custom in the old days, on the first day of each term, for the students to assemble in the library for the purpose of meeting the professors, and listening to an address from one of them. . . . On one occasion, when Professor Parsons delivered the address, he explained to the new students that . . . they had to study English decisions very diligently. 'Do you ask me,' said he, 'if we have not achieved our independence, if we are still governed by England? No, gentlemen, we have not achieved our

independence. England governs us still, not by reason of force but by force of reason." Parsons was really more of a *littérateur* than a lawyer. He openly expressed his dislike of, and inability for, the more technical parts of the law, such as Pleading and Property. He had a certain poetic dreaminess of temperament that, while apparently not interfering with his professional success, did seriously affect his financial affairs, which constantly suffered from his credulity and over-sanguine expectations. An indefatigable writer of textbooks, he possessed that unusual legal accomplishment, — a charming literary style. He clothed his propositions in such a pleasing form that, like sugar-coated pills of legal lore, they were swallowed and assimilated with the minimum of effort and the maximum of enjoyment. His works were even more popular than Story's. It is said that his *Contracts* achieved the largest sale of any law book ever published. Seven other treatises stand to his credit, on one of which alone he is reported to have netted a profit of \$40,000. His lectures, for clearness, scope, and literary excellence, have often been compared to those of Blackstone. He delighted in laying down broad views of the subject, sometimes carrying his generalizing to an extreme.

Chief Justice Parker, on the other hand, though deeply respected for his thoroughness, was precise, minute, and involved to the point of obscurity. If a single step of his logic was lost by the listener, farewell to all hope of following to the conclusion. His law on any given question was sound, absolutely and exasperatingly sound; but he could no more give a comprehensive view of a whole topic than an oyster, busy in perfecting its single pearl, can range over the ocean floor. In private life, however, the Chief Justice was always interesting and often witty. It is worth while to quote his account of his tribulations after having been prevailed upon

to leave the New Hampshire court and accept the chair of Royall Professor at Cambridge: "I had no experience, nor even knowledge of the details of the service to be performed, as the President well understood; and on taking my seat, at the March term, 1848, having had no leisure for any preparation whatever, I encountered difficulties which seemed formidable, and were certainly embarrassing. I found that, . . . to my dismay, Shipping and Admiralty was upon my list for that term. My residence in the interior of a state which had had but one port, the business of which was nearly all transacted in Boston, had given me no occasion to become acquainted with that branch of the law, and I tried in vain to escape by an exchange. Professor Greenleaf's answer, that he was then in the middle of his topics for the course, showed that he could not comply with my request. So, frankly stating the difficulty, I told the students I would study the textbook with them. . . . In June, Professor Greenleaf's health failed, and he left the School . . . thus wholly on my hands for the remainder of the term, with an experience of something more than three months to direct me.

"Upon a new division of topics in the course of the vacation, with Professor Parsons, who succeeded Professor Greenleaf, I was desirous of retaining Shipping on my list, in the hope that my studies on that subject, during the last term, might avail me somewhat in another course of lectures; but the answer that his practice had been in Boston, and that branch of the law a specialty, could not but be admitted as a conclusive reason why I should give it up; as I did also the other textbook which had served as the basis for my other course of lectures; so that I entered upon my second term with the necessity of entire new preparation so far as lectures were concerned."

In appearance and character Parker was a type of the best of the New Eng-

land country gentlemen of his day. He was of so dignified and commanding a figure that a stranger, even passing him on the street, instinctively felt the presence of a great man. His portrait in the Law School, like those of Parsons and Washburn, is vouched for by men who sat under him as an excellent likeness. He was of high breeding, constant hospitality, strong religious convictions, and sometimes confessed in private to a passionate love for the British poets. He was a man of inflexible integrity, and a blunt, outspoken sincerity rivaling that of President Lord, of Dartmouth College fame, to whom it is said he once exclaimed, in the heat of an argument, "Sir, this modern education is all a humbug," and who instantly replied, with great heartiness, "Judge Parker, I know it is."

If Parsons was *suaviter in modo*, Parker was *fortiter in re*. Polemics were his delight. A good stand-up fight was meat and drink to him, and he entered it with a genuine "neck or nothing," "never say die" relish. For spicy reading, and at the same time for an excellent history of the Law School, there are few articles better than a pamphlet he published in reply to some criticisms on the school, which appeared in one of the law reviews of the time. His intense conservatism, which brought him into unpopularity during the Civil War, is seen in the following anecdote by Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina: "About the beginning of the war, Judge Parker was lecturing on the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, expressing himself very strongly against it. One of the students interrupted him by stating (what he thought to be) a very strong case of treasonable acts against the government, and asked him if he would not suspend the writ of habeas corpus in such a case. 'No, sir,' said the judge, 'I would not suspend the writ of habeas corpus, but I would suspend the corpus.'"

In 1855 the University Professorship

was again revived by the exertions of Parsons, who carried the appointment of Emory Washburn, of Worcester, at that time just quitting the governorship of Massachusetts. This chair he held till 1876, although its name was changed to the Bussey Professorship, in consequence of large additions to its foundation by Benjamin Bussey, of Roxbury. Washburn had been a student at the school in the old "one-man corporation" days of Asahel Stearns, and had built up an enviable practice in the heart of the Commonwealth. His success, single-mindedness, and high integrity had won for him a notable degree of public confidence. He was promoted from the bar to the bench. He was elected successively to both branches of the legislature. He was actually nominated for the governorship, the last successful candidate of the old Whig party, during an absence in Europe, and — incredible as it sounds to-day — without his own knowledge.

His interests were broad and varied. He was foremost in prison reform and in the direction of various benevolent institutions. He was an enthusiastic antiquarian, especially in New England town history. He was a copious writer for the press, and was in constant demand as a speaker. His public spirit was unflagging and direct. Governor Bullock tells of seeing him, during war-time, marching as a private in the "home guard" at a military funeral. When Bullock expressed his surprise at the humble part taken by a former chief executive, Washburn, at that time considerably over sixty years old, replied quite simply, "Oh yes, I have done this often, sometimes at night. I like to help along when I can."

Washburn had an enormous capacity for work. He seemed to have mastered the art of living without sleep. From an early morning hour till far into the night he was to be found at the school in his "private" office. Never was there a more delicious misnomer,

for he was deluged with an unending stream of callers, friends, strangers, students, politicians, and clients. Despite them all, however, and the demands of his teaching and practice, he managed to produce a number of professional works of the highest excellence, notably those on Easements and on Real Property, which, in constantly appearing new editions, continue to be the standards of to-day.

As a lecturer he was delightful. Mr. Justice Brown, who sat under his instruction, characterizes him as "a strikingly handsome man, an intellectual man, whose eloquence made even the law of contingent remainders interesting, and the statute of uses and trusts to read like a novel." So great was his popularity that it was not uncommon for undergraduates and members of other departments to stroll over to the law lectures "just to hear Washburn awhile." His prodigious power of throwing himself body and soul into the case before him, be it that of actual client or academic problem, joined to his long experience and public prominence, gave assured weight to his words; while his wonderfully winning personality, his genial spirit and his well-remembered hearty laugh gained him the love and esteem of every listener.

Indeed, Professor Washburn will go down in the history of the school, above all his professional excellences, as pre-eminent for his humanity. Mr. Brandeis, in his sketch of the school, epitomizes him as the most beloved instructor in its annals. Every student seemed the especial object of his solicitous interest. He not only acted as director, confessor, and inspirer of his pupils during their stay in Cambridge, but somehow found time to correspond with them, often for years, after they had scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. The spirit of the man speaks in every line of the following extract from his final address to the students. He is talking of the

young LL. B.'s icy plunge into the actual work of the profession:—

"In the first place, he finds himself, upon entering it, alone. Friends may cheer him and encourage him at starting by their good wishes, but they cannot divide with him the feeling of responsibility which weighs upon him, or the sense of mortification at defeat, if he fails. On the other hand, he soon finds that the field is an open and a fair one, and that nothing stands between him and success but his own want of preparation for the struggle. Birth and family can neither help nor hinder him in the manly contests in which he is to engage. What a client looks for in a lawyer is, not the pedigree of his ancestors, but fidelity in himself, an ability and a knowing what to do and how to do it, and without these he will not trust his own son with his cause. In the next place, there is that dreadful waiting for business, through which almost every one has to pass, before he can feel sure that he is ever to get a foothold in the profession. Every client seems to be forestalled, and every spot of ground to be crowded as he looks around him, and listens in vain for a welcome knock at his office door. It was wittily said by Mr. Ashmun, formerly a professor in this school, that a young lawyer's prospects were like a contingent remainder which requires a particular estate to support it. But let him not lose heart, death, discouragement, temptation to office, and now and then the allurements of a rich man's daughter are constantly thinning the ranks of the profession, and, before he is aware of it, he finds new aspirants waiting for his place, and enjoying the progress he has made. The changes which are wrought in this way in the body of the profession are wonderfully rapid. It has been estimated that it is [? they are], upon an average, entire every fifteen years. And if, while thus waiting, the young lawyer will fill up his involuntary leisure

with well-directed study, he may confidently look for the reward which he will be sure to reap in the growing confidence and respect of those around him."

But enough of the instructors of those days. What of the students themselves, the embryonic LL. B.'s who filled the corridors of Dane Hall and assisted in holding down its benches? Then as now a large proportion of every class graduating from the college flocked somewhat blindly to the Law School. But most members of the school were not collegians. The national reputation it early attained drew recruits, some entirely raw, some with a little office training, from even the most remote parts of the country. Aspirants from the middle West elbowed ambitious lads from far-away California, and up to the Civil War the catalogues were full of fine old family names from the South. Requirements for admission there were none; for a degree the sole stipulation was enrollment as a member of the school for eighteen months. Happy days of lightly won degrees! In the college itself the M. A. was merely a premium awarded to any one who survived his A. B. for five years. Many graduates refused to take it on account of its utter worthlessness, and B. R. Curtis, of '32, described by a contemporary as "by far the first man of his class, with the *highest* legal prospects before him," stirred up a regular revolution on the subject.

Short as was the school course in those days, even shorter periods of residence were common; there was a regular arrangement by which a man on payment of twenty-five dollars could enroll in the school for half of one term. As may be easily imagined, such a brief exposure to the classic Cambridge influences produced little effect on the more erratic spirits of the school; and the quaint legend of the manner in which a poor but ingenious candidate from "down East" managed to save all expense for light, while preparing himself for college, by

studying in a lighthouse is not more incredible than that of the newly fledged LL. B. who was discovered setting out for legal conquests in the far West equipped solely with an axe and a demi-john of ink.

Once fairly started on the legal path, the student of those days found the life by no means hard. His textbooks were lent to him by the school, the library having a vast stock of duplicates of the standard treatises. These he studied, or not, as he felt inclined. One of the instructors of that golden age admits in his memoirs that though "a list of books was made up, for a course of study and reading, which was enlarged from time to time, it cannot be strictly said that this course was prescribed, for nothing was exacted." Lectures began at eleven and ended at one. Usually the same professor occupied the chair for both hours, changing his subject at noon. Saturday was then *dies non*. Of the lectures themselves there were but two notable differences from those of to-day, — a charming tendency, especially in the reign of Story, to wander from the subject in hand into fields of reminiscence and general theory as pleasant and almost as instructive, and the fact that a textbook formed the basis of the work. But this was often lost sight of and overlaid with a colloquial expanding of general rules, putting questions on parallel cases, hypothetical or actual, queries from the students, and expressions of opinion, which must have been surprisingly like a lecture of to-day. Thus Professor Parker gives a lively account of his first experience as lecturer: —

"I was to deliver a *lecture* upon a certain topic, but there was a textbook which furnished the foundation. . . . It was not expedient for me to state the propositions in the words of the text. The students were acquainted with them already. It would be of little advantage to vary the phraseology. If the textbook was a good one, how was I to deliver a lecture without a 'departure,' by

which lawyers well know is, in pleading, obnoxious to a special demurrer? I availed myself largely of my privilege, however, and having made an earnest request to the students to ask me any questions on their part, they availed themselves of their privilege. The School was at that time a very strong one, and so we had for some time a lively interchange of interrogatories. It was not difficult to perceive that the students were disposed to try the new Professor, and I enjoyed it, for, having been fifteen years upon the Bench, I felt much more at home in answering questions than I did in delivering Law lectures, properly so called."

The conversational method, indeed, seems to have been coeval with the very beginnings of legal instruction in this country. It was used in Reeve's private Law School, begun in 1795, at Litchfield, Conn., and lasting till 1833. This school attained a very high standard of excellence, and over one thousand pupils attended it. Much the same method was also used in Judge Howe's short-lived school at Northampton, Mass., begun in 1823, and of very high character, but collapsing when its ablest lecturer, Ashmun, on whom the instruction devolved almost entirely, accepted the Royall Professorship at Cambridge in 1829. His lectures are remembered for their clear grasp of the subject and the care with which he frequently put his classes through exact and searching oral examinations.

Despite such individual points of excellence, the general scheme of instruction at the Law School was for many years in amazing confusion. The courses were designed to cover two years' work; but, apparently on the principle that the law has neither beginning nor ending, only half of them were given in any one year, so that it was entirely luck whether on entering the school you found yourself at the beginning of the course or plunged into the middle of it.

A considerable offset to this disjointed

state of theory was the attention paid to practice in the moot courts. These, if not invented, were certainly brought into great prominence by Judge Story. One was held at least every week, and in the height of the system on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons. One of the professors presided, and all the students were expected to attend and take notes; though this operation usually consisted in copying down verbatim both the briefs, which, in those days of expensive printing, the counsel slowly read aloud from manuscript. The cases were always on agreed facts, often drawn from the actual experience of the presiding justice. Twice a year there were regular trials before a jury drawn from the undergraduates, or sometimes, with a delicate humor, from the divinity students. These affairs were made the occasion for a sort of solemn festival, and the court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many a great name in the history of the bench and the bar won its first recognition in these mimic combats. In point of fact, noisy applause and uproarious expressions of approval rather spoiled the sought-for dignified effect of a real court, and were sometimes excessive.

The law clubs, too, were an important element in the work of the school. They were named for great legal writers, — the Fleta, the Marshall, etc. The Coke Club was of immemorial antiquity, and usually contained the most brilliant members of the school. The average number of students in a club was from fifteen to twenty. They met in some of the smaller rooms in Dane Hall. On any case there was but one counsel for each side and one judge. The cases were usually those which had been announced for approaching moot courts; so interest and attendance on the latter were always kept at a high level.

Besides these there was a Parliament or debating society, which met once a week. Political interest, especially just

before the war, ran very high; and the Southern students, ever craving for social and political leadership, particularly delighted in public speaking and argument. With the outbreak of hostilities this large element in the classes disappeared, never to return, and the attendance fell, at its minimum in 1862, to sixty-nine students. After the war it rose again to a maximum slightly above the former, augmented by a very different class, — older men, dislodged from their expected vocations by the general upheaval, and turning to law as a possible means of improving their condition.

Before leaving this side of the subject, something should be said of Dane Hall itself, the legal crucible where so much bright gold has been refined and "uttered." The stately colonnade of the front was replaced by the present ugly vestibule when the building was moved a few feet in 1871. The old or forward portion of the building was divided on both floors into small rooms, each lighted by one of the huge windows still in position. Three of the rooms on the ground floor were appropriated to the trio of professors, and used much more constantly than their types in Austin Hall. The fourth was the library office. One of the second story front rooms was occupied as an abode by the student to whom the duties of librarian were from time to time entrusted. Another room was set aside for the meetings of the law-club courts, another for a general sitting-room and study, and the remaining one for a reading-room. In the transverse addition at the rear of the original building were the library on the first floor and the lecture-room on the second. I believe the old mahogany desk now in the East Lecture-Room of Austin Hall was that used in the original lecture-room.

In the library, half the space was taken up with bookshelves, the rest with tables and settees. In various corners and alcoves were some half-dozen

high desks with stools, which were rented by the janitor at five dollars a term to the few men who knew enough and cared enough to use the library in a continuous and systematic way. Outside this handful of enthusiasts there was but little work done in the library. The textbooks were read by each man in his own rooms, and there was not much examination of the treatises or reports. Besides, there was difficulty in finding anything among the shelves. If you wanted a book you hunted for it yourself till you found it or got tired. But the greatest obstacle to work in the library was its use by the moot courts on several afternoons of each week, and even by real courts; for Judge Story, conceiving it would be an inspiration to members of the bar to be surrounded with the works of their great forerunners, and an equal inspiration to the students to get a glimpse of actual court work, inaugurated the practice of bodily transporting the then pliable forum in "jury-waived" cases from Boston to Cambridge, and planting it, *totam curiam*, in the Law School library, as already illustrated by Mr. Dana's description of an argument there. The library must have been indeed a decidedly uncomfortable work-room. The greatest indecorum of our modern reading-room is to work in shirt-sleeves, but the simplicity of those days thought nothing of the almost universal "chaw" of tobacco, and what is worse, if I may be pardoned a legal phrase, provided no receivers for the ensuing liquidation.

Cleaning anything was apparently the last idea of the janitor. This functionary, for a generation or more, was an original genius named Sweetman. Born and bred for a parish priest in Ireland, he had come to this country and fallen upon evil days, being glad to get a job at street digging. President Quincy, passing one day, was amazed at a red head emerging from a trench and quoting, in excellent Latin, the lines from the *Bucolics* concerning the pleasures of the

husbandman. He took the orator into his own service, but finding him perhaps too much of a handful, turned him over to the Law School. Here he became an autocrat. His professional duties, as popularly understood, he limited to opening the doors in the morning and locking them at night. He was deeply aggrieved if asked even to replace library books left on the tables, and seizing on the maxim so frequently used in Torts, modified it to suit his own purposes thus: "Sic utere libris ut me non lædas." But he invented other and higher duties. He attended all the lectures, and subsequently gave the speaker the benefit of his criticism, on both delivery and doctrine. He exercised a general supervision over all matters connected with the school, and in his later years became a terror to every one in or near it. But he was at last displaced by the wave of reform that swept over the school about 1870. The keynote of this great series of changes may be given in the words of President Eliot: —

"Formerly it was not the custom for the President of Harvard College to have anything to do with the professional schools. I remember the first time I went into Dane Hall after I was elected President. It was in the autumn of 1869, a few weeks after the term began. I knocked at a door which many of us remember, the first door on the right after going through the outside door of the Hall, and, entering, received the usual salutation of the ever genial Governor Washburn, 'Oh, how are you? Take a chair,' — this without looking at

me at all. When he saw who it was, he held up both his hands with his favorite gesture, and said, 'I declare, I never before saw a President of Harvard College in this building!' Then and there I took a lesson under one of the kindest and most sympathetic of teachers."

Well might the old professor raise his hands to heaven, for stranger things yet were to happen. It is said that he almost fainted when the first blue-books made their unwelcome appearance, and he realized that regular written examinations, with all the labor they imply, were to be required for a degree. The old eighteen-months term of residence became two years. Changes of this sort paved the way for the next great change. The old staff of instructors, oppressed with new burdens and trammelled by unaccustomed supervision, felt that their places should be taken by younger men, more conversant with modern conditions. Within a few years of each other they all quietly and gracefully resigned, and a new and enlarged corps of teachers took up their work. Of these incumbents, *quorum magna pars supersunt*, of the epoch-making publication of Cases on Contracts, of the phoenix-like reincarnation of old Nathan Dane's idea, "the systematic and scientific study of the Law," of the building of Austin Hall, and of the increase of the term to three years, I do not propose to speak. I have merely endeavored to rescue some old stories from oblivion, and to collect and present, however imperfectly, a few memories of the Old Times at the Law School.

Samuel F. Batchelder.

“THE ONLY GOOD INDIAN IS A DEAD INDIAN.”

So there he lies, redeemed at last!
 His knees drawn tense, just as he fell
 And shrieked out his soul in a battle-yell;
 One hand with the rifle still clutched fast;
 One stretched straight out, the fingers clenched
 In the knotted roots of the sun-bleached grass;
 His head flung back on the tangled mass
 Of raven mane, with war-plume wrenched
 Awry and torn; the painted face
 Still foewards turned, the white teeth bare
 'Twixt the livid lips, the wide-eyed glare,
 The bronze cheek gaped by battle-trace
 In dying rage rent fresh apart: —
 A strange expression for one all good! —
 On his naked breast a splotch of blood
 Where the lead Evangel cleft his heart.

So there he lies, at last made whole,
 Regenerate! Christ rest his soul!

Hartley Alexander.

A QUARTER CENTURY OF STRIKES.

[The first of three articles dealing with the history and character of American Labor Organizations, prepared at the request of the Atlantic Monthly by Mr. Ambrose P. Winston.

THE EDITORS.]

THE fact has commonly escaped notice that about twenty-five years ago the economic development of the United States (to-day so often proclaimed) had already and suddenly attained a certain approximate maturity. A strange variety of events, in swift concurrence, gave evidence of revolutionary changes. The patient industry of generations, exerting itself in infinite repetition, had been so abundantly rewarded, that the national wealth seemed now to overflow old uses for enjoyment and capital to burst the limitations of old industrial methods. The swelling volume found an outlet in landownership, until about 1884 the last of the fertile government land passed to private holders. It over-

flowed into education, and made possible that rapid growth of independent American scholarship which had its well-marked beginning about 1876 in universities newly enlarged or newly founded. Capital now gathered in lakes where before it flowed in rivulets, and with increasing swiftness the small shop and wayside mill were replaced by great apparatus of machinery and buildings. This redundancy manifested itself also in a sudden growth of outdoor sports and other employments of leisure. By the early seventies the system of railways, extending with the extension of industry, had thoroughly united the Atlantic coast and the central valley, and competition for this developing trade

had provoked the first great railway wars and the first pooling arrangements. At the same time the first trusts made their appearance.

With all these things, and not by chance, but by necessity, came the new militant organization of labor. In 1877 a multitude of strikes broke forth simultaneously from the Atlantic to the Missouri and beyond it, fierce and widespread beyond precedent, like the upheaval in England two decades earlier, of which Henry Fawcett, the blind economist, with prophetic vision had declared that convulsions so violent must signify the approach of deep industrial changes, — "arrangements different from those existing at the present time." The railways were chiefly affected, but the railways touched all industries, and the railway workmen, constantly in motion and peculiarly inflammable, carried the spark from the miners of the East to the shop-workers of the West, enveloping in one conflagration all that part of the continent which was industrially most developed. Henceforth industrial conflicts ceased to be matters of local concern. In the strikes of 1877, labor organizations played little part. Though this outburst extended so widely, yet no common organization or deliberate concert brought it about. There was concerted action only of a disorderly sort, as when employees of the Missouri Pacific Railway at St. Louis were driven from work by strikers, or when a few men in the iron works at Scranton blew a whistle, rushed out shouting, "We have struck," and the other men, at the mere suggestion, left their work. There were at that time but few trade unions of importance. Their membership in the United States was not more than one fifth the number of trade unionists to-day in the state of New York alone. Nevertheless, in a certain sense the organization of labor was already actual. There was at least a mental readiness for united action, and in the strike its

effects appeared for a moment, still fluid but ready to congeal into permanence.

The growth of trade unions came partly no doubt from the growing self-assertiveness of a population well fed and self-respecting through generations, and anxious to share in the growing national income, but a powerful impulse to organization came also from the industrial conditions increasingly characteristic of the present age, with its new methods of production, its developed transportation, and its concentration of capital. The earlier system of industry had been relatively stable, the new is as changeable and as threatening to frail craft as the shifting surface of the half-frozen polar sea. Not only by migration, which brings new rivals to the laborer, and the introduction of machinery with its rivalry yet more to be dreaded, but also by the steady grinding force of competition, bearing first upon employers and through them upon workmen, has the new industrial system subjected the wage-earners to a pressure which threatens them with destruction, and to which they have responded by massing their units as living tissue protects itself by hardening under friction. It is commonplace that for an indefinite time the competition of rival producers has been growing more severe, and that this tendency has recently been accelerated to an astonishing degree. The widening of markets by improvements in transportation and perhaps a growing acuteness and energy among men of affairs have intensified the fierceness of competition, but it has been intensified most of all by the peculiar characteristics of the great industry. Capital employed in large masses for the supply of a wide market exhibits a certain brutal aggressiveness whatever may be the wishes of the individual capitalist. The master of a small shop in the earlier age could produce only within the limits prescribed by his own labor and capital and his narrow market. At these limits he could easily stop pro-

ducing. But the great industry of today looks to a market practically unlimited, toward which it is not only tempted with a peculiar allurements, but goaded by a peculiar necessity. It is tempted to produce in excessive abundance because production on a vast scale is cheaper, but even when there is loss in continuing, it is helplessly impelled to continue. Certain expenses (for guarding property, for taxes and insurance) persist even if work stops, and, if earlier managers have over-estimated the chances of gain, there may be interest to pay or dividends guaranteed. These must be met and something earned to meet them. The policy of the enterprise is determined not by the capitalist but by capital. The monster runs away with its master. It is afflicted with an obligation to press on as irresistible as the curse of the Wandering Jew. The only hope lies in defeating rivals and possessing the market with the weapon of low prices attained by every effort and every economy.

No method of lowering prices is more obvious than that of depressing wages. In times of crisis, the impulse to reduce wages is fearfully strong, but at all times, in any establishment which feels at all strongly the force of competition, the downward tendency compelling a reduction of wages or forbidding an increase is always likely to assert itself. One group of producers, by a lowering of wages which permits lower prices, may compel its competitors also to force down the wages of their laborers.

The uncontrollability of capital, with the resulting excess of competition, has been the most striking fact of industrial history in the past thirty years. It is said that vigorous sugar-refining companies, for years before the formation of the trust, sold usually at a loss, and that before the steel-makers protected themselves by combination, the influence of competition upon prices in the steel industry had threatened to become almost equally disastrous (one company

preparing to increase its output by some tens of millions within a few months, for the purpose of supplanting its competitors in a market already for the most part supplied). In the manufacture of linseed oil, the competition of capital invested to excess forced men ordinarily honest to adulterate their product as the only hope of solvency. In 1876 the railways extending westward from the Atlantic seaboard had multiplied until their capacity far exceeded the traffic to be divided among them. The ambitions or the desperate necessities of the competitors drove them into a struggle which reduced freight charges by three fourths, until receipts from a shipment were at times less than the specific cost of its transportation. Here, again, a partly effective remedy was found in an agreement as to rates. In the coal-mining industry the product increased almost fourfold in twenty years, with the same result in excessive supply and prices unduly lowered.

For the restraint of competition in excess, the trust (or pool) and the trade union are the two coordinate and indispensable agencies. As to the trust, this fact is admitted by a large number of observers, but it has not so frequently been recognized that the trade union is equally indispensable to shield the wage-earner against the same pressure. In countless instances the reduction of prices has been effected by lowering wages. Thus, while the average price of bituminous coal fell off by more than one fourth from 1893 to 1897, wages in some districts declined one third, leaving less than four dollars per week as the average weekly wages of Pennsylvania miners who struck in 1897. Mine owners complained in 1899 that both wages and profits were lower in 1899 than they had been ten years before. The railway strike of 1877 followed a sweeping reduction of wages necessitated by the railway war. The Pullman strike of 1894 resulted from low wages, which were in turn ascribed

to low prices accepted by competing car-builders. The aggregate force of the tendency to depress wages seems stupendous, and the laborer seems helpless under it. When great manufacturing or mining companies, for example, are engaged in a competitive fight to the death, employing every resource of ingenuity and every conceivable economy to outdo one another in the market, what economy could be more obvious or more easy than a retrenchment in the pay roll? In such a case, how can the miner or the factory hand in his weakness hope to survive? There is ready to his hand, and he uses it instinctively, a fact in sociological mechanics as wonderful as any of those principles of mechanical physics by which a slight force rightly applied — a touch on a lever, a spark in an explosive — exerts a prodigious power. The saving fact is this: the employer as competitor finds little advantage in low wages, little damage in high wages; he is concerned almost entirely with comparative prices and wages. He is not seriously reluctant to pay high wages if his competitors are compelled to pay the same, and that compulsion is comparatively easy if each one understands that it is universal. It is thus a task of the labor organization to establish an approximate equality of wages, to repress in the interest of labor and of the competing employers each effort to gain a competitive advantage at the expense of the laborer. The overhanging arch of masonry is safe so long as the surface remains even; it is dangerous if one stone is out of place. So long as equal wages are maintained, the task of forcing them to a higher level or preventing a decline is simpler, not inconsiderable, but immeasurably easier. This effort to raise wages by establishing uniformity at the highest attainable level has been welcomed and actively aided by many employers who preferred to be liberal in the matter of wages when liberality involved no great sacrifice to themselves. The long series of

strikes for higher wages or better conditions of labor in the New York clothing industry has been for this reason substantially a conflict by the work-people and certain liberal employers against other employers more blindly selfish or helplessly necessitous. Most of the manufacturers, it is said, profess to favor reforms, but declare their helplessness so long as a part persist in the old course. In coal mining, the inseparability of high wages and equal wages is especially evident. In fact, the whole bituminous coalfield through several states was kept in agitation for years by the exceptional behavior of a few men who refused to keep in line. The great soft coal strike of 1897 might almost be described as an effort by the union to protect the majority of the mine owners against a few competitors who were enabled to sell at low prices through the payment of excessively low wages. Between the strikers and the majority of their employers whose service they had for the time abandoned there was little or no ill feeling; the miners' president publicly declared that the mine operators were in most cases free from blame, while the principal journal published in the mine owners' interest said that the strike was a proper revolt against a condition of extreme misery precipitated by excessive competition; and one of the principal mine operators offered the opinion that "the miner is getting too small pay for his toil," and that most of the employers were willing to advance wages if the increase was made general. Quite recently a Pittsburg mine owner has said that some operators in his district are enabled by low wages to mine coal at less expense than he can do it with machinery, and he lamented the inability of the union to control the entire field. In a few instances coal miners have undertaken in yet bolder fashion to regulate the coal-mining industry when competition and low prices threatened them. They have announced that prices were excessively low under the

pressure of over-production, and have ordered a suspension of mining until prices should advance. In one of the anthracite coal strikes a certain company settled with its men by giving them an advance in wages under an agreement that it might recede to the old rates of wages if a rival company resumed work on terms unfavorable to the men, and during the great machinists' strike, which extended from one ocean to the other in 1901, the employers repeatedly granted the demands of the men on condition that their competitors also yielded.

It is necessary to understand that the uniformity of wages (or other conditions of labor) which is a chief principle of trade union policy is only a relative uniformity. No union (unless there is some rare exception) attempts to establish for an entire industry in widely separate places precisely the same rate of wages. Their determination is sometimes left to unions of the locality after the manner of the machinists, the building trades, cigar making and printing, or (among the miners) a standard rate is fixed for one district, and there is provision for modifying it from district to district, or from mine to mine. The principle, recognized distinctly by some unions, half consciously by others, requires merely that wages in no factory or mill or mine must be permitted to fall materially below the rate prevailing elsewhere.

If a trade union is to exercise an effective restraint on competition it must extend its activities through the whole industry with which it concerns itself. It must bring into its ranks the workmen of every region where competition is at all likely to appear. The fruits of its efforts can be enjoyed only as they are imparted. It must make conquests like the army of Mohammed for its own salvation. Mere physical remoteness of two mines or two factories is of no consequence if their products meet in one market. A shoemaker in St. Louis is

concerned with the wages of a shoemaker in Lynn; for low wages in the shoe factories at Lynn mean low prices in Lynn, then low prices in St. Louis and low wages in St. Louis; so a miner in Illinois is vitally interested in the wages of a miner in Pennsylvania. In recognition of this principle the printers of a New England town spent time and money uninvited to establish a union in the next town because the competition was strong between the two places. The lasters of southeastern Massachusetts struck successfully to establish one scale of wages throughout their section of the state. The granite cutters of New England were locked out by their employers in 1892 because the union was trying to establish a uniformity of wages throughout the country, and especially to increase wages in New England where they were comparatively low. Half a dozen years later the granite cutters renewed the attempt, demanding for work on stone which was meant for Chicago customers the higher wages prevailing in the West. The wages of glass bottle blowers were lowered in the panic of 1893, but it was impossible to increase them with the return of good times because of competition by non-union works. The trade union becomes therefore as a matter of sheer self-preservation the defender of the ill paid. From a motive stronger than benevolence it protests against the employment in factories of ill-paid children, and it exerts itself to increase the wages of immigrant laborers. The labor problem in the soft coal mines has been especially a problem of inordinately fierce competition precipitated by a few mine owners, but the competitive weapon employed by these exceptional operators has been cheap immigrant labor, largely from eastern Europe, and it has been the obvious practical policy of the miners' unions to destroy the efficacy of this weapon by bringing the foreigners into the unions, and thus extending to them also the rule of equal wages. In the soft coal strike

of 1897 the centres of activity were the regions of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, where foreigners were most numerous. Into this territory came representatives of the union; mass meetings were held, and the miners by thousands encamped to persuade or overawe those who continued to work at the lower rates. The miners refused arbitration because it would not have included all the mines, and could therefore by no possibility have resulted in uniformity; they finally consented to a compromise because of competition from coalfields which they were unable to control.

The activity of the unions in seeking to establish through whole industries and across the continent a uniformity of wages is exercised not only through the persuasion of a missionary, but often also through compulsion. Membership in a union with its privileges is offered as a blessing, but a blessing which the non-unionist may properly be compelled to accept. The compulsion is sometimes exerted through the ostracism of non-union fellow workmen, but in many instances the union acts through the employers, obliging them to employ only members of the union. In a great number of towns and cities the unions in the printing and building trades have maintained by this method a complete local monopoly. In some instances the union has forced the dismissal of non-union workmen who would not join a union, and it appears even that the whole working force in a large factory who had not been previously members of a union have been commanded by their foremen to join the union and compelled thereafter to maintain themselves "in good standing."

The Flint Glass Workers' Union has within a few years been peculiarly daring and successful in extending its membership by this method. Nineteen companies united to form the National Glass Company, and the consolidation seemed certain to produce a conflict, as some of the works of the constituent companies

employed members of the union and others employed non-union men, while a rule of the labor organization forbade its members to serve a company which employed non-unionists in any of its works. Though only about half of the men concerned were members of the union, the rule could not safely be ignored by the company, as this trade employs workmen of great skill whose position of strength has not been weakened by mechanical substitutes for their dexterity. The directors of the new company decided to avoid the strike, and it was agreed that the company should pay the union scale and conform to union rules, but that it would not coerce men to join the union. This immunity of the non-union men was, however, merely formal. Most of the non-union workmen soon joined the union, chiefly it seems because the rules of the union which the company adopted under its agreement gave a substantial preference to unionist workmen. The great but futile steel strike one year ago was avowedly undertaken for the similar purpose of compelling the steel trust to sign the union wages scale "for all the mills in the respective constituent companies instead of for part of them." At this moment it has been charged that the anthracite miners' strike is undertaken not merely to secure shorter hours or better wages for the miners, but that it is a covert attempt to secure the recognition of the national organization as an authority entitled to decide upon the rates of wages and the conditions of labor in the coalfield wherever situated.

The policy of compelling membership in a union, or forcing the acceptance of a union scale by workmen who desire neither the membership nor the scale, has been generally denounced as a grave infraction of liberty. This protest certainly merits serious consideration, but the matter in dispute is too complicated to permit a hasty verdict, either in condemnation of the union or in approval.

Beyond doubt it is of itself a lamentable thing if a miner or a man in any other employment is denied the right, after taking account of all his circumstances, his needs, and the needs of his dependents and the apparent resources of his employer, to decide for himself what offer of wages it is his pleasure to accept. It is difficult to imagine an experience more vexatious or humiliating to a man of positive judgments and keen sensibilities than dictation on such a subject as this by a body of strangers. Certainly so far as there is any such thing as an inalienable right the privilege of freedom in this matter is inalienable. The case is not closed however until we have noticed the reasons on account of which the members of the union interfere. The union exists for the purpose of increasing or at least maintaining wages. Few would deny their right to do this if they can. The welfare of themselves and their families depends upon it most vitally, and it too is inalienable, if indeed there are rights sacred beyond question. But the men who voluntarily join trade unions, if they are but a fraction of their craft, cannot alone protect themselves against falling wages. If at any point in the whole line of competing producers a few workmen by their submission impair the equality of wages, it is hopeless for others to attempt to maintain their standard. The effect is a depression in prices where there has come a depression of wages, then necessarily a general decline in prices and a fall in all wages. This is the injury which the worker for low wages inflicts on those who seek by organization to increase wages. The pressure of competition, which has in recent times grown so intense, brings the fall of prices and of general wages close after the first yielding by a body of laborers. One may conceivably condemn the method employed by workmen thus injured to defend themselves, but it cannot be denied that the injury is real; it cannot

be denied that one is interested in what greatly injures him, — that one group of defenders in a beleaguered city is interested when negligence permits a breach at another part of the same wall, — that dwellers in far-away Mediterranean cities may without impertinence interest themselves in the pestilence-breeding but holy wells of Bombay, which the zeal of the faithful holds sacred against cleansing.

Here are two rights in irrepressible contradiction, the right to "liberty" and to the "pursuit of happiness," both of which a great authority has mentioned in one breath as "inalienable." There is an alternative between these two; one must give way. An impartial observer must take his choice; perhaps on reflection he will doubt whether there is any such thing as a right inviolable without regard to other rights which are its rivals for recognition. It is not impossible that he will look with as much favor upon the right of energetic self-preservation as upon the right to be nerveless and poor.

The rise of labor unions means, then, first of all, that the determination of wages for each laborer and his conditions of work cease to be primarily his own affair; this in order that wages may be uniform, and that thus the merciless downward pressure of present day competition may be checked. There are recorded nearly five thousand strikes in the United States during twenty years, avowedly directed to this purpose of forcing the employer to deal collectively with the union. The responsibility for the fixing of wages shifts farther and farther from the individual workmen, not only as the unions extend more widely over the nation, but also as the authority in one union and another becomes more centralized. The analogies between trade union history and the history of civil governments are numerous and striking; it is peculiarly noticeable that in most unions, as in the politics of this nation, the conflict for and against

a strong central government has been waged fiercely, and that generally the centralizing party has prevailed. Where once the national officers or conventions had only an advisory authority, as shadowy as that of the Continental Congress, they have come in time to exercise definite but very wide powers, to levy taxes where they could once only make requests, to give commands where they once expressed opinions. Most important of all, they have gained in the power to permit or forbid strikes; to give or withhold money or other assistance to strikers. This central organization of control implies of course that the principle of uniformity may be more and more thoroughly applied, but the tendency to centralization and uniformity has its limits. Each trade or each department of industry stands by itself. The individualist spirit is too strong to permit the authoritative control of wages in one trade by men in another trade. The socialist programmes for entire amalgamation have been frequently offered, but thus far always rejected.

As its second revolutionary task the trade union, through strikes or otherwise, is engaged in depriving the employer of an important though vague power, which he exercises at discretion, of controlling the workmen in various matters not defined by the labor contract. For example, the work of grain shoveling at Buffalo a few years ago was done by "bosses" who did the work on contract, employing their own assistants. These bosses also engaged in the saloon business, and required the shovelers to buy beer only of a certain brewery and pay for it promptly or lose their places. The men with the largest accounts at the saloons enjoyed the surest tenure. Single men were favored in filling places because they were more likely to "loaf" and drink. The men remedied this by the curious (but not unusual) method of striking for some other reason, and then as an after-

thought demanding redress of this grievance. The strike resulted in an agreement by which the contract system was abolished, and the work done thereafter under superintendents employed by the Lake Carriers' Association. Similarly the brewers and the union of beer-wagon drivers in New York city made a contract that no driver should be employed on the recommendation of a saloon-keeper. The Jewish bakers of the same city obtained release from the obligation to board with their employers. Some years ago engineers of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad complained of the fact that they were not paid for time lost by occasional delays in their work. They gained a contract allowing half pay for time lost as a result of accidents. The Miners' Union in the district of Kansas secured from the mine owners a contract which relieved the miners from the obligation to pay for the services of the company physician if they preferred not to employ him. In coal mining the employers have traditionally claimed a right of "docking" at discretion for an excessive proportion of inferior coal, slate, or stone. No question has caused more frequent dispute in the coal-mining business. In the Kansas miners' contract just mentioned it was agreed that a dispute on this subject should be referred to a board of arbitration. Many a strike, again, has been waged against the company store, an institution partially good, chiefly bad, but deriving both its good and bad qualities from the fact that the employer at his own will urges or forces his workmen to use it.

Our National Department of Labor has recorded strikes by workmen in nearly seven hundred establishments in the course of twenty years, for purposes which have it as their common work to strip the labor contract bare of all accessories but the mere exchange of labor for money, and particularly to cast aside those accessories added by employers in

the exercise of their authority as industrial superiors. This enumeration does not, however, fully indicate the extent of this work by the trade unions, as much of it has been done without strikes, something by legislation, and something by strikes undertaken ostensibly for other purposes.

The changes thus wrought have not all been purely advantageous. By the earlier system which is being assailed, the employer is not only vested with a considerable discretion, but rests under a peculiar moral obligation. The workmen are in a degree at his mercy, but have a claim to fairness and kindness. The ideal is beautiful; many employers sincerely endeavor to conform to it, paying liberally in wages and assisting the unfortunate, retaining old men whose services have lost their value, and spending money generously for the comfort and improvement of their people. Mr. Carnegie provided a system of savings deposits for his men, and lent them money to build homes. Mr. Pullman constructed a model town with a library and other provision for the welfare of its inhabitants. The owners of a factory at Dayton, with the utmost liberality, furnished libraries, schools, lectures, good lunches at a small price, dressing-rooms and restaurants for the women, a working apron and sleeves for each woman to wear over the street dress, elevators, a Saturday half holiday with a full day's pay. Yet each of these philanthropies failed to insure the friendliness of the workmen, and to restrain the hostility of the trade unions, which in their thorough-going work of taking from the employer all his discretionary power to complicate the exchange of labor for cash have seemed to resent his use of that power even for benevolent purposes. It seems evident that the trade unions, so far as they gain strength, must terminate not only the evil, but the pleasant incidents of this discretion. An Eastern manufacturer declared in a public address

that "there is no chance and no disposition to take undue advantage of labor." "Every effort of mine and my associates," he adds, "is to make the work of the laboring men easy, to improve their condition in every way we can, and yet that organization precludes my being on intimate terms with those in my employ." This is doubtless sincere; it represents the feeling of many benevolent employers; and the opinion that trade unions reduce the relations of employer and workmen to pure "business" is undoubtedly correct. In the vanishing state of things which this employer prefers he is himself the judge of what is just and fair. When a trade union appears, there is present a second power strong enough to demand a share in the decision. This new arrangement is not thoroughly satisfactory, but the old condition is questionable for more than one reason: first, because generosity is rare among men; second, because the competence to decide in one's own case is rare even among generous men; third, because in modern competitive industry no employer with impulses good or bad can do as he will. Man has ceased to be a free moral agent. When competition forces down prices an employer may be compelled to lower wages, as generous impulses are insufficient to maintain solvency. The trade union undertakes to prevent his competitor from lowering wages so that the competition may not compel him also to lower wages. If he desires to be liberal, the trade union is thus his ally for that purpose.

But even when the old ideal of benevolent authority appears at its best in the model town and the model factory, its influence is not beyond question. There is great difficulty in distinguishing that which may be claimed by employees as a right (as essential to health or as part of earnings) and that which is conferred as a gift, but when the line has been drawn there should be no system of gratuities, no free clubroom, libraries, books, or reading-rooms, no

excessive interest on savings deposits. The opinion has of late gained ground rapidly that charity to persons able to work is debilitating, that self-reliance, industry, and foresight can be strengthened best by denying all enjoyment which has not cost effort. Our whole system of private property and unequal wealth is to be justified only because the hope of great possession stimulates to great effort, while the constant argument against socialism is the corresponding proposition that it would weaken effort by taking away the reward of effort. By the same argument most intelligent persons condemn indiscriminate giving to the poor or other practices which encourage the hope of unearned acquisition. It seems probable that gratuities to workmen must have somewhat the same effect upon self-reliance and independence of spirit as prizes from a lottery, money from gambling, and pennies cast to a sturdy beggar. An employer's liberality may find expression in additions to wages without damage to the spirit of self-reliance.

In fact, however, such experiments as those of Pullman and Homestead have certainly had very little debilitating effect, because they have met with so poor a welcome from the working-people and have so seldom been repeated. These favors have awakened resentment rather than gratitude, and their authors have, in some instances, been singled out by workmen for unmerited execration. Though they are commonly regarded by the public and presumably by those who establish them as gratuitous expressions of kindness, they are at the same time intended as a method of peace-making. The workmen are expected to receive them as the price of abstaining from vexatious demands upon their employers. They are gifts, but they are likewise payment for a consideration. As an agency for peace-making they are an awkward device. It is a very naive expectation that workmen would relinquish

for this reason the privilege of striking to gain, for example, money; that, in other words, they would permit an employer to purchase for them a quantity of things — books, papers, or the use of a clubroom — which the employer assured them they ought to want, instead of taking the money and choosing for themselves. It is curious that business men of shrewdness unsurpassed should have imagined that their employees would permit others in effect to regulate their expenditure. These philanthropists have evidently been controlled by a traditional conception of the relations of employer and workmen, in which the wage-earners appear to be essentially and permanently a distinct species, not only dependent but acquiescent in their dependence, while the employer exercises a superior discretion, with an obligation to exercise it benevolently. Though the Pullman strike and the strike at Homestead were ascribed to other provocations, they were at the same time very effectual protests against this idea, and the protest added to the bitterness of feeling which attended both those strikes.

It is a useful service of labor organizations to destroy not only the old conception of industrial over-lordship, with its harshness, its arbitrary fines, its compulsory patronage of physician, saloon, or store, but even to destroy those of its implications which are attractive but enfeebling, and to leave in its place, free from all accessories, the naked contract of purchase and sale, unmistakable and even harsh in its definiteness. It is not only to the advantage of the wage-earners that this change should take place, but it is to the advantage of all industry and every industrial class, because it is an indispensable prerequisite to peace. The old inequality at its best means dependence on one side and condescension on the other; in its usual, less fortunate manifestation it means a certain degree of contempt in the employer's mind, and resentment in that

of the workman. The fruit of these emotions is necessarily discord. The work of mediators and arbitrators will be for the most part superfluous, even where it now has value, when every assumption of inequality has disappeared and the employer maintains a similar attitude toward the dealer in labor and toward the dealer in raw material, making the best bargain he can with no favor but civility. A whole century of change has led from a system in which responsibility might be shirked (by the master in oppression of a servant, by the servant in the hope of charitable aid from his master) to this better system of coördinate responsibilities definitely placed and not to be shirked without loss to the delinquent. The rise of the factory system with its much lamented severance of personal bonds between master and worker, and the organization of labor which the factory system facilitated, have contributed most to this fortunate revolution.

It was inevitable that with the development of the modern industrial system there must be a growth of labor unions and an increase of strikes, both in number and magnitude, yet curiously enough this same complicated and delicate industrial organization, plus its product, the labor union, implies a tendency toward the cessation of strikes. The earlier less highly organized industrial system was also less sensitive to attack. The stoppage of work due to a strike or other cause did no great damage, but industry in which capital plays an important part cannot endure interruptions. The earlier and later types of industry, it has been observed, in this respect present a contrast like that between the lower and higher forms of animal life. Certain inferior animals may endure for some time an almost complete suspension of vitality, while one of the higher vertebrates whose vital functions have once been interrupted never revives. So long as labor organizations are still relatively feeble, the power of capital is

sufficient for its protection against serious interruption. The laborer soon yields or is replaced. But when the income of the individual laborer grows so that he will not starve if he has to be unemployed, and when the organization is wide enough and compact enough so that substitute workmen are not readily found, then the organization is able to strike blows which are fatal.

Although the modern system of industry thus confers upon the workman a grave power to inflict injury, it has at the same time put a mighty weapon into the hand of his adversary. Except in a few trades, the subdivision of labor and the use of machinery make it easy to train men to take the places of strikers, or even to put in their places at once men without special training. The resulting situation is this: in any conflict between a vigorous trade union and a strong corporation, the union may inflict great loss upon the company, but the company can in the long run, by obstinate sacrifice of its resources, defeat the union, supply its service with other men, and probably leave many of the strikers unemployed.

The probable injury to both sides is thus so great that neither will lightly enter upon such a struggle when its hardships have once been learned by experience. Fifteen years ago engineers and firemen on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad struck. The consequences were almost ruinous to both contestants. The company employed new men whose inexperience occasioned numerous accidents and great damage to engines; in a few weeks these men had become familiar with their work, and gradually the operation of the road resumed its normal course. The president of the company reported to the directors at the end of the year that gross earnings as contrasted with those of the previous year had declined and expenses had increased so that net earnings were \$4,906,707 for that year against \$11,478,165 the year before.

After the payment of interest on debts there was a deficit. The losses for the year were chiefly (not entirely) ascribed to the strike, and the president urged the necessity of a system of "benefits," insurance against death or injury in service, to attach the employees to the company, and prevent a repetition of this disaster. The engineers suffered no less severely. Men who had earned nearly \$2000 a year were in some instances unable to obtain work with railway companies and sank into poverty. Since then the Railway Engineers' Brotherhood has been singularly peaceable. Many other strikes have resulted in mutual disaster. A strike of printers in a certain town is said to have ruined the firms involved, and a cigar makers' strike brought bankruptcy to the cigar manufacturers of another town. The granite cutters' lockout in 1892 has been followed by almost unbroken peace because of the great strength shown at that time by the union. Employees of a street-car line in New York city in 1887 struck against the employment of non-union men and were defeated, but the annual report for that year showed a deficit of \$60,620 against net earnings of \$25,524 the year before.

A European writer has attempted to

show in a well-known work that international wars must soon come to be an impossibility. Modern instruments of warfare are so deadly, the expenses of war so great, the losses to commerce so severe, and the nations so evenly matched, that no European people could endure the injury inevitable in a great Continental war. In much the same way the penalties of strikes tend strongly to become prohibitive. The old inequality between the adversaries has been in a manner redressed by the organization of labor. That they may value peace each has been made vulnerable by unplanned changes in the industrial system, — the employer through the sensitiveness of capital, the workmen through the simplification of labor and the introduction of machinery which make it easy to turn him adrift. Many persons have seriously attempted to find an analogy between strikes and disease with a view to discovering a remedy, and it seems not altogether fanciful to imagine that a real and important similarity will show itself, and that by an influence like the "curative power of nature," of which the physicians tell us, and which surpasses all drugs, the distressed organism will spontaneously provide its own corrective.

Ambrose P. Winston.

AUSTRALASIAN CURES FOR COAL WARS.

[Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, the writer of this article, is a well-known student of the labor question in this country and abroad, and is the author of *Wealth versus Commonwealth*, *Newest England*, etc.

THE EDITORS.]

EVERY once in a while the New Zealand newspapers print paragraphs of labor news from the American press. These pictures of street-car passengers riding through explosions of dynamite, of merchants in their doorways and children in the street shot by soldiers of the National Guard, of famine displacing industry, of mines run by martial law,

grown familiar to us, look out with a ghastly stare when viewed against the tranquil surfaces of Australasian journalism. Such things set in that peaceful print regain by contrast the hue of their proper horror. For a moment the American eye, to which the sight of blood on its daily bread has become a daily matter of course, realizes the nightmare wherein

it lives, and from which the Australasians are escaping.

Such a social, economic, political, and moral peril as the coal war that labor and capital have been fighting over the bodies of the American people has been made impossible in New Zealand. That country too has its coal trust. It also has a democracy who know more about the powers of combination than even a trust does. The trust casting its net over the whole of Australasia charged the New Zealanders extravagant and erratic prices for the product of their own mines, and closed against them the inexhaustible deposits of New South Wales, where they could have obtained otherwise a competitive supply. But it discovered that it was not dealing with a people incompetent to meet such an attack on their lives and their industries.

As checkmate, the New Zealanders, as a people, have gone into the coal business on their own account. Appropriations have been passed and powers delegated to enable the general government to establish state coal mines. These will supply first the needs of the state, as for its railroads, navy, and government buildings, and then the needs of the public. And this political economy of all by all for all puts it into the law that as rapidly as the net receipts increase above five per cent, the price of coal to the public shall be lowered. Here, as in its railroad service, in the loans of public money to farmers and artisans, and in the subdivision among the landless of great estates resumed for the people, this democracy eschews profit-mongering, and does business on the plane of a social exchange of service for service at cost.

The state coal mines are so new a venture that they have nothing as yet to exhibit more tangible than the prompt determination of the people to use their common powers in this way for their common defense. There is a public opinion which knows how to take to it-

self all it needs of the public force, — a public opinion plus a public policy, plus the public power. In the financial statement just submitted to the New Zealand Parliament by the Colonial Treasurer is the following relative to the state coal mines: —

“In accordance with the decision of Parliament at its last session to establish state coal mines, prospecting operations have been carried out on a portion of the land formerly held under lease by the late Westport Cardiff Coal Company (Limited) at Seddonville. It affords me pleasure to state that these operations have so far proved satisfactory. The coal leases formerly held by the Greymouth Point Elizabeth Railway and Coal Company, and the partially constructed railway, have been acquired by the government. Prospecting operations for the purpose of furnishing data for the development of this property have been commenced.

“In the laying out and working of the state collieries due consideration will be given to safety, economy, and the efficient extraction of the coal with the least possible waste. To insure this, it is absolutely necessary for the mines to be opened out on a systematic and comprehensive plan.”

And in the law itself the government is authorized in these sections to go into the coal business even though it involve competition with other coal producers: —

“It shall be lawful for the minister, on behalf of His Majesty, to open and work coal mines, . . . and generally to carry on the business of coal mining in all its branches, . . . after state requirements have been provided for, to sell, supply, and deliver coal and other products the result of coal mining operations; and enter into and enforce contracts and engagements; and generally . . . do anything that the owner of a coal mine might lawfully do in the working of the mine.”

Our coal capitalists have found it per-

fectly safe to flout laborers, consumers, dealers, officials, press, clergy, the public generally, and the President of the United States, during these bitter weeks of their manufacture of artificial winter. Individuals and volunteer committees, however distinguished, seeking to make peace have been rebuffed with an assured conviction that the public had no business with the business of those "to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country."

But a very weak imagination is powerful enough to picture what would have been the behavior of the same gentlemen had there been such sentiments as the above in the last report of our Secretary of the Treasury, and a section in some Federal law giving similar powers to the national government concerning the public's coal on the public lands, to say nothing of the assumption of private mines. The coal companies of New Zealand never say, "There is nothing to arbitrate."

The nervousness with which our coal mine owners protest that "no politics" must be brought in reveals their vulnerable heel and their consciousness of it. "Politics" and the use by the people of their irresistible weapon, public cooperation, have made lambs of the coal monopolists on the other side of the globe.

This is only one of many Australasian cures for labor wars. That the novel and successful policy of New West England in finding work for the workless, and land for the landless, and credit for all who have or will create security must directly and indirectly lessen labor wars goes without saying. A country in which the unemployed class found everywhere else has practically ceased to exist is not one in which the laborer can be starved into a contract.

The demand for the nine hours day and the recognition of the union of the men were among the principal causes of war in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Such disputes about hours do not take

place in New Zealand. That state first enacted that its coal miners should work no more than an average of eight hours a day, as Utah has done; and then, at the session of the Colonial Parliament last year, passed a general eight hours a day law for all working men and a shorter day for working women and working children, — New Zealand, like the rest of Christendom, being still unchristian enough to rob many of its children to enrich a few of its men. New Zealand is the first state of modern times to bring its legislative regulation of men's hours of labor out from its cowardly refuge behind the petticoats and bibs and tuckers of their women and children. Other states have furtively limited the hours of men by the device of limiting the hours of the women and children who are working by their side. In the interdependent complexity of modern factories when any stop all must stop. But our antipodal democracy has eyes to see that adult men, too, are helpless to protect themselves from the oppressions of those who can give or take away that opportunity of employment which is life. First of all states New Zealand has decreed that capital shall not exact more than eight hours for a day's work. The coal miners of Pennsylvania who struck for a nine hours day, had they been citizens of New Zealand, would have had the eight hours day without even the effort of asking their employers for it. It is the New Zealanders' civic right. They got it by a strike, but it was a strike at the ballot box.

If some of the most distinguished apologists for the coal mine owners may be followed, all other causes of the war sink into nothingness compared with the danger of recognizing the union of the men. To do this we are told would make their leader so powerful that he could name the next President of the United States and become dictator to this President and all the rest of us. The New Zealand democracy sees no danger of dictatorships from the recog-

nition of trades unions. It has made the encouragement and recognition of trades unions part of the public policy of the state. Indeed, the workmen are bribed to organize themselves into unions. They have been given powers to hold property, and to sue members, not possessed by unions in other countries. Greatest of all these inducements is that if so organized the workman gets as a right that arbitration of disputes with employers for which elsewhere he has to beg or fight, and usually in vain. New Zealand prevents labor wars by a multitude of democratic interventions to forbid economic violence by the strong upon the weak, like those just mentioned, which make it unnecessary to surrender for the chance to work, or to strike for hours and recognition of unions. Crowning all these interventions is this guarantee of arbitration.

The statement given out by the president of the miners' organization shows that the real cause of the labor war in the coal country was the refusal of the employers — the railroads and coal mining corporations — to arbitrate. The miners made no hard and fast demands. They do not insist upon the nine hours day, nor the recognition of the unions, nor twenty per cent more pay. They ask for only such advantages in these particulars as they may be found entitled to by disinterested referees. If one might be pardoned the word, their terms are not arbitrary but arbitrationary. Because the mine owners will have no compromise, nothing but their own will, the workmen must starve, we must freeze, industry must be converted into a desert of cold chimneys and idle men, our bright American cities must take the veil of London smoke, and the public peace be broken. In New Zealand it is as out of the question that one side of a labor dispute should say, "There is nothing to arbitrate," as that a man accused of violation of law or breach of contract should say to public prosecutor or private claimant, "There is nothing

to litigate." Only slaves have ears for either phrase.

This struggle which has agitated and injured the whole of our country for so many weeks would have been known to the public of the southern hemisphere probably only by a newspaper paragraph if by so much. In its provision for "the common welfare" Parliament in New Zealand has so far safeguarded the miners by laws against overwork, accidents, dangers, payment in store orders, refusal to recognize their unions, swindling in the weighing of their coal, in deductions for slate and impurities, in charges for powder, and like familiar grievances, that practically nothing is left to differ about save the rate of pay.

How dramatic the contrast between what happens among us and that which there would follow such a difference about wages if it arose! A private conference might be all; that failing, reference to the district Board of Conciliation; if either party were still dissatisfied, an appeal to the one national Court of Arbitration. A few weeks' work of committees; a few days in court for the witnesses and the representatives of the unions of the workmen and the capitalists; a few hours' deliberation for the five members of some Board of Conciliation and the three members of the Arbitration Court. No riots, no troops, no agitation of capitalists, press, or philanthropists. Above all, no famine among the people, and no famine of industry, for, most beneficent provision of all, pending this appeal to arbitration, work must go on. Laborers are forbidden to strike, employers to lock out, for the purpose of evading arbitration, though they may cease for any other reason. The peaceful New Zealand court-room of arbitration, with its table, about which the judges, the contestants, the witnesses, and interested citizens are grouped, is a lens through which we Americans can look, with what satisfaction we may, at the spectacle we make of ourselves as "practical" men.

The Board of Conciliation and the Arbitration Court have found no more difficulty in settling the questions involved, however intricate, than our courts find in disentangling the complexities of bankruptcies, insurance, railroad receiverships, and the like. The spokesmen of the coal mine owners of Pennsylvania, explaining the points of difference with the men, all referring practically to wages and the recognition of the union, said to the senators of Pennsylvania, "None of these things can be the subject of arbitration." But we open the volume of awards under the New Zealand arbitration law and find in case after case in the coal industry that the court has settled all "these things," — and many still more technical, — questions of pay for all variety of work, "mining," "timbering," "headings," in all sorts of places "solid workings," "wet places," "hot places," "places in faulty coal," for all classes of labor, and to the satisfaction of owners and miners. The members of the coal companies are prominent among the New Zealand witnesses, quoted by the Royal Commission of New South Wales in support of arbitration. A number of the first cases referred to the Arbitration Court, which only a few weeks ago began its career in Sydney, were issues between coal companies and their miners, and several of these have been already decided and the judgments of the court acquiesced in by "all parties," — which there include the public. The workingmen and the capitalists find no difficulty in accepting the decisions. The findings are sometimes for the men, sometimes for the master, and both acquiesce, almost without exception. The exceptional rebels have been easily fined or rebuked into submission.

"You cannot make men work by law," was the cry against arbitration there as it is here. The law does not attempt it. But Australasian experience is a brilliant demonstration that the law can find the golden mean on

which both sides are willing to work. Men must work, capitalist as well as laborer; and the arbitration law can claim to have been more successful in keeping both at work than the violent method of private war. New Zealand has found the way — the only way — "to make men work by law;" it offers them an escape by law from the deadlocks and conflicts which elsewhere keep them from work.

This arbitration is not "compulsory" in any sense foreign to that "Anglo-Saxon liberty" which exists by such compulsions as taxation, eminent domain, conscription, education, and sanitation. The workingmen of America reject the procedure of Australasia only to submit to something far worse. They have a compulsory arbitration much more odious. The defeat of strikers by injunctions often entailing imprisonment has become their frequent experience. The Australasian workingmen think a judge — even if a "capitalist tool" — who sits in an arbitration court, where by law they are given recognition, hearing, facts, publicity, settlement, and protection, all in full, is better than a judge who sits in a star chamber dispensing government by injunction, with reserves of gatling guns and generals on horseback just outside his door.

No workingmen can be summoned to arbitrate unless they have formed a union and registered under the law to bring themselves within its jurisdiction. If they wish afterwards to withdraw they can do so. The unions must be open to all, and then in New Zealand by the usual practice of the court, and in New South Wales by the law itself, these trades-unionists are given preference of employment over non-unionists.

Employers and employees may, if they wish, establish private arbitration tribunals of their own, and the law makes special provision for this. If they would rather fight than eat, as many men would, they may even agree never to call one another into the Arbitration

Court, and then they can strike and lock out to their heart's content — if the heart has anything to do with such things. The state in New Zealand takes no initiative to compel resort to arbitration, or litigation, as South Australia has done. It provides only the place where and the way how. There is no compulsion on both to arbitrate. But if one party wants to arbitrate, instead of fighting, the other must come into court. New South Wales in following New Zealand has gone farther, and has given the state the right to call the combatants in labor wars into court.

The decisions have not all been in favor of the workmen, though most of them have been so, as the times and wages with them have been steadily improving. Some of the findings have gone heavily against labor, but it has always submitted. This seems to justify the expectation that arbitration will stand the test of hard times, too. But if the new institution should have nothing to its credit but that it succeeded in readjusting the relations of labor and capital to higher and better terms during the past seven years of advancing prices, it would deserve to be considered the best investment the New Zealand democracy has made.

The recent British Trades-Union Congress voted down a resolution for arbitration on the ground that if there were arbitration the need for unions would cease and they would die of inanition. But arbitration has wonderfully stimulated trades unionism in Australasia. By forming a union the workmen can get arbitration as a right. Practically every trade in New Zealand has organized under the law, and in New South Wales unions are now being formed both of capitalists and laborers to enjoy this new right of freedom from economic violence in the labor bargain. The employers are as favorable to arbitration as their men, for by it they alone, of all employers in the world, are free from cutthroat competition by un-

scrupulous rivals who cut wages in order to cut prices, and they can make contracts ahead without fear of strikes, as the awards are usually made to run for two years, and bind all in the trade. The Australasian colonies are the only countries where the workmen can have their representatives received, and their case fairly heard, and their living wage enforced as a right. There, only, the supremacy of public opinion, which elsewhere is a boast, has been made a reality, for there only has public opinion clothed itself with the powers by which it can learn all the facts, and enforce itself. Employers, clerks, and even books can be brought into court to furnish the information necessary for a just and practical decision.

The social and economic success of this cure for labor wars is beyond question. During his recent coronation journey Premier Seddon, of New Zealand, has contradicted in England and elsewhere the countless canards of failure set afloat by the Irreconcilables of his country, the Tories of industry. "Capital is satisfied, labor is satisfied," he says. The London Times, which never conceals its dislike of the antipodal democracy which casts so searching a light on aristocratic policy at home, has had to say recently in an editorial:—

"It is fair to the authors of the Conciliation and Arbitration Act to own that all the evil consequences which its adversaries predicted have not come to pass, and that employers have not withdrawn their capital in order to escape what it was said would soon become intolerable tyranny."

A Royal Commission from New South Wales in 1901 and another Royal Commission from Victoria in 1902 have made reports speaking of the results in the highest terms. The Minister for Labor reports that the demand for labor in 1902 and the growth of industry are larger than ever, and the statistics show that in revenue, manufactures, commerce, everything the statesman counts,

New Zealand is more prosperous than before, is in fact the most prosperous country in the world.

The cost of all this up to date has been \$20,000 for the maintenance of the Boards of Conciliation and the Arbitration Court. This is the price of seven years of peace. On every day of these seven years the country has saved the whole cost of the entire period.

From New Zealand arbitration by courts with powers of settlement has spread to New South Wales and Western Australia, and in the modified form of Wages Boards to Victoria, which is likely to adopt it fully as a result of the favorable verdict of its recent Royal Commission. A bill for an arbitration court has also been introduced into the Tasmanian Parliament. South Australia was the first colony to attempt arbitration, but its law has been inoperative for reasons which have been avoided by the other colonies.

New South Wales has been a bloody ground of labor wars. It is the richest and most important of the Australasian colonies, antagonistic to New Zealand as to federation, tariff, and general policy. It is city governed, New Zealand is country governed. New South Wales is free trade, New Zealand protectionist. All the prepossessions of New South Wales would be against any imitation of its humble island neighbor. Its decision to follow New Zealand's lead in arbitration is the strongest possible indorsement this could have from practical men. The statesmen of New South Wales expect to see arbitration succeed as well in the great metropolis of Sydney as in the more modest towns of New Zealand. In the expansion of this institution from one commonwealth to another of the most progressive democracy of our race, and in the universal scrutiny of its results by all civilized peoples, the social observer can hardly doubt that he is witnessing the evolution of a new, but permanent, organ of our social life.

Had such a system been in force in

the United States we would have saved besides much else the thousands of children and of old people who will die this winter in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and in all our Northern cities, because of dear coal. The prevention of the coal mine war would have been only a minor item in the inventory of benefits. It would have made impossible something we can see coming, which will be infinitely more disastrous and will work its mischief all through our life for many years. There is more than one sign that this coal strike has been forced as part of a still greater strike against the public, — a combination of hard and soft coal interests, to accustom the public through strike scarcity to a higher price for anthracite, which will never again be as cheap as before; to force bituminous into wider use, at the sacrifice of individual health and municipal beauty, enhancing its price, also, permanently; levying many additional millions a year more for tribute to the coal monopolists, and adding many hundreds of millions in stock exchange valuations to the fortunes of a few devotees of this kind of "coöperation." There was no such "loot" in the descent of the allied Christian powers on China as in the conspiracy against the life, property, and industry of us all, masked behind this attack on the coal miners of Pennsylvania. These Poles, Lithuanians, and other Slavs in Anthracite were the pickets of your firesides, as well as of their own, and of your liberties in the markets, and all your other liberties, — for the liberties are all near relatives. You forgot it, but for the contributions you did not make to their strike funds, for the help you did not give their plea for just settlement, you will be fined in generations to come on every fire in your homes and factories, and on every right. Had the American democracy but the wit and virtue of its brothers of Australasia to protect the right of the miners to arbitration, it would have protected itself from the impending possibility of

as absolute a monopoly of its fuel as that which it already suffers in oil and steel, a greater calamity than any other that could befall except a monopoly of our food, — and that is already well under way as every housekeeper knows.

For peace in the world of labor, which

is the whole world, we of America are building armories and monopolies; our antipodal brothers of New Zealand, New South Wales, Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, are building court-rooms. Which is the easier and wiser way — and the wealthier?

Henry Demarest Lloyd.

MODERN ARTISTIC HANDICRAFT.

MUCH has been said of the lack of artistic merit in the products of modern handicrafts, and many efforts at improvement have been made, though as yet with little substantial result. Notwithstanding the extensive activities of the South Kensington establishment, by which the British government hoped to effect far-reaching, and commercially profitable reforms in the so-called industrial arts, the Eastlake Household Art movement, the William Morris movement, and various other corporate and individual enterprises, it is beginning to appear that little real improvement has been effected. The standard of excellence has not been so materially raised as was expected, and much of what has been produced as a result of the efforts of the propagandists of reform is now found to be of questionable merit.

An address lately published¹ by Mr. Arthur A. Cary, the president of The Society of Arts and Crafts in Boston, gives promise of a more hopeful movement in seeking, as a primary condition of success, to find the fundamental obstacles which have thus far stood in the way of reform. Efforts at improvement consistently maintained in the spirit of this address cannot fail to accomplish something of importance in the way of enlightenment as to the con-

ditions on which good artistic production must rest, though to bring about these conditions, and thus to effect any general improvement of the arts, must be a slow process, because it involves nothing less than a radical change in widely prevailing motives and desires.

A fundamental weakness of most of the movements hitherto started has been that they have not been based on a just recognition of what is involved in artistic reform. Even the less remote conditions of success have not been clearly seen. A misconception of what is properly meant by artistic design has prevailed. It has been conceived too much as something abstract and extraneous which may be applied to objects of use in order to beautify them. Thus the term "applied design" has come into vogue. But if there be a sense in which it may be correct to speak of design as applied, there is a fundamental misconception involved in the general idea. The extent to which good design in handicrafts is connected with good craftsmanship is lost sight of. This is apt to be the case under our confused modern teaching, even when the designer and the craftsman are one and the same person. It is, of course, still more so when they are not. The idea of applied design has naturally grown out of the modern system of division of labor. But this system is injurious, if not wholly destructive, to artistic design. There can hardly be any complete di-

¹ In *Handicraft*, a monthly periodical issued by the Society of Arts and Crafts, 14 Somerset Street, Boston, for April, 1902.

vision of labor between the designer and the manual worker in handicrafts without disastrous results. The designer who is not a craftsman not only lacks the practical basis of apprehension that is needful, but he becomes sophisticated, and too much affects design. The craftsman must be, for the most part, himself the designer; but he must be imbued with the spirit of his craft, and have regard to it primarily. If he think too much of design, and strive for novelty, he will surely go wrong. He must be a modest worker, and find pleasure in doing excellent work for use. He must be governed by a controlling sense of fitness, and realize that no design can be good which is incompatible with use, or which violates the principles of constructive propriety.

A natural part of the misconception of design as something to be applied is the notion that the faculty of it may be acquired by a study of rules. But the principles of design cannot be formulated and applied by rule. Design is not a mechanical application of formulæ, nor is it a science. It is a fine art. There are, indeed, certain general principles underlying it that have been deduced from practice, approved by experience, and confirmed by philosophical considerations, which may be intelligibly stated, and may, in some measure, quicken apprehension where it has not already been consciously awakened. But a knowledge of these will not make a designer. The faculty of artistic design is a faculty of the creative imagination. It is a supremely logical faculty, but it involves a great deal more than logic, and is primarily animated and directed by that subtle feeling which no science can grasp or explain.

There is little need for original design in the forms of most objects of use. The best shapes for utensils and household furniture were evolved long ago. In the making of these objects there is slight occasion even for what is called adaptation. For the form of a spoon,

a bowl, or a pitcher, better models already exist than any others that the most clever designer can invent. While the functions and materials of things remain unchanged the craftsman will thus have little need to seek new forms. Let him learn to appreciate the best existing forms, and to reproduce these in the best manner. The best forms are those which best serve their intended uses. A spoon must be convenient to handle, its bowl must have the right angle, its handle must not be too heavy for convenience, nor too light for strength. It must expand, and be flattened, for comfortable grasp, and the best form for the narrow shaft connecting the handle with the bowl will be narrow transversely, and thick the other way to stiffen its delicate leverage. The meeting of these conditions alone will go far to give the object grace, and if the craftsman have an eye for beauty of line and surface, such as may be caught from the living curves and subtle modelings of leaves and stems, he will naturally impart to his implement some corresponding grace and refinement. A bowl must stand firmly, therefore it must be relatively large at its base. But for convenience its greatest diameter must be at its rim. For its outline in elevation a curve of double flexure is unnecessary, and may be inconvenient. The best outline for use is a simple convex curve, to which the craftsman may, if he will, give a beauty like that of the sea urchin. The essential qualities of a pitcher are that it stand firmly, that it balance well in the hand, and that it pour well. It must therefore have a firm base, its handle must extend well down on its side to give an easy fulcrum, and its spout must be so formed as to give proper direction to the stream in pouring. Its opening ought to be large enough for the insertion of the hand, and its surfaces, within and without, should be smooth enough for facility of cleansing. Most convenient and most graceful forms of all such objects were long ago produced,

yet inappropriate and awkward forms are more common in modern use than good ones. Now the bad forms that prevail are the result of misdirected efforts at original design largely on the part of men who are not craftsmen, and have little knowledge of craft. Such designers seek for novelties of form and ornamentation without regard to adaptation to use, with the inevitable result that every departure from the standard forms, long since attained, has contributed to make the objects produced both unhandy and ungraceful.

Within the limits of the best established forms there is room in every object for countless variations of line and surface, such as will naturally be made, without much conscious effort at originality, by the intelligent workman who has acquired an artistic sense of form. Thus the proportions and outlines of the finest Greek amphoræ are endlessly varied, no two examples having precisely the same shape, though the general standard form is maintained in all. These variations are, of course, in part due to accidental irregularities inherent in all hand work; but even these have a charm when they come from the hand of a workman of artistic feeling and skill.

The refinements which distinguish the most beautiful objects of artistic workmanship are not striking to the common eye. Their varieties do not constitute conspicuous novelties of design. The good workman does not strive for novelty, or seek applause. He finds satisfaction and pleasure in merely excellent production on well-established lines. There has been too little appreciation of this on the part of those who have striven for artistic reform in the industrial arts. They have, though without intending it, encouraged a false ambition which has made the designer vain of his art and forgetful of his craft.

One of the immediate causes which have induced this condition, and retarded progress, is the lack of discrimination in the use of models. This has been

conspicuous in the methods adopted in the English government schools. The promiscuous collections of bricabrac gathered in the South Kensington Museum include multitudes of objects which have no merit as works of art, and many among those which have merit in some points embody, at the same time, vices of design that render them pernicious as models. The credulous artisan, finding these things set before him as guides to his taste, accepts them as authoritative, and imitates their defects. Such objects are largely those of the Italian Renaissance. Objects of use have rarely been designed with less regard to propriety and convenience of form, or temperance of enrichment, than those of the Italian workmen of that period. The ornamental art of the Renaissance, with all its delicate refinement, is remarkable for lack of fitness in all branches of design in works of utility, from architecture down to the lowest handicrafts.

For instance, I have before me a photograph of a silver ewer of the school of Benvenuto Cellini. Its general outline is graceful in the abstract, being one which, with many minor variations, characterizes a large class of Greek vases. But the neck is so small, and the shoulder so pronounced, that the vessel would have to be completely inverted to empty it. The ornamental handle is shaped and adjusted with no respect to facility of grasp or ease of pouring. It rises from the top of the shoulder, close to the neck, so that it would require a painful effort to tilt the jug when filled. It is rendered further difficult to handle by very salient ornaments which leave no portion smooth enough for comfort to the hand. A silver cup with handles, of the same school of workmen, has a rim which flares so that it must be difficult to drink from, and the handles, here also, are armed with projecting points of ornament painful to grasp. Of the numerous silver plates by Cellini and his followers, few, if any, could be

made serviceable on account of the ornaments in high relief with which their surfaces are loaded. The forms of these objects are not always beautiful even in the abstract; but in respect to adaptation to use they are often ridiculous, and as models they can be only stumbling-blocks to the craftsman.

In some classes of objects the details of form are not so strictly governed by adaptation to use, and there is more room for a free play of independent artistic fancy. In this category are things that do not have to be much handled: lamps, candelabra, fire-dogs, picture frames, etc. Adaptation to use is, of course, imperative in these also, but the introduction of many details of a purely ornamental character may not be inconsistent with such use as they subserve. The value of these details will depend on their merits considered as abstract ornamental design. But aberrations of design in the abstract are less easy to demonstrate than infractions of the principles of utility, since they consist in violations of laws which are, for the most part, too subtle for analysis. The more general principles of symmetry, harmony, and measure may, however, serve as a basis of criticism as far as they go, and there are some obvious principles of congruity which cannot be violated without offense, but which often are violated in the handicrafts of the Renaissance. For instance, I have another photograph, of an ecclesiastical candelabrum by Fra Giovanni of Verona that is open to objection in its purely ornamental forms, though in general adaptation to its function no fault can be found with it. The function of such a thing is merely to hold a great candle firmly at a required height. A tall shaft on a firm base is all that is needed for this use, and the object in question has these parts properly adjusted. The shaft, however, is ornamented improperly. It has, indeed, a series of swelling and contracting surfaces, and salient circular rings and mould-

ings, which, though of no great beauty, have some merits of line and proportion, and are well enough in their way; but this appropriate scheme of embellishment is broken just above the middle by a miniature architectural composition in the form of an octagonal tabernacle resting on the backs of diminutive sphinxes ranged on the circumference of one of the salient rings. This feature, badly designed in itself, is inappropriate. To fashion a sarcophagus, or a reliquary, in the form of a diminutive architectural design, as was done in ancient times, and in the Middle Ages, may be well enough. The forms of these objects lend themselves to such ornamental treatment; but to work an architectural scheme around the shaft of a candelabrum is incongruous.

In these, and in many other ways, the handicrafts of the Renaissance embody vices of design which unfit them to be taken by the modern artisan as exemplary models for imitation. It does not, however, follow that no advantage may be derived from the study of them. These remarks are intended to show only that all such models should be studied with intelligence and discrimination which have not been enough inculcated in the recent efforts at artistic reform in handicrafts. The craftsman needs to exercise a critical habit, to gather from models their excellent qualities which may be suited to his uses, and to reject what is unsuitable. The primary guides to the formation of such a critical habit are a thorough knowledge of his craft, and the true spirit of a craftsman, which will prompt him to work with a controlling regard for the uses of the objects that he makes. But the causes of failure thus far considered are not the fundamental causes. They do not wholly explain the general lack of artistic excellence in handicrafts. There are causes back of these which must be reached before we can gain a solid working basis for general improvement in design. Mr. Cary, in his admirable ad-

dress already alluded to, finds them in the commercial spirit of our time. This is an important discovery. Twenty-five years ago, when efforts were making to introduce the South Kensington methods as a means of improving industrial arts on the artistic side, the commercial spirit was appealed to. The pecuniary advantage that it was hoped would accrue was then held up as a motive for supporting the proposed measures for public instruction in design. But Mr. Cary is certainly right in affirming that the commercial spirit, even when most honorable, can have no place as a motive in artistic production. As a motive it is an obstacle that is sure to defeat improvement.

It is not, however, in the commercial spirit alone that the root of the trouble lies. The prevalence of the commercial spirit does not wholly explain why the better things which a few exceptionally able craftsmen produce do not readily find a market. The commercial spirit is only a part, or a consequence, of other causes which have their root in popular conditions giving rise to a restless desire for novelty and show, with little respect for real excellence of any kind. Thus with the growth and diffusion of material resources extensive demands have arisen for merely specious forms of art. While such demands prevail the commercial spirit will naturally seek profit in supplying them, and the efforts of a few æsthetically inclined people will count for little. We cannot hope to reform the arts from the outside. Reform in art, as in life, must come from within. To improve our material surroundings it is necessary first to reform our motives and desires. The works of our hands must ever be the result and expression of our essential character.

Before the fine arts can materially improve among us we have got to care more for them. A genuine and an active craving for beauty, and a recognition of its meaning and worth, must

prevail. To such craving the artistic powers of the people will promptly respond, as they do to whatever we strongly desire and strive for. There is no lack of latent artistic capacity among us, but there is a woeful lack of artistic intelligence due to neglect and indifference. Our absorbing interests and successful achievements are in other directions. Men always do best what the largest numbers of the most intelligent among them care most for. Our predominant interests are plainly not at present in the direction of the fine arts. The spirit of scientific investigation, of mechanical works, and of commercial enterprises, all good and important in themselves, is the controlling spirit of the air we breathe. This, and the restless habit which the too strenuous pursuit of material interests engenders, the superficial tastes, and seeking for novelties which are the natural concomitants of such conditions, make it impossible for genuine artistic apprehensions, and the sense of artistic needs, to gain any large foothold. Thus into the complex of our modern life interest in the fine arts enters as yet so subordinately that it does not perceptibly influence our general ideas and activities. Thrust aside from a foremost place, the fine arts among us are dishonored and stunted; and it is no wonder that in handicrafts wrought for the larger public, meretricious design, suited to the popular demand for the specious, takes the place of that which should be an expression of genuine and disciplined artistic feeling.

What, then, may those of us who care for good design in handicrafts hope under existing conditions to effect in the way of reform? To say nothing of the matters which concern the spiritual and moral foundation of the fine arts, we may hope to induce among the thoughtful a justly critical spirit which shall lead them to seek what is excellent in household belongings. The acceptance of the specious in the adornment of ob-

jects of use is largely from thoughtlessness, often on the part of otherwise intelligent and thoughtful people. The exercise of a discriminating spirit, even by a few, will at once create a demand which, though limited, may support and encourage the small number of artistic craftsmen who already have a right conception of their art, and a genuine aspiration for excellence; but who, Mr. Cary tells us, are now unable to find a market for their wares. We must seek to awaken and maintain among artistic workmen the truest ideals. Affectations, vagaries, and extravagances of every kind must be discouraged, and sound, suitable, substantial, and finished work required. Every kind of simulation and cheapness got by hasty and imperfect execution must be repressed. There is no greater obstacle to artistic

progress than that which lies in the cheapening of things by flimsiness of make. The common saying of the dealer that a thing is good for its price expresses an idea that is hostile to excellence. A thing is not good from an artistic point of view if it be not the best that can be produced at any price.

In criticism we ought not to be too confident of our judgments of artistic excellence. We have all been too long surrounded by false aims, and spurious production, to completely free ourselves at once from the habits of mind they have induced. We must be on our guard against crotchets to which all reformers are prone. We should realize that with the best intentions we may make mistakes; but our mistakes will correct themselves as we persistently seek for uncompromising excellence.

Charles H. Moore.

MY COOKERY BOOKS.¹

III.

It is when I look at my Latin books that I am most convinced of my sincerity as collector. My English books I can read and enjoy. But my pleasure in these old vellum-covered quartos and octavos, printed in a language I cannot understand, is purely bibliographical. Were their pages blank, my profit as reader could be no less. But without them, my pride as collector would not be so great.

They are not many, or it would be nearer the truth to say they are very few. But these few are of rare interest, and at least one would satisfy the collector of Early Printed Books. Indeed, since I have been collecting, I begin to believe that the real achievement of the Renaissance was not the discovery of the world and man, as historians fancy, but the discovery of the kitchen,

so promptly were cookery books put on the market. The earliest, Platina's *De Honesta Voluptate* (1470), I cannot mention without a sigh, remembering how once at Sotheby's I came within a miserable pound of having it for my own, — such an exceptionally fine copy too! However, I take what comfort I can from Apicius Cœlius, which I have in two editions. One, the first, is only sixteen years younger than the Platina; and 1486 is a respectable date, as these matters go. When the first article on *My Cookery Books* was printed in the *Atlantic*, I had only the 1498 edition, my copy, as I described it, quite perfect save for the absence of the title-page. For long I tried to convince myself that this absence was welcome as one of the marks by which the Early Printed Book may be known. Besides,

¹ See *Atlantic* for June, 1901, p. 789, and also for August, 1902, p. 221.

I could see no need for a title-page, when there, on the last page, was the name of the printer, and the date, while the space left for the capital letter at the beginning of every division was still another mark as distinctive of the primitive press, though 1498 might be a little late to look for either one or the other. But M. Vicaire and his Bibliography refused to leave me in my comfortable ignorance. The 1498 edition, when perfect, has a title-page; one, moreover, with a fine printer's mark, — an angel holding a sphere. The curious may be referred to the example at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. But not even M. Vicaire can put me out of countenance when it comes to my first edition,¹ printed by Bernardino of Venice. That, any way, is in order: title-page in place, the spaces, all except one, filled with decorative capitals by the wood-cutter; the pages untorn and unsoiled, only mellowed by time to a rich yellow; here and there, on the margin, a note, and once some verses, in beautiful old handwriting; the binding of vellum. I have the further satisfaction of knowing that it is more complete than any that has come in M. Vicaire's way. On the title-page there are three titles: *Apicii Celii de re Coquinaria libri decem*; *Suetonius Trāquillus De Claris Grāmaticis*; *Suetonius Trāquillus De Claris Rhetoribus*. M. Vicaire calls attention to the fact that the two treatises under the heading *Suetonius*, etc., do not appear. But in my copy they do, combined in one essay. And whenever I am discouraged by the condition of some of my rare books into asking myself whether, after all, they are anything more than Mr. Lang's "twopenny treasures," a glance at the 1486 *Apicius* restores my confidence in my collection.

When I consider what the mere possession of the book means to me, it seems unreasonable to waste my time

¹ I speak of it as the first out of deference to the authorities. Judging the books by their appearance, I should say the 1498 edition was

in regretting the further pleasure I might have, if only I could read it. But what a triumph, if I could decide the vexed question as to whether one of the three men who, in the days of Roman Emperors, made the name *Apicius* the synonym for gluttony, was the author, and, if so, which; or whether, as Dr. Martin Lister and Dr. Warner agreed over a hundred years ago, the book was the work of a fifteenth-century student of cookery who borrowed the ancient name to advertise his own performance. And what a satisfaction if I could demolish the irreverent critics who declare the receipts to be full of "garbage," — of vile concoctions, with *assafetida* for *motif*! The few words I can understand — asparagus, carrots, wine, oil, melons, pork — sound innocent, even appetizing. But to argue from such meagre premises would be about as wise as to criticise a picture, in Morellian fashion, after seeing it only in the photograph.

I have also Dr. Lister's edition, with numerous notes: not the first published in London in 1705, but the second, printed in Amsterdam four years later, limited to a hundred copies. This is the book which set Dr. King to writing his *Art of Cookery* in imitation of Horace, and filled scholars, who could not secure it for themselves, with despair lest they might be dining in defiance of classical rule. The notes are so many that they turn the thin little old quarto into a fat octavo. For their learning, as they too are in Latin, I must take the word of Dr. Lister's admirers. But, without reading them, I know they are sympathetic. Dr. Lister was not only physician to Queen Anne, but her adviser in the *Art of Eating*, and it was his privilege to inspire the indigestions it became his duty to cure. The frontispiece calls for no interpreter, though the scrupulous housekeeper might think

far the earlier. Certainly it is the first with a date, and, I am happy to say, is excessively rare.

it needs an apologist. It shows a kitchen with poultry, fruit, and vegetables strewn over the floor as none but the artist would care to see them, and cooks, in the scantiest drapery, posing in the midst of the confusion; prominent in the foreground, a Venetian plaque exactly like one on my dining-room mantelpiece, or for that matter like dozens shining and glittering from the darkness of the cheap little fishshops of Venice.

With these three editions of Apicius, I am content. I know ten are duly entered in the pages of M. Vicaire, but when a book figures so seldom in sale rooms and catalogues, I think I am to be envied my good fortune in owning it at all.

My next Latin work is *De Re Cibaria*, by Bruyerin, which I have in the first edition, a thick, podgy octavo, published at Lyons by Sebastian Honorat in 1560. A more severe and solid page of type I have never seen. The quotations from Horace or Virgil, breaking the solidity, seem like indiscretions; an air of undue frivolity is given when, toward the end, the division into short chapters results in two, three, and even four initial letters on a single page; while a capital N, inserted sideways, and overlooked by author, printer, and proofreader, is a positive relief as the one sign of human weakness in all those eleven hundred and twenty-nine solemn pages. Bruyerin was a learned physician who translated Averroes and Avicenna, and who was sufficiently in favor at court to attend those suppers of Francis I., which, he explains, were served by Theologians, Philosophers, and Doctors. If it was from this company he derived his theory of food, it is alarming to consider the consequences to his contemporaries. In any case, his book, to look at, is the most impressive in my library. I have also a graceful quarto, called *Juris Evidentiæ Demonstratio in Materia Alimentarum et Sumptuum Litis*, by Francesco Maria

Cevoli, Florence, 1703, omitted from all bibliographies of cookery books. But as it is concerned indirectly with nourishment, it seems to me eligible. Besides, it has many graces of outward form that appeal to the book lover, — a pleasant page well spaced and well printed, old paper mellowed and toned by years, a vellum binding ingeniously patched.

I may as well admit at once that unfortunate gaps occur not only in my Latin, but in all my foreign sections. Naturally, one's spoils are richest in one's own country. When I travel on the Continent I keep my eyes open, and I receive many foreign catalogues. But that is not quite the same as being continually on the spot. After my English books, my Italian are the most numerous, because mine is the rare good fortune of having in Italy a friend who is as eager to collect for me as I am to collect for myself. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, who lives in Florence, has for several years haunted the old bookshops and barrows there in my behalf, and to him I owe an imposing shelf of vellum-covered volumes, the titles of many in illuminated lettering on their backs, often both binding and illumination being the work of his hands. A few prizes have also been captured by me in London, and altogether, if I boast of my Italian section, it is with reason. Curiously, however, though it includes almost every one of the amazing treatises of the sixteenth century, and though few if any of the nineteenth-century books are missing, the two intervening centuries are unrepresented, — the period, that is, to which I owe by far the larger part of my English series.

But had the selection been deliberate, instead of the result of mere chance, it could not have been better. The Italian cookery books were the most important published anywhere, in the sixteenth century. Italy then set the standard of cookery, as of all the arts, for the world. Even the French looked up to the Italian chef as to the Italian

painter or sculptor. Historically, these old volumes are indispensable to the student of the Renaissance. Bibliographically, too, they have their charm: being often delightful specimens of book-making, and as often of unquestionable rarity. For two or three I still look, but the most famous are already in my possession: the Banchetti of Christoforo Messibugo, not in the first edition published at Ferrara in 1549, but in the second with the title changed to *Libro Novo*, printed *In Venetia al signo di San Girolamo* in 1552, — a little shabby duodecimo in cracked vellum; *La Singolare Dottrina* of Domenico Romoli, a dignified stout octavo which I have in the first edition, bearing the date 1560, and the name of the printer, Michel Tramezzino, who seems to have had something like a monopoly of cookery books in Venice; the *Opera* of Bartolomeo Scappi, another of Tramezzino's publications, also mine in its first edition, 1570, — a nice, fat, substantial octavo in its old vellum covers, but compressed into half the thickness between the shining calfskin with which Sala bound the second edition — 1598 — which I secured at his sale; *Il Trinciante* of Vincenzo Cervio, my only copy, Giovanni Vacchi's edition of 1593, the first having been issued by the indefatigable Tramezzino in 1581; Castor Durante's *Tesoro della Sanità*, one of my compensations, as the first of my two editions (Venice, Andrea Muschio, 1586), is a year earlier than the first known to M. Vicaire. You see, I enjoy occasional moments of superiority, if I do suffer occasional humiliations.

My Italian is no great thing to boast of, but, with the help of a dictionary, I have gradually read enough to learn that these old books are delightfully amusing. It is their close relationship to the church that strikes me above all. "Take pride from priests and what remains?" somebody once said to Voltaire. "Do you then reckon gluttony

for nothing?" was his answer. Certainly, in the Italy of the Renaissance, gluttony seems to have been the chief resource of Popes and Cardinals, who were no longer quite so sure that man was placed on earth to gather bitter fruit. The distinguished cooks of the period, whose names have come down to us, were with scarcely an exception as dependent on church patronage as the distinguished painters and sculptors. When they undertook to write on their art, their books were published, as every title-page records, "*Col Privilegio del sommo Pontefici*," and as a rule were dedicated to, or at least inspired by, the priest or church dignitary in whose household the author served. Messibugo, a native of Moosburg, Bavaria, who settled in Italy and wrote in Italian, was cook to the *Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo Signore, il Signor don Hippolito da Este, Cardinal di Ferrara*, to whom he offered his Banchetti. Scappi was *cuoco secreto* (private cook) to Pius V., and his treatise was written chiefly for the instruction of Giovanni, a pupil recommended by Cardinal Carpi. Cervio and his editor Narni were each in turn *trinciante*, that is, carver, to Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, whose name graces the dedication. Romoli was cook to a Pope — I have not yet been able to find out which Pope — and to a Cardinal. It seems almost like heresy when Castor Durante, a physician who ventured to write on the subject, dedicated his *Tesoro* to a lady, *la Signora Donna Camilla Peretta*, and yet she, I fancy from her name, was a near relation of Pius V.

If there is one feature all these books have in common, it is a love of pageantry, eminently characteristic of the Renaissance. Popes and Cardinals, who overloaded their churches with ornament, who covered the walls of their palaces with splendid pictures and gorgeous arabesques, whose very costume added to the pageant into which they turned their daily existence, would have

had no appetite for the meal that did not contribute its share to the great spectacle of life. The simplest dish was transformed into a bewildering harmony of color, a marvelous medley of spices and sweets, and when it came to the composition of the menu for a feast, the cook soared to heights of poetic imagination, now happily unattainable. It was over these menus he loved to linger at his desk as in his kitchen. Messibugo frankly confessed the subject that engrossed him in the title of his book, which, I cannot help thinking, as Lamb said of Thomson's Seasons, looks best when, like my copy picked up by my husband in an old bookshop of Siena, it is a little torn and dog-eared, with sullied leaves and a worn-out appearance, for its shabbiness shows that generations have had as much joy in the reading as the Cardinal had in the eating. The banquets, in which I am afraid lurked many a magnificent indigestion, covered twenty years, from the first on the 20th of May, 1529, — the feast of San Bernardino is Messibugo's pious reminder, — and were designed on a scale and with a spectacular splendor that fairly staggers the modern weakling. An Italian Inigo Jones building up the stage for a masque, one might think, not the cook dishing up his dinner. A terrace or a fair garden became the scene, cypress and orange groves the background, courses were served to the sound of "divine music" and interrupted by the wit of a pleasant farce. And yet, these were the commonplaces of feasting. Cervio's banquets were far more amazing, or, it may be, he had a prettier talent for description. Pies from which outstepped little blackamoors bearing gifts of perfumed gloves, or rabbits with coral beads on their feet and silver bells round their necks; castles of pastry with sweet-smelling fire issuing from the ramparts; white peacocks served in their feathers to look alive; statues of the Horse at the Capitol, of Hercules and the Lion

in marchpane; a centre table of a hundred lovely ladies; a beautiful garden — *bellissimo giardino* — all in paste and sugar, with fountains playing, statues on terraces, trees bearing boxes of sugar plums, a fish-pond, and, for the beautiful ladies, little nets to go fishing with if they would; — such are a few of Cervio's flights of fancy for great occasions: the wedding of the Duke of Mantua, for instance, or the reception of Charles V. by Cardinal Campeggio. This was the Cardinal who, when he went to England on business connected with the divorce of Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine, was charged by the Pope with a private mission to look into the state of the kitchens of the king and of the people, so that no doubt he was qualified to appreciate Cervio's most daring fantasies. But it seems as if the two hundred and eighteen receipts for fish Scappi gives must have more than satisfied a Pope whose usual *apéritif* before dinner was a visit to the hospitals and practices there too unpleasant for me to repeat. Scappi, however, was an artist, and when, in his portrait, the frontispiece to his book, I see the sad ruggedness of his face and the lines with which his brow is seamed and furrowed, I attribute these signs of care to his despair over the Pope's hair shirt and all it stood for. He himself shared the ideal of his contemporaries. Not one could surpass him in the ceremonial banquet he prepared for the "Coronation" of Pius V., or for Cardinals in Conclave; not one could equal him in the more informal feasts he suggested for an August fast day after vespers in a vineyard, or for a May afternoon in a garden of the Trastevere, or for the cool of a June evening in Cardinal Carpi's vineyard on Monte Cavallo. And there is the intimate charm of the "petits soupers" of the French court a couple of centuries later in his light collations served, one at an early hour of a cold December morning after a performance of Plautus, another at Cardi-

nal Bellaia's after a diverting comedy played in French, Spanish, Venetian, and Bergamesque. Whatever Pope Pius might do, Scappi kept up the best traditions of the Vatican. His book has the further merit of taking one behind the scenes; in an unrivaled series of illustrations, it shows the Vatican kitchen, airy and spacious as he says a kitchen should be, the Vatican scullery, cellar, and dairy, and every pot, pan, and conceivable utensil a Papal or any other cook could ever be in need of. Domenico Romoli, though less gorgeous than Messibugo and Cervio, less charming than Scappi, outdid them in ambition. For to the inevitable description of occasional feasts, he added, in anticipation of Baron Brisse, three hundred and sixty-five menus for the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and served them in the noble fashion of "those divine Florentine geniuses," his fellow citizens, who were masters of table decoration. In his treatise, however, one is conscious of the mummy at the feast. The private cook of Pope or Cardinal has need to keep his eyes open, he says with a sigh, and adds that he never goes to bed at night without thanking God for still another day passed in safety. The fear of poison haunted him, as it must have haunted many another man in his responsible position. Sala, on a fly-leaf of his copy of Scappi, noted his surprise to find no trace of poisons in the book. But I think there is more than a trace in Scappi's advice to build the kitchen apart from the house that none might enter unseen and tamper with the food. The Italian cook's bed in those days was not one of roses.

It would be a mistake to think there were no frugal intervals in these old books. Even the prevailing flamboyancy had its degrees. The feast might begin with nothing more elaborate than melon and a slice of ham or sausage served together, for all the world like the last breakfast I ate in the trattoria

at Lecco, where the Milanese go for a Sunday outing in summer. Simple salads and salamis had their place among the intricate devices at Cardinal Ferrara's table, and Messibugo himself gives ten different kinds of maccheroni, not leaving out the most frequent if least simple of all in to-day's bill of fare, Maccheroni alla Napoletani. Scappi is prodigal in his receipts for soups and fish, and caters specially for the convalescent. Such plain fare as the English veal pie — *alla Inglese* — was at times imported, though before it reached the Italian table olives and capers had been added. But still, the principal attention was paid to feasting, the main tendency of the cookery book was toward excess and exaggeration, until the protest, which Durante's Tesoro probably seemed when it appeared in 1586, was sorely needed. It was time to teach, not how to eat, but how, in eating, to preserve health.

The next book in my Italian series marks a radical change. If in the sixteenth century the Italian kitchen was paramount, in the seventeenth, the tables had turned and French cookery had become supreme. It is therefore appropriate that my one Italian book of the period should be the translation of La Varenne's famous *Cuisinier Français*, since described as "the starting point of modern cookery." My copy of *Il Cuoco Francese* was published in Venice in 1703, but the first edition appeared in 1693 in Bologna, and so the book belongs by right to the same century as the original. Of the century that followed, my record is almost as barren. But, here again, had the choice been left to me, I would have preferred to all others the books that happen to have found their way to my shelves. For they include the principal works of Francesco Leonardi, who wrote them with that naïve want of reserve peculiar to distinguished cooks. The most elaborate is the *Apicio Moderno* in six volumes, to the collector an indispensable

sequel to the fifteenth-century Apicius. My copy is dated 1808, but the first edition appeared before 1800. Another is the *Pasticciere all' Uso Moderno*, Florence, 1797, written when, after serving the Maréchal de Richelieu, and going through several campaigns with Louis XV., Leonardi had become chef to Catherine II., Empress of all the Russias, to whom his French training did not prevent his serving many Italian dishes. But he excelled even himself in the *Gianina ossa la Cuciniera delle Alpi* (the date carefully blotted out on the title-page of my copy, and the book, to my astonishment, unknown to M. Vicaire). It was a legacy, he says, left him by an accomplished lady whom he described as the hostess of an inn on the Mont Cenis, but whom I suspect to have been one of his own inventions. Not over his most inspired dish did he grow so lyrical as over the story of her happy wooing by the chef Luneville in the kitchen of her father's inn at Neustadt. He makes you feel there is more romance in the Courtship of Cooks than in all the Loves of the Poets or Tragedies of Artists' Wives, and, if only for the sake of the grandiloquent Preface that tells the tale, I recommend this work, his masterpiece.

With Leonardi, I bring the record of my Italian books to an end. The nineteenth century produced a large library on the subject of cookery, and most of the volumes in it I have, but they open an entirely new chapter in the literature of the kitchen.

My French books have been chosen as kindly by chance as my Italian. I still wait for the collector's prizes — Taillevent's *Viandier* (about 1490), the *Roti-Cochon* (about 1696), *Le Pâtissier Français* (1655), and I suppose I shall go on waiting till the end, so extremely rare are they. But in the history of cookery they do not hold the indispensable place of the three most famous books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: *La Varenne's Cuisinier*

Français (1651), *Les Dons de Comus* (1739), *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise* (1745), and these I do own in interesting editions. The change that had come over the spirit of the kitchen is at once revealed in the rank of its new patrons. The church had ceased to be the controlling power. *La Varenne* was maître d'hôtel to the Marquis d'Uxelles; Marin, author of *Les Dons de Comus*, was chef to the Maréchal de Soubise, who did pay his cooks, however other men in his service might fare; and if the author of *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise* preferred to remain anonymous, his claim to favor was no ecclesiastical recommendation, but his own excellence as cook. Here was change indeed. But there was a still more vital difference. The Italian cookery books of the sixteenth century were as flamboyant as the kitchen they immortalized. In the French of the seventeenth, the genius of the French people for order, for harmony of balance, in a word, for style, had asserted itself. Perfection of form — that is what the French have striven for in all their arts, and cookery was no exception. Even under Louis XIV., who was blessed with a phenomenal appetite and more phenomenal capacity, dinner became a work of art, admirably rounded out, compared to the unspeakable medleys and discords, the barbarous profusion in which Popes and Cardinals a century earlier had found their pleasure. It was for a great principle Vatel killed himself when the fish did not arrive in time for the royal dinner at Chantilly. And the cooks brought the same order to their books. If *La Varenne's* has been described as "the starting point of modern cookery," it is because there is a method in his treatment of the subject, never before attempted, seldom since surpassed. And he wrote it at a time when, in England, Queen's Closets and Cabinets were being opened by titled dilettanti and obsequious courtiers. Compared to contemporary Eng-

lish books, it is as the masterpiece of Claude to the little pictures that many accomplished ladies besides Mrs. Pepys and Pegg Penn were turning out for the edification of their friends. He went to work as systematically as a chemist classifying gases and acids, or as an astronomer designing a chart of the heavens. Soups, Fish, Entrées, Roasts, Sauces, — a whole “artillery of sauces,” — Entremets, were treated in their respective sections and correct order. His dishes did stand upon the order of their serving and his book was a training in itself. Its pages may be turned with the same confidence that carries the student through the galleries of French paintings in the Louvre — the certainty that all will be accomplished, correct, distinguished. Nor do I find that this method put a curb upon La Varenne’s imagination, a restraint upon the expression of his individuality. He was a man of conscience, who wrote because he felt it right the public should profit by his experience and share his knowledge. But though his style has greater elegance and restraint than Sir Kenelm Digby’s or Lord Ruthven’s, it is as intimate and personal. “*Bien que ma condition ne me rende pas capable d’un cœur héroïque,*” he tells the Marquis d’Uxelles in a dedication that is stateliness itself, “*elle me donne pourtant assez de ressentement pour ne pas oublier mon devoir;*” and he concludes with the assurance that the entire work is but a mark of the passion with which he has devoted, and will ever devote, himself to the service of Monseigneur, whose very humble, very obedient, very grateful servant he is. Here and there in the text he interrupts his technical directions for such a graceful little touch as the advice to garnish sweet dishes with the flowers that are in season, or the reminder that heed paid to any other such “*petites curiosités*” can but add to the honor and respect with which the great should be served. It is pleasant to find his

successors profiting by these pretty hints, as well as by his masterly method. It was a distinct compliment to La Varenne, when Massialot, in the *Nouvelle Instruction pour les Confitures, les Liqueurs, et les Fruits* (1692; I only have it in the 1716 edition), gave one entire section as guide to the flowers in season, month by month, for the decoration of dishes, and another to the “*delicate liqueurs,*” made from roses, violets, pinks, tuberoses, jasmine, and orange flowers, for all the year round.

La Varenne’s book was an immediate and continued success. By 1652 there was a second edition, by 1654, a third. M. Vicaire counts seventeen before he finishes his list. I have the fourth, published at the Hague by Adrian Vlacq and ranked by some collectors with La Varenne’s more famous *Patissier Français* in the Elzevir edition. The *Cuisinier Français* never fetched three thousand dollars. In special binding, it has gone up to over a hundred, but ten is the average price quoted by bibliographers. I paid six for mine, bought, in the way Mr. Lang deplures, from a catalogue, without inspection. But I have no quarrel with the little duodecimo, yellow and worn, more than doubled in size by the paper of nearly the same date bound up with it. A few receipts in old German writing explain the object of this paper, but its owners, many or few, have left it mostly blank, the envy now of every etcher who sees it. I also delight in a later edition, without a date, but published probably somewhere between 1695 and 1715, by Pierre Mortier in Amsterdam. It has a curious and suggestive frontispiece, an engraving of a fine gentleman dining at a table set directly in front of the kitchen fire, with the chef himself in attendance, and it includes other works attributed to La Varenne. One is *Le Maistre d’Hostel et le Grand Ecuyer Tranchant*, a treatise originally published in *L’Ecole Parfaite des Officiers*

de Bouche, which was appropriated and translated into English by Giles Rose in 1682, with the same dramatic diagrams of trussed birds and skewered joints, the same wonderful directions for folding napkins into beasts and birds, "the mighty pretty trade" that, when it reached England, enraptured Pepys. Thanks to this volume, my works of La Varenne are almost complete, if my editions, bibliographically, leave something to be desired.

When Marin wrote his book, a little less than a hundred years afterwards, the art had made strides forward in the direction of refinement and simplicity. Louis XIV. ate well, but the Regent and Louis XV. ate better. It was probably due to the Grand Monarque's abnormal stomach, which, I have seen it stated, was discovered after death to be twice the average size, that a suspicion of barbarity lingered in his day. But with the return of the royal organ to normal limits quality triumphed over quantity. I have not forgotten that Dr. Johnson, when he visited France, declared the French kitchen gross. But then Dr. Johnson was not an authority in these matters. * If the word of any Englishman carries weight, I would rather quote a letter Richard West wrote to Walpole in the very year that Marin's book was published, as a proof that the distinction between English and French ideals was much the same then as now. "I don't pretend," he says, "to compare our supper in London with your *partie de cabaret* at Rheims; but at least, sir, our materials were more sterling than yours. You had a *goûté* forsooth, composed of *des fraises*, de la *crème*, du *vin*, *des gâteaux*, etc. We, sir, we supped à l'Angloise. *Imprimis*, we had buttock of beef and Yorkshire ham; we had chicken too, and a gallon bowl of salad, and a gooseberry tart as big as anything." Might not that have been written yesterday? But more eloquent testimony is to be had from the

French themselves. Moderation ruled over those enchanting little feasts of theirs that, in memory, cannot altogether die: Madame Geoffrin's suppers for the elect, of chicken, spinach, and omelette; Madame du Châtelet's with Voltaire at Cirey, "not abundant, but rare, elegant, and delicate," — and yet, it was Madame du Châtelet who rejoiced that God had given her a capacity for the pleasures of the table; a hundred others to us as irresistible. Or go to court, where the king's mistresses and courtiers were vying with one another in the invention of dishes graced with their own names, where even the more serious Queen played godmother to the dainty trifles we still know as *Petites Bouchées à la Reine*, where the famous *tables volantes* recalled the prodigies of Cervio — there too barbaric excess had gone out of fashion. I have space but for one example, though I could quote many as convincing, — Madame du Barry's dinner to the King: *Coulis de faisans*; *croustades du foie des lottes*; *salmis des bécassines*; *pain de volaille à la suprême*; *poularde au cresson*; *écrevisses au vin de Sauterne*; *bisquets de pêches au Noyau*; *crème de cerneaux*; — the dinner that won for the cook the first *cordons bleus*. What an elegant simplicity compared to the haphazard profusion approved by Popes and Cardinals!

This simplicity rules in Marin's book. Throughout the three fat little volumes, the method is beyond criticism. And he was more learned than La Varenne, for whom I could wish, however, that his veneration had been greater. To make a point of dating the modern kitchen but thirty years back, when La Varenne had been long in the grave, seems a deliberate insult. In the history of his art, prepared with the assistance of two accomplished Jesuits, and beginning with the first man who discovered the use of fire, he defines this modern kitchen as "chemical, that is, scientific." But for all his sci-

ence, he did not disdain the graces of style, he did not forget he was an artist. Let the cook, he says, blend the ingredients in a sauce, as the painter blends the colors on his palette, to produce the perfect harmony: as pretty a simile as I can remember in any book in my collection, given as were the chefs of all nations to picturesque phrasing. But a wider gulf than learning separates *Les Dons de Comus* from *Le Cuisinier Français*. La Varenne's book was addressed to his fellow artists; Marin's was designed not only for the officers in great households, but for the little bourgeois, who, though limited in means, was wise enough to care for good eating. The idea did not originate with him. As far back as 1691, Massialot had written his *Cuisinier Royal et Bourgeois* (my edition unfortunately is 1714), the earliest book I know, it is but fair to add, in which the contents are arranged alphabetically: a plan copied by John Nott and John Middleton in England for their *Cooks' and Confectioners' Dictionary*, and by Briand, in France, for his *Dictionnaire des Aliments* (1750), a pretentious and learned work in three volumes. Next, *Le Ménage des Champs et de la Ville, ou Nouveau Cuisinier Français* (1713), considered all tastes, from those "des plus grands Seigneurs jusqu'à celles des bons Bourgeois," and was rewarded by being not only passed by the censor of the press, but recommended by him, in his official Approbation; a rare distinction. Neither of these books judged by its intrinsic merit could, however, compete with *Les Dons de Comus*. Marin was the genius who, giving expression to the ideas of his time, made his treatise immediately the standard work on cookery. He was promptly flattered by wholesale imitation. In the Preface to the 1758 edition (which I have) he complains that in the twenty years since the first (which I have not), this compliment had been paid him with only too much sincerity. And, in truth, his

followers did their best to capture his patron, the bourgeois, to borrow his weapons against artless extravagance, even to appropriate his similes. Menon's *Science du Maître d'Hôtel Cuisinier* (1749) owes everything to Marin, to the very glibness with which the art not of painting, but of music, is held up as a guide to the cook in the composition of his ragoûts, and this debt Marin is quick to admit. But, perhaps because he felt it too deeply, he says nothing of the more flagrant plagiarism in *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*, which was addressed solely and entirely to the bourgeois of mediocre fortune, and so scored heavily; while, remembering Massialot, the author, with a stroke of genius denied to Marin, incorporated the idea in his title, an advertisement in itself. *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise* appeared only six years after *Les Dons de Comus*, but in the competition that followed Marin was eclipsed. Even Mrs. Glasse's *Art of Cookery*, credited with the greatest sale of any book in the English language, was left far behind. M. Vicaire gives forty editions, and yet he does not know three out of my five. Studied under the last Bourbons, it was popular during the first Republic — An VI de la République is the date in one of my copies; familiarly quoted by the Romanticists of 1830, the demand for it had not ceased in 1866, when the last edition I know of was issued. It was one of the first cookery books that appealed primarily to the people, and the people responded by buying it during a hundred years and more.

Even after praise of simplicity was in every mouth, there were relapses. Thus, Menon, who wrote also a *Maître d'Hôtel Confiseur* (1788, my edition, the second), denounces the old elaborate edifices of pastry and sugar, overloaded with ornament and grotesque in design, only to evolve, out of the same materials, gardens with trees and urns, or classical balustrades with figures of

Diana, Apollo, and Æneas, or temples of Circe, with Ulysses, pigs and all. "Quel agréable coup d'œil!" he exclaims in ecstasy, "quel gout! Quelle aimable symétrie!" But it was just such masterpieces, just such exceptions to the new rule, that encouraged French physicians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to write on food from the hygienic point of view, as Bruyérin already had in Latin, and Castor Durante in Italian. La Varenne and Marin, Menon and Massialot, did not bother about sovereign powders and patent pills in the way of English writers on cookery. It was left to doctors to dogmatize on their own art, and lay down the rules for "rhubarb and sobriety." Louis Lemerry, physician to Louis XIV., published in 1702 a *Traité des Aliments*, dedicated to M. Boudin, physician to the Dauphin, a treatise translated into English, and, in the translation, passing through several editions. In 1753, Bruzen de la Martinières translated the old verses on the medical properties of meat and drink by John of Milan, a doctor, changing the title of the earlier translations, *L'Art de se passer de Médecin*, into the more literally true *L'Art de Conserver sa Santé* (1753). In 1789, Jourdain Le Coite published *La Cuisine de Santé*, a large book in three volumes, revised by a fellow physician of Montpellier, and, could Le Coite have had his way, France would have been as barren of sauces as England in Voltaire's epigram. All these books I have, and I am not sure that I ought not to count with them M. de Blegny's *Bon Usage du Thé, du Caffé et du Chocolat* (1687), since its end was the preservation of health and the cure of disease. De Blegny was *Conseiller Médecin artiste ordinaire du Roi et de Monsieur*, and his book, charmingly illustrated in the fashion of the old Herbals, is dedicated to *Messieurs les Docteurs en Médecine des Facultés Provinciales et Etrangères practiquant à la*

Cour et à Paris. If the French have got over the fancy that coffee and chocolate are medicines, throughout the provinces in France tea is still the drink that cures, not cheers.

It is as well the books of the nineteenth century do not enter into my present scheme. There would be too much to say of the new development in the literature of cookery that began toward the end of the eighteenth, with Grimod de la Reynière, the Ruskin of the kitchen. A new era opened with his *Almanach des Gourmands*; a new school of writers was inaugurated, which, before it was exhausted, had counted Brillat Savarin, the Marquis de Cussy, and Dumas Père among its masters.

In the books of other countries my poverty is more marked. I have but two or three German works, none of special note. I have nothing American earlier than 1805, but then comes an irresistible little volume bristling with patriotism, proclaiming independence in its very cakes. I have nothing Hungarian, Russian, Portuguese, or Dutch. A manuscript Romany cookery book, compiled by Mr. Leland, the Romany Rye, makes up as a curiosity for many omissions. The only other country with a definite cookery literature that contributes to my shelves is Spain, and that, merely to the extent of a dozen volumes. These are spoils brought home by my husband from a tour of the old bookshops of Madrid and Toledo. Few of my treasures do I prize more than the *Arte de Cocina*, though it is in the fifteenth edition, with the date on the title-page provokingly effaced. The first edition was published in 1617, and its author was Francisco Martinez Montañó, *Cocinero Mayor del Rey* — this particular Rey being none other than Philip IV. Here, then, you may learn what the Spaniard ate in the days when Velasquez painted. As yet, the facts I have gleaned are few, my Spanish being based chiefly on that comprehensive first

phrase in Meisterschaft, which, though my passport through Spain, can hardly carry me through Spanish literature. I can make out enough, however, to discover that Montañó, in the fashion of the Italian writers of the Renaissance, supplies menus for great occasions, but that he had not forestalled the French in writing with method. His book is a hodge-podge, Portuguese, English, German, and Moorish dishes thrown together any how, the whole collection ending unexpectedly with a soup. But his pious *Laus Deo* on the last page covers many sins, and his index shows a desire for the system he did not know how to achieve. No less interesting is the *Nuevo Arte de Cocina*, by Juan Altimiras. Thanks, I suppose, to the law of compensation, while my Montañó is in the fifteenth edition, my copy of Altimiras is dated 1760, though M. Vicaire knows none earlier than 1791. It has the attraction, first, of vellum covers with leather strings still in condition to be tied, and, next, of an edifying dedication to San Diego de Alcalá, — Santo Mio is the author's familiar manner of address, and he makes the offering from the affectionate heart of one who hopes to enjoy the saint's company some day in heaven. After this, it is not surprising that the work should have been approved by high of-

ficials in the king's kitchen, and that a point is made of Lenten dishes and monastic menus.

My remaining Spanish books, in comparison, seem commonplace. There is a little *Arte de Reposteria*, by Juan de la Mata, Madrid, 1791, a small quarto in vellum covers that gives a whole chapter to the *Aguas Heladas de Frutas*, still one of the joys of Spain, and a recipe for *Gazpachos*, still one of its wonders. There is the *Disertacion en Recomendacion y Defensa del famoso Vino Malegueno Pero zinien*, Malaga, 1792, with a wood-engraved frontispiece that looks like the beginning of the now familiar cigar-box labels. But the other big and little volumes are of too late a date for my present purposes. Many are translations of the French books of 1830, and they reproduce even the lithographs and other illustrations published in the original works.

Of course, it will be understood that I write solely of the books in my own collection, which I am not foolish enough to represent as exhaustive. Indeed, if I were, M. Vicaire's Bibliography would betray me at once. But for the collector the evil hour is when, folding his hands, he must admit his task completed. As long as there are gaps on my shelves, life will still hold the possibility of emotion.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

JIMVILLE.

A BRET HARTE TOWN.

WHEN Mr. Harte found himself with a fresh palette and his particular local color fading from the West, he did what he considered the only safe thing, and carried his young impression away to be worked out untroubled by any newer fact. He should have gone to Jimville. There he would have found cast up on

the ore-ribbed hills the bleached timbers of more tales, and better ones.

You could not think of Jimville as anything more than a survival, like the herb-eating, bony-cased old tortoise that pokes cheerfully about those borders some thousands of years beyond his proper epoch. Not that Jimville is old,

but it has an atmosphere favorable to the type of a half century back, if not "forty-niners," of that breed. It is said of Jimville that getting away from it is such a piece of work that it encourages permanence in the population; the fact is that most have been drawn there by some real likeness or liking. Not however that I would deny the difficulty of getting into or out of that cove of reminder, I who have made the journey so many times at great pains of a poor body. Any way you go at it, Jimville is about three days from anywhere in particular. North or south, after the railroad there is a stage journey of such interminable monotony as induces forgetfulness of all previous states of existence.

The road to Jimville is the happy hunting-ground of old stagecoaches bought up from superseded routes the West over, rocking, lumbering, wide vehicles far gone in the order of romance, coaches that Vasquez has held up, from whose high seats express messengers have shot or been shot as their luck held. This is to comfort you when the driver stops to rummage for wire to mend a failing bolt. There is enough of this sort of thing to quite prepare you to believe what the driver insists, namely, that all that country and Jimville are held together by wire.

First on the way to Jimville you cross a lonely open land, with a hint in the sky of things going on under the horizon, a palpitant, white, hot land where the wheels gird at the sand and the midday heaven shuts it in breathlessly like a tent. So in still weather; and when the wind blows there is occupation enough for the passengers, shifting seats to hold down the windward side of the wagging coach. This is a mere trifle. The Jimville stage is built for five passengers, but when you have seven, with four trunks, several parcels, three sacks of grain, the mail and express, you begin to understand that proverb about the road which has been re-

ported to you. In time you learn to engage the high seat beside the driver, where you get good air and the best company. Beyond the desert rise the lava flats, scorice strewn; sharp cutting walls of narrow cañons; league-wide, frozen puddles of black rock, intolerable and forbidding. Beyond the lava the mouths that spewed it out, ragged-lipped, ruined craters shouldering to the cloud line, mostly of red earth, as red as a red heifer. These have some comforting of shrubs and grass. You get the very spirit of the meaning of that country when you see Little Pete feeding his sheep in the red, choked maw of an old vent, — a kind of silly pastoral gentleness that glozes over an elemental violence. Beyond the craters rise worn, auriferous hills of a quiet sort, tumbled together; a valley full of mists; whitish green scrub; and bright small panting lizards; then Jimville.

The town looks to have spilled out of Squaw Gulch, and that, in fact, is the sequence of its growth. It began around the Bully Boy and Theresa group of mines midway up Squaw Gulch, spreading down to the smelter at the mouth of the ravine. The freight wagons dumped their loads as near to the mill as the slope allowed, and Jimville grew in between. Above the Gulch begins a pine wood with sparsely grown thickets of lilac, azalea, and odorous blossoming shrubs.

Squaw Gulch is a very sharp, steep, ragged-walled ravine, and that part of Jimville which is built in it has only one street, — in summer paved with bone-white cobbles, in the wet months a frothy yellow flood. All between the ore dumps and solitary small cabins, pieced out with tin cans and packing-cases, run footpaths drawing down to the Silver Dollar saloon. When Jimville was having the time of its life the Silver Dollar had those same coins let into the bar top for a border, but the proprietor pried them out when the glory departed. There are three hun-

dred inhabitants in Jimville and four bars, though you are not to argue anything from that.

Hear now how Jimville came by its name. Jim Calkins discovered the Bully Boy, Jim Baker located the Theresa. When Jim Jenkins opened an eating-house in his tent he chalked up on the flap, "Best meals in Jimville, \$1.00," and the name stuck.

There was more human interest in the origin of Squaw Gulch, though it tickled no humor. It was Dimmick's squaw from Aurora way. If Dimmick had been anything except New Englander he would have called her *Mahala*, but that would not have bettered his behavior. Dimmick made a strike, went East, and the squaw who had been to him as his wife took to drink. That was the bald way of stating it in the Aurora country. The milk of human kindness, like some wine, must not be uncorked too much in speech lest it lose savor. This is what they did. The woman would have returned to her own people, being far gone with child, but the drink worked her bane. By the river of this ravine her pains overtook her. There Jim Calkins, prospecting, found her dying with a three days' babe nozzling at her breast. Jim heartened her for the end, buried her, and walked back to Poso eighteen miles, the child poking in the folds of his denim shirt with small mewling noises, and won support for it from the rough-handed folks of that place. Then he came back to Squaw Gulch, so named from that day, and discovered the Bully Boy. Jim humbly regarded this piece of luck as interposed for his reward, and I for one believed him. If it had been in mediæval times you would have had a legend or a ballad. Bret Harte would have given you a tale. You see in me a mere recorder, for I know what is best for you; you shall blow out this bubble from your own breath.

You could never get into any proper relation to Jimville unless you could

slough off and swallow your acquired prejudices as a lizard does his skin. Once wanting some womanly attentions, the stage driver assured me I might have them at the Nine-Mile House from the lady barkeeper. The phrase tickled all my after-dinner-coffee sense of humor into an anticipation of Poker Flat. The stage driver proved himself really right, though you are not to suppose from this that Jimville had no conventions and no caste. They work out these things in the personal equation largely. Almost every latitude of behavior is allowed a good fellow, one no liar, a free spender, and a backer of his friends' quarrels. You are respected in as much ground as you can shoot over, in as many pretensions as you can make good.

That probably explains Mr. Fanshawe, the gentlemanly faro dealer of those parts, built for the rôle of Oakhurst, going white-shirted and frock-coated in a community of overalls; and persuading you that whatever shifts and tricks of the game were laid to his deal he could not practice them on a person of your penetration. But he does. By his own account and the evidence of his manners he had been bred for a clergyman, and he certainly has gifts for the part. You find him always in possession of your point of view, and with an evident though not obtrusive desire to stand well with you. For an account of his killings, for his way with women and the way of women with him, I refer you to Brown of Calaveras and some others of that stripe. His improprieties had a certain sanction of long standing not accorded to the gay ladies who wore Mr. Fanshawe's favors. There were perhaps too many of them. On the whole, the point of the moral distinctions of Jimville appears to be a point of honor, with an absence of humorous appreciation that strangers mistake for dullness. At Jimville they see behavior as history and judge it by facts, untroubled by invention and the dramatic sense. You glimpse a crude sense of equity in their

dealings with Wilkins who had shot a man at Lone Tree, fairly, in an open quarrel. Rumor of it reached Jimville before Wilkins rested there in flight. I saw Wilkins, all Jimville saw him; in fact, he came into the Silver Dollar when we were holding a church fair and bought a pink silk pincushion. I have often wondered what became of it. Some of us shook hands with him, not because we did not know, but because we had not been officially notified, and there were those present who knew how it was themselves. When the sheriff arrived Wilkins had moved on, and Jimville organized a posse and brought him back, because the sheriff was a Jimville man and we had to stand by him.

I said we had the church fair at the Silver Dollar. We had most things there, dances, town meetings, and the kinetoscope exhibition of the Passion Play. The Silver Dollar had been built when the borders of Jimville spread from Minton to the red hill the Defiance twisted through. "Side-Winder" Smith scrubbed the floor for us and moved the bar to the back room. The fair was designed for the support of the circuit rider who preached to the few that would hear, and buried us all in turn. He was the symbol of Jimville's respectability, although he was of a sect that held dancing among the cardinal sins. The management took no chances on offending the minister; at 11.30 they tendered him the receipts of the evening in the chairman's hat, as a delicate intimation that the fair was closed. The company filed out of the front door and around to the back. Then the dance began formally with no feelings hurt. These were the sort of courtesies, common enough in Jimville, that brought tears of delicate inner laughter.

There were others besides Mr. Fanshawe who had walked out of Mr. Harte's demesne to Jimville and wore names that smacked of the soil, "Alkali Bill," "Pike" Wilson, "Three Finger," and "Mono Jim;" fierce, shy, pro-

pane, sun-dried derelicts of the windy hills; who each owned, or had owned, a mine and was wishful to own one again. They laid up on the worn benches of the Silver Dollar or the Same Old Luck like beached vessels, and their talk ran on endlessly of "strike" and "contact" and "mother lode," and worked around to fights and hold-ups, villainy, haunts, and the hoodoo of the Minietta, told austere without imagination.

Do not suppose I am going to repeat it all; you who want these things written up from the point of view of people who do not do them every day would get no savor in their speech.

Says Three Finger, relating the history of the Mariposa, "I took it off'n Tom Beatty, cheap, after his brother Bill was shot."

Says Jim Jenkins, "What was the matter of him?"

"Who? Bill? Abe Johnson shot him; he was fooling around Johnson's wife, an' Tom sold me the mine dirt cheap."

"Why did n't he work it himself?"

"Him? Oh, he was laying for Abe and calculated to have to leave the country pretty quick."

"Huh!" says Jim Jenkins, and the tale flows smoothly on.

Yearly the spring fret floats the loose population of Jimville out into the desolate waste hot lands, guiding by the peaks and a few rarely touched water holes, always, always with the golden hope. They develop prospects and grow rich, develop others and grow poor but never embittered. Say the hills, It is all one, there is gold enough, time enough, and men enough to come after you. And at Jimville they understand the language of the hills.

Jimville does not know a great deal about the crust of the earth, it prefers a "hunch." That is an intimation from the gods that if you go over a brown back of the hills, by a dripping spring, up Coso way, you will find what is worth while. I have never heard that the failure of any particular hunch dis-

proved the principle. Somehow the rawness of the land favors the sense of personal relation to the supernatural. There is not much intervention of crops, cities, clothes, and manners between you and the organizing forces to cut off communication. All this begets in Jimville a state that passes explanation unless you will accept an explanation that passes belief. Along with killing and drunkenness, coveting of women, charity, simplicity, there is a certain indifference, blankness, emptiness if you will, of all vaporings, no bubbling of the pot, — it wants the German to coin a word for that, — no bread-envy, no brother-fervor. Western writers have not sensed it yet (perhaps Lummis a little); they smack the savor of lawless-

ness too much upon their tongues, but you have these to witness it is not mean-spiritedness. It is pure Greek in that it represents the courage to shear off what is not worth while. Beyond that it endures without sniveling, renounces without self-pity, fears no death, rates itself not too great in the scheme of things; so do beasts, so did St. Jerome in the desert, so also in the elder day did gods. Life, its performance, cessation, is no new thing to gape and wonder at.

Here you have the repose of the perfectly accepted instinct which includes passion and death in its perquisites. I suppose that the end of all our hammering and yawping will be something like the point of view of Jimville. The only difference will be in the decorations.

Mary Austin.

EVENTINGS AT SIMEON'S STORE.

AFTER several days of strong easterly wind with rain and sleet, it had fallen nearly calm, and a dense, dripping fog settled over Killick Cove as night came on early with dungeon-like blackness. Across the rain-soaked pastures sounded loudly the hollow rote of the sea, broken periodically by the foghorn's sepulchral note and the mournful clang of the bell buoy on the Hue and Cry.

Clad in oilskins and rubber boots, certain faithful pilgrims to the store, who had wallowed up through the mud and darkness from the Lower Neck, reported it as "breakin' a clean torch" on every ledge outside, and bewailed the probable loss of lobster traps and trawls.

Surely a more fitting night on which to consider witchcraft, forerunners, and like subjects could not have been chosen, and Cap'n Job Gaskett's black eyes snapped excitedly as he once more declared his firm belief that witches still practiced their art in the vicinity, though possibly in a less open manner

than in the old days when Sarah Kentall and Hetty Moye "hove" their dreaded bridles at will, or in the much more recent times when Aunt Polly Belknap exacted tribute from mariners about to sail.

As the most recent occurrence uphold him in his well-known belief, Cap'n Job related the following singular experience of his wife: —

"My woman," said he, "she sot out one time las' fall to drive way up back here a-visitin' of her cousin to Lyndon Corners. 'T was some consid'ble time sence she'd been over the ro'd, you un'stan', an' bimeby she come to a place where she kind o' got off'n her course altogether; she lost her reck'nin' you might say, an' could n't see ary 'marks,' nor git ary soundin's, nary one o' the two.

"Wal, fin'ly she see a woman out waterin' plants down by the gate in front of a little, small ole red house there was, so she let the mare come to,

passed the time o' day 'long o' the woman, an' asked her 'bout which was the right ways to take. Wal, this here woman she made off 's ef she was ter'ble perlite an' 'commodatin' like, an' went to work right away an' pricked off a new course for my woman to run, plain 's could be, but she kep' up a stiddy clatter o' talk same 's ef she had n't seen nary soul for a fortni't, an' fin'ly nothin' would n't do but my woman should turn to an' have a dish o' tea 'long o' her, seem' how it was hard on to noon-time a'ready. Wal, when my woman come to leave, she follered her chock down to the gate ag'in, a-makin' off to be ter'ble anxious for fear 't would storm 'fore ever my woman got to the Corners.

"Oh, she done her little act up in complete shape, I tell ye, but what I 'm comin' at 's, when my woman took holt o' them reins to start, that 'ere mare could n't make out to raise a huff off'n the groun', no ways she could fix it. My woman 'lows she done her dingdes' a-tryin' to git a move on to that hoss ag'in, but 't wa'n't a part'cle o' use, an' fin'ly it come acrosst her all of a sudden jes' what was to pay.

"She jes' took an' unhitched a blame' great shawl-pin she had on to her by good luck, an' 'fore ever this here set-fired ole witch knowed what she was up to, my woman reached out'n that wagon an' fetched a kind o' rakin' jab like with that pin, chock down the length o' the creetur's bare arm, so 's to start the blood a-squirtin' in good shape, I tell ye, an' jes' the very minute she done so, the mare started off down the ro'd same 's a bullet out'n a gun, an' left that air ole witch a-hoppin' roun' there, screechin' fit to stund ye.

"She 'd went to work an' teched that 'ere mare, ye see; she 'd jes' up an' hove a spell acrosst the whole d—n bus'niss, an' nothin' only blood would n't break it."

After some few remarks in commendation of Mrs. Gaskett's sagacity on this occasion, Simeon inquired from his

high perch behind the desk whether Cap'n Job had heard anything from his oil-can recently, and as it proved there were several present unfamiliar with the facts in this strange case, Cap'n Gaskett obligingly furnished them again as follows:—

"When I painted my house an' out-buildin's eight year ago come spring-time, there was a four-gallon oil-can lef' kickin' 'bout the yard, an' fin'ly I took an' I hove her into the barn to be red on her. Wal, she laid there up in one corner all quiet 'nough for a spell; month or more I guess 't was she laid there into that krawm-heap, till one time I was out there grindin' up my axe, an' all to once I heerd a set-fired funny thumpin' soun' — ker-chunk! ker-plunk! Sup'n that ways she 'peared to soun', but six on 'em to a lick, allus.

"There wa'n't nary soul into that barn but me, I knowed that all right, but to make a dead sure thing, I up an' ransacked that buildin' high an' low, but it did n't 'mount to nothin' 't all, for I foun' them thumps come direc' out'n that ole oil-can, an' nowheres else. 'S I say, at the fus' send-off, there was allus jes' six on 'em to a time, an' I knowed they was a forerunner, fas' 'nough, but 't was some few days 'fore ever I ketched on to jes' what 't was they meant, till one af'noon I was a-settin' out there kind o' studyin' of it over, an' I see all to once that them six thumps was a sign that Sister Jane was goin' to stop roun' here 'long on us jes' six more months, an' no longer. She 'd jes' barely commenced to be sickly 'bout that time, you rec'lec'.

"Wal sir, that ole can kep' right on thumpin' out six clips to a time for jes' one month, an' then she let up on one thump, an' slacked down to five. I use' to git so aggravated 'long o' the dod-blasted ole thing, I 'd up an' kick her all round the barn floor chock out into the henyard, but 't wa'n't no manner o' use, an' never made a mite o' diff'rence, not a mite.

"Soon 's ever I 'd come to git through kickin' of her, she 'd jes' up an' give out them same ole thumps same 's she 'd been doin' of, so fin'ly I never paid no more 'tention to her, an' she kep' right on thumpin' whenever she got good an' ready, but I took pertik'ler notice ev'ry month she let up on one thump, an' Sister Jane she kep' right on failin' stiddy all the time. Wal sir, them thumps fin'ly come down to one, an' that one kep' on dwindlin' away fainter an' fainter, till bimeby Jane she died. The ole can sets up there into the barn yit, but nary yip has come out'n her sence."

A pause followed this narrative of Cap'n Job's, during which his listeners chewed their quids reflectively, while the clucking of Cap'n Roundturn's false teeth became painfully noticeable.

"Them kind o' things is sing'lar, an' there 's no rubbin' of it out, neither," continued Job in a few minutes. "I cal'late there won't never be no def'nition to 'em. Now there was one o' them drummer fellers put up to my house over night one time, an' I was tellin' him 'bout that air scrape o' my woman's when the ole witch teched the mare, same 's I was jes' now speakin' of. Wal sir, this here drummer he was an extry smart 'pearin' sort o' chap, an' I 'lowed he was posted on mos' ev'rything chock to the handle. Why, he had a head on to him same 's a wooden god; bigger 'n what Dan'l Webster's ever dared to be, so 's 't I cal'lated you could n't stick him on nothin' in reason, but be dinged ef he did n't own up that three or four o' them yarns I give him that night was reg'lar ole clinchers, an' no mistake!

"Said they jes' knocked him silly, they did, so 's 't he would n't preten' to give no why an' wherefore to 'em, but he 'lowed how he see in his paper one time where a lot o' them rich college fellers up to the west'ard there had turned to an' j'ined a sort o' club like, or some sich thing, to hol' reg'lar meetin's an' overhaul jes' sich works as I

was tellin' 'bout, so 's to see ef they could n't git the true bearin's on 'em some ways or 'nother.

"I tol' him, 's I, they can't never tell nothin' 'bout 'em, for the reason it wa'n't never cal'lated we *should* git holt on 't. It 'll be jes' time an' money hove clean away, 's I, an' that 's all it 'll 'mount to."

"That 's true 's preachin'!" assented Cap'n Roundturn. "What ever them pore half fools kin make out'n it won't 'mount to a row o' pins, but Godfrey mighty! Them fellers' time don't come very high, by no manner o' means, an' somebody may git a dollar out'n 'em, some ways! I sh'd say bes' give 'em plenty o' slack line, an' tell 'em to go it, full tilt."

"Wal, yas," said Cap'n Gaskett, "I s'pose they might 's well mull the thing over amongst 'em. 'T won't do no great hurt, ef it don't do no good, as the feller said when he went to work an' leggo his anchor without no cable bent on to it! But ef them fellers lacks ma-teeril for to try their headpieces on to, I 'll bate a hat I kin deal out 'nough on 't so 's to keep 'em guessin' for the nex' twelvemonth, an' resk it.

"Now you take the time they fetched Cap'n Thaddy Kentall ashore from his vess'l here to this Cove. You rec'lect it, Cap'n Roundturn? 'T was the time I retopped the ole Fair Wind up there to your shore, much 's thirty-five year sence, I guess. That air ole crooked apple tree that stan's cluss to the eastern end o' the Kentall place was all chock-a-block with blossoms when they fetched Cap'n Thaddy up there that spring, but soon 's ever he was to bed in good shape, be jiggered ef them blossoms did n't commence a-fallin' off'n her!

"They pretended to say 'long the fus' send-off how Cap'n Thaddy had ketched a fever, but it turned out sup'n ailed his liver; that 's what it was the matter on him, — his liver kep' shrinkin' away stiddy, an' them set-fired blossoms kep' on droppin' an' droppin' jes'

so stiddy. Bimeby, when they 'd ev'ry dod-blasted one fell off'n that tree, be dinged ef the leaves did n't commence a-dreepin' off'n her too!

"That 's a fac'! I 'm givin' of it to ye straight 's a gun bar'l. I was right to home here through the hull on 't, repairin' up my vess'l, an' was knowin' to all the pertik'lers jes' like a book. The way 't was, Cap'n Thaddy's liver fin'lly come to git completely eat up, or else she dried up, or run out, I can't rightly say fer certain now jes' what it was ailed her, but any ways, I know Cap'n Thaddy lost his liver clip an' clean, an' time *she* was all gone, that air apple tree was stripped chock down to bare poles; yes sir, jes' naked 's ever she was in winter time!

"Wal, ole Doctor Windseye he started in to grow a bran'-noo liver into Cap'n Thaddy, but it 'peared 's though he could n't make out to git no great headway on 'long the fus' on 't, an' I know 't was kind o' hinted roun' on the sly that ole Doc had went to work an' bit off more 'n what he could chaw.

"Any ways, Cap'n Thaddy he jes' laid there to bed for weeks so blame sick he did n't give a tinker's d—n ef school kep' or not, but bimeby, though, ole Doc he fin'lly made out to git a noo liver sprouted in good shape, an' jes' soon 's ever he done so, set-fire ef them apple-tree leaves did n't commence to bud out ag'in, an' time the Cap'n's noo liver had got a real good holt on to him, that air tree was all bloomed out ag'in solid full o' blossoms, same 's she was when they fetched him ashore. Yas sir, she was, an' now let them club fellers up there to the west'ard jes' shove that air into their pipes an' smoke it a spell!

"Way 't was in them days, folks round here kind o' 'lowed how ole Doc done a big job for Cap'n Thaddy, but gracious evers! You take it this day o' the world, an' them hospittle fellers grows noo livers right 'long; 't aint the fus' bit o' put-out to 'em now 'days, they tell me."

Although this striking story was perfectly well known throughout the village, Cap'n Job's hearers listened attentively to the end, partly because he was recognized as high authority upon the subject in hand, and partly because repetition of stories was a privilege shared by all frequenters of the store. At this point in the proceedings Sheriff Windseye said to a man reclining upon a pile of meal bags:—

"Le' 's see, John Ed, wa'n't it you that run acrosst ole Skipper Nate Perkins out here in the Bay, one time?"

"Yas sir!" promptly answered this individual. "I see him, an' passed the time o' day 'long on him, sure 's ever you 're settin' where you be. 'T was more 'n a dozen years after he was los', but he let on jes' who he was, though I should hev knowed his v'ice all right ef he had n't hev tol' me."

"He 'd took the shape of a hagdon, had n't he, John Ed?" interrupted Cap'n Gaskett. "The mos' o' them ole fellers doos, I 've allus took notice."

"Yas," replied John Ed, as he straightened up, and tapped the ashes from his cob pipe. "Yas sir, that 's jes' the very shape he showed hisself to me in—jes' one o' these common hag-dons, or mack'rel gulls, I b'lieve some folks calls 'em.

"The way 't was that time was like this. When I sot out that mornin', 't was thick o' fog, an' pooty nigh stark calm, too. I had to row my hooker more 'n two mile outside 'fore ever I struck ary breeze at all. Then I took jes' an air o' win' out here to the south'ard, an' made out to fan 'long for a spell, but 't was dretful mod'rit, an' part the time there wa'n't scursely steer-age-way on to her. My gear was all sot out on Betty Moody's Ten Acre Lot that time, but 't was so master thick I could n't see nary marks, an' I mus' have fooled away 'nother hour 'fore ever I sighted my gear.

"Wal, I commenced under-runnin'

the fus' trawl, an' pooty quick I see this here hagdón a-roostin' right a-top o' my weather trawl buoy. 'T was gittin' on 'long toe-wards noontime then, an' there fin'ly come quite a scale, so 's 't the sun pooty nigh come out, an' I see this here feller settin' there cockin' of his blame head at me, plain 's could be, a-top o' that kag.

"Wal, thinks I to myself, dinged ef you don't make out to be some tame, you! Wonder how nigh I kin git to ye, 'fore ever ye 'll up an' skip! Wal, I kep' on under-runnin' that trawl sort o' easy like, an' gainin' up on to him all the time, till I 'll bate I wa'n't two bo't's lengths off'n him, when he up an' says jes' nat'ral 's life, 'Good-mornin', John Ed,' 's he. Wal, now, it gimme a master start, that did, there 's no rubbin' that out, though 's a gin'ral thing sich works don't jar me not for a cent, but this here come on to me so dod-blowed suddin, ye see!

"I knowed right away jes' who 't was, though, soon 's ever he yipped, an' 's I, ' This here 's Skipper Nate Perkins, ain't it? "

"That 's jes' who 't is!' 's he. 'How 's all the folks there to the Cove?' 's he.

"Wal sir, by that time I was all tanto ag'in, an' cool 's a cucumber, so I turned to an' give him a kind o' gin'ral av'rage how things was workin' ashore here, an' sot out to try an' pump him a grain 'bout hisself, but he would n't gimme no more chance.

"Give 'em all my bes' respec's to hum there,' 's he, an' off he went 'bout eas'suth'eas', I jedged, jes' though the devil kicked him on end.

"Course, I 'd allus hearn the ole folks tell 'bout hagdons bein' them that 's dead, an' 'specially them that 's been los' to sea, but I never give the thing no great thought till I come to see it proved this way."

"Oh, wal, there now!" put in Cap'n Job. "For the matter o' that, it don't need no provin', not at this day o' the

world, it don't. It 's gospel truth, an' I 've knowed it ever sence I was the bigness of a b'layin' pin. Skipper Nate Perkins, the one you was talkin' 'long on, was los' into the ole Harvester, in the fall o' '71. I know ole Enoch Winds-eye over to the Neck here, he was shipped to go cook 'long o' him, an' come down to the w'arft where the vess'l was layin' the night afore they was to sail, cal'latin' to stow his dunnage aboard, but he see a rat run ashore on a line from the vess'l, an' he jes' shifted his mind on the spot, an' 'lowed he would n't go no how, so Skipper Nate he shipped one o' them Kunkett Blakeleys to go cook in the room on him, an' in jes' two weeks' time to a day they was ev'ry soul on 'em drowned. You kin bate high rats ain't cal'latin' to skin out'n a vess'l that way for nothin', an' never was!

"But talkin' 'bout losin' vess'ls puts me in mind o' the time father was los' in the ole Good Intent, there. I wa'n't but 'bout ten year ole then, an' there was six on us young uns to home 'long o' mother. 'T was a ter'ble ole breeze o' win', that one was, an' you take it down to the Bay Shelore, where father was to, an' nineteen sail on our 'Merican fishermen was los'. It blowed here right out endways, an' for the matter o' that, it swep' the whole coast clip an' clean, but what I 'm comin' at 's this.

"Up to our house there, 'long toe-wards midnight, they commenced poundin' an' bangin' of her fit to stave her sides an' ruf in chock to the cellar! Of all the hell-fired rackets ever I hearn yit, that was the wusst one! It skeered us young uns mos' to conniptions, but mother she bunched us all together downstairs into the settin'-room, an' tol' me an' brother Sam jes' what the matter was. You could n't learn her nothin' 'bout them kind o' things, 'cause she 'd been there afore, mother had, an' she knowed blame well father's vess'l was a goner, soon 's ever them hellish works commenced.

"Wal sir, they kep' up that air bangin' an' whangin' o' that ole house pooty nigh all night long, without no let-up. Why, them clips they give it sounded for all the world jes' like somebody was standin' off an' givin' of it to her with thund'r in' great mallets an' top-mauls, so 's 't you 'd cal'lated for sure they 'd stove off half the shingles, an' shook the plasterin' down 'fore they slacked up! But come nex' mornin', an' there wa'n't so much 's a scratch to be seen on to that air house from cellar to garret!"

"Be dod-blowed ef that ain't 'bout the sing'lars' thing ever I heerd tell on!" exclaimed Simeon, removing his spectacles, and gazing earnestly at Job over the desk. "An' you preten' to say the ole Good Intent was los' that same night?"

"Yas siree, I do!" replied Cap'n Job decidedly. "She made out to turn turtle on 'em 'bout two o'clock in the mornin', nigh 's ever we could make out. There wa'n't but half a dozen sail o' the whole fleet that clawed out'n the Bay in that breeze o' win', an' four o' them was 'pinks.' Course you know how 't is down there into that set-fired guzzle-trap; ef you git ketched, you got to crack on sail an' sock it to a vess'l scan'lous to git sea-room, but this time the fleet was doin' well fishin', an' they hung on too long. I been there times 'nough sence so 's to know jes' how it worked. Ef a craf' won't lug sail, your name 's mud, that 's the whole story.

"Ole Skipper Lish Perkins he was to the Bay this time in the ole Paytriot, an' come out'n it jes' by the skin o' his teeth, too, an' I tell ye when the Paytriot would n't wear a cluss-reefed mains'l an' the bunnet out'n her jib, it wa'n't no sense for any the res' part o' the fleet to try it on, not a d—n mite, but this time Skip' Lish 'lowed she would n't so much 's look at it under them sails; allst the creetur 'd do was to lay ri' down chock to her hatches an' waller! They blowed away mos'

ev'rythin' they had aboard in the shape o' muslin, but fin'ly some ways or 'nother they come out'n it. Skip' Lish he allus stuck to it he was in comp'ny that night long o' father into the Good Intent, an' 'lowed how he see her hove down by a master great holler sea, a reg'lar ole he one, 'twas, so 's 't she never got on her legs ag'in. This was somewhere 's nigh two in the mornin', an' they never see no sign on her sence, nor her crowd, neither!"

"But that there bastin' they give the house that night, Job, that 's what jes' gits me!" said Simeon. "Puts me in mind o' the works the ole folks allus an' forever use' to be gossipin' 'bout when we was youngsters.

"Sich works ain't nigh so common roun' here o' late years as they was them times. Now you take it 'fore Hetty Moye an' Aunt Polly lit out, an' them two jes' fairly kep' things a-hummin' here to this Cove with their set-fired pranks an' works! Blame ef 't wa'n't downright horrid the works them two ole critters was into in them days!"

"Oh, them was jes' rank pizen, them two was," observed Cap'n Job, tilting back in his chair against the counter. "You jes' take an' let a pore feller once git on the wrong side o' Aunt Polly, an' 't was all day with him, be jiggered ef it wa'n't, now! She 'd d—n quick figger out some ways to git her come-uppance 'long on him, an' don't you think for a minute she would n't!"

"Lord sakes! I guess she would *some* quick!" cried Simeon. "An' you come to take Hetty Moye there, you take an' let her jes' git that dod-blasted ole bridle o' hern roun' a feller's neck good an' taut, an' it 's a chance ef he did n't wish mos' damnly he had n't never been borned 'fore ever she got through 'long on him!"

"They allus 'lowed how she driv Cap'n Zachy Condon chock down to Kunkett ole harbor an' back ag'in the same night on one o' them hell-fired ex-

hibitions o' hern, an' the pore ole creetur was so tuckered an' beat out he never sot foot out o' bed for three weeks. I tell ye, it doos jes' knock tar-water the doin's an' goin's on there was here to this Cove in them days! Blame ef 't ain't some sing'lar! Why, I don't cal'late there was ary skipper to this place but what dassent turn to an' git his vess'l under way without he 'd been up an' fixed things all straight 'long o' Aunt Polly fus'. Lord Harry! What slathers o' terbacker I 've seed backed up to her place there in my time!"

"That 's a fac', Simeon!" exclaimed Sheriff Windseye. "An' snuff, too! Any God's quantity o' tea an' snuff she use' to git, right 'long stiddy. Why, 't was allus counted a reg'lar temptation o' Prov'dence to make a start for the Cape Shore in the spring o' the year without you 'd been up an' bought your luck there to Aunt Polly's in good shape. I take notice I allus done so myself, an' I guess them that hain't 's plaguy scat't'rin' here to the Cove, ef they 've got any age at all on to 'em. It's some sing'lar, though, how them ole witch-women has died out roun' this part o' the country."

"Died out be jiggered!" cried Cap'n Job Gaskett indignantly. "Them style o' folks ain't died out by a jugful; not yit awhile, they ain't! Don't you go runnin' 'way 'long o' no sich idee's that air, Cap'n, 'cause ef ye do, 'tween you an' me an' the win'lass-bitt, you 'll git everlastin'ly lef'. I 'm tellin' ye there 's folks right here to this Cove to-day that 's jes' as well fittin' to heave the bridle, an' tech cream, an' blas' crops, an' upset loads o' hay, an' raise gin'ral ructions as ary one o' them ole style folks was, an' nothin' only the sod won't take it out'n 'em, neither, but the thing on 't is, they 're more slyer an' cunninger 'bout gittin' in their work, now'days, that 's allst there is to it."

"Wal, I dunno 'bout that, Cap'n Job," replied the Sheriff doubtfully.

"Folks roun' here 's gittin' mos' too posted at this day o' the worl' for to take a great sight o' stock into sich works."

"'T ain't a question o' bein' posted at all," Cap'n Job persisted, warming up in defense of his favorite theory. "Forty year ago folks roun' here was better posted 'n they be now, an' a d—n sight smarter in ev'ry way, shape, an' manner. Look a' the Wes' Injy bus'niss there was carried on to this Cove; look a' the master fleet o' fishermen there was fitted out here ev'ry springtime; thirty odd sail o' vess'ls owned right here to this one place; look a' the fish there was made here, an' the coop'rin' shops there was here, an' now look a' what is there here?"

"Nothin'. Jes' plain nothin'. Ev'ry dod-blasted thing jes' deado! Vess'ls all gone, w'arfs all gone, an' all our smart men gone too, up back o' the meetin'-house here, but I take pertik'ler notice that when they was livin', an' doin' more bus'niss in a week 'n what you fellers see in a year's time, they did n't begredge a dollar for the sake o' keepin' on the right side o' Polly Belknap! You kin claim folks roun' here is a ter'ble sight better posted now'days, but ef there 's ary man 'live here to this Cove to-day could learn them ole sirs how to git a livin', I 'll thank ye to jes' up an' p'int him out to me. That 's ev'ry cussed thing I 'll ask on ye; jes' up an' p'int him right out." And Cap'n Job looked about him at the assemblage defiantly.

"Yas sir," Cap'n Roundturn replied at length. "There was cert'nly a tremendous smart set o' men doin' bus'niss here to this Cove them days, an' 't wa'n't no habit o' our'n to take much chances, neither. I 'll presume to say there ain't no case on record where a vess'l ever lef' this Cove on her fus' trip in the spring o' the year without she 'd made a short hitch to the nor'rard fus' for luck. Mebbe there wa'n't nothin' into sich a pro-cess, an' then ag'in mebbe

there was a set-fired heap into it, an' I allus felt consid'ble easier for doin' of it, to the las' o' my goin' on the water."

"So did I, Cap'n!" cried Job Gaskett; "I allus done so, reg'lar, an' so I would now ef I wa'n't lookin' for trouble, but I cal'late Cap'n Windseye here 'lows how 't wa'n't nothin' but witchery into it."

"No sich a thing!" the Sheriff shouted, at once resenting this slur upon his seamanship. "I allus made a hitch to the nor'rard quick 's ever my anchor was broke out! I ain't claimin' there's witch-works into no sich custom as that air. We all on us done it, an' I kin show you them that doos so to-day, but my p'int is that folks roun' here ain't so skeered o' witch-doin's as they was form'y."

"Wal," retorted Cap'n Job, "ef they hain't, it's their own lookout. Them that knows nothin' fears nothin', an' I ain't s'posed to allus keep an' eye to wind'ard for 'em. But bein' 's we 're on this tack this evenin', I kin tell ye another kind o' sing'lar thing father see one time when he was into the ole Mirandy, boun' home here with a trip o' fish from Canso, 'long o' ole Skip' Adam Whitten.

"They'd took a fresh eas'ly breeze, an' hooped her right 'long in good shape, till father he cal'lated he was well to the west'ard o' Cape 'Lizbeth, but it had been thick o' fog all the time comin' 'long, so 's 't they had n't sighted nothin' 't all. 'Long in the evenin' she shet in thicker 'n ever; one o' them reg'lar ole black, dreepin' fogs same 's to-night, so 's 't ye could n't even see the win'llass from jes' beaft the fore-mas', an' father he commenced bimeby to git kind o' fidgety like at not makin' nothin', so fin'ly he goes chock for'rard so 's 't listen an' see ef he could n't git holt o' the rote on Boon Islant. This was 'bout nine in the evenin', 'cordin' to his tell, an' the win' had kind o' petered out on 'em, but there was a devil of an ole sea heavin' in,

so 's 't ev'rything 'long shore was breakin' a clean torch. Wal, father he was stannin' there for'rard listenin' away for allst he was wuth, an' hopin' every minute to git holt o' sup'n, when all of a suddin there come a bust o' music right alof', pooty nigh overhead, an' bang up ole music she was too, jes' like one o' these here ban's, only there was a singin' o' women's v'ices mixed up into it some ways, so 's 't all han's aboard 'lowed they never heerd the beat of it.

"Wal sir, while they was all han's on 'em stannin' roun' on deck there takin' of it in, wha' 'd that air ole fog-bank do but scale in a big hole right direc' over the vess'l, an' the stars come out jes' bright 's ever you see 'em the pooties' night ever growed, but all roun' ev'rywheres else, without 't was right in this hole, the fog was thick as ma'sh mud, so 's 't you could slice it up in chunks with a knife.

"Course, it give 'em all han's a consid'ble start, an' they all 'lowed 't was a sign, but father he could n't 'pear to git over it all the way home, no how. He kep' cal'latin' to find somebody dead for cert'n, soon 's ever he got ashore, but nothin' ever come out'n it without 't was at jes' twenty minutes pas' nine o'clock that same evenin' me an' brother Sam was borned!"

"Sho!" exclaimed Sheriff Windseye. "I don't doubt but that the ole man was glad to find it wa'n't no wuss. Wal, I mus' be gittin' 'long up the ro'd. Go in' up my way, Eph?"

"Hold on a minute 'fore you fill away, Cap'n," said Job. "There 's jes' one thing I sh'd like to ask ye 'bout 'fore this settin' 's closed. P'raps you'll preten' to say it don't make no diff'rence with the pork ef you stick a hog on the flood tide or on the ebb?"

"Wal," said the Sheriff after a moment's reflection, "I ain't prepared to give no 'pinion on that 'ere jes' yit. I've allus heerd tell how it done so, o'

course, but I ain't never made no per-tik'ler test on myself."

"Oh, you hain't!" cried Job. "Wal, now, I jes' hev! I've took an' tested of it right chock to the handle, an' you'll find pork that's killed on the ebb'll shrink away one quarter part ev'ry dog-gone time! Now there was ole Skip' Ben Kentall up on the mill-dam ro'd there, he was called a master han' to stick pigs, an' done 'bout the whole o' sich jobs up round there after he come to quit goin'. Them folks up there use' to 'low Skip' Ben knowed jes' the bearin's o' the creetur's jug'lar, so 's't he could allus fetch it the very fust swipe o' the knife, an' you take him, an' he was allus jes' so keerful to make dead sure the tide had n't pinched off a grain 'fore ever he commenced. He knowed blame well jes' how the thing worked, an' so doos mos' the whole o' them ole farmers up back here, now-days."

"You turn to an' frog it up on the Kunkett ro'd there an' ask ole Jeff Blakeley how 't is 'bout it. You take an' go up to his place there, an' tell him to his face you got your doubts

'bout it, an' see how quick he'll go into the air! I cal'late he'd up an' take a stick o' cord-wood to a feller ef he sh'd go up there an' hang it out there wa'n't nothin' into it. But there! what's the good talkin'? It's the truth all right, an' soon's ever you come to look at it, there ain't a thing onray-tionable 'bout it, not a thing. You can't deny but that the ebb tide's ter'ble drawrin', kin you? How many sick folks kin you make out to reckon up here to this Cove that's died without's on the ebb? Guess you'll find them that hain't's consid'ble few an' fur between, now. The ebb tide makes out to jes' dreen the life right out'n'em slick's a whistle!

"Then ag'in, you take an' go down to the shore here anywheres to fill a bucket o' salt water to wash anybody with that's rheumaticky, an' you've allus got to fill it on the ebb, so's't it'll be good an' drawrin', you know, or ef you don't, you'll be apt to wisht mos' damnly ye had, for water that's filled on the flood'll drive them gripes an' rheumatics chock to the vitils, sure's ever the sun rises an' sets!"

George S. Wasson.

AT KILCOLMAN CASTLE.¹

(NEAR BUTTEVANT, COUNTY CORK.)

A POET'S house it was — ay, long ago.
 (Evicted by the avenging fire, he fled!)
 A poet's house, indeed, it stands to-day:
 Those wingèd poets, troubadours of air,
 The wren and robin, claim it as their home.
 The faëry mountains hang above it still:—
 Old Father Mole in Tipperara stands,
 Like a dull storm-cloud with Olympian guests,

¹ The home of Edmund Spenser, who there wrote *The Faerie Queene*, and was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh (*vide* Colin Clout's *Come Home Again*). A line of telegraph wire, a few yards below and in front of the ruined

castle, was heard fitfully murmuring Æolian music as we walked on toward Doneraile, and less than two miles westward a train upon the Great Southern and Western Railway was passing.

As in the days of her the Faëry Queene.
Ay, every highway leads to Faëryland,
Which passes by; and Mulla yonder flows,
With its green alders, where together sat
The Shepherd of the Ocean and his host,—
The Pooka's tower far off a lonely square,
Gray Kilmemullah with sad ruins near.
And, hark!—what sound is heard so weird and faint?
A sound of some new Faëryland is this—
A bugle blown by elfin trumpeter,
Who flies with rumors strange from lands remote.
And, look!—where yonder, with his harnessed Fire,
Some faëry lord his wondrous chariot drives
Far over the hills from far to far away!

John James Piatt.

THE GARDEN OF MEMORIES.

THE garden looked dreary and desolate in spite of the afternoon sunshine. The lilac and lavender bushes were past their prime; their wealth of sweetness had been squandered by riotous offshoots. The wind played among the branches, and cast changing sun-flecked shadows on the grass-grown paths, narrowed by the encroachment of the box borders that had once lined the way with the stiff precision of troops before a royal progress.

The flowers had the air of being overburdened with the monotony of their existence. They could never have had that aspect if they had been only wild flowers and never experienced human care and companionship. That made the difference.

The gate hung on rusty hinges; it answered with a long drawn-out creaking, as it was pushed open by a man who had been a stranger to the place for nearly twenty years.

Yes, the garden was certainly smaller than it had been pictured by his memory. There had been a time when it had appeared as a domain of extensive proportions, and the wood beyond of marvelous depth and density.

He was conscious of a sense of disappointment. The property would scarcely realize as high a price in the market as he had hoped; and it was incumbent upon him to part with it, if he would be released from the narrow circumstances that hemmed him in.

He had arranged to meet the lawyer there that afternoon. One of the latter's clients had already made a bid for the estate. The timber, at all events, would add to the value.

The house faced southward upon the garden. It was here the man had been brought up by an old great-aunt. He guessed later that she had grudged him any of the endearments that death had denied her bestowing upon her own children. Her affections had all been buried before he was born. Besides, he took after the wrong branch of the family.

She must have possessed a strong personality. It was difficult to bring to mind that it was no longer an existent force. Every one from the parson to the servants had stood a little in awe of her. He remembered the unmoved manner in which she had received the news of the death of a near relative.

It had overwhelmed him with a sudden chill, that so she would have received tidings of his own. It had taken all the sunshine in the garden to make him warm again.

In the mood that was growing upon him, it would not have much surprised him to find her sitting bolt upright in her carved high-backed chair, as she had sat in the time of his earliest recollections, — the thin, yellow hands, on which the rings stood out, folded in her lap. On one occasion she had washed his small hands between hers. The hard lustre of the stones acquired a painful association with the ordeal. The blinds would be partially drawn in the musk-scented parlor, to save the carpet from further fading, for there had been a tradition of thrift in the family from the time of its settlement, — a tradition that had not been maintained by its latest representative.

Like the atmosphere of a dream, the years grew dim and misty between now and the time when summer days were longer and sunnier, and it had been counted to him for righteousness if he had amused himself quietly and not given trouble.

A stream that he had once dignified with the name of river formed a boundary between the garden and the wood. Although it had shrunk into shallow insignificance, — with much beside, — a faint halo of the romance with which he had endued this early scene of his adventures still clung to the spot.

As he came to the stream, he saw the reflection of a face in the water, — not his own, but that of one much younger.

It was so he met the boy. The child had been placing stepping-stones to bridge the stream, and now came across, balancing himself on the slippery surfaces to test his work. It was odd he had remained unobserved until this moment, but that was due to the fact of the water-rushes on the brink being as tall as he.

The boy's eyes met those of the man

with a frank, unclouded gaze. He did not appear astonished. That is the way when one is young enough to be continually viewing fresh wonders; one takes everything for granted. He saw at a glance that this other was not alien to him; his instinct remained almost as true as those of the wild nature around.

For his own part, he had an unmistakable air of possession about him. He appeared to belong to the place as much as the hollyhocks and honeysuckle; and yet, how could that be?

"Probably a child of the caretaker," the man told himself.

He had authorized the agent to do what was best about keeping the house in order. He had not noticed what signs it had to show of habitation. Now he saw from the distance that it had not the unoccupied appearance he had expected of it; nor the windows, the dark vacant stare of those that no life behind illumines.

"Do you live here?" he asked of the boy.

"Yes." The boy turned proudly toward the modest gray pile in the manner of introducing it, forgetting himself in his subject. "It's a very old house. There's a picture over the bureau in the parlor of the man who built it, and planted the trees in the wood. Hannah says" —

"Hannah!"

It was a foolish repetition of the name. Of course there were other Hannahs in the world. The old servant of that name, who had told the man stories in his boyhood, had been dead more years than the child could number.

"Yes, — don't you know Hannah? She'll come and call me in presently, and then you'll see her. Hannah says they — the trees — have grown up with the family" (he assumed a queer importance, evidently in unconscious mimicry of the one who had repeated the tradition to him), "and that with them the house will stand or fall. Do you think the roots really reach so far?"

There was an underlying uneasiness in the tone, which it was impossible altogether to disguise.

As the other expressed his inability to volunteer an opinion on this point, the boy went on, seeing that his confidences were treated with due respect:

"I dug up one myself once — I wished I had n't afterwards — to make myself a Christmas tree like I'd read about. I just had to hang some old things I had on it. It was only a tiny fir, small enough to go in a flower-pot; but that night the house shook, and the windows rattled as if all the trees in the forest were trying to get in. I heard them tapping their boughs ever so angrily against the pane. As soon as it was light, I went out and planted the Christmas tree again. I had n't meant to keep it out of the ground long: they might have known that."

"Have you no playfellows here?"

The boy gave a comprehensive glance around. "There are the trees; they are good fellows. I would n't part with one of them. It's fine to hear them all clap their hands when we are all jolly together. There are nests in them, too, and squirrels. We see a lot of one another."

This statement was not difficult to believe: the Holland overalls bore evident traces of fellowship with mossy trunks.

The boy did most of the talking. He had more to tell of the founder of the family whose portrait hung in the parlor, and of how, when he — the child — grew up, he rather thought of writing books, as that same ancestor had done, and making the name great and famous again. He had not decided what kind of books he should write yet. Was it very hard to find words to rhyme, if one tried poetry? He was at no pains to hide such fancies and ambitions of which his kind are generally too sensitive or too ashamed to speak to their elders, and that are as a rule forgotten as soon as outgrown.

"Shall we go in the wood now?" said the boy. "It's easy enough to cross over the stepping-stones."

"Yes, let us go." The man was beginning to see everything through the boy's eyes. The garden was again much as he had remembered it, inclosed in a world of beautiful mystery. Nothing was really altered. What alteration he had imagined had been merely a transitory one in himself. The child had put a warm, eager hand into his; together they went into the wood, as happy as a pair of truant schoolboys; they might have been friends of long standing.

"So this is your enchanted forest?" said the man.

"Not really enchanted," replied the boy seriously. "I once read of one, but of course it was only in a fairy tale. That one vanished as soon as one spoke the right word. It would be a very wrong word that could make this vanish." He had a way of speaking of the wood as if it were some sacred grove.

His companion suddenly felt guilty, not quite knowing why.

"Of course some one might cut them down." The boy lowered his voice; it seemed shameful to mention the perpetration of such a deed aloud. "It would be terrible to hear them groan when the axe struck them. The young ones might n't mind so much; but it would be bad for the grandfather trees who've been here from the beginning. Hannah says one would still hear them wailing on stormy nights."

"Even if they had been felled and carted away?"

"Yes, even then; though, to be sure, there would be no one to hear the wailing if it's true that the house must fall, too, at the same time. But we need n't trouble about that; none of it is likely to happen. You see, if it did, where should I be?"

He laughed merrily. This last argument appeared to him to be quite conclusive. Such an important consideration placed the awful contingency quite

out of the question, and transformed it into nothing more than a joke.

The child's laughter died away as they both stood still to listen. Each thought he had heard his own name called.

"It's Hannah," said the boy; and off he raced toward the house, barely saving himself from running into the arms of another person who had turned in at the gate.

"Who was the boy who ran round by the espaliers a minute ago? One would scarcely have judged him to be a child of the caretaker." The man's heart sank with a dull thud: something had told him the answer before it came.

"Child!" The lawyer looked puzzled. "I did not see one. No children have any business in this garden; neither is there any caretaker here. The house has been shut up altogether since the old servant you called Hannah died, eleven years ago."

They had reached the veranda. The westerling sun had faded off the windows. It was easy to see that the house was empty. The shutters were up within, and the panes dark and weather-stained. Birds had built their nests undisturbed about the chimney stacks. The hearthstones had long been cold.

"My client is willing to purchase the property on the terms originally proposed," the lawyer was saying. "He contemplates investing in it as a building site. Of course the timber would have to be felled" —

A breeze passed through the treetops like a shudder. The younger man interposed: "I am sorry you should have had the trouble of coming here, but I have decided to keep the old place after all — stick and stone. It is not right it should go out of the family. I must pull my affairs together as well as I can without that."

The little phantom of his dead boyhood was to suffer no eviction.

C. A. Mercer.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

FOUR RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

THREE of the volumes thus far published in the new series of *English Men of Letters* one opens with the utmost confidence; and the inherited tradition of excellence is so high that it is a little hard to withhold that confidence in the case of the fourth.¹ Its authorship is not what might have been expected, to be sure. There is cause for wonder in the admission of a facile leader-writer, such as Mr. Herbert W. Paul has hitherto seemed to be, to the esoteric fellowship of Mr. Birrell, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Stephen; and there is cause for amaze-

ment in the fact that he has been assigned one of the most delicate tasks which have fallen to the lot of recent biographers. It is conceivable that a writer of Mr. Paul's limitations might at such a moment, feeling the stress of an unusual obligation, call in his reserves of strength and shoot fairly beyond his ordinary mark. Apparently nothing of the sort has been felt or done in this instance. Mr. Paul has undertaken to dispose of Matthew Arnold with the same jaunty confidence which may no doubt have proved a useful as-

¹ *Matthew Arnold*. By HERBERT W. PAUL. *William Hazlitt*. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. *John Ruskin*. By FREDERIC HARRISON. *George*

Eliot. By LESLIE STEPHEN. *English Men of Letters*. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

set to the London Daily News. Surely, without making a superstition of such a personality as Arnold's, there are restraints and reticences to be practiced. The truth is to be told as one sees it, but without cocksureness; certainly without suspicion of familiarity or condescension. "But Matthew Arnold is more than strong enough to live in spite of his faults." This is the conclusion which the present biographer offers us in his introductory chapter; and this suggests very well the tone of the book as a whole.

One is perhaps unduly prejudiced against the substance of the biography by its defects of style in the smaller sense. Mr. Paul is in the habit of bringing together perfectly irrelevant facts, which he does not take the trouble to link together even rhetorically. We may cite, as a presumably favorable instance, a narrative passage, a sort of writing in which, one would think, facts and sentences must link themselves: —

"Throughout his life, indeed, he worked hard for a moderate salary, never complaining, always promoting the happiness of others, and throwing into his daily duties every power of his mind. In one of his early letters to his sister, Mrs. Forster, Mr. Arnold naïvely observes that he is much more worldly than the rest of his family. He was fond of society, and a delightful member of it. Worldly in any other sense he was not. Few men have had less ambition, or a stronger sense of duty. On the 10th of June, in this same year, he married the lady who for the rest of his life was the chief source of his happiness. Her name was Frances Lucy Wightman, and her father was an excellent judge of a good old school, much respected in court, little known outside. Mr. Arnold, though neither a lawyer nor interested in law, accompanied Mr. Justice Wightman on circuit for many assizes as marshal. Characteristically avoiding the criminal side, he liked to watch his father-in-law try causes. 'He does it so

admirably,' he tells his wife. 'It' is said to be a lost art." Here a paragraph division brings relief to the eye without being otherwise of appreciable use.

After all, the difficulty must be understood in the end as a difficulty of style in the larger sense. It is clear that the main business of a brief biography should be to effect by a gradual process of increment in narrative and interpretation a palpable projection of the subject's personality. It is equally clear that this end can be gained only by the exertion of discriminating sympathy and of constructive power. Mr. Paul has been able to bring neither of these qualifications to his task. For his lack of intellectual and temperamental kinship with Arnold he is not responsible, though it is so marked as to disqualify him for effective biography; and this he might have felt. Nor can it be asserted that he is quite accountable for his lack of method. He expresses himself fragmentarily because he thinks in bits; his talent is altogether for aphorism and summary. It is not astonishing, therefore, that we should find him somewhat at a loss for legitimate material to eke out his two hundred pages withal. Leaving out of account the quality of his Introduction, it must be noted that he there says all that he has to say about Matthew Arnold. Having made his snappy generalizations, he finds them incapable of development. He is thenceforth reduced to three expedients: the statement of such facts about Arnold's life as may serve to illustrate his aphorisms, the frequent repetition of those aphorisms, and, most useful measure of all, the minute criticism of certain phrases and dicta which do not meet his approbation. Not a little of this criticism is clever and even of value, but far too often some carefully considered theory or statement of Arnold's is met by flat contradiction based upon the personal opinion of the biographer. It appears to be a main point with Mr. Paul to record the number of verses or sen-

tences in Matthew Arnold of which Mr. Paul does not approve. Excessive attention to minutiae is a failing to which all critics are liable. With a plentiful lack of mere assertiveness and exceptional poise of mind and temper, the error is at least not offensive. Unfortunately Mr. Paul possesses the assertiveness and lacks the poise. His book will do no harm unless by having removed the opportunity for an important work in an important series.

Mr. Birrell's achievement is of a very different sort. He is not a trained biographer like Sir Leslie Stephen, but he is a man of keen and flexible intelligence, and a writer of much experience and extraordinary charm. The book may be pretty exactly classed with Black's Goldsmith in the earlier series. As in that case, the theme is admirably suited to the biographer's taste. Its treatment does not call for powers in which he is deficient, nor exact their painful utmost. He has the critical advantage over the other writers in this group of dealing with a product the quality of which has been already approximately determined by time. On the other hand, he thinks, the lapse of a century since Hazlitt's death must have made a modern interpretation of his character of dubious value:—

"How little is it we can ever know about the character of a dead man we never saw! His books, if he wrote books, will tell us something; his letters, if he wrote any, and they are preserved, may perchance fling a shadow on the sheet for a moment or two; a portrait if painted in a lucky hour may lend the show of substance to our dim surmisings; the things he did must carefully be taken into account; but, as a man is much more than the mere sum of his actions, even these cannot be relied upon with great confidence."

We are tempted to quote against Mr. Birrell's theory and in favor of his practice a passage from his favorite Bagehot: "Some extreme skeptics, we know,

doubt whether it is possible to deduce anything as to an author's character from his works. Yet surely people do not keep a tame steam engine to write their books: and if those books were really written by a man, he must have been a man who could write them."

It is impossible not to feel that Mr. Birrell has been singularly successful in deducing the kind of man Hazlitt was from the facts of his life and work; most readers will find their conception of an interesting personality sensibly clarified by this appreciation.

It is a personality neither quite lovable nor quite venerable. Hazlitt made enemies as long as he lived, and will continue to make them as long as he is read; for there was little tolerance in his heart, and no flag of truce among his accoutrements. But if he gave no quarter, he received none. "Gifford's abuse stopped the sale of the Characters," says Mr. Birrell with his accustomed energy; "but, happily, there is no need to grow tearful over Hazlitt's wrongs. He had enough bile in his hold to swamp a dozen Giffords." That swamping was effected in due time. The fact which is most to the credit of this rather lonely man's character is the avowed friendship of Lamb: a guarantee that there can have been nothing radically vicious in its recipient. At just this point it is possible that Mr. Birrell is too conservative. From the conventional point of view of his time and still more distinctly from our own not less conventional point of view, Hazlitt failed of being a moral person. Doubtless it is advisable to judge a man by the canons of his own age. But it should be remembered that Hazlitt at his worst never made, like Byron, a postulate of libertinism or, like Sterne, a cult of prurience. In truth, Hazlitt, in many respects so perfectly a modern, was in a moral sense a survival and not a decadent: a survival, however, not of classical unmorality, but rather of the romantic idealism which the Middle

Ages did not always connect with what we regard as purity of life. One can find nothing pleasant in the circumstances which led to the writing of the *Liber Amoris*; nor can one altogether fail to perceive a certain warped and misdirected nobility in the eager seriousness with which Hazlitt there attempts to rear a structure of ideal passion upon a pitifully inadequate foundation.

If Hazlitt was now and then capable of mediæval idealism, he was habitually receptive to modern sentimentalism. "For novels and plays there never was such a reader," says Mr. Birrell, "nor was he over-critical, — the most stilted of heroines, the palest of sentimental shadows, could always be relied upon to trundle her hoop into Hazlitt's heart." He adored Richardson and revelled in Rousseau. From a personality so constituted it is impossible to expect absolute regularity of life or thought. Nor can one look for impartial judgment, since nobody is capable of greater bias or virulence than your sentimentalist. Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age* is the finest gallery of portraits in English; yet one is reminded by not a few sketches of that early experience of his as a painter. "Hazlitt began with the poets — the two finest in England if not in Europe, Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose equine physiognomy Hazlitt greatly admired. Unluckily, neither picture was a success. According to Southey, Hazlitt made Coleridge look like a horse-stealer on his trial, evidently guilty, but clever enough to have a chance of getting off; whilst Mr. Wordsworth, according to another critic, represented a man upon the gallows-tree deeply affected by a fate he felt to be deserved."

Mr. Birrell gives an interesting account of the gradual development of the literary personality of his author. "In the beginning of things Hazlitt was slow of speech and sluggish of fancy, the bent of his mind being speculative and reflective." His first book was published when he was twenty-seven years old,

and was a metaphysical discourse in Defence of the Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind. He can have little fancied that the passage of a century would leave him valued not as critic or metaphysician, but as the author of *Table-Talk* and, in Mr. Birrell's phrase, "the most eloquent of English essayists."

If the limitation of remoteness in point of time is really important, Mr. Harrison has not suffered under it. His peculiar qualifications for the present undertaking and the spirit in which it is carried out are plainly indicated in the opening chapter. He has accepted the task, he says, with real hesitation. "Though an ardent admirer of the moral, social, and artistic ideals of John Ruskin myself, I am sworn in as a disciple of a very different school, and of a master whom he often denounced. As a humble lover of his magnificent power of language, I have studied it too closely not to feel all its vices, extravagances, and temptations. I am neither Socialist nor Platonist; and so I can feel deep sympathy for his onslaught on our modern life, whilst I am far from accepting his trenchant remedies. I had abundant means for judging his beautiful nature and his really saintly virtues, for my personal acquaintance with him extended over forty years. I remember him in 1860 at Denmark Hill, in the lifetime of both his parents, and in the heyday of his fame and his power. I saw him and heard him lecture from time to time, received letters from him, and engaged in some controversies with him, both public and private. I was his colleague as a teacher at the Working Men's College and as a member of the Metaphysical Society. And towards the close of his life I visited him at Brantwood, and watched, with love and pain, the latest flickering of his indomitable spirit. If admiration, affection, common ideals, aims, and sympathies, can qualify one who has been bred in other moulds of belief and hope to judge fairly

the life-work of a brilliant and noble genius, then I may presume to tell all I knew and all I have felt of the 'Oxford graduate' of 1842, who was laid to rest in Coniston Churchyard in 1900." The warmth and frankness of this introduction are a happy promise of the sympathy and discrimination with which the work is done. Mr. Harrison writes with complete recognition of the defects of judgment which made Ruskin a life-long leader of forlorn hopes. But while he deplores the fallacies and lapses which marred so much of the work of the great prose rhapsodist, there is not a trace of sharpness in his strictures. On the contrary those Utopian dreams, those vagaries of mental habit, those wild and wandering words of which Ruskin was too capable are treated with forbearing candor. "The ninety-six letters of Fors contain the tale of a long career of failures, blunders, and cruel disappointment. They contain, too, the record of that damning perversity of mind and of character which ruined Ruskin's life and neutralized his powers, the folly of presuming to recast the thought of humanity *de novo*, and alone; to remould civilization by mere passion without due training or knowledge; attempting alone to hurl human society back into a wholly imaginary and fictitious past. Yet, let us remember, —

'It was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.'

But there are some failures more beautiful and more useful to mankind than a thousand triumphs. It is impossible to weigh the value, or to judge the legitimacy, of a hopeless but heroic sacrifice. . . . Magnanimity owes no account of its acts to Prudence. No; nor to Common Sense."

Ruskin, like Hazlitt, was a lover of painting and to some extent a proficient in the art; a voluminous writer upon miscellaneous themes; and a none too discreet belligerent upon many fields. There the likeness ends, and the difference begins which marks Ruskin for

sympathy and love where Hazlitt gets none. Ruskin's instinct was to build up rather than to tear down; and it was from a certain soreness of heart that his bitterest invectives welled up, and not, as Bagehot remarked of Hazlitt's work, from "a certain soreness of mind." As for the character of his total written product, Mr. Harrison says what most needs to be said, in his preliminary summary: "The author of more than eighty distinct works upon so miscellaneous a field, of masses of poetry, lectures, letters as well as substantial treatises, was of necessity rather a stimulus than an authority — an influence rather than a master. . . . He is a moralist, an evangelist — not a philosopher or a man of science."

Sir Leslie Stephen does not approach his task in quite Mr. Harrison's mood, partly on account of a difference in temperament and subject, but largely on account of a difference in method. Sir Leslie is perhaps the most accomplished of living biographers. It has become his habit to write, never without sympathy, but without obvious enthusiasm; with a cool detachment of tone and a polished irony of phrase which in the long run may well be more effective than a sentimental and rhetorical manner. It is an indication of his mastery of the chosen method that his coolness suggests dispassionateness rather than indifference, and his irony discrimination rather than superciliousness. The career of George Eliot calls for less cautious treatment than that of Ruskin. Her life, though not in all respects normal or happy, had nothing of the piteous about it. From the time of her union with George Lewes the merit of her work was fully rewarded by public approbation; and the constant and affectionate encouragement of Lewes himself was a gift of the gods such as few women of genius have been blessed with. She had her fits of diffidence and depression, as what writer of serious purpose has not? But there was nothing

morbid in her nature, her experience was of a sort to nourish her wholesome powers, and her success in literature was prompt and stable. She was, to be sure, even later than Hazlitt in finding her true work. As with him, the natural bent appeared to be toward speculative studies, and it was diligently followed till she had fared well toward middle age. At thirty-six she had not even attempted to write anything original. "She was at home in the upper sphere of philosophy and the historical criticism of religion, but she was content to be an expositor of the views of independent thinkers. She had spent years of toil upon translating Strauss, Feuerbach, and Spinoza; and was fully competent to be in intellectual communion with her friends Charles Bray and Herbert Spencer." This was to have done much, but apparently in a direction little likely to lead to creative work of any sort. And indeed, undisputed as was the influence which her metaphysical studies exerted upon her later literary method, the best of her work sprang from a very different soil. The seed of her hardy and slow-growing genius was probably none the worse for the stony deposit with which her speculative studies had laboriously overlaid it. Perhaps nothing less than the lapse of years and the interposition of sober occupation could have enabled her in middle life to found a great reputation upon a basis of youthful memories.

It will be remembered that critics have had much to say about the quality of George Eliot's work as art. Mr. Dowden asserts, for example, that her novels are not only far from mere "didactic treatises," but "are primarily works of art," while Mr. Brownell contends that she had no art at all, but was essentially a moralist. Sir Leslie characteristically declines to make himself uncomfortable over the somewhat academic question. "George Eliot speaks, we have seen, of the 'ethics of art,' and to some people this appears to im-

ply a contradiction in terms. Æsthetic and ethical excellence, it seems, have nothing to do with each other. George Eliot repudiated that doctrine indignantly, and I confess that I could never quite understand its meaning. The 'ethical' value of artistic work, she held, is simply its power of arousing sympathy for noble qualities. The 'artist,' if we must talk about that personage, must, of course, give true portraits of human nature and of the general relations of man to the universe. But the artist must also have a sense of beauty; and, among other things, of the beauty of character. . . . If anybody holds that morality is a matter of fancy, and that the ideal of the sensualist is as good as that of the saint, he may logically conclude that the morality of the novelist is really a matter of indifference. I hold myself that there is some real difference between virtue and vice, and that the novelist will show consciousness of the fact in proportion to the power of his mind and the range of his sympathies." The biographer, however, is careful to note the danger of "direct didactic intention." "It does not matter so much why a writer should be profoundly interested in his work, nor to what use he may intend to apply it, as that, somehow or other, his interest should be aroused, and the world which he creates be a really living world for his imagination: This suggests the difficulty about George Eliot's later writings. The spontaneity of the earlier novels is beyond all doubt. She is really absorbed and fascinated by the memories tinged by old affections. We feel them to be characteristic of a thoughtful mind, and so far to imply the mode of treatment which we call philosophical. Her theories, though they may have guided the execution, have not suggested the themes. A much more conscious intention was unfortunately to mark her later books, and the difficulties resulted of which I shall have to speak."

It is impossible to give here even a

brief summary of Mr. Stephen's very interesting discussion of the novels. Among his conclusions these may be barely stated: that Mrs. Poyser is the novelist's masterpiece of characterization; that George Eliot is unnecessarily hard upon Hetty Sorrel, sharing "the kind of resentment with which the true woman contemplates a man unduly attracted by female beauty;" that she "did not herself understand what a hair-dresser's block she was describing in Mr. Stephen Guest," and indeed was incapable of creating real men; and that Romola was not a Florentine maiden of the fifteenth century, but "a cousin of Maggie Tulliver, though of loftier character, and provided with a thorough classical culture."

George Eliot's verse, particularly *The Spanish Gypsy*, is analyzed at some length, and to this end: "Passages often sound exactly like poetry; and yet, even her admirers admit that they seldom, if ever, have the genuine ring. . . . Perhaps it was simply that George Eliot had not one essential gift — the exquisite sense for the value of words which may transmute even common thought into poetry. Even her prose, indeed, though often admirable, sometimes becomes heavy, and gives the impression that instead of finding the right word she is accumulating more or less complicated approximations." Mr. Stephen avoids the word "style" as he avoids the word "artist;" but he seems here to come very near Mr. Brownell's judgment that George Eliot "had no style." The biography concludes with the suggestion that the abiding charm of George Eliot's novels may best be understood "by regarding them as implicit autobiography;" that, in short, to read her novels is to come under the intimate spell of companionship with a remarkable person. The remark would seem to be generally applicable to the best work in any field of literature. Sir Leslie Stephen's biographies, indeed, scrupulous as he is to avoid the autobio-

graphical note, are likely to prove of permanent value not only because they are the product of an informed and subtle intelligence, but because they seem to place us upon terms of almost familiar intercourse with a personality of marked distinction.

H. W. Boynton.

In his genial progress from battlefield to battlefield of old Shakespearean Wars, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury comes in his second volume¹ to the scene of that dread conflict once so bitterly waged against the woundless shade of Shakespeare by Voltaire. The first thought that comes to one finishing the delighted perusal of the book is, How Professor Lounsbury must have enjoyed writing it! It is composed with an engaging, leisurely gusto, with an amplitude of learning, and a freedom of humane remark, which take one back to old times of scholarship, when the typewriter was not, and folios were in fashion. The volume is, indeed, a vindication of the reality and value of criticism. Professor Lounsbury has realized those wordy "battles long ago" with a vivid, imaginative grasp, made firm by minute and various research. With Homeric fullness and zest he tells of the duels fought by minor warriors from either camp, but the chief interest always centres about the adroit attack by the champion, the literary dictator of Europe, Voltaire.

The course of the unpleasantness between Shakespeare and M. Arouet was dramatic. During his early exile in England, the Frenchman, with the sensibility of the fine genius which he undoubtedly possessed, came much under the spell of Shakespeare's plays. Returning to France he proceeded, as we all remember, to introduce this uncouth but interesting writer of the country made glori-

¹ *Shakespeare and Voltaire*. [Shakespearean Wars, vol. ii.] By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

ous by Locke to his own compatriots. This he accomplished by exposition, and, unfortunately, by somewhat disingenuous paraphrase and unacknowledged borrowing. Here concludes the first act; from that time on the action moved steadily to its inevitable end, the disaster that sooner or later overtakes literary disingenuousness. Before long certain Englishmen arose to resent these covert conveyances from their great poet, whereat Voltaire, fearful lest something of this come to the ears of his own faithful Frenchmen, amiably lectured to them about the "drunken savage," Shakespeare. Anon came La Place's so-called translation of Shakespeare, showing even Frenchmen that the plays of the "drunken savage" were not wholly devoid of merit, and bringing many bothersome questions to the author of *Zaire*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*. Then, in strict dramatic propriety, as the net tightened around Voltaire his activity became more feverish. The "unities" had been aspersed, the supreme position of Racine, Voltaire et Cie. had been questioned. He sparred with Walpole and other English correspondents, he wrote commentaries on Corneille, he made an appeal to all the nations of Europe. Then, when nothing availed, he settled into pessimism; the taste of France was decaying. Le Tourneur's more adequate and successful translation of Shakespeare evoked from Voltaire a final burst of wrath, an adventurous sally, and an empty, academic victory on the famous day of St. Louis. Yet from that day, the cause, so far as Voltaire was concerned, was lost, though after his death certain of his adherents kept the field for half a century until the decisive battle of *Hernani*.

The long struggle thus briefly outlined is recounted by Professor Lounsbury in nearly five hundred pages of subtle exposition and pointed comment, pages of considerable import for the light they throw upon the talents of three men, Professor Lounsbury, Voltaire, and Shake-

peare. It may not prove unprofitable to consider them in this order.

Of the learning of the book enough has been said; in the main its taste and judgment are quite as noteworthy. Perhaps the only exception is seen in the constitutional inability of the professional English scholar duly to appreciate the perennial beauty and dignity which lie at the root of the classic ideal of the Latin races, even in the tragedies of Voltaire. Indeed his opinion of all so-called "classic drama" might not unjustly be expressed in six lines from the prologue written by George Colman, Esq., for a late eighteenth-century revival of *Philoctetes*:—

"Then nonsense in heroics, seem'd sublime;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids sigh'd in rhyme.

Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,

A hash from Greece and France, came modern taste.

Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing
In rant and fustian, they ne'er rise to feeling."

Which is the truth, yet not all of it. Nevertheless this is but a petty caveat to enter against a book so essentially sound as Professor Lounsbury's. In fact, its chief virtues are sanity and humor. Be it said in all seriousness, Professor Lounsbury ranks as one of the most considerable of our humorists. The present volume is informed throughout by a subtly humorous point of view, and it exhibits a proficiency at the keen but covert thrust worthy of Voltaire himself. The phrases for "lying," for example, are as numerous as they are delightful. At times he is downright witty, as when he mentions Hannah More, "who had not yet assumed her brevet title of Mrs.," or says of well-meaning Aaron Hill that his "language did not really conceal thought, as he himself and perhaps some of his contemporary readers fancied; it merely concealed what he thought he thought."

Voltaire, of course, appears in Professor Lounsbury's book only in a single phase of his myriad-minded, often bene-

ficient activities. Yet there is much in the intensive study of that one phase to exhibit the essential nature of the man. One is disconcerted to find the person who had boasted that when he had crossed the Styx,

“S'ils ont de préjugés, j'en guérirai les ombres,”

so bound by racial and personal prejudice; and one is dismayed to discover this rugged old fighter for “enlightenment” and “justice” so inconspicuous, in literary dealings, for common honesty. Yet one who reads the record attentively will discern how little of this seeming mendacity arose from intentional deceit, how much was referable to the spontaneous activity of the “literary temperament.” Indeed, Shakespeare and Voltaire might with advantage be assigned as collateral reading for the many earnest students of Mr. Barrie's Tommy.

But after all it is the mighty genius of Shakespeare — winning his way by the resistless compulsion of his art through prejudice and hostility to men's regard — which dominates the imagination of the reader. The final impression is pretty much that contained in the fine paragraph which Professor Lounsbury quotes from Maurice Morgann's *Essay on Falstaff*. Morgann, it will be remembered, was the accomplished and modest gentleman who had the singular felicity and distinction of hearing from Dr. Johnson's lips the words: “Sir, I have been thinking over our dispute last night. You were in the right.” Fully as right as that forgotten contention has proved to be the prophecy which must have seemed but sound and fury to so many of his contemporaries:

“When the hand of time shall have brushed off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the Appalachian Mountains,

the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Sciola shall resound with the accents of this barbarian. In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature; nor shall the griefs of Lear be alleviated, or the charms and wit of Rosalind be abated by time.”

F. G.

In the spring of 1725 a young gentleman of Lausanne, belonging to a Huguenot family who a generation earlier had found there a refuge from persecution, set forth on his travels. From England, where he remained more than five years, he wrote letters, then and long afterward found interesting by many readers in Switzerland, Voltaire among them. The youthful visitor had clear and very observant eyes, an open mind, and a simple, straightforward manner in recording his impressions which at once wins confidence, and his letters, now translated and edited by the wife of one of his descendants, have a quite living interest, as well as a somewhat exceptional value, as a picture of early eighteenth-century England.¹ Naturally, too, they throw side lights upon contemporary manners and customs on the other side of the Channel. “The English are very clean,” says M. de Saussure, adding that not a day passes without their washing themselves, and that “in winter as well as in summer.” He also declares that the amount of water they use in cleansing their houses “is inconceivable,” and after giving details of this daily scrubbing, he records that “even the hammers and locks on the doors are rubbed and shine brightly,” and more than once he refers admiringly to the Englishman's table, where the linen is always white, the silver brilliant, and, most surprising of all, knives and forks are changed “every time a plate is removed.” And yet with all this lavish use of water “absolutely none is

¹ *A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I. and George II. The Letters of Monsieur César de Saussure to his Family.*

Translated and edited by MADAME VAN MUYDEN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. London: John Murray. 1902.

drunk," not even by paupers. On ordinary occasions he finds that the English gentleman dresses far more plainly than the Frenchman, but his cloth and linen are always of the finest. That the lower classes should be so comfortably clad (and also shod) at once attracts his notice, as does the well-being of the peasant. He warns his friends that in mixing with a London crowd keeping holiday, it is best to eschew finery, else the stranger will be saluted with the cry of "French dog," their worst term of opprobrium. Reconstructors of early Georgian London are much inclined to lay stress on the ill-lighted streets, but this actual observer finds most of them "wonderfully well-lighted" all the night through. They are badly paved, but on either side is a smooth, raised path where one can walk pleasantly and safely however great the press of carriages and horses, — safely that is, if the "By your leave, Sir," of the chairmen is heeded, for these strong and skillful bearers go so fast that they cannot turn aside.

The visitor explores the town from end to end, noting the excellence of the houses, the opulence of the shops with their "magnificent" swinging signs, and also the pugnacity of the "lower populace" always ready to settle quarrels with their fists in fair fight. He even adventures to Bartholomew's Fair, not very different from the pandemonium of a century earlier, to the cockpit and the ring. Once he is at Tyburn, what time Jonathan Wild met his not unmerited doom, and remarks with approval that torture is not used, either at trials or executions. But these are the investigations of a traveler; his habitual way is that of the class called "civil, sober gentlemen." He does not find English comedy "at all refined or witty," but greatly admires their tragedies in "unrhymed verse," though they are too "bloody." He takes so lively an interest in all memorable pageants, that friendly readers are glad that he had a partial

view of what he pronounces "the most solemn, magnificent, and sumptuous ceremony it is in any one's lot in life to witness." If he did not see the actual Coronation, nor hear the "fine and suitable sermon," or the greatest singers and musicians uniting in "admirable symphonies conducted by the celebrated Mr. Handel," the processions and banquet tax all his powers of description.

There are deep shadows as well as brilliant lights in this veracious picture of the London where the Hanoverian Georges reigned and Walpole ruled, but nothing mars the writer's delight in the English country and its life, a life in which socially the country town still had a share. He rejoices in the Thames, "wide, beautiful, and peaceful," a waterway for the Londoners with its fifteen thousand boats. He can write understandingly, and entertainingly as well, of matters political, legal, and religious. The pride of the English he finds often is only reserve; they are more taciturn than the French by nature, but their friendship when proffered is sincere and can be counted upon. They are very brave, yet few of them are partisans of dueling. The liberty which their government affords "they value more than all the joys of life, and would sacrifice everything to retain it." Their freedom in writing on religious matters rather appalls the young Huguenot, who says that in any other country such books and their authors would speedily be consigned to the executioner. England is undoubtedly, he declares, the most happily governed nation in the world, and would be the most enviable were it not divided by different sects and parties, though he owns that in the opinion of many these differences preserve the liberties and privileges of the people.

The variety of points touched upon by M. de Saussure is as remarkable as his general accuracy in dealing with them. At once amiable and shrewd he proves an agreeable acquaintance, and it causes

a twinge of regret that his departure from a country which otherwise treated him so hospitably should have been hastened by a never-forgotten disappointment. The family of the charming English girl whom he loved wisely and well would not consent to her marriage with an alien. One of the first English traits the visitor had noted was that foreign-

ers in general were looked on with contempt, — he magnanimously adds that the wealth, plenty, liberty, and comforts which the English enjoy go far to justify their good opinion of themselves. Certainly César de Saussure was not classed by his many friends with the general, but Lausanne was far, very far, from London in 1730. *S. M. F.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A RECENT writer to the Contributors' Club has confessed his affection for certain English words and dislike of certain others, and asked for sympathy in his preference. I fancy we all sympathize in the main, although we might not all hit upon the same antipathies. But I should like to go a step farther, and beg to know whether any one will agree with me in liking some ways of spelling better than others. The whole value of a word does not lie in its sound, nor yet in its meaning, nor in its association even. Though this last tempts me to pause and reflect how much association does have to do with the literary value of words. "Purple," now; I doubt whether any other color occurs so often in literature as purple, yet it is not only for the rich beauty of its syllables, but also for its hint of royalty. And then the heraldic colors — why do the poets choose them? Is sable more dark than black, or more yellow than gold? Nay, but at the sound of these words "the past shall arise," and all the panoply of the Middle Ages, monks and Crusaders and kings, march before us at the call of a magical word like "gules." "And threw warm red on Madeline's fair breast," — what were that line then?

But apart from beauty of sound or charm of suggestion, it also matters a good

deal, to me at least, how a word looks. I wish I knew how many persons feel a difference between "gray" and "grey," for instance. To me they are two different colors, but I can get no authority for my fancy. The dictionary does not help out in the least, for after describing "gray" in its unimaginative way as "any mixture of white and black," it dismisses "grey" with saying coldly, "See GRAY (the correct orthography)."

After that rebuff I suppose it is very obstinate of me to continue to see any distinction between them, or anything in either beyond a mixture of white and black. But if they mean exactly the same thing, why don't the poets stand by one of them alone? Or if, since poets are a winged race who are not to be bound by rules of any kind, they have simply set down, hit or miss, whichever one they thought of first, am I then the only person whom they have befogged into thinking there is a choice between them? Does the dictionary mean to imply that Swinburne did not know what he was about when he wrote "Bird of the bitter, bright, grey, golden morn," or that Morris was merely suffering from the great man's inability to spell, when he sent "an old grey man" to inhabit his Dream? To my mind, that dawn of Swinburne's could not be half so cold, nor so early, nor so long ago, if grey had been spelled

with an "a." It would have become at once an ordinary cloudy morning, good for hunting perhaps, but certainly without any suggestion of gold in it. Gray and gold do not mix; they are for contrasts, like youth and crabbéd age. But *grey* — that may have brown in it, and green, and why not gold?

Gray is a quiet color for daylight things, but there is a touch of difference, of romance, even, about things that are grey. Gray is a color for fur, and Quaker gowns, and breasts of doves, and a gray day, and a gentlewoman's hair; and horses must be gray:

"Woe worth the day

That cost thy life, my gallant gray,"

laments one of Sir Walter's cavaliers, and I know that is right. But I cannot say why. Can no one tell me?

Now grey is for eyes, the eyes of a witch, with green lights in them, and much wickedness. But the author of *Wishmakers' Town* has not discovered this. In that charming little volume a group of girls are found chattering fondly of the future and the coming lover, when one among them, a siren of a maiden, cries mockingly, —

"Though the king himself implore me,
I shall live unwedded still,
And your husbands shall adore me."

And a student near by, nudging his fellow, says, —

"Heard'st thou what the Gray Eyes said?"

Which goes to show that she could never really have said it at all. Gray eyes would be as tender and yielding and true as blue ones; a coquette must have eyes of grey.

Mrs. Alice Meynell has written one of her subtle little essays about a Woman in Grey, whom she makes the type of the modern woman who can go her own way and take no odds of man. But had she gowned her in gray, do you not see what added simplicity, tenderness, and femininity it would endow her with at

once? Such a woman would have to be protected.

Dr. Van Dyke, again, invented the pretty title of *My Lady Greygown* for the charming wife who glides across the pages of *Fisherman's Luck*. But if that gown had been of gray, would she not have to be a gentle, Quaker-like lady who sat at home reading a quiet book while he beat the streams? "*My Lady Greygown*," however, I am sure is a *grande dame*.

Are these all accidents? I shall never believe it, no matter what the dictionary says. Why, the dictionary does not even recognize "faëry" without calling Spenser in to take the responsibility. Yet who does not feel that "faëryland forlorn" is a thousand times more distant and enchanting than any "fairyland" could be? How that little change conventionalizes it at once! Fairyland we may see upon the stage, but the land of faëry — ah, no!

Verily the letter "e" is a sorcerer's letter. We hear a great deal about the "lost e" in the Romance languages, but I cannot help thinking that perhaps it has only strayed across the Channel to cast a haunting gleam of romance upon some English words. Will any one, perchance, agree with me?

At a recent dinner party composed of residents of Frederick, Md., **Barbara Frietchie at Home.** the conversation turned upon Barbara Frietchie, and surprise was expressed that so much difficulty seemed to exist in establishing the facts about a personage many of whose relatives are still living, and concerning an incident to which eye-witnesses are still accessible. The explanation suggested was that the historical method was seldom pursued, that people were content to talk *about* the subject without investigating the sources from which their information should have been drawn, and the company present was taken in illustration. A poll showed that several had written on the subject, and all had

been expected to discuss it fluently whenever introduced to strangers as coming from Frederick, and yet but two had conversed with eye-witnesses, and but one had seen Barbara Frietchie's flag. This last gentleman was challenged to act as escort on the morrow when a visit should be made to the home of Mrs. John H. Abbott, the grand-niece of Dame Barbara, into whose hands the precious flag has descended, and who was at her aunt's home during the passage of the Confederate troops "on that pleasant morn of the early fall." We had scarce need to tell our errand, though a party composed exclusively of residents of Frederick may have been remarked as a little peculiar, and were at once shown a small silk flag within a gilt frame hanging on the parlor wall. Nor were we allowed to remain long in doubt on which side of the controversy that has arisen Mrs. Abbott was to be found. A gentleman of the party remarking somewhat flippantly, "So this is the flag Barbara Frietchie did n't wave!" she replied with quiet firmness, "This is the flag she *did* wave, but not at just the time nor in just the way the poet said." Here, then, is summed up in one sentence the gist of the whole matter. Barbara Frietchie's place in the local annals of Frederick cannot be called into question. Her great age, having been born in Lancaster, Pa., December 3, 1766, and being thus nearly ninety-six "when Lee marched over the mountain-wall," is a matter of record. To her intense loyalty, when loyalty was not the easiest matter even in Frederick, her relatives abundantly testify. Her unpretentious flag was usually flying from its mast at the window of her humble home on West Patrick Street. It was removed when the Confederate troops entered the city September 10, 1862, and carefully folded away in her Bible, but it was again displayed by Dame Barbara as she stood by the window watching the passage of Burnside's troops on the morning of the 12th. This is the occasion

usually referred to as her historic waving of the flag, though it was not in the face of the enemy, and called forth not shots but shouts as the passing troops noted her extreme age and this expressive token of her loyalty. Major-General Reno himself was attracted by the scene, and stopped to speak a word to the old lady, inquire her age, and beg the flag of her. She, however, resolutely refused to part with this one, but finally consented to give the gallant general another owned by her. And this flag, thus presented, was a few days later laid on the bier of the brave Reno, who fell the day after at South Mountain.

It is the poet's treatment of Stonewall Jackson that has given greatest offense, and has caused the friends of that gallant gentleman to denounce the whole story as a myth, and either to deny Barbara's existence *in toto*, or to question her loyalty. There is no ground for either. Barbara Frietchie perhaps never saw Stonewall Jackson; at least she did not see him ride past her house on that "cool September morn." Not because she was bedridden on that day as has been asserted. Mrs. Abbott, who went down to invite her aunt to come and spend the day with her, failing to induce her to leave the house, remained and watched with her the "dust-brown ranks" as they passed. Jackson, on reaching Market Street, rode with his staff two squares to the north to pay his respects to the Presbyterian minister, Dr. Ross, on Second Street, and then rejoined his troops by riding through Mill Alley, and reaching Patrick Street about half a square to the west of Barbara Frietchie's house. Of this a member of that staff, himself a gallant son of Maryland, has again and again testified. The poet Whittier received his materials from Mrs. Southworth of Georgetown, D. C., and used but little license in working them up, as the letter written to him, and quoted in full in his *Life*, well shows. That Mr. Cornelius Ramsburg, also of Georgetown,

but visiting in Frederick at the time, exercised his imagination somewhat in giving the matter to Mrs. Southworth and to the press is probable, though whether the little touches necessary to make the story tell well were given at first hand or were the work of an imaginative reporter is now in doubt. Whittier, though besieged repeatedly, was always conservative in giving out anything that might cast suspicion on the facts as set forth in the poem. And this is much the attitude of the average Fredericktonian today. As the late Dr. Daniel Zacharias, Barbara's pastor during the last fourth of her life, remarked when questioned as to the accuracy of the poem, "Well, Mrs. Frietchie was just the kind of woman to do that kind of thing." And so she was, and so let history record her.

One word more. It has been said that Whittier's "clustered spires of Frederick" contains nothing distinctively local, and could as well have been applied to almost any other town of its size. Quite the contrary. Frederick is decidedly unique in having its churches with spires all located at that time on Church Street extending east and west, and from any point on the "hills of Maryland" on either side the observer will almost involuntarily exclaim, "See the 'clustered spires'!" as he looks upon the little city lying in the valley below.

Whittier wrote the poem soon after the receipt of Mrs. Southworth's letter in June, 1863, and forwarded it to the Atlantic Monthly. The enthusiastic editor sent him in acknowledgment a check for fifty dollars, saying, "Barbara is worth its weight in gold."

Barbara's grave is much visited by strangers, and there is a well-worn path to it across the now almost abandoned burying-ground. But strange as it may seem, no decorations are ever placed upon it, nor does

"Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave."

In another direction in the beautiful Mt.

Olivet Cemetery on the hill just at the city limits one will see, as he enters, the flag with its "silver stars" and its "crimson bars" floating near the statue of Francis Scott Key, under which his remains repose, and thus is the poet's prayer still answered:—

"And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!"

THE very best of the newer Caroline anthologies is A Book of **Milton and his Elm.** **Seventeenth Century Lyrics**, Selected and Edited, with an Introduction, by Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania: the compiler of it knows and loves his ground. But as an American, and in the most innocent way, he has fallen foul, in one instance, of no less a person than John Milton. Mr. Schelling quotes, as he was bound to do, songs from Comus and Arcades, fairy-land numbers:—

"Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string;
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm, star-proof,
Follow me!"

The comment on these glorious descriptive lines about the elm is instructive. "38. vi. *Star-proof elm*. Cf. Faëry Queene, I, 1, 7. This is one of several of Milton's trivial inaccuracies in the observation of Nature, as the foliage of the elm is notably light." The paragraph must seem a cryptic curiosity to any one who has ever noticed in its natural home the dense impervious green of Milton's tree by day, its black majestic mass at night, triumphantly "star-proof." Ah, but *Ulmus Americana* is "notably light," though it was never in the mind or eye of the non-clairvoyant bard. An ensnared editor has made the right remark upon the wrong occasion, has deduced the "trivial inaccuracy" of a master pen, out of his own totally irrelevant landscape. In short (to make a cruel pun), the premises are defective!

The American elm, as we all know, is

most graceful, feathery, fountain-like. Even the more ancient trees, immense in girth, and hale in old age, never lose this exquisite character. Far from being "star-proof," they hang every star in the firmament as a festal lantern in between their spraying midsummer boughs. Meanwhile, on Boston Common itself, stand aligned on the east and west malls some survivors of the sturdy English elms, set there, as imported saplings, while Milton was still young, by his co-Puritans, the first colonists: a noble dogged company, lopped and neglected, which look quite as they might look in the Weald of Kent. Each of these lame giants, holding his ancestral traditions, might claim, with our friend in Pinafore, that, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remains an Englishman. He puts on leaf in April, ere his native-born colleagues are ready; he divests himself in the autumn with decency, with gravity, with abhorrence of that gayly golden display dear to those others, and he does so weeks after they have gone to rest. Despite the Subway's abominable shaking of his vitals, he keeps all the old distinctive and unpopular habits; this conservative is, of course, "star-proof." Did Mr. Schelling never raise his eyes, when he went to see his publishers at the Athenæum Press in Boston, to the living witness that Milton sang truly of what he saw? Familiarity with our own charming woodland sophists has led him, a scholar, to undervalue an immortal report of elms as they are in the British isles.

Indeed, one might follow further, with some profit, such vegetable differences between the transatlantic and the cisatlantic apprehension. On such a topic, it is more civil, perhaps, to criticise ourselves. Mr. Gosse has just announced, with "a certain condescension in foreigners," that the landscape of Kentucky, as it lies in Mr. Madison Cawein's beautiful books, "would have scandalized

neither Spenser nor Keats!" Let us not depreciate our mercies. But to return to the argument: the word "may," for instance, meaning the blossomed hawthorn bush, in American editions of English poets, is invariably set up, to its lasting damage, with the capital letter; for the bewitching month of that name is not, like the white hedgerow which everywhere in England gives it the crowning grace, a stranger to our printers. What untraveled reader, under our dazzling sunset sky, can make out what Coleridge was thinking of when he named

"That green light that lingers in the west"?

The dying day, with us, is orange, is purple, is carmine, opal, and gold; it is everything that is brilliant and exciting, but it certainly is not green. "Green light" is the one phrase, however, proper to the tender, even, gradual, melancholy English even-fall, especially in summertime. Meredith, again, uses the same lovely coloring in those lines which seem to some so full of extravagance and affectation:—

"And Love remembers how the sky was green,
And how the grasses glimmered palest blue."

Yes, English grass has its racial "ways." In the low-lying districts particularly, say in Oxford or in Cambridge, every vista from a bridge (and what vistas they are!) will spread for you, a little beyond, its sward of misted unmistakable blue. Coleridge, again, writes of

"Cloud land, gorgeous land."

It is not our nimbus and cirrus, but the whole firmament of tumbling violet-gray, an endless pageant of shadow, which fills the year in Devon, and which his boyhood knew. Great poets, it may be added, glory in keeping this matter of fact record of the natural world. They are not impressionists, not rhetoricians: they sometimes love a commonplace, because they love truth. Would it not be well, as an international move, to trust them?

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THE IDEALS OF AMERICA.¹

WE do not think or speak of the War for Independence as if we were aged men who, amidst alien scenes of change, comfort themselves with talk of great things done in days long gone by, the like of which they may never hope to see again. The spirit of the old days is not dead. If it were, who amongst us would care for its memory and distant, ghostly voice? It is the distinguishing mark, nay the very principle of life in a nation alive and quick in every fibre, as ours is, that all its days are great days, — are to its thought single and of a piece. Its past it feels to have been but the prelude and earnest of its present. It is from its memories of days old and new that it gets its sense of identity, takes its spirit of action, assures itself of its power and its capacity, and knows its place in the world. Old colony days, and those sudden days of revolution when debate turned to action and heady winds as if of destiny blew with mighty breath the long continent through, were our own days, the days of our childhood and our headstrong youth. We have not forgotten. Our memories make no effort to recall the time. The battle of Trenton is as real to us as the battle of San Juan hill.

We remember the chill, and the ardor too, of that gray morning when we came upon the startled outposts of the

town, the driving sleet beating at our backs; the cries and hurrying of men in the street, the confused muster at our front, the sweeping fire of our guns and the rush of our men, Sullivan coming up by the road from the river, Washington at the north, where the road to Princeton is; the showy Hessian colonel shot from his horse amidst his bewildered men; the surrender; the unceasing storm. And then the anxious days that followed: the recrossing of the icy river before even we had rested; the troop of surly prisoners to be cared for and sent forward to Philadelphia; the enemy all the while to be thought of, and the way to use our advantage.

How much it meant a third time to cross the river, and wait here in the town for the regiments Sir William Howe should send against us! How sharp and clear the night was when we gave Cornwallis the slip and took the silent, frosty road to Allentown and Princeton! Those eighteen miles between bedtime and morning are not easily forgot, nor that sharp brush with the redcoats at Princeton: the moving fight upon the sloping hillside, the cannon planted in the streets, the gray old building where the last rally was made, — and then the road to Brunswick, Cornwallis at our heels!

How the face of things was changed in those brief days! There had been despair till then. It was but a few short weeks since the men of the Jersey towns

¹ An address delivered on the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Trenton, December 26, 1901.

and farms had seen us driven south across the river like fugitives; now we came back an army again, the Hessians who had but the other day harried and despoiled that countryside beaten and scattered before us, and they knew not whether to believe their eyes or not. As we pushed forward to the heights at Morristown we drew in the British lines behind us, and New Jersey was free of the redcoats again. The Revolution had had its turning point. It was easy then to believe that General Washington could hold his own against any adversary in that terrible game of war. A new heart was in everything!

And yet what differences of opinion there were, and how hot and emphatic every turn of the war made them among men who really spoke their minds and dissembled nothing! It was but six months since the Congress had ventured its Declaration of Independence, and the brave words of that defiance halted on many lips that read them. There were men enough and to spare who would not speak them at all; who deemed the whole thing madness and deep folly, and even black treason. Men whose names all the colonies knew held off and would take no part in armed resistance to the ancient crown whose immemorial sovereignty kept a great empire together. Men of substance at the ports of trade were almost all against the Revolution; and where men of means and principle led, base men who played for their own interest were sure to follow. Every movement of the patriotic leaders was spied upon and betrayed; everywhere the army moved there were men of the very countryside it occupied to be kept close watch against.

Those were indeed "times that tried men's souls"! It was no light matter to put the feeling as of a nation into those scattered settlements: to bring the high-spirited planters of the Carolinas, who thought for themselves, or their humble neighbors on the upland farms, who

ordered their lives as they pleased, to the same principles and point of view that the leaders of Virginia and Massachusetts professed and occupied, — the point of view from which everything wore so obvious an aspect of hopeful revolt, where men planned the war at the north. There were great families at Philadelphia and in Boston itself who were as hard to win, and plain men without number in New York and the Jerseys who would not come for the beckoning. Opinion was always making and to be made, and the campaign of mind was as hard as that of arms.

To think of those days of doubt and stress, of the swaying of opinion this way and that, of counsels distracted and plans to be made anew at every turn of the arduous business, takes one's thoughts forward to those other days, as full of doubt, when the war had at last been fought out and a government was to be made. No doubt that crisis was the greatest of all. Opinion will form for a *war*, in the face of manifest provocation and of precious rights called in question. But the making of a government is another matter. And the government to be made then was to take the place of the government cast off: there was the rub. It was difficult to want any common government at all after fighting to be quit of restraint and overlordship altogether; and it went infinitely hard to be obliged to make it strong, with a right to command and a power to rule. Then it was that we knew that even the long war, with its bitter training of the thoughts and its hard discipline of union, had not made a nation, but only freed a group of colonies. The debt is the more incalculable which we owe to the little band of sagacious men who labored the summer through, in that far year 1787, to give us a constitution that those heady little commonwealths could be persuaded to accept, and which should yet be a framework within which the real powers of a nation might grow in the fullness of time,

and gather head with the growth of a mighty people.

They gave us but the outline, the formula, the broad and general programme of our life, and left us to fill it in with such rich store of achievement and sober experience as we should be able to gather in the days to come. Not battles or any stirring scene of days of action, but the slow processes by which we grew and made our thought and formed our purpose in quiet days of peace, are what we find it hard to make real to our minds again, now that we are mature and have fared far upon the road. Our life is so broad and various now, and was so simple then; the thoughts of those first days seem crude to us now and unreal. We smile upon the simple dreams of our youth a bit incredulously, and seem cut off from them by a great space. And yet it was by those dreams we were formed. The lineage of our thoughts is unbroken. The nation that was making then was the nation which yesterday intervened in the affairs of Cuba, and to-day troubles the trade and the diplomacy of the world.

It was clear to us even then, in those first days when we were at the outset of our life, with what spirit and mission we had come into the world. Clear-sighted men over sea saw it too, whose eyes were not holden by passion or dimmed by looking steadfastly only upon things near at hand. We shall not forget those deathless passages of great speech, compact of music and high sense, in which Edmund Burke justified us and gave us out of his riches our philosophy of right action in affairs of state. Chatham rejoiced that we had resisted. Fox clapped his hands when he heard that Cornwallis had been trapped and taken at Yorktown. Dull men without vision, small men who stood upon no place of elevation in their thoughts, once cried treason against these men, — though no man dared speak such a taunt to the passionate Chatham's face; but now all men speak as Fox spoke, and our Washington is become one of the

heroes of the English race. What did it mean that the greatest Englishmen should thus cheer us to revolt at the very moment of our rebellion? What is it that has brought us at last the verdict of the world?

It means that in our stroke for independence we struck a blow for all the world. Some men saw it then; all men see it now. The very generation of Englishmen who stood against us in that day of our struggling birth lived to see the liberating light of that day shine about their own path before they made an end and were gone. They had deep reason before their own day was out to know what it was that Burke had meant when he said, "We cannot falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition, your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery." . . . "For, in order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood."

It turned out that the long struggle in America had been the first act in the drama whose end and culmination should be the final establishment of constitutional government for England and for English communities everywhere. It is easy now, at this quiet distance, for the closeted student to be puzzled how to set up the legal case of the colonists against the authority of Parliament. It is possible now to respect the scruples of the

better loyalists, and even to give all honor to the sober ardor of self-sacrifice with which they stood four-square against the Revolution. We no longer challenge their right. Neither do we search out the motives of the mass of common men who acted upon the one side or the other. Like men in all ages and at every crisis of affairs, they acted each according to his sentiment, his fear, his interest, or his lust. We ask, rather, why did the noble gentlemen to whom it fell to lead America seek great action and embark all their honor in such a cause? What was it they fought for?

A lawyer is puzzled to frame the answer; but no statesman need be. "If I were sure," said Burke, "that the colonists had, at their leaving this country, sealed a regular compact of servitude, that they had solemnly abjured all the rights of citizens, that they had made a vow to renounce all ideas of liberty for them and their posterity to all generations, yet I should hold myself obliged to conform to the temper I found universally prevalent in my own day, and to govern two millions of men, impatient of servitude, on the principles of freedom. I am not determining a point of law; . . . the general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fit for them." It was no abstract point of governmental theory the leaders of the colonies took the field to expound. Washington, Henry, Adams, Hancock, Franklin, Morris, Boudinot, Livingston, Rutledge, Pinckney, — these were men of affairs, who thought less of books than of principles of action. They fought for the plain right of self-government, which any man could understand. The government over sea had broken faith with them, — not the faith of law, but the faith that is in precedents and ancient understandings, though they be tacit and nowhere spoken in any charter. Hitherto the colonies had been let live their own lives according to their own genius, and vote their own

supplies to the crown as if their assemblies were so many parliaments. Now, of a sudden, the Parliament in England was to thrust their assemblies aside and itself lay their taxes. Here was too new a thing. Government without precedent was government without license or limit. It was government by innovation, not government by agreement. Old ways were the only ways acceptable to English feet. The revolutionists stood for no revolution at all, but for the maintenance of accepted practices, for the inviolable understandings of precedent, — in brief, for *constitutional government*.

That sinister change which filled the air of America with storm darkened the skies of England too. Not in America only did George, the king, and his counselors make light of and willfully set aside the ancient understandings which were the very stuff of liberty in English eyes. That unrepresentative Parliament, full of place-men, which had taxed America, contained majorities which the king could bestow at his will upon this minister or that; and the men who set America by the ears came or went from their places at his bidding. It was he, not the Parliament, that made and unmade ministries. Behind the nominal ministers of the crown stood men whom Parliament did not deal with, and the nation did not see who were the king's favorites, and therefore the actual rulers of England. There was here the real revolution. America, with her sensitive make-up, her assemblies that were the real representatives of her people, had but felt sooner than the mass of Englishmen at home the unhappy change of air which seemed about to corrupt the constitution itself. Burke felt it in England, and Fox, and every man whose thoughts looked soberly forth upon the signs of the times. And presently, when the American war was over, the nation itself began to see what light the notable thing done in America shed upon its own affairs. The king was to be grappled with at home,

the Parliament was to be freed from his power, and the ministers who ruled England were to be made the real servants of the people. Constitutional government was to be made a reality again. We had begun the work of freeing England when we completed the work of freeing ourselves.

The great contest which followed over sea, and which was nothing less than the capital and last process of making and confirming the constitution of England, kept covert beneath the surface of affairs while the wars of the French Revolution swept the world. Not until 1832 was representation in Parliament at last reformed, and the Commons made a veritable instrument of the nation's will. Days of revolution, when ancient kingdoms seemed tottering to their fall, were no days in which to be tinkering the constitution of old England. Her statesmen grew slow and circumspect and moved in all things with infinite prudence, and even with a novel timidity. But when the times fell quiet again, opinion, gathering head for a generation, moved forward at last to its object; and government was once more by consent in England. The Parliament spoke the real mind of the nation, and the leaders whom the Commons approved were of necessity also the ministers of the crown. Men could then look back and see that America had given England the shock, and the crown the opportune defeat, which had awakened her to save her constitution from corruption.

Meanwhile, what of America herself? How had she used the independence she had demanded and won? For a little while she had found it a grievous thing to be free, with no common power set over her to hold her to a settled course of life which should give her energy and bring her peace and honor and increase of wealth. Even when the convention at Philadelphia had given her the admirable framework of a definite constitution, she found it infinitely hard to hit

upon a common way of progress under a mere printed law which had no sanction of custom or affection, which no ease of old habit sustained, and no familiar light of old tradition made plain to follow. This new law had yet to be filled with its meanings, had yet to be given its texture of life. Our whole history, from that day of our youth to this day of our glad maturity, has been filled with the process.

It took the war of 1812 to give us spirit and full consciousness and pride of station as a nation. That was the real war of independence for our political parties. It was then we cut our parties and our passions loose from politics over sea, and set ourselves to make a career which should be indeed our own. That accomplished, and our weak youth turned to callow manhood, we stretched our hand forth again to the west, set forth with a new zest and energy upon the western rivers and the rough trails that led across the mountains and down to the waters of the Mississippi. There lay a continent to be possessed. In the very day of first union Virginia and her sister states had ceded to the common government all the great stretches of western land that lay between the mountains and that mighty river into which all the western waters gathered head. While we were yet weak and struggling for our place among the nations, Mr. Jefferson had added the vast bulk of Louisiana, beyond the river, whose boundaries no man certainly knew. All the great spaces of the continent from Canada round about by the great Rockies to the warm waters of the southern Gulf lay open to the feet of our young men. The forests rang with their noisy march. What seemed a new race deployed into those broad valleys and out upon those long, unending plains which were the common domain, where no man knew any government but the government of the whole people. That was to be the real making of the nation.

There sprang up the lusty states which now, in these days of our full stature, outnumber almost threefold the thirteen commonwealths which formed the Union. Their growth set the pace of our life; forced the slavery question to a final issue; gave us the civil war with its stupendous upheaval and its resettlement of the very foundations of the government; spread our strength from sea to sea; created us a free and mighty people, whose destinies daunt the imagination of the Old World looking on. That increase, that endless accretion, that rolling, resistless tide, incalculable in its strength, infinite in its variety, has made us what we are; has put the resources of a huge continent at our disposal; has provoked us to invention and given us mighty captains of industry. This great pressure of a people moving always to new frontiers, in search of new lands, new power, the full freedom of a virgin world, has ruled our course and formed our policies like a Fate. It gave us, not Louisiana alone, but Florida also. It forced war with Mexico upon us, and gave us the coasts of the Pacific. It swept Texas into the Union. It made far Alaska a territory of the United States. Who shall say where it will end?

The census takers of 1890 informed us, when their task was done, that they could no longer find any frontier upon this continent; that they must draw their maps as if the mighty process of settlement that had gone on, ceaseless, dramatic, the century through, were now ended and complete, the nation made from sea to sea. We had not pondered their report a single decade before we made new frontiers for ourselves beyond the seas, accounting the seven thousand miles of ocean that lie between us and the Philippine Islands no more than the three thousand which once lay between us and the coasts of the Pacific. No doubt there is here a great revolution in our lives. No war ever transformed us quite as the war with Spain transformed

us. No previous years ever ran with so swift a change as the years since 1898. We have witnessed a new revolution. We have seen the transformation of America completed. That little group of states, which one hundred and twenty-five years ago cast the sovereignty of Britain off, is now grown into a mighty power. That little confederation has now massed and organized its energies. A confederacy is transformed into a nation. The battle of Trenton was not more significant than the battle of Manila. The nation that was one hundred and twenty-five years in the making has now stepped forth into the open arena of the world.

I ask you to stand with me at this new turning-point of our life, that we may look before and after, and judge ourselves alike in the light of that old battle fought here in these streets, and in the light of all the mighty processes of our history that have followed. We cannot too often give ourselves such challenge of self-examination. It will hearten, it will steady, it will moralize us to reassess our hopes, restate our ideals, and make manifest to ourselves again the principles and the purposes upon which we act. We are else without chart upon a novel voyage.

What are our thoughts now, as we look back from this altered age to the Revolution which to-day we celebrate? How do we think of its principles and of its example? Do they seem remote and of a time not our own, or do they still seem stuff of our thinking, principles near and intimate, and woven into the very texture of our institutions? What say we now of liberty and of self-government, its embodiment? What lessons have we read of it on our journey hither to this high point of outlook at the beginning of a new century? Do those old conceptions seem to us now an ideal modified, of altered face, and of a mien not shown in the simple days when the government was formed?

Of course forms have changed. The form of the Union itself is altered, to the model that was in Hamilton's thought rather than to that which Jefferson once held before us, adorned, transfigured, in words that led the mind captive. Our ways of life are profoundly changed since that dawn. The balance of the states against the Federal government, however it may strike us now as of capital convenience in the distribution of powers and the quick and various exercise of the energies of the people, no longer seems central to our conceptions of governmental structure, no longer seems of the essence of the people's liberty. We are no longer strenuous about the niceties of constitutional law; no longer dream that a written law shall save us, or that by ceremonial cleanliness we may lift our lives above corruption. But has the substance of things changed with us, also? Wherein now do we deem the life and very vital principle of self-government to lie? Where is that point of principle at which we should wish to make our stand and take again the final risk of revolution? What other crisis do we dream of that might bring in its train another battle of Trenton?

These are intensely practical questions. We fought but the other day to give Cuba self-government. It is a point of conscience with us that the Philippines shall have it, too, when our work there is done and they are ready. But when will our work there be done, and how shall we know when they are ready? How, when our hand is withdrawn from her capitals and she plays her game of destiny apart and for herself, shall we be sure that Cuba has this blessing of liberty and self-government, for which battles are justly fought and revolutions righteously set afoot? If we be apostles of liberty and of self-government, surely we know what they are, in their essence and without disguise of form, and shall not be deceived in the principles of their

application by mere differences between this race and that. We have given pledges to the world and must redeem them as we can.

Some nice tests of theory are before us, — are even now at hand. There are those amongst us who have spoken of the Filipinos as standing where we stood when we were in the throes of that great war which was turned from fear to hope again in that battle here in the streets of Trenton which we are met to speak of, and who have called Aguinaldo, the winning, subtle youth now a prisoner in our hands at Manila, a second Washington. Have they, then, forgot that tragic contrast upon which the world gazed in the days when our Washington was President: on the one side of the sea, in America, peace, an ordered government, a people busy with the tasks of mart and home, a group of commonwealths bound together by strong cords of their own weaving, institutions sealed and confirmed by debate and the suffrages of free men, but not by the pouring out of blood in civil strife, — on the other, in France, a nation frenzied, dis-tempered, seeking it knew not what, — a nation which poured its best blood out in a vain sacrifice, which cried of liberty and self-government until the heavens rang and yet ran straight and swift to anarchy, to give itself at last, with an almost glad relief, to the masterful tyranny of a soldier? "I should suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France," said Burke, the master who had known our liberty for what it was, and knew this set up in France to be spurious, — "I should suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France until I was informed how it had been combined with government; with public force; with the discipline and obedience of armies; with the collection of an effective and well-distributed revenue; with morality and religion; with the solidity of property; with peace and order; with social and civil manners."

Has it not taken France a century to effect the combination; and are all men sure that she has found it even now? And yet were not these things combined with liberty amongst us from the very first?

How interesting a light shines upon the matter of our thought out of that sentence of Burke's! How liberty had been combined with government! Is there here a difficulty, then? Are the two things not kindly disposed toward one another? Does it require any nice art and adjustment to unite and reconcile them? Is there here some cardinal test which those amiable persons have overlooked, who have dared to cheer the Filipino rebels on in their stubborn resistance to the very government they themselves live under and owe fealty to? Think of Washington's passion for order, for authority, for some righteous public force which should teach individuals their place under government, for the solidity of property, for morality and sober counsel. It was plain that he cared not a whit for liberty without these things to sustain and give it dignity. "You talk, my good sir," he exclaimed, writing to Henry Lee in Congress, "you talk of employing influence to appease the present tumults in Massachusetts. I know not where that influence is to be found, or, if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence is no government.* Let us have one by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once." In brief, the fact is this, that liberty is the privilege of maturity, of self-control, of self-mastery and a thoughtful care for righteous dealings, — that some peoples may have it, therefore, and others may not.

We look back to the great men who made our government as to a generation, not of revolutionists, but of statesmen. They fought, not to pull down, but to preserve, — not for some fair and far-

off thing they wished for, but for a familiar thing they had and meant to keep. Ask any candid student of the history of English liberty, and he will tell you that these men were of the lineage of Pym and Hampden, of Pitt and Fox; that they were men who consecrated their lives to the preservation intact of what had been wrought out in blood and sweat by the countless generations of sturdy freemen who had gone before them.

Look for a moment at what self-government really meant in their time. Take English history for your test. I know not where else you may find an answer to the question. We speak, all the world speaks, of England as the mother of liberty and self-government; and the beginning of her liberty we place in the great year that saw Magna Charta signed, that immortal document whose phrases ring again in all our own Bills of Rights. Her liberty is in fact older than that signal year; but 1215 we set up as a shining mark to hold the eye. And yet we know, for all we boast the date so early, for how many a long generation after that the monarch ruled and the Commons cringed; haughty Plantagenets had their way, and indomitable Tudors played the master to all men's fear, till the fated Stuarts went their stupid way to exile and the scaffold. Kings were none the less kings because their subjects were free men.

Local self-government in England consisted until 1888 of government by almost omnipotent Justices of the Peace appointed by the Lord Chancellor. They were laymen, however. They were country gentlemen and served without pay. They were of the neighborhood and used their power for its benefit as their lights served them; but no man had a vote or choice as to which of the country gentlemen of his county should be set over him; and the power of the Justices sitting in Quarter Sessions covered almost every point of justice and

administration not directly undertaken by the officers of the crown itself. "Long ago," laughs an English writer, "lawyers abandoned the hope of describing the duties of a Justice in any methodic fashion, and the alphabet has become the only possible connecting thread. A Justice must have something to do with 'Railroads, Rape, Rates, Recognizances, Records, and Recreation Grounds;' with 'Perjury, Petroleum, Piracy, and Playhouses;' with 'Disorderly Houses, Dissenters, Dogs, and Drainage.'" And yet Englishmen themselves called their life under these lay masters self-government.

The English House of Commons was for many a generation, many a century even, no House of the Commons at all, but a house full of country gentlemen and rich burghers, the aristocracy of the English counties and the English towns; and yet it was from this House, and not from that reformed since 1832, that the world drew, through Montesquieu, its models of representative self-government in the days when our own Union was set up.

In America, and in America alone, did self-government mean an organization self-originated, and of the stuff of the people themselves. America had gone a step beyond her mother country. Her people were for the most part picked men: such men as have the energy and the initiative to leave old homes and old friends, and go to far frontiers to make a new life for themselves. They were men of a certain initiative, to take the world into their own hands. The king had given them their charters, but within the broad definitions of those charters they had built as they pleased, and common men were partners in the government of their little commonwealths. At home, in the old country, there was need, no doubt, that the hand of the king's government should keep men within its reach. The countrysides were full of yokels who would have been

brutes to deal with else. The counties were in fact represented very well by the country gentlemen who ruled them: for they were full of broad estates where men were tenants, not freehold farmers, and the interests of masters were generally enough the interests of their men. The towns had charters of their own. There was here no democratic community, and no one said or thought that the only self-government was democratic self-government. In America the whole constitution of society was democratic, inevitably and of course. Men lay close to their simple governments, and the new life brought to a new expression the immemorial English principle, that the intimate affairs of local administration and the common interests that were to be served in the making of laws should be committed to laymen, who would look at the government critically and from without, and not to the king's agents, who would look at it professionally and from within. England had had self-government time out of mind; but in America English self-government had become *popular* self-government.

"Almost all the civilized states derive their national unity," says a great English writer of our generation, "from common subjection, past or present, to royal power; the Americans of the United States, for example, are a nation because they once obeyed a king." That example in such a passage comes upon us with a shock: it is very unexpected, — "the Americans of the United States, for example, are a nation because they once obeyed a king!" And yet, upon reflection, can we deny the example? It is plain enough that the reason why the English in America got self-government and knew how to use it, and the French in America did not, was, that the English had had a training under the kings of England and the French under the kings of France. In the one country men did all things at the bidding of officers of the crown; in the other,

officers of the crown listened, were constrained to listen, to the counsels of laymen drawn out of the general body of the nation. And yet the kings of England were no less kings than the kings of France. Obedience is everywhere the basis of government, and the English were not ready either in their life or in their thought for a free régime under which they should choose their kings by ballot. For that régime they could be made ready only by the long drill which should make them respect above all things the law and the authority of governors. Discipline — discipline generations deep — had first to give them an ineradicable love of order, the poise of men self-commanded, the spirit of men who obey and yet speak their minds and are free, before they could be Americans.

No doubt a king did hold us together until we learned how to hold together of ourselves. No doubt our unity as a nation does come from the fact that we once obeyed a king. No one can look at the processes of English history and doubt that the throne has been its centre of poise, though not in our days its centre of force. Steadied by the throne, the effective part of the nation has, at every stage of its development, dealt with and controlled the government in the name of the whole. The king and his subjects have been partners in the great undertaking. At last, in our country, in this best trained portion of the nation, set off by itself, the whole became fit to act for itself, by veritable popular representation, without the make-weight of a throne. That is the history of our liberty. You have the spirit of English history, and of English royalty, from King Harry's mouth upon the field of Agincourt: —

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed

Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

It is thus the spirit of English life has made comrades of us all to be a nation.

This is what Burke meant by combining government with liberty, — the spirit of obedience with the spirit of free action. Liberty is not itself government. In the wrong hands, — in hands unpracticed, undisciplined, — it is incompatible with government. Discipline must precede it, — if necessary, the discipline of being under masters. Then will self-control make it a thing of life and not a thing of tumult, a tonic, not an insurgent madness in the blood. Shall we doubt, then, what the conditions precedent to liberty and self-government are, and what their invariable support and accompaniment must be, in the countries whose administration we have taken over in trust, and particularly in those far Philippine Islands whose government is our chief anxiety? We cannot give them any quittance of the debt ourselves have paid. They can have liberty no cheaper than we got it. They must first take the discipline of law, must first love order and instinctively yield to it. It is the heathen, not the free citizen of a self-governed country, who "in his blindness bows down to wood and stone, and don't obey no orders unless they is his own." We are old in this learning and must be their tutors.

But we may set them upon the way with an advantage we did not have until our hard journey was more than half made. We can see to it that the law which teaches them obedience is just law and even-handed. We can see to it that justice be free and unpurchasable among them. We can make order lovely by making it the friend of every man and not merely the shield of some. We can teach them by our fairness in

administration that there may be a power in government which, though imperitive and irresistible by those who would cross or thwart it, does not act for its own aggrandizement, but is the guarantee that all shall fare alike. That will infinitely shorten their painful tutelage. Our pride, our conscience will not suffer us to give them less.

And, if we are indeed bent upon service and not mastery, we shall give them more. We shall take them into our confidence and suffer them to teach us, as our critics. No man can deem himself free from whom the government hides its action, or who is forbidden to speak his mind about affairs, as if government were a private thing which concerned the governors alone. Whatever the power of government, if it is just, there may be publicity of governmental action and freedom of opinion; and public opinion gathers head effectively only by concerted public agitation. These are the things—knowledge of what the government is doing and liberty to speak of it—that have made Englishmen feel like free men, whether they liked their governors or not: the right to know and the right to speak out,—to speak out in plain words and in open counsel. Privacy, official reticence, governors hedged about and inaccessible,—these are the marks of arbitrary government, under which spirited men grow restive and resentful. The mere right to criticise and to have matters explained to them cools men's tempers and gives them understanding in affairs. This is what we seek among our new subjects: that they shall understand us, and after free conference shall trust us: that they shall perceive that we are not afraid of criticism, and that we are ready to explain and to take suggestions from all who are ready, when the conference is over, to obey.

There will be a wrong done, not if we govern and govern as we will, govern with a strong hand that will brook no

resistance, and according to principles of right gathered from our own experience, not from theirs, which has never yet touched the vital matter we are concerned with; but only if we govern in the spirit of autocrats and of those who serve themselves, not their subjects. The whole solution lies less in our methods than in our temper. We must govern as those who learn; and they must obey as those who are in tutelage. They are children and we are men in these deep matters of government and justice. If we have not learned the substance of these things no nation is ever likely to learn it, for it is taken from life, and not from books. But though children must be foolish, impulsive, headstrong, unreasonable, men may be arbitrary, self-opinionated, impervious, impossible, as the English were in their Oriental colonies until they learned. We should be inexcusable to repeat their blunders and wait as long as they waited to learn how to serve the peoples whom we govern. It is plain we shall have a great deal to learn; it is to be hoped we shall learn it fast.

There are, unhappily, some indications that we have ourselves yet to learn the things we would teach. You have but to think of the large number of persons of your own kith and acquaintance who have for the past two years been demanding, in print and out of it, with moderation and the air of reason and without it, that we give the Philippines independence and self-government now, at once, out of hand. It were easy enough to give them independence, if by independence you mean only disconnection with any government outside the islands, the independence of a rudderless boat adrift. But self-government? How is that "given"? *Can* it be given? Is it not gained, earned, graduated into from the hard school of life? We have reason to think so. I have just now been trying to give the reasons we have for thinking so.

There are many things, things slow and difficult to come at, which we have found to be conditions precedent to liberty, — to the liberty which can be combined with government; and we cannot, in our present situation, too often remind ourselves of these things, in order that we may look steadily and wisely upon liberty, not in the uncertain light of theory, but in the broad, sun-like, disillusioning light of experience. We know, for one thing, that it rests at bottom upon a clear experimental knowledge of what are in fact the just rights of individuals, of what is the equal and profitable balance to be maintained between the right of the individual to serve himself and the duty of government to serve society. I say, not merely a *clear* knowledge of these, but a clear *experimental* knowledge of them as well. We hold it, for example, an indisputable principle of law in a free state that there should be freedom of speech, and yet we have a law of libel. No man, we say, may speak that which wounds his neighbor's reputation unless there be public need to speak it. Moreover we will judge of that need in a rough and ready fashion. Let twelve ordinary men, empaneled as a jury, say whether the wound was justly given and of necessity. "The truth of the matter is very simple when stripped of all ornaments of speech," says an eminent English judge. "It is neither more nor less than this: that a man may publish anything which twelve of his fellow countrymen think is not blamable." It is plain, therefore, that in this case at least we do not inquire curiously concerning the Rights of Man, which do not seem susceptible of being stated in terms of social obligation, but content ourselves with asking, "What are the rights of men living together, amongst whom there must be order and fair give and take?" And our law of libel is only one instance out of many. We treat all rights in like practical fashion. But a people must

obviously have had experience to treat them so. You have here one image in the mirror of self-government.

Do not leave the mirror before you see another. You cannot call a miscellaneous people, unknit, scattered, diverse of race and speech and habit, a nation, a community. That, at least, we got by serving under kings: we got the feeling and the organic structure of a community. No people can form a community or be wisely subjected to common forms of government who are as diverse and as heterogeneous as the people of the Philippine Islands. They are in no wise knit together. They are of many races, of many stages of development, economically, socially, politically disintegrate, without community of feeling because without community of life, contrasted alike in experience and in habit, having nothing in common except that they have lived for hundreds of years together under a government which held them always where they were when it first arrested their development. You may imagine the problem of self-government and of growth for such a people, — if so be you have an imagination and are no doctrinaire. If there is difficulty in our own government here at home because the several sections of our own country are disparate and at different stages of development, what shall we expect, and what patience shall we not demand of ourselves, with regard to our belated wards beyond the Pacific? We have here among ourselves hardly sufficient equality of social and economic conditions to breed full community of feeling. We have learned of our own experience what the problem of self-government is in such a case.

That liberty and self-government are things of infinite difficulty and nice accommodation we above all other peoples ought to know who have had every adventure in their practice. Our very discontent with the means we have taken to keep our people clear-eyed and steady in

the use of their institutions is evidence of our appreciation of what is required to sustain them. We have set up an elaborate system of popular education, and have made the maintenance of that system a function of government, upon the theory that only systematic training can give the quick intelligence, the "variety of information and excellence of discretion" needed by a self-governed people. We expect as much from school-teachers as from governors in the Philippines and in Porto Rico: we expect from them the *morale* that is to sustain our work there. And yet, when teachers have done their utmost and the school bills are paid, we doubt, and know that we have reason to doubt, the efficacy of what we have done. Books can but set the mind free, can but give it the freedom of the world of thought. The world of affairs has yet to be attempted, and the schooling of action must supplement the schooling of the written page. Men who have an actual hand in government, men who vote and sustain by their thoughts the whole movement of affairs, men who have the making or the confirming of policies, must have reasonable hopes, must act within the reasonable bounds set by hard experience.

By education, no doubt, you acquaint men, while they are yet young and quick to take impressions, with the character and spirit of the polity they live under; give them some sentiment of respect for it, put them in the air that has always lain about it, and prepare them to take the experience that awaits them. But it is from the polity itself and their own contact with it that they must get their actual usefulness in affairs, and only that contact, intelligently made use of, makes good citizens. We would not have them remain children always and act always on the preconceptions taken out of the books they have studied. Life is their real master and tutor in affairs.

And so the character of the polity men live under has always had a deep significance in our thoughts. Our greater statesmen have been men steeped in a thoughtful philosophy of politics, men who pondered the effect of this institution and that upon morals and the life of society, and thought of character when they spoke of affairs. They have taught us that the best polity is that which most certainly produces the habit and the spirit of civic duty, and which calls with the most stirring and persuasive voice to the leading characters of the nation to come forth and give it direction. It must be a polity which shall stimulate, which shall breed emulation, which shall make men seek honor by seeking service. These are the ideals which have formed our institutions, and which shall mend them when they need reform. We need good leaders more than an excellent mechanism of action in charters and constitutions. We need men of devotion as much as we need good laws. The two cannot be divorced and self-government survive.

It is this thought that distresses us when we look upon our cities and our states and see them ruled by bosses. Our methods of party organization have produced bosses, and they are as natural and inevitable a product of our politics, no doubt, at any rate for the time being and until we can see our way to better things, as the walking delegate and the union president are of the contest between capital and federated labor. Both the masters of strikes and the masters of caucuses are able men, too, with whom we must needs deal with our best wits about us. But they are not, if they will pardon me for saying so, the leading characters I had in mind when I said that the excellence of a polity might be judged by the success with which it calls the leading characters of a nation forth to its posts of command. The polity which breeds bosses breeds managing talents rather than leading characters, —

very excellent things in themselves, but not the highest flower of politics. The power to govern and direct primaries, combine primaries for the control of conventions, and use conventions for the nomination of candidates and the formulation of platforms agreed upon beforehand is an eminently useful thing in itself, and cannot be dispensed with, it may be, in democratic countries, where men must act, not helter skelter, but in parties, and with a certain party discipline, not easily thrown off; but it is not the first product of our politics we should wish to export to Porto Rico and the Philippines.

No doubt our study of these things which lie at the front of our own lives, and which must be handled in our own progress, will teach us how to be better masters and tutors to those whom we govern. We have come to full maturity with this new century of our national existence and to full self-consciousness as a nation. And the day of our isolation is past. We shall learn much ourselves now that we stand closer to other nations and compare ourselves first with one and again with another. Moreover, the centre of gravity has shifted in the action of our Federal government. It has shifted back to where it was at the opening of the last century, in that early day when we were passing from the gristle to the bone of our growth. For the first twenty-six years that we lived under our Federal constitution foreign affairs, the sentiment and policy of nations over sea, dominated our politics, and our Presidents were our leaders. And now the same thing has come about again. Once more it is our place among the nations that we think

of; once more our Presidents are our leaders.

The centre of our party management shifts accordingly. We no longer stop upon questions of what this state wants or that, what this section will demand or the other, what this boss or that may do to attach his machine to the government. The scale of our thought is national again. We are sensitive to airs that come to us from off the seas. The President and his advisers stand upon our chief coign of observation, and we mark their words as we did not till this change came. And this centring of our thoughts, this looking for guidance in things which mere managing talents cannot handle, this union of our hopes, will not leave us what we were when first it came. Here is a new world for us. Here is a new life to which to adjust our ideals.

It is by the widening of vision that nations, as men, grow and are made great. We need not fear the expanding scene. It was plain destiny that we should come to this, and if we have kept our ideals clear, unmarred, commanding through the great century and the moving scenes that made us a nation, we may keep them also through the century that shall see us a great power in the world. Let us put our leading characters at the front; let us pray that vision may come with power; let us ponder our duties like men of conscience and temper our ambitions like men who seek to serve, not to subdue, the world; let us lift our thoughts to the level of the great tasks that await us, and bring a great age in with the coming of our day of strength.

Woodrow Wilson.

ALL SORTS OF A PAPER.

BEING STRAY LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

EVERY living author has a projection of himself, a sort of eidolon, that goes about in near and remote places making friends or enemies for him among persons who never lay eyes upon the writer in the flesh. When he dies, this phantasmal personality fades away, and the author lives only in the impression created by his own literature. It is only then that the world begins to perceive what manner of man the poet, the novelist, or the historian really was. Not until he is dead, and perhaps some long time dead, is it possible for the public to take his exact measure. Up to that point contemporary criticism has either overrated him or underrated him, or ignored him altogether. Contemporary criticism has been misled by the eidolon, which always plays fantastic tricks with the author temporarily under its dominion. It invariably represents him as either a greater or a smaller personage than he actually is. Presently the simulacrum works no more spells, good or evil, and the deception is unveiled. The hitherto disregarded poet is recognized, and the flimsy idol of yesterday, which seemed so genuine, is taken down from his too large pedestal and carted off to the dumping-ground of inadequate things. To be sure, if he chances to have been not entirely flimsy, and on cool examination is found to possess some appreciable degree of merit, then he is set up on a new slab of appropriate dimensions. The late colossal statue shrinks to a modest bas-relief. On the other hand, some scarcely noticed bust may suddenly become a revered full-length figure. Between the reputation of the author living and the reputation of the same author dead there is ever a wide discrepancy. It is the eidolon that does it.

SAVE us from our friends — our enemies we can take care of. The well-meaning rector of the little parish of Woodgates, England, and several of Robert Browning's local admirers have recently busied themselves in erecting a tablet to the memory of "the first known forefather of the poet." This lately turned up ancestor was also named Robert Browning, and is described on the mural marble as "formerly footman and butler to Sir John Bankes of Corfe Castle." Now, Robert Browning the poet had as good a right as Abou Ben Adhem himself to ask to be placed on the list of those who love their fellow men; but if the poet could have been consulted in the matter he probably would have preferred not to have that particular footman exhumed. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Sir John Bankes would scarcely have been heard of in our young century if it had not been for his footman. As Robert stood day by day, sleek and solemn, behind his master's chair in Corfe Castle, how little it entered into the head of Sir John that his highly respectable name would be served up to posterity — like a cold relish — by his own butler! By Robert!

A MAN is known by the company his mind keeps. To live continually with noble books, with "high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy," teaches the soul good manners.

THE deceptive Mr. False and the volatile Mrs. Giddy who figure in the pages of seventeenth and eighteenth century fiction are not tolerated in modern novels and plays. Steal the burglar and Palette the artist have passed on. A name indicating the quality or

occupation of the bearer strikes us as a too transparent device. Yet there are such names in contemporary real life. That of our worthy Adjutant-General Drum, for example. Neal and Pray are a pair of deacons who linger in the memory of my boyhood. The old-time sign of Ketchum & Cheetam, Brokers, in Wall Street, New York, seems almost too good to be true. But it was once, if it is not now, an actuality.

LOWELL used to find food for a great deal of mirth in General George P. Morris's line,

"Her heart and morning broke together."

Lowell's well-beloved Dr. Donne, however, had an attack of the same platitude, and probably inoculated poor Morris with it. Even literature seems to have its mischief-making bacilli. The late "incomparable and ingenious Dean of St. Paul's" says, —

"The day breaks not, it is my heart."

I think Dr. Donne's case rather worse than Morris's. Chaucer had the disease in a milder form when he wrote:

"Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye."

THE thing one reads and likes, and then forgets, is of no account. The thing that stays, and haunts one, and refuses to be forgotten, that is the sincere thing. I am describing the impression left upon me by Mr. Howells's blank-verse sketch called *Father and Mother: A Mystery* — a strangely touching and imaginative piece of work, not unlike in effect to some of Maeterlinck's psychological dramas. As I read on, I seemed to be standing in a shadow cast by some half-remembered experience of my own in a previous state of existence. When I went to bed that night I had to lie awake and think it over as an event that had befallen me. I should call the effect *weird*, if the word had not lately been worked to death. The gloom of Poe and the spirituality of Hawthorne touch cold finger-tips in those three or four pages.

No man has ever yet succeeded in painting an honest portrait of himself in an autobiography, however sedulously he may have set to work about it. In spite of his candid purpose he omits necessary touches and adds superfluous ones. At times he cannot help draping his thought, and the least shred of drapery is a disguise. It is only the diarist who accomplishes the feat of self-portraiture, and he, without any such end in view, does it unconsciously. A man cannot keep a daily record of his comings and goings and the little items that make up the sum of his life, and not inadvertently betray himself at every turn. He lays bare his heart with a candor not possible to the self-consciousness that inevitably colors premeditated revelation. While Pepys was filling those small octavo pages with his perplexing cipher he never once imagined that he was adding a photographic portrait of himself to the world's gallery of immortals. We are more intimately acquainted with Mr. Samuel Pepys, the inner man — his little meannesses and his generousities — than we are with half the persons we call our dear friends.

EVERY one has a bookplate these days, and the collectors are after it. The fool and his bookplate are soon parted. To distribute one's *ex-libris* is inanely to destroy the only significance it has, that of indicating the past or present ownership of the volume in which it is placed.

AMONG the delightful men and women whom you are certain to meet at an English country house there is generally one guest who is supposed to be preternaturally clever and amusing — "so very droll, don't you know." He recites things, tells stories in costermonger dialect, and mimics public characters. He is a type of a class, and I take him to be one of the elementary forms of animal life, like the *acalephæ*.

His presence is capable of adding a gloom to an undertaker's establishment. The last time I fell in with him was on a coaching trip through Devon, and in spite of what I have said I must confess to receiving an instant of entertainment at his hands. He was delivering a little dissertation on "the English and American languages." As there were two Americans on the back seat — it seems we term ourselves "Amurricans" — his choice of subject was full of tact. It was exhilarating to get a lesson in pronunciation from a gentleman who said *boult* for bolt, called St. John *Sin' Jun*, and did not know how to pronounce the beautiful name of his own college at Oxford. Fancy a perfectly sober man saying *Maudlin* for Magdalen! Perhaps the purest English spoken is that of the English folk who have resided abroad ever since the Elizabethan period, or thereabouts.

IN the process of dusting my study, the other morning, the maid replaced an engraving of Philip II. of Spain upside down on the mantelshelf, and his majesty has remained in that undignified posture ever since. I have no disposition to come to his aid. My abhorrence of the wretch is as hearty as if he had not been dead and otherwise provided for these last three hundred years. Bloody Mary of England was nearly as cruel, but she was sincere and uncompromising in her extirpation of heretics. Philip II., when it was politic to do so, could mask his fanaticism or drop it for the time being. Queen Mary was a maniac; but the successor of Torquemada was the incarnation of cruelty pure and simple, and I have a mind to let my counterfeit presentment of him stand on its head for the rest of its natural life. I cordially dislike several persons, but I hate nobody, living or dead, excepting Philip II. of Spain. He seems to give me as much trouble as the head of Charles I. gave the amiable Mr. Dick.

THE average Historical Novel is wonderfully and fearfully made. The stage itself at its worst moments is not so melodramatic. In romance-world somebody is always somebody's wholly unsuspected father or mother or child — and the reader is not deceived five minutes. The "caitiff" is always hanged from "the highest battlement" — the second highest battlement would not do at all; or else he is thrown into "the deepest dungeon of the castle" — the second deepest dungeon was never known to be used on these occasions. The hero invariably "cleaves" his foeman "to the midriff" — the "midriff" being what the properly brought up hero always goes for. A certain fictional historian of my acquaintance makes his swashbuckler exclaim: "My sword will [shall] kiss his midriff;" but that is an exceptionally lofty flight of diction. His heroine dresses as a page, and in the course of long interviews with her lover remains unrecognized — a diaphanous literary invention that must have been old when the Pyramids were young. The heroine's small brother — with playful archaicism called "a springald" — puts on her skirts and things and passes himself off for his sister or anybody else he pleases. In brief, there is no puerility that is not at home in this particular realm of ill-begotten effort. Listen — a priest, a princess, and a young man in woman's clothes are on the scene: —

The Princess rose to her feet and approached the priest.

"Father," she said swiftly, "this is not the Lady Joan, my brother's wife, but a youth marvellously like her, who hath offered himself in her place that she might escape. . . . He is the Count von Löen, a lord of Kernsburg. And I love him. We want you to marry us now, dear Father — now, without a moment's delay; for if you do not they will kill him, and I shall have to marry Prince Wasp!"

This is from Joan of the Sword Hand,

and if I ever read a more silly performance I have forgotten it.

Books that have become classics — books that have had their day and now get more praise than perusal — always remind me of venerable colonels and majors and captains who, having reached the age limit, find themselves retired upon half pay.

FORTUNATE was Marcus Aurelius Antoninus who in early youth was taught “to abstain from rhetoric, and poetry, and fine writing” — especially the fine writing. Simplicity is art’s last word.

THERE is a phrase spoken by Hamlet which I have seen quoted innumerable times, and never once correctly. Hamlet, addressing Horatio, says: —

“Give me that man

That is not passion’s slave, and I will wear him
In my heart’s core, ay, in my *heart of heart.*”

The words italicized are invariably written “heart of hearts” — as if a person possessed that organ in duplicate. Perhaps no one living, with the exception of Sir Henry Irving, is more familiar with the play of Hamlet than my good friend Mr. Bram Stoker, who makes his heart plural on two occasions in his recent novel, *The Mystery of the Sea.*

WHAT is slang in one age sometimes goes into the vocabulary of the purist in the next. On the other hand, phrases that once were not considered inelegant are looked at askance in the period following. The word “brass” was formerly an accepted synonym for money; but at present, when it takes on that significance, it is not admitted into the politer circles of language. It may be said to have seen better days, like another word I have in mind — a word that has become slang, used in the sense which once did not exclude it from very good company. A friend lately informed me that he had “fired” his housekeeper — that is, dismissed her. He little dreamed

that he was speaking excellent Elizabethan.

THIS is the golden age of the inventor. He is no longer looked upon as a madman or a wizard, incontinently to be made away with. Two or three centuries ago Marconi would not have escaped a ropeless end with his wireless telegraphy. Even so late as 1800, the friends of one Robert Fulton seriously entertained the luminous idea of hustling the poor man into an asylum for the unsound before he had a chance to fire up the boiler of his tiny steamboat on the Hudson River. In olden times the pillory and the whipping-post were among the gentler forms of encouragement awaiting the inventor. If a man devised an especially practical apple-peeler he was in imminent danger of being peeled with it by an incensed populace. To-day we hail a scientific or a mechanical discovery with enthusiasm, and stand ready to make a stock company of it.

THE man is clearly an adventurer. In the seventeenth century he would have worn huge pistols stuck into a wide leather belt, and been something in the seafaring line. I shall end badly some day by writing an historical novel with him for hero. The fellow is always smartly dressed, but where he lives and how he lives are as unknown as “what song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women.” He is a man who apparently has no appointment with his breakfast and whose dinner is a chance acquaintance. His probable banker is the next person. A great city like this is the only geography for such a character. He would be impossible in a small country town, where everybody knows everybody and what everybody has for lunch.

THE unconventional has ever a morbid attraction for a certain class of mind. There is always a small coterie of highly

intellectual men and women eager to give welcome to whatever is eccentric, obscure, or chaotic. Worshipers at the shrine of the Unpopular, they tingle with a sense of their tolerant superiority when they say, "Of course this is not the kind of thing *you* would like." Sometimes these impressionable souls almost seem to make a sort of reputation for their fetish.

WHENEVER I take up Emerson's poems I find myself turning automatically to his Bacchus. Elsewhere, in detachable passages embedded in mediocre verse, he rises for a moment to heights not reached by any other of our poets; but Bacchus is in the grand style throughout. Its texture can bear comparison with the world's best in this kind. In imaginative quality, austere richness of diction, and subtilty of phrase, what other verse of our period approaches it? The day Emerson wrote Bacchus he had in him, as Michael Drayton said of Marlowe, "those brave translunary things that the first poets had."

I HAVE thought of an essay to be called *On the Art of Short-Story Writing*, but have given it up as smacking too much of the shop. It would be too *intime*, since I should have to deal chiefly with my own ways, and so give myself the false air of seeming to consider them of importance. It would interest nobody to know that I always write the last paragraph first, and then work directly up to that, avoiding all digressions and side issues. Then who on earth would care to be told about the trouble my characters cause me by talking too much? They *will* talk, and I have to let them. But when the story is finished, I go over the dialogue and strike out four fifths of the long speeches. I fancy that it makes my characters pretty mad.

¹ This page, the lightness of which has turned to sadness on my hands, was written a few days

SHAKESPEARE is forever coming into our affairs — putting in his oar, so to speak — with some pat word or phrase. The conversation, the other evening, had turned on the subject of watches, when one of the gentlemen present, the manager of a large watch-making establishment, told us a rather interesting fact. The component parts of a watch are produced by different workmen, who have no concern with the complex piece of mechanism as a whole, and possibly, as a rule, understand it imperfectly. Each worker needs to be expert in only his own special branch. When the watch has reached a certain advanced state, the work requires a touch as delicate and firm as that of an oculist performing an operation. Here the most skilled and trustworthy artisans are employed; they receive high wages, and have the benefit of a singular indulgence. In case the workman, through too continuous application, finds himself lacking the steadiness of nerve demanded by his task, he is allowed without forfeiture of pay to remain idle temporarily, in order that his hand may recover the requisite precision of touch. As I listened, Hamlet's courtly criticism of the grave-digger's want of sensibility came drifting into my memory. "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense," says Shakespeare, who has left nothing unsaid.

I SOMETIMES get a kind of surreptitious amusement out of inventing short-story plots that are of no service to me personally as they do not lend themselves to my method. They are tantalizingly apt to be the sort of scheme that would fit some other writer's hand like a glove. Awhile ago, in the idle mood that constitutes the only soil capable of producing such trivial plants, I evolved a plot which Mr. Frank Stockton¹ could have made much of with his droll gift of presenting impossibilities in so natural before the death of that delightful story-teller and most lovable man.

a way as to make them appear matters of course. The same indolence that generated the plot kept me from placing the outline of it, the *scenario*, at his disposal.

The story was to be called *The Reformed Microbe*, and dealt with a young scientist, Dr. Mildew, who had set up a laboratory in a country village, say in western Massachusetts. Before long he detects the presence of a peculiar and unclassified species of microbe that is getting in its work among the rural maidens. As there is a Young Ladies' Academy in the neighborhood, no reasonable microbe could ask for pleasanter environment. The premonitory symptom in those infected by the new malady — which in fact is only an exaggerated phase of a well-known complaint — is a certain disconcerting levity of demeanor followed by acute attacks of candor. Affianced young damsels immediately grow so flirtatious that all matrimonial engagements are broken off; and disconnected buds, previously noted for sedateness and shyness of deportment, become a fascinating menace to society. It would seem as if a perpetual leap year had set in. The contagion quickly spreads to widows of every age and rank. None but happily married women are immune.

The young scientist drops his indoor experiments, and sallies forth to capture this interesting and vivacious microbe — the exigencies of fiction require that it should be comparatively gigantic. The doctor finally captures it and takes it to his laboratory, where he talks to it, so to speak, like a father. He points out the dire distress and embarrassments resulting from its thoughtless behavior, and succeeds in impressing the creature with a proper sense of its iniquity. It begins to see itself as others see it — through a microscope. The little animal, or vegetable — it may be either one — bitterly repents, promises to reform, and is set at liberty. It determines to turn over a new leaf, and in-

dulges in as many fine resolutions as a pensive man on the first of January. It seriously thinks of attempting to carry out the agreeable idea of the late Mr. Ingersoll, who said that if he had created the world he would have made good health contagious.

The village now resumes its normal tranquillity; broken engagements are gradually mended and look as good as new; the young ladies of the neighboring academy, when they walk abroad, two abreast, might be taken for so many nuns; Chloe and Daphne are shy once more, and the doctor goes back to his absorbing investigations. He is on the point of discovering and heading off the playful germ that impels young sprigs of the aristocracy to seek spangled brides in the front rank of the *corps de ballet*, and is giving his days and nights to it. Presently, however, there are fresh indications of the old disturbance in the village, and the flirtatious affection of the heart breaks out with more than its original virulence. "Mic is at it again, yer honor," remarks the janitor of the sanitarium to Dr. Mildew, as that gentleman ascends the front steps one morning. The fact is painfully apparent. The reformed microbe has fallen in with some of its former roistering boon companions, and is up to its old pranks. It is no easy business this time to catch the little imp, made cautious by its lively recollection of the doctor's disinfectants; but it is ultimately caught, and confined in a crystal cell in the laboratory, where it is now undergoing a life sentence.

This is only the merest outline and filament of the narrative. The complicated character of the microbe, its soliloquies, its temptations, its struggles, and the final cause of its relapse — a young widow who eventually marries the young specialist — were matters to be fully elaborated. And how ingeniously and divertingly Mr. Stockton would have done it all!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE ATLANTIC FISHERIES QUESTION.

[The present phase of the important Atlantic Fisheries Question is here discussed from the Newfoundland point of view by Mr. P. T. McGrath, a journalist and publicist residing in St. John's. THE EDITORS.]

A RENEWAL of the ancient Atlantic Fisheries dispute is rendered imminent by the recent visit to Washington of Newfoundland's Premier, with a proposal to revive the much discussed Bond-Blaine Convention. He may succeed in inducing the State Department to indorse a newly drafted instrument, but whether the Senate will prove equally amenable to reason is the crucial point. Matters of much greater moment than a mere economic arrangement between an obscure British colony and the United States are involved; the Convention is really the kernel of the whole fisheries difficulty, and no other issue of to-day so vitally affects Canada-American relations as that which a deadlock with Newfoundland may give rise to. The effect of Sir Robert Bond's mission must be far-reaching, in one way or another; if he succeeds, the New England and Newfoundland fishing interests will be allied against Canada, while, if he fails, Newfoundland may make common cause with Canada and work great harm to the American fishing industry.

This Bond-Blaine Convention was framed in 1890, and provided for reciprocity in fishery products between the United States and the colony of Newfoundland, irrespective of Canada. Canada having sought a similar concession, and been refused, protested to the Imperial Cabinet against our being permitted to make such a compact without her inclusion, and the protest was so effective that the ratification of the treaty was postponed in order that Canada might have an opportunity of securing like terms. If she failed in this, after a reasonable interval, the embargo on our agreement was to be withdrawn.

The hiatus having lasted twelve years, and all Canada's overtures during that time having been rejected, Newfoundland declined to remain quiescent any longer, and at the recent Conference of Colonial Premiers in London, Sir Robert Bond was permitted to reopen the suspended negotiations.

The other issues between the countries all hang upon this fisheries question, which antedates them in existence as it overshadows them in importance. Before the War for Independence, the British colonies in common enjoyed these fisheries, and by the treaty of 1783, the United States fishermen were continued the privilege, subject to certain restrictions. This treaty lapsed with the war of 1812, and the Americans failed to secure a renewal of the concession when the treaty of Ghent closed the war. Naturally, friction arose before long, and in 1818 a conference was held at Washington, when the treaty was signed, which represents the last official deliverance on the question, and fixes the status of the parties down to the present day. By it the United States abandoned all its claims to British North American waters in return for the right, on the same terms as British subjects, to catch fish on the west coast of Newfoundland and the shores of Labrador. But in modern times the scene of the fishing has changed, and it is now mainly carried on off the eastern coast of Newfoundland, near the Grand Banks, in which vicinity the American fishermen are not benefited by this treaty at all, as they have no coastwise rights there.

The question as we now understand it is one of peculiar difficulty because there are three parties to it, — the

United States, Canada, and Newfoundland. The last named, strange as it may seem, is the predominant factor. This she owes to her inexhaustible bait supply, her proximity to the Grand Banks, and her political independence of Canada, which she has steadfastly refused to surrender. Were Newfoundland absorbed in the Dominion, the federal government would assume control of her fisheries, and then it would be a clear and well-defined issue, — the United States against Canada. But Newfoundland's part in the dispute introduces the disconcerting element, and provides three parties, each with its own distinct and antagonistic interests.

The only fisheries at issue are those of the coastline within the three-mile limit. The deep-sea fisheries on the Grand Banks are free to all nationalities, and no power has any jurisdiction over them. At present they are prosecuted by the Newfoundlanders, Canadians, Americans, and French. But the coast fishes are used as bait for the larger denizens of the outer waters, and this bait is indispensable to successful offshore fishing. The bait fisheries are the property of the particular country in whose territorial waters they are obtained, and the finest bait supply of the North Atlantic is in Newfoundland.

The Americans are so dependent upon this that they are willing to concede us free entry for our fish to United States markets in return for unrestricted access to these bait fishes, yet Canada, on the strength of being a fellow colony, with kindred interests and a small bait supply herself, has been insisting upon sharing in the benefits of such a concession.

In order that a more intelligent understanding of the whole subject may be obtained, it may not be amiss to explain, first, the different fishery industries concerned, and, second, how these acquire an international aspect. The deep-sea fisheries of commercial importance, which exercise a bearing upon this

question, are the cod, halibut, haddock, and mackerel fisheries, because they rely upon the coast fisheries for bait, and because they are sometimes pursued within the three-mile limit.

The mackerel are first hunted in American waters in the early spring, then in the Bay of Fundy later, whence they work their way along the Nova Scotia coast during the summer, the fishing ending off Cape Breton in the fall. It frequently happens that as the shoals or schools of these fish make their way along the Nova Scotia coast pursued by American fishing craft, they approach the shore too closely, only to be followed by the eager fishermen, who are pounced upon by the Canadian cruisers which patrol the coast for that purpose. This is the origin of the announcements from time to time in the United States papers of American fishing vessels being seized for violating the Canadian laws. The halibut fishery has two branches, — the "fresh" halibut fishery off the eastern coast of Newfoundland and Labrador, and the "fetched" (partly salted for smoking) halibut fishery off Greenland and Iceland, which is declining of late. The haddock fishery is pursued all over the Banks and adjacent "Deepes." The famous cod fishery is of course too well known to require detailed explanation. All these different pursuits employ about 400 American vessels, which fit out from Gloucester, Boston, and other New England ports, about one third operating on the fishing-grounds directly off that coast, while the other two thirds ply their calling on the Grand Banks.

The bait fishes are the herring, caplin, and squid. The herring are available during the winter and early spring, the caplin strike the shore in the early summer, and the squid follow them in August, and can be had until boisterous weather compels a cessation of the deep-sea trawling in the autumn. The habits of all these fishes, both inshore and offshore, are almost a mystery to both

fishermen and scientists. All that is known with certainty is that they appear along the coast or on the Banks at certain seasons, and that their coming can be counted upon at the stated periods, and fishing operations planned accordingly.

The fishing year for the Americans begins in November, when fifty or sixty of their vessels leave Gloucester for our southern bays, to load frozen herring. These fish are then abundant in the shallows, and are netted and exposed to the chill winter air, which freezes them solid. They are in large demand for food in New England, because during the winter no fresh herring can be got anywhere else in the world; and they are also the mainstay of the cod and halibut catchers on the southern Banks during the winter and spring, who use them as bait. We allow the Americans to conduct this winter herring fishery as a commercial venture; they merely buy the herring, which are really caught by our own people. Our regulations fix the minimum price at \$1.25 a barrel, and the Americans take away about 200,000 barrels every season. It may be observed in passing that these herring are entered in American ports as the products of American fisheries, as having been taken by American subjects, assisted by Newfoundlanders, and thereby entitled to free entry. As a matter of fact they are sometimes frozen and stored before the ships leave Gloucester; yet if a Newfoundland vessel, with a cargo of frozen herring from the very same bulk, enters an American port, she has to pay an import duty of one half cent a pound on all the fish.

In April it is possible to fish on the Grand Banks without fear of the ice floes, and from then until November vessels of the countries previously mentioned will be found there pursuing their business as best they may. They have all to obtain their supplies of bait from our coast. Our bait Act requires every fishing vessel to procure a license after

April 1. With our local schooners there is little trouble. The Canadians, being British subjects also, enjoy the same privileges. The Americans obtain bait through a *modus vivendi* arranged at Washington in 1889, granting them free access to our waters for this purpose by paying a license fee of \$1.50 per ton of the vessel's register. The French we exclude altogether, and they have to depend upon salted squid brought from the "French Shore," or such meagre quantities of fresh bait as they can get smuggled to them from our coast.

The significance of Newfoundland's attitude toward France should not be lost sight of in considering the American aspect of this question. France has fishing rights over our western seaboard, the same strip where the Americans are recognized, and commonly known as the "French Shore," or "Treaty Coast." But the fishing there is depleted, so that the French have virtually abandoned it, and concentrate all their efforts on the fisheries of the Grand Banks. They possess the St. Pierre-et-Miquelon islets, off the southern seaboard, as a shelter-port and outfitting base, and their fleet numbers about 300 sail, with 7000 men. A decade ago the numbers were nearly twice as great. The explanation of the decline is that France, to make these fisheries a nursery of seamen for her navy, subsidized them so liberally with bounties and drawbacks, equaling almost the intrinsic value of the catch, that they could undersell us in every market in Europe, and came near driving us therefrom.

In self-defense we retaliated by passing an Act prohibiting the sale or export of bait by our people to the French, and we enforce it so vigorously every year that, in spite of the bounties, the French are being slowly but surely driven to the wall.

What gives Newfoundland such a predominant place in this Canada-American fisheries dispute is the know-

ledge that we can cripple the American fisheries in the same manner by refusing bait to them. If we closed the winter herring business against the Yankees, their southern banking fleet would have to tie up at the wharves, and by canceling the *modus vivendi* we would force the northern fleet to abandon the Grand Banks. It is true that Canada has a trifling bait supply, and that American vessels sometimes avail themselves of it. But in addition to the 200,000 barrels of herring taken from our waters last winter, sixty-six out of seventy American vessels on the Grand Banks baited here during 1901, and ninety-nine Canadian vessels, out of a fleet of 146, also obtained their bait from us. This latter fact is the best evidence of the relative values of our bait supply and their own. The geographical situation will make this clearer. Our coast is but half a day's sail from the Banks, while it is a week's run to and from Nova Scotia. Our waters always abound in bait, while Canada's coast is but sparsely stocked. Therefore both Americans and Canadians come to us, and only those vessels which follow the mackerel along the Nova Scotia seaboard visit the Canadian coast.

Further, it must be remembered that the Canadians are decidedly hostile to American fishermen, and only grant them the present concessions because we do so, as Canada has not wished to provoke too bitter a feeling with her southern rival, particularly as we could meet all the needs of the United States fishing interests. Our relations with them have been most friendly, and nobody in the island desires anything to the contrary. But we contend that for the valuable bait concessions we grant them we are very inadequately recompensed in the \$6000 of license fees received by us each year. We maintain that in return for the immense stock of frozen herring the Americans take away, and the bait privileges they enjoy, we should be given free entry for fish products in

their markets. Mr. (now Sir Robert) Bond convinced the late Mr. Blaine of the force of this argument in 1890, and it was upon this basis that they concluded the Convention which now bears their names, of which the revival is being urged upon Secretary Hay.

Mr. Blaine was influenced by several considerations of special moment in espousing the policy of reciprocal trade in fish between the republic and this island. First, he recognized that Newfoundland, by her bait, controlled the situation, and that if France, with a fishing base near our coast, was unable to cope with us, the Americans, who would be a thousand miles from their own territory, would be helpless altogether. Second, he was aware that Newfoundland, because of her insular position, her remoteness, and the varying character of her fishery pursuits, would not ship very largely to the American market. This demands its own cure of fish, which the Newfoundlanders do not practice. All the cod we take on Labrador and the northern coast is cured specially for the European markets, and is sent there direct, so that only the fish taken on our southern seaboard, and a portion of the lobster catch, would be forwarded to New England for sale. Third, he foresaw that by an arrangement with Newfoundland the American fishermen would be released completely from all dependence upon Canada, and be able to disregard any hostile enactments she might propose.

Canada's protest against our Convention was the fullest admission of the superiority of our case. She declared the pact an injustice to her fishermen and their interests, basing this argument upon their right to enter our waters and procure bait on the same terms as our own people. Canada asserted that these bait fishes were the joint possession of all the British American colonies, which contention Newfoundland met by the obvious reply that as British subjects the Australians had an equal theoretical

right to them. Yet, as a practical proposition, the bait fishes were ours, within our waters, and subject to our laws. We, and we alone, could make all regulations for the catching and conserving of them, and so long as we did not attempt to discriminate against the Canadians, they had no ground for complaint and no right to interfere. If we chose to admit the French or Americans to the same privileges as the Canadians, that was our own business, for we did not hamper the Canadians, nor deprive them of their rights. We might, indeed, prohibit all "baiting," and none of these applicants could object. The logic of this was unassailable, and although, to placate Canada, our treaty was "side-tracked" for the time, Premier Bond's present mission to put it in motion again, if the United States proves willing now, attests the soundness of the position Newfoundland assumed from the start. Canada was eager to secure access to the American market, and finding herself unable to accomplish this, was unwilling that we should be allowed to gain what she had failed to achieve.

Canada is unable to plead that her bait supply, her bonding privilege, or her coastwise advantages figure to any appreciable extent as an inducement for the United States fishermen. Indeed, every authority on the subject agrees that Canada has little or nothing to offer in exchange for reciprocity on the subject, especially as compared with Newfoundland. As the Americans only require a bait supply, and to the country alone from which they should seek this would they be called upon to offer a recompense, it is clear that there is no need for them to traffic in terms with Canada. For all the advantage the Canadian waters are to the New England fishing craft the Nova Scotia coast might be absolutely barred against them. So clearly was this recognized that Newfoundland was accorded the right of special representation on the Anglo-

American Joint High Commission of 1898, for the express purpose of safeguarding her own interests in this matter. Sir James Winter, then Premier, was our representative.

The position of the United States is easily understood from the foregoing. She is not yearning for reciprocity, but is willing to concede it to Newfoundland through fear that the latter will cut off the bait supply. But reciprocity with Canada is not palatable, because it would mean swamping the home product with the immense volume of Canadian fish that would then be let into American markets. In other words, the United States is in the position of having to choose the lesser of two evils. If she were satisfied that she could contrive an indefinite continuance of the present status of matters, that her fishermen could get bait and herring for a mere bagatelle, she would never consent to revise her existing fishery policy, but because it is a moral certainty that Newfoundland will adopt a new course if reciprocity fails, Uncle Sam may be inclined to accept the lesser obligation and make terms with the little colony from which he will gain most, and which yet will be his least formidable competitor.

The United States, like France, has been bonusing her fleet with the idea of making it a naval auxiliary. The assistance takes the form of an import duty of one half cent a pound on all foreign caught fish. This has sufficed to maintain a fairly vigorous activity in the home fishing fleet. The New England fisheries are valued at \$10,000,000, being one fourth of the total valuation of the fisheries of the republic. The deep-sea fisheries of the Atlantic, which involve this question, are themselves worth \$4,500,000 to the United States. They maintain to a large extent the prosperity of the seaports which are the centres of the industry, and they provide an occupation for large numbers in the enterprise itself and its subsidiary pursuits. But the New England fisheries are de-

clining steadily under the competition of the more modern canned foods. All this fish has to be brought home either fresh or partly salted, and in the spring and summer it is difficult to preserve and dispose of large stocks of such perishable commodities. Nor will the American people themselves continue to prosecute the industry now. It is too hazardous and toilsome; they find easier work on shore, and they crew their ships with Scandinavians and Provincialists. Newfoundlanders form their largest contingent. The naval nursery theory is not of much value in the light of these facts, but it serves to stimulate congressional sympathy, and the fishing ports — Gloucester, Boston, etc. — are a unit in opposing reciprocity with Canada, because they say that if such came to pass they “might as well put their shutters up.” They view the Bond-Blaine Convention differently, for the reasons I have already set forth, and may not oppose it therefore, certainly not so actively.

They have cause to fear Canadian competition, however. The Canadians can prosecute the industry much more advantageously than the Americans. The fishermen along the coast can secure fresh fish every day with their small boats and ship it by train across the border, so that it may be on sale in New York within twenty-four hours. The Canadian schooners can ply to and from the Banks every fortnight or so, running into their home ports and unloading their catch for shipment in the same way. The American coast fishers have no supply to depend upon, and their offshore fishers are hundreds of miles from home. The Canadians are also helped by their less expensive methods of fishing. Their vessels, outfits, and upkeep are cheaper, and their crews receive less wages, so that they would handicap the Americans not a little from this cause. They operate about one third cheaper than the Americans, and they have a sum of \$180,000 distributed among them in

fishing bounties every year. It is certain, therefore, that if the United States tariff did not “protect” the home catch there would be much more Canadian fish marketed in New England.

Canada's position with regard to this international dispute is becoming more untenable every season. Her existing markets are inadequate to absorb her yearly catch, and the American control of Cuba and Porto Rico has increased her difficulties by depriving her almost wholly of two large and profitable markets. Her fish in these territories must now face an adverse duty of eighty-four cents a hundred pounds, and this accentuates the congestion at home. Hence, Canada strives hard for reciprocity, alleging that the removal of the American tariff will cheapen fresh food for the American consumer, and thus increase the demand in the republic, not only for Canadian, but also for American fish. But the American treaty makers have not been satisfied that the advantages of free trade would outweigh the detriments of unlimited Canadian competition, and so have declined all overtures from the Dominion. This was the reason that the Joint High Commission failed in 1898; the United States, while willing to make terms with Newfoundland, would not treat with Canada, because this could not be done without crippling the New England fishing industry. The principle underlying the whole problem is the all-important one of preserving the home pursuit from disaster while yet providing some alleviation for the masses of fish consumers who pay so heavily for this edible.

It might be supposed from the fact of Newfoundland giving no bounties, like the Canadians, and having no protective tariff, like the Americans, that she would be unable to effectively compete with them. Yet the island is the greatest fishing centre in the world. Its advantages as regards bait have already been shown, its catches of cod near its coast are very large, and it takes im-

mense quantities of fish from the Grand Banks, which are only a few hours' sail from its southeastern seaboard. Its people are the most expert fishermen afloat, and the proximity of the coast enables them to use it to an unusual extent and as a convenience of decided advantage over other nationalities. The codfish, too, is all cured by being soaked in brine and then dried in the sun and air. The Americans and Canadians cure their fish differently, and have other markets for it. Practically none of the Newfoundland catch is exported fresh, because the insularity of the region forbids this being done advantageously. The catch of our rivals is partly marketed fresh, and it is this non-competition in foreign markets which enables us to approach the Americans and ask for terms which shall be mutually beneficial and avert clashing.

This is the complication which the Bond-Blaine Convention proposes to unravel in part. If a treaty is concluded, the United States and Newfoundland will have free trade in fish products, and Canada will be excluded from the compact. The United States fishermen will then be able not only to procure bait in our waters, but also to enter them in order to transport their catch by fast steamers, with cold storage chambers, direct to Boston and New York. The frozen herring industry can be developed in the same manner, and so far from reciprocity being detrimental to the New England fishery interests, it will be positively advantageous to them. We would, of course, compete against them to some extent, but the lessening of their expenses consequent upon being able to use our coast as an advanced base would enable them to meet us upon more equal terms. Canada will resent our success, if we do succeed, but the British government seem to be satisfied that Canada's objections are not valid, else Premier Bond would never have been permitted to resume negotiations with the object he has now in view.

If, however, we fail to secure reciprocity, the result must be to throw us into the arms of Canada, ever open to embrace us. In such a contingency the Canadian federal government would take over the control of our fisheries from the provincial administration, and a united policy would be possible. The fisheries of British North America would be absolutely barred to the Americans, because Canada would then have in her own hands the lever by which to force them to grant her reciprocity, or else she would do her best to destroy the New England fishing industry. The existing *modus vivendi*, which was originally only intended to be two years, has been continued season after season in the hope that some transformation in the status of the problem might take place which would give an opportunity for effecting a compromise between the three contributions. Canada has already come to see that there is no prospect of her being able to make terms for herself, and she stands ready to denounce the *modus vivendi* as soon as she is satisfied that Newfoundland will do the same. If reciprocity fails, there will be no longer any reason why we should continue to recognize that makeshift, and our canceling it would leave the American fleet without a solitary means of procuring bait, or of availing itself of the facilities which, although not specifically provided for by treaty, Newfoundland nevertheless accords to the Yankee fishing vessels. The effects of this policy it is not difficult to forecast. The American fishermen, deprived of bait, would be but poorly able to maintain their maritime industry, and would gradually be driven from the Grand Banks. Neither Newfoundland nor Canada would suffer seriously, as their only loss would be the sums paid for licenses, and these would be very much more than offset by the prospect which there would be of securing a large slice of the American market by the decline of the New England fishery. As the latter condition would

become acute, the price of fish in the United States would run high, so high that the import duty would become but a small matter, and with the cheaper maintenance of our vessels we should be able to hold our own even in the head centres of the American fishing business.

It can be seen from this presentation of the case that the Bond-Blaine Convention is of much greater importance than appears at first sight. Newfoundland, though she may be insignificant in

other respects, has clearly the chief voice in this Atlantic Fisheries Question, and if the present negotiations are of no effect she will probably give a vigorous demonstration of this fact. While, for the sake of the better feeling which now manifests itself between Great Britain and the United States, it is to be regretted that any ill feeling should be provoked over the subject, nevertheless it is only just that Newfoundland should use her manifold advantages in order to secure larger concessions for herself.

P. T. McGrath.

TWO SONNETS FROM THE HEBREW.

I. THE PREPARATION.

"And he said, I will not destroy it for the ten's sake."

LOOK back and see this brooding tenderness!
 Ye wait till Bethlehem? Nay then, not I!
 Under the law doth Israel ever sigh?
 Is there no mercy till the great redress?
 See now, amid the nameless wickedness
 Love dreadeth lest one soul of his should die,
 Spareth and faltereth and passeth by,
 Soft'ning the law to ease a son's distress.

Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?
 Ay, child, and more! thou hast not learned to spell
 Love's first great letter: centuries of pain
 Still leave him terrible in thy scared sight
 Who quencheth with his tears the fires of hell,
 And yearneth o'er the cities of the Plain!

II. THE INCARNATION.

"Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee!"

"Speak thou for us: with God we will not speak!"
 Ye will have prophet, yea, and Saviour too,
 And saint and creed and priest to worship through,
 Whereat Love smiles and gives them, ye being weak.
 And most ye clutch at her, that Virgin meek
 With cradling arms: ah, child of Love, but who

Curved her soft breast, and taught the dove to coo,
And sent the shepherd forth the lamb to seek?

Surely great wings are wrapped around our world!
And the one pulse that in us ebbs and flows
Leaps at her name, for she has understood:
In our hearts' lowest leaves her love is curled;
Unshrined, she yet hath comfort for all woes,
If not God's mother, still God's motherhood!

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

WHAR MY CHRIS'MUS?

THE night was cold, and the howling storm, like a blustering bully bent upon forcing admission, beat in angry gusts upon the doors and windows of a white-washed frame house, standing alone by the side of a country road, and through the cracks of its ill-constructed walls of cheap, unseasoned lumber crept like a sneak in chill drafts and tiny drifts of snow.

In the open fireplace of a room upon the upper floor, half green pine logs were smouldering, and in a rough bed, drawn close to the hearth, lay a young boy, stricken, like many of his dusky race, with consumption.

The sickly flame of a dimly burning lamp suggested, rather than disclosed, the squalor of the room and the poverty of its furniture.

Seated in a split-bottom chair, and bending over the struggling fire, was an old negro. His figure, warped and twisted by rheumatism into a grotesque shape, was clad in tattered garments of an age as great, apparently, as his own. His feet, wrapped about with many cloths, had the appearance of two large bundles of woolen rags. Upon his face hopelessness and sorrow had furrowed their history, yet his expression was sweet and benevolent.

Snow-white hair crowned him with dignity.

"Honey," said the old man to the

boy, "I des put on de las' log dar is, an' de fire ain' gwine las' much longer; yit it ain' gret while atter sun-down. I ax dat man ter gimme few mo' sticks, kaze dis yer Chris'mus Day, an' he say he reck'n he would, but he in sich a hurry to git off dat he done forgit it."

"Whar he gone, Unc' Dan'l?" asked the boy.

"He gone a-junkettin' an' a-jolli-fyin' wid he frien's, dat whar he gone," replied the old man, "an' he done lock Crazy Dick in he room. Dat he a-moanin' to hisse'f right now."

"I spec' he cole," said the boy.

"An' hongry, too," rejoined the old man. "De vittles dat man done lef' us warn't 'nuff fur good dinner, let 'lone supper."

"I ain' never hongry no mo'," said the boy, "but I cole."

The old man looked at him compassionately, and when he spoke again his voice was beautiful in its tenderness.

"Son," said he, "I ain' been h'yer but a mont', 'scusin' two days, yit it seem like I been h'yer a coon's age; an' dar you is. You wuz borned in de ole po'house, an' you wuz raised in dis h'yer po'house, an' now yer sick abed an' ain' never have no good times.

"I so stiff an' rickety wid dis h'yer rheumatiz dat I cyahn rastle 'roun' same like I useter could, but it brek my heart ter see yer a-lyin' dar sufferin' an' do

nuthin' fur yer 'musement. Does yer wan' me tell yer 'bout de good ole times agin, 'fo' I git ter bed?"

"Fofe July or Chris'mus?" asked the boy. "You done tell me 'bout dem befo'."

"Dey wuz bofe good times," said the old man musingly, "but mo' speshully wuz I studyin' 'bout Chris'mus, kaze dis h'yer Chris'mus night. When I study 'bout Fofe July I recterlec' mo' 'bout young niggers an' barb'cue, an' when I study 'bout Chris'mus I recterlec' mo' 'bout Marse George an' Ole Miss an' de ole niggers what done daid; but de mo' I study 'bout dem times, hit 'pears like dey wuz all good times."

"Tell 'bout whar you live when yer little," said the boy, "an' 'bout dem folks yer studyin' 'bout dat done daid."

"I wuz borned on Marse George plantation," began the old man, after a pause, — "borned when he father wuz 'live an' Marse George wuz mos' grow'd up. Hit wuz way over yonder at de yuther en' of dis h'yer county, by de water, whar de lan' wuz mos'ly of de bes', like eve'ything what Marse George have; — not po' lan' like 'roun' 'bout h'yer. Marse George had a heap o' lan'. 'T warn't de bigges' plantation in de county, kaze Colonel Jones dat live on nex' place had mo' lan', an' Marse Ned Brent 'cross de river, he had mo' lan', but yit it wuz mighty big plantation; an' Marse George had better lan' dan dem gen'muns, an' he own mo' niggers, an' he have de bigges' mortgages in dis h'yer county, Marse George did, kaze I done hearn a gen'mun say so; but dat wuz atter de war; an' de gret house, — I spec' dar ain' no bigger house nowhar dan Marse George house, 'scusin' de Cote-House in de town, but dat ain' no house 't all, kaze hit mo' like a hôtél.

"My daddy he wuz de driver fur Marse George, an' my mammy, she he'p 'bout de washin', an' dey had der own cab'n an' gyard'n; an' when dey git ole, dey des live dar in dat same cab'n,

an' dey had de bes' ter eat an' warm flannel an' cloze, an' when dey sick, Marse George doctor 'tended 'em, an' Ole Miss 'ud bring 'em sump'n nice ter eat fum her own table, — bring hit herse'f, or sen' one o' de chillun; an' my daddy, when he too ole ter wuk, he des do what he please; — he go fishin', an' he smoke he pipe, an' chaw he chawin' terbaccer what Marse George gun him, an' he cuss de young niggers kaze dey ain' so peart as he wuz when he young nigger, an' kaze dey lazy an' ain' got no sense. He sut'ny did 'njoy hisse'f, fur de good Lord gun him grace an' peace in his ole age. An' when dey die, which dey wuz took'n sick 'bout same time, an' die one on dis day an' turrer on nex', Marse George gun 'em de fines' shrouds, which he promust fo' dey done daid, an' mighty han'some pine coffins; an' all de niggers what 'tended de funer'l say dat it de bigges' an' de fines' funer'l in der recterlection, an' dat dey git mo' 'njoyment out'n dat funer'l dan any befo', 'cep'n when de las' preacher done daid.

"Now'days," continued the old man in a tone of anguish, sinking his voice that the boy might not hear him, — "now'days de nigger cyahn die happy like dey useter could, kaze dese h'yer grave robbers is eve'ywhar, an' dar ain' no perfec' safety for no nigger, when he daid; an' when nigger die in po'-house, O Lord! de doctors cuts him up wid long knife. Nigger cyahn mek he peace wid he Maker 'bout he soul, when he studyin' all time 'bout how de doctors gwine cyarve he body."

"What dat yer sayin', Unc' Dan'l?" inquired the boy.

"I wuz des a-studyin' to myse'f," answered the old man, forcing a look and tone of cheerfulness. "Folks does dat when dey gits ole. Lemme see whar I is. I mos' done come to de en' o' my tale befo' I git started.

"Well, I wuz borned an' raised in dat dar cab'n what I tell you un, an' when I git big 'nuff I play wid de yuther lit-

tle niggers, an' I fish in de river, an' I cotch catfish an' eels out'n it, an' cotch rabbits in de brier patch wid rabbit gum. An' when Marse George 'way fum home, I steal fruit out'n he gyard'n an' git cotched, which Unc' Hez'kiah dat wuk de gyard'n he cotch me, an' he done gin me a whalin' dat mek me mo' blue dan black. I ain' forgit dat whalin' yit, kaze Unc' Hez'kiah sut'ny mek it clar ter me dat I mus' quit stealin' fruit out'n Marse George gyard'n, dat he did."

"Dem wuz times," said the boy.

"Dey mos' sholy wuz," responded the old man with emphasis; "an' when dey kill hogs, which hog-killin' time come des 'fo' Chris'mus, eve'y little nigger on de plantation have a pigtail fur hisse'f, an' all de niggers have dat 'mount o' spar-rib an' chine an' sausage an' blood-pudd'n, an' all dem yuther things, which dey comes in hog-killin' time, dat dey mos' bus' deyse'f wid eatin'.

"An' Fofe July dar wuz barb'cue what I done tole yer un befo', wid ox roasted whole an' races fur little niggers, which dey run 'em deyse'f, an' mule-race fur big niggers, an' de las' mule git de prize, kaze eve'y nigger whip 'nuther nigger's mule, an' try to mek yuther nigger's mule come in fus', so his mule come in las', an' he win de prize. I recterlec' one Fofe July when my daddy win de prize, which he rode Blin' Billy, dat so ole, he go slow like a mud turkle, an' he balky besides; an' de prize wuz a gret big watermillion, which hit tuk two niggers to tote it; but I spec' I done tole yer 'bout Blin' Billy an' dat watermillion befo', an' how Unc' Hannibal win de prize fur ploughin' straightes' furrer. When I gun ter git bigger I did n' fool 'way my time wid no spellin'-book, like little niggers does dese days, an' my Marse George he did n' larn me no sich stuff as dat, but I larn ter weed de gyard'n an' hoe an' pick veg'tables, an' I wuz handy man in de gyard'n, an' when Unc' Hez'kiah git too ole ter wuk an' did n'

hatter do nothin' 'cep'n' ter 'muse hisse'f, Marse George mek me de gyard'ner, an' I wuz a proud nigger when he done dat, dat I wuz.

"Dar wuz a mighty spry yaller gal what he'p Marse George ole mammy tek care he chillun. She mighty skit-tish gal, an' she pester me a heap, dat gal did. When I foller atter her she run 'way, an' when I quit bodderin' 'long o' her, kaze she too stuck up, den she run atter me. One day 't wuz up an' nex' day 't wuz down wid me, twel I mos' lose my patience; but one mornin' when I wuz a-pick'n' peaches in de gyard'n, dat gal pass, an' I ain' noticin' her, but she gun to sass me, an' den I git mad an' run atter her, an' I cotch her, an' I kiss her mos' a hunderd times, an', when I kiss her 'bout fifty times, she 'low she gwine marry me ef Marse George willin', an' when I look up 'gin, dar wuz Marse George a'stannin' in de grape arbor, which hit close by. I sut'ny feel like a fool nigger, an' Susan, she squeal an' run up to de house, an' Marse George mek out like he ain' seen us. But dat afternoon, when I wuz a-totin' some veg'tables up to de kitch'n, Marse George met me an' he sez, 'Dan'l,' sezee, 'dem wuz de bigges' an' de mos' juicies' peaches what I seen yer he'p'n' yerse'f to dis mornin' out'n my gyard'n dat I mos' ever see,' sezee, an' den he laugh an' laugh fit ter kill hisse'f. He wuz a joker dat pull de laughin' string, wuz Marse George. When he done laughin', I up 'n' ax 'im kin I have de cab'n what Unc' Hez'kiah useter live in, an' which he done move out'n, kaze Marse George done built him new cab'n; an' Marse George say I kin; an' dat gal Susan an' me wuz married in a mont', but she did n' live mor'n a yer, an' I ain' never had no chile 'scusin' one which he done daid when Susan wuz took'n. I ole, but I ain' fergit Susan, kaze I spec' ter chune my harp an' lif' my voice in de heavenly choir, along o' her, when de good Lord call me ter come."

"Ain' yer fergit tellin' 'bout Chris'-mus times, Unc' Dan'l?" asked the boy.

"Hit seem like I have," said the old man. "Clar ter gracious, when I git ter talk'n' 'bout ole times, I fotch up so much to my 'membunce dat I ramble 'long an' ramble 'long twel I dunno whar I is.

"In dem days," continued the old man, "Chris'mus times wuz a nigger heav'n on earf. Dar wuz holiday times fur mos' three weeks, an' no nigger ain' do no wuk twel de backlog in de big fireplace wuz who'ly ashes. An' de nigger what fotch dat log tek good care dat hit mighty green log, so hit cyahn burn fas'. Chris'mus mornin' de ole niggers git up early an' 'sprise Marse George an Ole Miss an' de chillun an' cotch 'em Chris'mus gif'. Eve'y nigger on de plantation, big 'n' little, have he Chris'mus gif', 'sides mighty good Chris'mus dinner an' sumpustuous vittles all de time. Marse George an' Ole Miss tek de Chris'mus gif's fur de ole niggers down to de cab'ns deyse'f, an' young niggers tote de baskets. Atter dinner all de white folks what spen'nin' Chris'mus wid we - alls, kaze Marse George have a house full o' de quality all de time, but mo' speshully endurin' Chris'mus times, — all de white folks come wid Marse George an' Ole Miss inter de kitch'n, whar all de niggers waitin', what wuk in de house an' roun' de house, an' den dey drink Marse George and Ole Miss health an' de health of yuther ladies an' gen'muns what stayin' wid we-all. Dey drinks dey health out'n a gret big bowl o' egg-nogg, an' Marse George sen' plenty mo' down to de cab'ns, an' I tell yer dis, honey, dat dat-dar egg-nogg, which Marse George mix hit hisse'f, wuz fitten fur a regal king to squench his thirs' out'n, an' when de niggers dance dat night in de kerridge house, which dey move de kerridges so dey kin dance, de fiddle furnish de music, but de toddy done mek de frolic.

"Dis yer kep' up eve'y Chris'mus 'fo' de war, but endurin' de war Marse George wuz 'way fum home fightin', an' I hearn tell dat he fit same like a lion, but he boun' ter fight brave, kaze he quality. De war ain' tech us much whar we live, kaze we wuz out'n de way, but all de gen'muns in de neighborhoods went 'way an' fit.

"Bymeby de news reach us dat Marse Lincoln done set all de niggers free. At fus' dis doan mek much diffunce 'cep'n' de niggers mighty glad dat dey free now same like white folks. I spec' mos' un 'em think dat freedom gwine mek der skin white des like dey marseters. How nigger gwine know dat when he own hisse'f he gotter rastle 'roun' an' tek care hisse'f an' buy his own cloze an' vittles an' chawin' terbaccer? How nigger gwine know what freedom is, when he cyahn spell freedom, an' he cyahn read freedom, an' he cyahn write freedom? Yit he think he know, an' hit mek him mighty peart and biggity to hol' he head high an' say, 'I ain' slave no mo'. I free same like white gen'mun.' Dat de way dey feel, an' 't warn't long 'fo' mos' de niggers gun ter git ras'less an' leave de plantation an' ramble off to 'njoy deyse'f an' seek dey forchun. But I stay whar I wuz, an' some o' de yuther niggers stay dar too, — mo' speshully de ole niggers, kaze we hatter stay dar an' tek care Ole Miss an' de chillun when Marse George 'way fum home. Yit I feel mighty proud kaze I free.

"Marse George come back when de war over, an' live on de plantation. He live dar 'bout fo'teen yers, an' I live dar, too, an' wuk in de gyard'n. But times wuz changed. Dar warn't no niggers in mos' o' de cab'ns; an' Marse George kep' one buggy an' one kerridge an' two horses stid o' big stable full like he useter keep. An' atter while de craps did n' fotch de prices no mo' what dey useter fotch, an' Marse George hatter borrar money which he spected ter pay back nex' yer when prices riz, an'

when nex' yer come, prices done drap mo', an' he hatter borry mo' money.

"Den come de day when he call me inter de dinin'-room an' de yuther niggers what stayed wid 'im atter de war, an' Ole Miss wuz dar, an' de tears wuz in he eyes, an' he clar he throat an' say, 'Dan'l an' Tobe,' sezee, an' de yuther niggers, which he call 'em by name, 'I done ruint, an' de she'iff gwine sell dis place nex' mont'. I gwine tek yo' Mistis an' de chillun to de city whar I got wuk promust. You all is my black chillun, eve'y one, an' hit brek my heart to leave yer, but I ain' got money 'nuff ter tek no one 'cep'n' ole mammy an' Rachel,' which wuz de cook. Den we-all bus' loose a-cryin', an' we beg Marse George not ter go 'way an' leave us, an' ef he boun' ter go to de city, to tek us wid him. But he say he cyahn do dat, kaze he too po'. He might tek Smallpox Tobe dat wait on table, an' Nancy what wuk in de house, an' git 'em place wid some quality folks in de city, but he cyahn tek me 'long, kaze I ain' got no larnin' an' dunno nothin' but 'bout wuk in gyard'n, an' Marse George say dar ain' no gyard'ns in de city; yit all de quality, what 'quainted wid me, 'low my manners wuz of de bes', kaze I bin raised right.

"So nex' mont' de plantation wuz sole, an' de house an' all de furnicher an' de kerridge an' horses; an' Marse George an' he fambly, an' ole mammy an' Rachel, an' Smallpox Tobe an' Nancy move to de city, an' I stay dar on de plantation, kaze de man what bought it, he hired me to wuk de gyard'n, an' Marse George done tell him dat I fus'-class gyard'ner.

"De man what bought we-all's place wuz po' white trash, an' he wife, she po' white trash, too; an' dey wuz de meanes' white folks dat I ever run up wid atter soshiatin' wid de quality all my born days. Dey useter keep market stall in de town, an' dey live po' an' save money 'fo' dey buy our plantation, which hit brung less 'n half what it wurf. Dey

warn't real bad people what de debbil loves, but dey mean, an' dey ain' got no breed'n'. Dey wuz des trash, dat what dey wuz, yit dey git 'long better 'n Marse George.

"De ve'y fus' thing dat man done, he tek de marble stachers off'n de lawn an' sell 'em in de town at auction sale; an' he plough up de lawn mos' up to de front do' an' sow wheat dar; an' de graveyard, which hit had mos' un de graves took'n out'n hit, but not all, he riz a wire nettin' fum de groun up 'bove de iron pailin's an' mek chicken-yard out'n hit. He plough up mos' o' de flower gyard'n an' mek veg'table gyard'n bigger; an' atter fo' er five yer, des 'fo' Chris'mus, he cut down de gret big boxwood hedges, what wuz 'long o' de gyard'n walks an' wuz higher dan tall man's head, an' he sen' 'em to de city an' sell 'em fur Chris'mus fixin's; an' he rent de right to haul seine on his sho' by de river, which Marse George allus 'lowed 'em to haul free, when dey please. Yas, honey! He done des what I tells you un; an' fuddermo', in summer time his wife took'n in po' white trash bo'ders in de gret house whar Marse George an' Ole Miss useter live, an' whar de bes' o' de quality useter stay all de time.

"Hit seem like I cyahn stan' dat man, an' I cyahn stan' he wife fum de fus', an' when he come in my gyard'n an' cut down my boxwood hedges, I mek up my min' dat I mus' sholy leave 'n go to de city an' fin' Marse George an' tell 'im dat I cyahn stay on de ole place no mo', but, des 'bout dat time, Marse George wuz took'n sick, which de wuk in de city ain' never 'gree wid his systums, an' 'fo' long de good Lord tuk him to hisse'f, an' Ole Miss ain' live mor'n fo' five mont's atter him. Dat man read me dat out'n de newspaper, kaze he know dat I studyin' 'bout leavin', an' he know I fus'-class gyard'ner.

"Atter Marse George an' Ole Miss done daid, I mek up my min' dat I stay whar I is, an' die dar too, kaze I love

dat place, yit I feel mighty lonesome. I ain' seen Marse George an' Ole Miss sence dey move to de city, but eve'y Chris'mus atter dey done gone an' whiles dey wuz livin', dey sont me a gret big box fur Chris'mus gif' same like ole times, wid good cloze an' chawin' ter-baccan an' cole vittles an' little money.

"Atter while I feel like I gettin' ole myse'f, an' when winter come, sho' 'nuff, de rheumatiz cotch me, an' hit cotch me mighty bad. I wuz kep' in bed endurin' all dat winter, an' dat man ain' treat me so bad twel de spring gunter commence. Den I git out'n bed an' hobble 'roun', but I so lame an' stiff wid de rheumatiz dat I cyahn do no wuk; an' de doctor say he spec' I gwine git wuss but he doan spec' I gwine git no better.

"Dat wuz dis yer las' spring. When de doctor say I gwine be lame an' cyahn do no wuk, dat man come down ter my cab'n an' say he sorry, but ef I don' git strong an' limbersome by de fall, so I kin wuk 'gin, he hatter sen' me to de county po'house.

"Den I git mad, I did, an' I up 'n' ax him what he doin' talkin' to free nigger like dat; an' I tell 'im dat dis h'yer cab'n 's my cab'n, kaze Marse George gun hit to me 'n' Susan atter Unc' Hez'kiah done move out, an' I done live dar all my life an' I gwine die dar, too.

"Den he laugh an' say he bought de cab'n when he bought de lan', an' he ax me fuddermo' what I gwine do fur vittles.

"Dat upshot my min' when he up 'n' ax me what I gwine do fur vittles, yit I know dat de cab'n 's my cab'n.

"Dar I wuz. I kep' a-studyin' an' a-studyin' 'bout what I gwine do. All de quality what wuz frien's of Marse George an' dat I 'quainted wid, an' dat useter live in de neighborhoods, wuz bus' up like Marse George was bus' up, an' done moved 'way wid dey fambleys like him, or wuz done daid. All 'roun', whar I wuz 'quainted, po' white trash had bought de lan', leas'wise dey warn't

quality, an' dey wuk de lan' like dat man what gwine tek my cab'n 'way fum me, an' ain' gwine gin me no vittles, kaze I cyahn do no wuk, an' what gwine sen' me to po'house.

"An' all de ole niggers what I know is moved 'way deyse'f, or took'n 'way by dey marseters, like we-alls, Smallpox Tobe an' ole mammy an' Rachel an' Nancy, or dey done daid; an' as fur de young niggers what 's growed up sence de war, I ain' never had no use fur dem, wid dar spellin'-books an' dar readin' an' writin' an' dar uppity manners.

"I kep' on a-studyin' what I gwine do, an' I pray to de good Lord, an' I ax him ter he'p me out'n dis yer trouble an' triberlation, an' ter ferry me over de deep waters what all 'roun' me. An' den hit come to my 'membunce dat Marse George done lef' a son what live in de city; an' I git dat man ter write him a letter, an' tell him in dar, dat I ole an' got rheumatiz an' cyahn wuk no mo'; an' I say I mus' go ter county po'house 'cep'n' I took'n care of by de quality what love ole nigger dat cyahn wuk better 'n young nigger dat kin. An' I tell him all de quality done move 'way fum our neighborhoods, an' he Marse George son, an' I feared ter go ter po'house.

"Atter while I git a letter back an' dat man read hit to me. Hit say he mighty sorry dat I mus' go to po'house, but he cyahn tek care o' me, fur he got big fambly to tek care un; an' he sont me five dollars. But dat man tek de five dollars hisse'f, kaze he say he done tek care me free fur mos' a yer, an' I owe 'im mor'n five dollars a'ready.

"Den I think de good Lord done fergit de ole nigger sho' 'nuff, an' den dey bring me h'yer."

"I spec' de good Lord sont yer h'yer fur ter keep comp'ny wid me, kaze I sick an' gwine die," said the boy. "When yer tells me 'bout dem good times, hit mek me mos' fergit dis h'yer."

The old man looked at the boy affec-

tionately. "Honey," said he, "de fire gone out an' I spec' I better kiver yer up de bes' I kin 'fo' I say de Lord's Pra'r, what Ole Miss larn me when I little nigger, an' git ter bed myse'f."

With many a grunt and groan of pain he rose from his chair, and with the aid of a home-made crutch and hickory walking-stick hobbled painfully to the boy's side. He tucked the clothes about him, smoothed his straw pillow, and stood for the moment of prayer with his hand resting caressingly on the boy's head. Then he blew out the light, stretched himself upon his own rude bed, and drew the tattered blankets about him.

Outside the wind howled and the storm beat upon the house. Within was silence, broken only by the coughing of

the sick boy and the dismal moaning of Crazy Dick.

After a while the boy called softly, "Unc' Dan'! Is yer 'sleep?"

The old man's pillow was wet with tears, and his voice shook when he answered.

"I ain' git ter sleep yit, son," said he. "I des bin lyin' h'yer an' studyin' 'bout dem ole times what I bin tellin' yer 'bout. Mebbe dese yer times is good times fur young nigger dat brung up sence de war. But I bin studyin' 'bout fool nigger what wuz raised a'ready when he git he freedom, an' dat glad when de news come. Now he ole, an' he cole, an' he hongry, an' he ain' got no chawin' terbaccar; an' he ax hisse'f dis h'yer question: 'Marse Lincoln gun me freedom. Whar my Chris'mus?'"

Beirne Lay.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.¹

I.

THE praise "he deserved well of his country" is an exceeding great reward, and should be bestowed only after grave deliberation. Some men prefer a wider reach, and nurse a hope that their memories will pass beyond national boundaries, unhindered as by the line of a meridian. There are others whose pride is to have deserved well of some ideal person, to have been "friend to Sir Philip Sidney," disciple to Socrates; "to have deserved well of his country" is commendation, to be given sparingly, and when given not to be forgotten. We are too ready with this phrase, as if it were the cross of St. Olaf, a ribbon with the Black Eagle, or the Order of the Bath; we give it too prodigally to those who gratify the appetite of the hour, to the

man who gains a battle, or extends the landmarks of empire, or, may be, with heaped-up wealth founds a university. Such men may merit the epitaph, but there is a risk, in that first cheerfulness begotten by dissipated alarms, by lengthened purse, or by the comfortable prospect of a royal road to learning, lest our tongues should be too quickly loosed. It is so easy and seems so generous to grant great epithets to men who have staked their lives or hazarded their fortunes for the very complacent and laudable end that our lives and fortunes be made easier. The men who have indeed deserved well of their country are they who have set up a loftier standard for its gentlemen, who have in prosperity and adversity consistently followed the strait ways of honor, who have bestowed upon their fellow countrymen new cause to be proud of their native land, who have endeared her to other nations, or have given enjoyment to millions of her children.

¹ *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902. 5 vols.

This is true service, and all this Sir Walter Scott did.

Three generations ago lived four very famous British men, of Westminster Abbey mortuary measure: Nelson, who from the Cape of Good Hope to the Arctic Ocean made England mistress of the seas; Wellington, who from Talavera to Waterloo added glory upon glory to the British flag; Byron, who carried the breath of English liberty to down-trodden Italy and enslaved Greece; and Walter Scott, who made Britain beloved by men of other countries, who, by his ideals of manhood, of chivalry, of honor, gave new incentives to Englishmen, and on his joyous and painful path through life bestowed more happiness upon his fellow men than any other British man has ever done.

It is wholly fit that Americans should go on pilgrimage to Abbotsford. A remembrance of virtue is there which we, at least, cannot find at Canterbury, Lourdes, or Loreto. There is but one comparable spot in Great Britain, and that is on the banks of Avon; but at Stratford, encompassed by memorials of idolatry, surrounded by restoration and renovation, harried and jostled by tourists, the pilgrim wearily passes from bust to portrait, from Halliwell to Furness, from sideboard to second-best bedstead, with a sick sense of human immortality, till his eye lights upon the "W. Scott" scrawled on the window-pane. If Walter Scott made this pilgrimage, if his feet limped through the churchyard of Holy Trinity, if he looked at the ugly busts, if he, too, was elbowed by American women there, then welcome all, the sun shines fair on Stratford again.

Abbotsford has discomforts of its own, but there one has glimpses of Scott's abounding personality. How wonderful was that personality; how it sunned and warmed and breathed balm upon the lean and Cassius-like Lockhart, till that sweetened man became transfigured, as

it were, and wrote one of the most acceptable and happy books of the world; — a personality, so rich and ripe, that nature of necessity encased it in lovable form and features. In the National Portrait Gallery is a good picture of Scott, large-browed, blue-eyed, ruddy-hued, the great out of door genius; one of his dogs looks up at him with sagacious appreciation. There is the large free figure, the benevolent man, the mirthful host, the honest counselor, the chivalric friend; but what can a painter with all his art tell us of a person whom we love? How can he describe the noble career from boyhood to death; how can he narrate the wit, the laughter, the generosity, the high devotion, the lofty character, the dogged resolution, and the womanly tenderness of heart? The biographer has the harder task. A hundred great portraits have been painted, from Masaccio to John Sargent, but the great biographies are a half dozen, and one of the best is this book of Lockhart's.

As generations roll on, the past drifts more and more from the field of our vision; the England of Scott's day has become a classic time, the subjects of George III. are strangers of foreign habits; tastes change, customs alter, books multiply, and with all the rest the Waverley Novels likewise show their antique dress and betray their mortality; but the life of a great man never loses its interest. As a time recedes into remoteness, its books, saving the few on which time has no claim, become unreadable, but a man's life retains and tightens its hold upon us. It is hardly too much to say that Lockhart has done for Scott's fame almost as much as Scott himself. The greatest of Scotsmen in thirty novels and half a dozen volumes of poetry has sketched his own lineaments, but Lockhart has filled out that sketch with necessary amplification, admiring and just. What would we not give for such a biography of Homer

or Cicero, of Dante or Shakespeare? But if we possessed one, dare we hope for a record of so much virtue and happiness, of so much honor and heroic duty?

Walter Scott is not only a novelist, not only a bountiful purveyor of enjoyment; his life sheds a light as well as a lustre on England. Of right he ought to be seated on St. George's horse, and honored as Britain's patron saint, for he represents what Britain's best should be, he, the loyal man, the constant friend, joyous in youth, laborious in manhood, high-minded in the sad decadent years, thinking no evil, and faithful with the greatest faith, that in virtue for virtue's sake. Every English-speaking person should be familiar with that noble life.

One sometimes wonders if a change might not without hurt be made in the studies of boys; whether Greek composition, or even solid geometry, — studies rolled upward like a stone to roll down again at the year's end with a glorious splash into the pool of oblivion, — might not be discontinued, and in its stead a course of biography be put. I would have my boys read and read again the biographies of the men who to my thinking deserved well of their country. The first two should be the History of Don Quixote and Lockhart's Life of Scott. In young years, so fortified against enclitics and angles, yet unfolding and docile to things which touch the heart, would not the boy derive as much benefit from an enthusiastic perusal of Lockhart's volumes as from disheartening attempts to escalate the irregular aorist? It was not for nothing that the wise Jesuits bade their young scholars read the Lives of the Saints. Are there no lessons to be learned for the living of life?

Don Quixote and Sir Walter Scott look very unlike, one with his cracked brain and the other with his shrewd good sense, but they have this in common, that the one is an heroic man whose heroism is obscured by craziness

and by the irony under which Cervantes hid his own great beliefs, and the other is an heroic man, whose heroism is obscured by success and by the happiness under which Scott concealed daily duty faithfully done. In the good school of hero-worship these men supplement one another, the proud Spaniard, the canny Scot, great-hearted gentlemen both. Our affection for them is less a matter of argument than of instinct; their worthiness is demonstrated by our love. I cannot prove to you my joy in the month of May; if you feel dismal and Novembrisish, why, turn up your collar and shiver lustily. The Spaniard is rather for men who have failed as this world judges; the Scot for those who live in the sunshine of life.

English civilization, which with all its imperfections is to many of us the best, is a slow growing plant; though pieced and patched with foreign graftings, it still keeps the same sap which has brought forth fruit this thousand years. It has fashioned certain ideals of manhood, which, while changing clothes and speech and modes of action, maintain a resemblance, an English type, not to be likened to foreign ideals, beautiful as those may be; we have much to learn from their great examples, but the noble type of the English is different. Sir Thomas Malory's Round Table, Philip Sidney, Falkland, Russell, Howard the philanthropist, Robertson the priest, Gordon the soldier, — choose whom you will, — have a national type, not over-flexible, but of a most enduring temper. The traditions which have gathered about these men have wrought a type of English gentleman, which we honor in our unreasonable hearts. Our ideals are tardy and antiquated; they savor of the past, of the long feudal past. We listen politely to the introducer of new doctrines of righteousness, of new principles of morality, and nod a cold approval, "How noble!" "What a fine fellow!" "Excel-

lent man!" but there is no touch of that enthusiasm with which we cry, "There! there is a gentleman!" A foolish method, no doubt, and worthy of the raps and raillery it receives, but it is the English way. Educated men, with their exact training in sociology and science, smile at us, mock us, bewail us, and still our cheeks flush with pleasure as we behold on some conspicuous stage the old type of English hero; and we feel, ignorantly, that there is no higher title than that of gentleman, no better code of ethics than that of chivalry, rooted though it be on the absurd distinction between the man on horseback and the man on foot.

The great cause of Sir Walter Scott's popularity during life and fame after death is that he put into words the chivalric ideas of England, that he declared in poem, in romance, and in his actions the honorable service rendered by the Cavalier to society, because his stories stirred the deep instinctive affections — prejudices if you will — of British conservatism. He founded the Romantic School in Great Britain, not because he was pricked on by Border Ballads or by Götz von Berlichingen, but because, descended from the Flower of Yarrow and great-grandson of a Killiecrankie man, he had been born and bred a British gentleman, with all his poetic nature sensitive to the beauty and charm of chivalry. History as seen by a poet is quite different from history as seen by a Social Democrat, and the Cavalier — if we may draw distinctions that do not touch any question of merit — requires a historian of different temper and of different education from the historian of the clerk or the ploughman. The youth filled with rich enthusiasm for life, kindled into physical joy by a hot gallop, quickened by a fine and tender sympathy between man and beast, crammed with fresh air, health, and delight, vivified with beauty of April willows and autumnal heather, is remote, stupidly re-

mote perhaps, from the scrivener at his desk, or the laborer with his hoe. The difference is not just, it is not in accord with sociological theories, it must pass away; yet it has existed in the past and still survives in the present, and a Cavalier to most of us is the accepted type of gentleman, and "chivalric" is still the proudest adjective of praise. Of this section of life Sir Walter Scott is the great historian, and he became its historian, not so much because he was of it, as because he delighted in it with all his qualities of heart and head.

We still linger in the obscurity of the shadow cast by the Feudal Period; we cannot avoid its errors, let us not forget the virtues which it prescribes; let us remember the precepts of chivalry, truth-telling, honor, devotion, enthusiasm, compassion, reckless self-sacrifice for an ideal, love of one woman, and affection for the horse. For such learning there is no textbook like this *Life of Scott*. Moreover, in Lockhart's biography, we are studying the English humanities, we learn those special qualities which directed Scott's genius, those tastes and inclinations which, combining with his talents, enabled him to shift the course of English literature from its eighteenth-century shallows into what is known as the Romantic movement.

It is a satisfaction that America should render to Scott's memory this homage of generous print, broad margin, and that comfortable weight that gives the hand a share in the pleasure of the book and yet exacts no further service. What would the boy Walter Scott have said, if in vision these stately volumes, like Banquo's issue royally appareled, had risen before him one after one, to interrupt his urchin warfare in the streets of Edinburgh? But the physical book, admirable as it is, equipped for dress parade and somewhat ostentatious in its pride of office, is but the porter of its contents. Miss Susan M. Francis, with pious care, excellent judgment, and sound discrimi-

nation, worthy indeed of the true disciple, has done just what other disciples have long been wishing for. At appropriate places in the text, as if Lockhart had paused to let Miss Francis step forward and speak, come, in modest guise as footnotes, pertinent passages from Scott's Journal, and letters from Lady Louisa Stuart, John Murray, and others. The Familiar Letters, the Journal, and many another book to which Lockhart had no access, have supplied Miss Francis with the material for these rich additions. The reader's pleasure is proof of the great pains, good taste, and long experience put to use in compiling these notes. The editor's is an honest service honorably performed. As a consequence — and perhaps I speak as one of many — I now possess an edition of Lockhart, which, strong in text, notes, and form, may make bold to stand on the shelf beside what for me is *the* edition of the Waverley Novels. This edition published in Boston — it bears the name Samuel H. Parker — has a binding, which by some ordinance of Nature or of Time, the two great givers of rights, has come to be *the* proper dress of the Waverley Novels. Its color varies from a deep mahogany to the lighter hues of the horse-chestnut; what it may have been before it was tinted by the hands of three generations cannot be guessed. This ripe color has penetrated within and stained the pages with its shifting browns. It is plain that Time has pored and paused over these volumes, hesitating whether he should not lay aside his scythe; he will travel far before he shall find again so pleasant a resting-place. This Parker edition used to stand on a shelf between two windows, with unregarded books above and below. On another bookcase stood the Ticknor and Fields edition of Lockhart, 1856, according to my Benedict Arnold memory, its back bedecked with claymores and a filibeg, or some such thing; the designer seems to have thought that Scott was a Highland chief. But,

though exceeding respectable, that edition was obviously of lower rank than the Parker edition of the novels; be-claymored and filibegged it stood apart and ignored, while the novels were taken out as if they had been ballroom belles. In fact, there is something feminine, something almost girlish, about a delightful book; without wooing it will not yield the full measure of its sweetness. In those days we always made proper preparation — a boy's method of courtship — to read Scott. The proper preparation — but who has not discovered it for himself? — is to be young and to put an apple, a gillyflower, into the right pocket, two slices of buttered bread, quince jam between, into the left, thrust the mahogany volume into the front pouch of the second-best sailor suit, then, carefully protecting these protuberant burdens, shinny up into a maple tree, and there among the branches, hidden by the leaves, which half hinder and half invite the warm, green sunshine, sit noiseless; the body be-appled and be-jammed into quiescent sympathy, while the elated spirit swims dolphin-like over the glorious sea of romance. That one true way of reading the Waverley Novels poor Mr. Howells never knew. He must have read them, if he has read them at all, seated on a high stool, rough and hard, with teetering legs, in a dentist's parlor. He has had need to draw a prodigal portion from his Fortunatus' purse of our respect and affection to justify his wayward obliquity toward Scott. I wish that I were in a sailor's blouse again, that I might shinny back into that maple tree, in the company of Mr. Howells, with Miss Francis's volumes of Lockhart (one at a time), to read and re-read the story of Sir Walter Scott, and feel again the joy which comes from the perusal of a biography written by a wise lover and edited by a wise disciple, with no break in the chain of affection between us and the object of our veneration. Perhaps Miss Francis would do us the honor

to take a ladder and join our party. But youth and jam and gillyflowers are luxuries soon spent, and Miss Francis has done her best to make amends for their evanescence. She has done a public kindness, and she has had a double reward, first, in living in familiar converse with Scott's spirit, second, in the thanks which must come to her thick and fast from all Scott lovers.

We might well wish that every young man and every boy were reading these big-printed volumes, adorned with pictures of our hero, of his friends, both men and dogs, and of the places where he lived. Let a man economize on his sons' clothes, on their puddings, and toys, but the wise father is prodigal with books. A good book should have the pomp and circumstance of its rank, it should betray its gentle condition to the most casual beholder, so that he who sees it on a shelf shall be tempted to stretch forth his hand, and having grasped this fruit of an innocent tree of knowledge, shall eat, digest, and become a wiser, a happier, and a better man or boy.

II.

Without meaning to disparage the Future, — it will have its flatterers, — or the Present, which is so importunately with us always, there is much reason with those who think that the home of poetry is in the Past. There our sentiments rest, like rays of light which fall through storied windows and lie in colored melancholy upon ancient tombs. That which was once a poor, barren Present, no better than our own, gains richness and mystery, and, as it drifts through twilight shades beyond the disturbing reach of human recollection, grows in refinement, in tenderness, in nobility. Memory is the great purgatory; in it the commonness, the triviality of daily happenings become cleansed and ennobled, and our petty lives, gliding back into the Eden from which they seem to issue, become altogether innocent and beautiful.

In this world of memory there is an aristocracy; there are ephemeral things and long-lived things, there is existence in every grade of duration, but almost all on this great backward march gain in beauty and interest. It is so in the memory of poets, it is so with everybody. There is a fairy, benevolent and solemn, who presides over memory; she is capricious and fantastic, too, and busies herself with the little as well as with the big things of life. If we look back on our boarding-school days, what do we remember? Certainly not our lessons, nor the rebukes of our weary teachers, nor the once everlasting study hour; but we recall every detail of the secret descent down the fire-escape to the village pastry-cook's, where, safeguarded by a system of signals stretching continuous to the point of danger, we hurriedly swallowed creamcakes, Washington pies, raspberry turnovers, and then with smeared lips and skulking gait stealthily crept and climbed back to a sleep such as few of the just enjoy.

This fairy of memory was potent with Walter Scott. He loved the Past, he never spoke of it but with admiration and respect, he studied it, explored it, honored it; not the personal Past, which our egotism loves, but the great Past of his countrymen. This sentiment is the master quality in his novels, and gives them their peculiar interest. There have been plenty of historical novels, but none others bear those tender marks of filial affection which characterize the *Waverley Novels*.

There is another quality in Scott closely connected with his feeling for the Past, which we in America, with our democratic doctrines, find it more difficult to appreciate justly. This quality, respect for rank, — a very inadequate and inexact phrase, — is part and parcel of a social condition very different from our own. Scott had an open, generous admiration for that diversity which gave free play to the virtues of loyalty and gratitude on one side, and of protection

and solicitude on the other. The Scottish laird and his cotters had reciprocal duties ; instead of crying " Each man for himself ! " they enjoyed their mutual dependence. The tie of chieftain and clansman bore no great dissimilarity to that of father and son, new affections were called out, a gillie took pride in his chief, and the chief was fond of his gillie.

Scott's respect for rank was as far removed from snobbery as he from Hecluba ; it was not only devoid of all meanness, but it had a childlike, a solemn, and admirable element, a kind of acceptance of society as established by the hand of God. Added to this solemn acceptance was his artistic pleasure in the picturesque variety and gradation of rank, as in a prospect where the ground rises from flatness, over undulating meadows, to rolling hills and ranges of mountains. It is exhilarating to behold even seeming greatness, and the perspective of rank throws into high relief persons of birth and office, and cunningly produces the effect of greatness. That patriotism which clings to flag or king, with Scott attached itself to the social order. He was intensely loyal to the structure of society in which he lived, not because he was happy and prosperous under it, but because to him it was noble and beautiful. When a project for innovations in the law courts was proposed, he was greatly moved. " No, no," said he to Jeffrey, " little by little, whatever your wishes may be, you will destroy and undermine, until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland shall remain ; " and the tears gushed down his cheeks. The social system of clanship, " We Scots are a clannish body," made this sentiment easy ; he felt toward his chief and his clan as a veteran feels toward his colonel and his regiment.

To Scott's historic sentiment and tenderness of feeling for the established social order was added a love of place, begotten of associations with pleasant Teviotdale, the Tweed, Leader Haughs,

the Braes of Yarrow, bequeathed from generation to generation. We Americans, men of migratory habits, who do not live where our fathers have lived, or, if so, pull their houses down that we may build others with modern luxury, are strangers to the deep sentiment which a Scotsman cherishes for his home ; — not the mere stones and timber, which keep him dry and warm, but the hearth at which his mother and his forefathers sat and took their ease after the labor of the day, the ancient trees about the porch, the heather and honeysuckle, the highroad down which galloped the post with news of Waterloo and Culloden, the little brooks of border minstrelsy, and the mountains of legend ; we do not share his inward feeling that his soul is bound to the soul of the place by some rite celebrated long before his birth, that for better or worse they two are mated, and not without some hidden injury can anything but death part them. Perhaps such feelings are childish, they certainly are not modish according to our American notions, but over those who entertain them they are royally tyrannical. It was so with Scott, and though when left to ourselves we may not feel that feeling, he teaches us a lively sympathy with it, and gives us a deeper desire to have what we may really call a home.

Scott also possessed a great theatrical imagination. He looked on life as from an upper window, and watched the vast historical pageant march along ; his eye caught notable persons, dramatic incidents, picturesque episodes, with the skill of a sagacious theatre manager. Not the drama of conscience, not the meetings and maladjustments of different temperaments and personalities, not the whims of an over-civilized psychology, not the sensitive indoor happenings of life : but scenes that startle the eye, alarm the ear, and keep every sense on the alert ; the objective bustle and much ado of life ; the striking effects which contrast clothes as well as character, bringing together

Highlander and Lowlander, Crusader and Saracen, jesters, prelates, turnkeys, and foresters. That is why the Waverley Novels divide honors with the theatre in a boy's life. I can remember how easy seemed the transition from my thumbed and dog-eared Guy Mannering to the front row of the pit, which my impatience reached in ample time to study the curtain resplendent with Boccaccio's garden before it was lifted on a wonderful world of romance wherein the *jeune premier* stepped forward like Frank Osbaldistone, Sir Kenneth, or any of "my insipidly imbecile young men," as Scott called them, to play his difficult, ungrateful part, just as they did, with awkwardness and self-conscious inability, while the audience passed him by, as readers do in the Waverley Novels, to gaze on the glittering *mise en scène*, and watch the real heroes of the piece.

The melodramatic theatre indicates certain fundamental truths of human nature. We have inherited traits of the savage, we delight in crimson and sounding brass, in soldiers and gypsies, nor can we conceal, if we would, that other and nearer ancestry, betrayed by the poet; — "The child is father to the man:" the laws of childhood govern us still, and it is to this common nature of Child and Man that Scott appeals so strongly.

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name."

Scott was a master of the domain of simple theatrical drama. What is there more effective than his bravado scenes, which we watch with that secret sympathy for bragging with which we used to watch the big boys at school, for we know that the biggest words will be seconded by deeds. "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaller's shield; he is your cheapest bargain." "'Who has dared,' said Richard, laying his hands upon the Austrian standard, 'who has dared to place this paltry rag beside

the banner of England?'" "'Die, blood-thirsty dog!' said Balfour, 'die as thou hast lived! die, like the beasts that perish — hoping nothing — believing nothing' — 'And fearing nothing!' said Bothwell." These, and a hundred such passages, are very simple, but simple with a simplicity not easy to attain; they touch the young barbarian in us to the quick.

In addition to these traits, Scott had that shrewd practical understanding, which is said to mark the Scotsman. Some acute contemporary said that "Scott's sense was more wonderful than his genius." In fact, his sense is so all-pervasive that it often renders the reader blind to the imaginative qualities that spread their great wings throughout most of the novels. It was this good sense that enabled Scott to supply the admirable framework of his stories, for it taught him to understand the ways of men, — farmers, shopkeepers, lawyers, soldiers, lairds, graziers, smugglers, — to perceive how all parts of society are linked together, and to trace the social nerves that connect the shepherd and the blacksmith with historic personages. Scott had great powers of observation, but these powers, instead of being allowed to yield at their own will to the temptation of the moment, were always under the control of good sense. This controlled observation, aided by the extraordinary healthiness of his nature, enabled him to look upon life with so much largeness, and never suffered his fancy to wander off and fasten on some sore spot in the body social, or on some morbid individual; but held it fixed on healthy society, on sanity and equilibrium. Natural, healthy life always drew upon Scott's abundant sympathy. Dandie Dinmont, Mr. Oldbuck, Baillie Jarvie, and a hundred more show the greatest pigment of art, the good color of health. Open a novel almost at random and you meet a sympathetic understanding. For example, a fisherwoman is pleading for a dram of whiskey: "Ay, ay, — it's easy for your honor, and like

o' you gentlefolks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside. But an' ye wanted fire and meat and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi' it, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain till the morn's morning?"

It is easy to disparage common sense and the art of arousing boyish interest, just as it is easy to disparage romantic affections for the past, for rank, and for place, but Scott had a power which transfigured common sense, theatrical imagination, and conservative sentiments; Scott was a poet. His poetic genius has given him one great advantage over all other English novelists. As we think of the famous names, Fielding, Richardson, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Meredith; according to our taste, our education, or our whimsies, we prefer this quality in one, we enjoy that in another, and we may, as many do, put others above Scott in the hierarchy of English novelists, but nobody, not even the most intemperate, will compare any one of them with Scott as a poet. Scott had great lyrical gifts. It has been remarked how many of his poems Mr. Palgrave has inserted in the *Golden Treasury*. Palgrave did well. There are few poems that have the peculiar beauty of Scott's lyrics. Take, for example, —

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green —
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew."

What maiden could resist, —

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue"?

Scott's poetic nature, delicate and charming as it is in his lyrics, picturesque and vigorous as it is in his long poems, finds its sturdier and most natural expression in his novels; in them it refines the prodigal display of pictorial life, it bestows lightness and vividness, it gives an atmosphere of beauty, and a joyful exhilaration of enfranchisement from the commonplace; it mingles the leaven of poetry into ordinary life, and causes what we call romance. Take, for example, a subject like war. War, as it is, commissariat, dysentery, mule-trains, six-pounders, disemboweled boys, reconcentration, water-cure, lying, and swindling, has been described by Zola and Tolstoi with the skill of that genius which is faithful to the nakedness of fact. But for the millions who do not go to the battlefield, hospital, or burial-ditch, war is another matter; for them it is a brilliant affair of colors, drums, uniforms, courage, enthusiasm, heroism, and victory; it is the most brilliant of stage-shows, the most exciting of games. This is the familiar conception of war; and Scott has expressed his thorough sympathy with immense poetical skill. Let the sternest Quaker read the battle scene in *Marmion*, and he will feel his temper glow with warlike ardor; and the fighting in the novels, for instance the battle in *Old Mortality*, is still better. In like manner in the pictures of Highland life the style may be poor, the workmanship careless, but we are always aware that what we read has been written by one who looked upon what he describes with a poet's eye.

The poetry that animates the *Waverley Novels* was not, as with some men, a rare accomplishment kept for literary use, but lay deep in Scott's life. As a young man he fell in love with a lady who loved and married another, and all his life her memory, etherealized no doubt after the manner of poets and lovers, stayed with him, so that despite the greatest worldly success, his finer

happiness lay in imagination. But as he appeared at Abbotsford, gayest among the gay, prince of good fellows, what comrade conjectured that the poet had not attained his heart's desire?

III.

It is easy to find fault with Scott; he has taken no pains to hide the bounds of his genius. He was careless to slovenliness, he hardly ever corrected his pages, he worked with a glad animal energy, writing two or three hours before breakfast every morning, chiefly in order to free himself from the pressure of his fancy. So lightly did he go to work that when taken sick after writing *The Bride of Lammermoor* he forgot all but the outline of the plot. His pen coursed like a greyhound; at times it lost the scent of the story and strayed away into tedious prologue and peroration, or in endless talk, and then, the scent regained, it dashed on into a scene of unequalled vigor and imagination. There are few speeches that can rank with that of Jeanie Deans to Queen Caroline: "But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—O my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Scott was a vigorous, happy man, who rated life far higher than literature, and looked upon novel-writing as a money-getting operation. "I'd rather be a kitten and cry Mew," he said, "than write the best poetry in the world on condition of laying aside common sense in the ordinary transactions and business of the world." He would have

entertained pity, not untouched by scorn, for those novelists who apply to a novel the rules that govern a lyric, and come home fatigued from a day spent in seeking an adjective. Scott wrote with what is called inspiration; when he had written, his mind left his manuscript and turned to something new. No doubt we wish that it had been otherwise, that Scott, in addition to his imaginative power, had also possessed the faculty of self-criticism; perhaps Nature has adopted some self-denying ordinance, that, where she is so prodigal with her right hand, she will be somewhat niggard with the left. We are hard to please if we demand that she shall add the delicate art of Stevenson to the virile power of Walter Scott.

There is a second fault; archæologists tell us that no man ever spoke like King Richard, Ivanhoe, and Locksley. Scott, however, has erred in good company. Did Moses and David speak as the Old Testament narrates? Did knights-errant ever utter such words as Malory puts into the mouth of Percival? Or did the real Antony have the eloquence of Shakespeare? Historical and archæological mistakes are serious in history and archæology, and shockingly disfigure examination papers, but in novels the standards are different. Perhaps men learned in demonology are put out of patience by *Paradise Lost* and the *Inferno*, and scholars in fairy lore vex themselves over *Ariel* and *Titania*; but *Ivanhoe* is like a picture, which at a few feet shows blotches and daubs, but looked at from the proper distance, shows the correct outline and the true color. The raw conjunction of Saxon and Norman, the story how the two great stocks of Englishmen went housekeeping together, is told better than in any history. A multitude of little errors congregate together and yet leave a historic whole, which if not true to Plantagenet England, is yet correct in its delineation of a great period of

social change, and of those phenomena that attend the struggle of social orders for self-preservation and dominion. So it is with *The Talisman*. The picture of the crusading invasion of Palestine is no doubt wholly incorrect in all details, and yet what book equals it in enabling us to understand the romantic attitude of Europe and the great popular Christian sentiment which expressed itself in unchristian means and built so differently from what it knew? But we need not quarrel in defense of *Ivanhoe*, or *Quentin Durward*, or *The Talisman*. Unquestionably the Scottish novels are the best, *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*; in them we find portraiture of character, drawn with an art that must satisfy the most difficult advocate of studies from life; and probably all of Scott's famous characters were drawn from life.

A more serious charge is that Scott is not interested in the soul, that the higher domains of human faculties, love and religion, are treated not at all or else inadequately. At first sight there seems to be much justice in this complaint, for if our minds run over the names of the *Waverley Novels*, — the very titles, like a romantic tune, play a melody of youth, — we remember no love scene of power, nor any lovable woman except *Diana Vernon*, and the religion in them is too much like that which fills up our own Sunday mornings between the fishballs of breakfast and the cold roast beef of dinner. *Carlyle* has expressed his dissatisfaction with Scott's shortcomings, after the manner of an eloquent advocate who sets forth his case, and leaves the jury to get at justice as best they may. He denies that Scott touches the spiritual or ethical side of life, and therefore condemns him. But *Carlyle* does not look for ethics except in exhortations, nor for spiritual life except in a vociferous crying after God; whereas the soul is wayward and strays outside

of metaphysics and of righteous indignation. That Scott himself was a good man, in a very high and solemn significance of those words, cannot be questioned by any one who has read his biography and letters. No shadow of self-deception clouded his mind when, in moments of great physical pain, he said: "I should be a great fool, and a most ungrateful wretch, to complain of such inflictions as these. My life has been in all its private and public relations as fortunate, perhaps, as was ever lived, up to this period; and whether pain or misfortune may lie behind the dark curtain of futurity, I am already a sufficient debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it;" nor when he thought he was dying: "For myself I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit." Every one knows his last words: "Lockhart, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Ethics has two methods, one is the way of the great Hebrew prophets who cry, "Woe to the children of this world! Repent, repent!" and *Carlyle's* figure, as he follows their strait and narrow way, shows very heroic on the skyline of life; but there is still room for those teachers of ethics who follow another method, who do not fix their eyes on the anger of God, but on the beautiful world which He has created. To them humanity is not vile, nor this earth a magnified *Babylon*; they look for virtue and they find it; they see childhood ruddy-cheeked and light-hearted, youth idealized by the enchantment of first love; they rejoice in a wonderful world; they laugh with those who laugh, weep with mourners, dance with the young, are crutches to the old, tell stories to the moping, throw jests to the jolly, comfort cold hearts, and leave everywhere a ripening warmth like sunlight, and a

faith that happiness is its own justification. This was the way of Walter Scott.

No doubt spiritual life can express itself in cries and prophecies, yet for most men, looking over chequered lives, or into the recesses of their own hearts, the spiritual life is embodied not in loud exhortations and threats, but rather in honor, loyalty, truth; and those who let this belief appear in their daily life are entitled to the name, toward which they are greatly indifferent, of spiritual teachers. Honor, loyalty, truth, were very dear to Walter Scott; his love for them appears throughout his biography. He says, "It is our duty to fight on, doing what good we can and trusting to God Almighty, whose grace ripens the seeds we commit to the earth, that our bene-

factions shall bear fruit." Among the good seeds Scott committed to the earth are his novels, which, if they are not spiritual, according to the significance of that word as used by prophet and priest, have that in them which has helped generations of young men to admire manliness, purity, fair play, and honor, and has strengthened their inward resolutions to think no unworthy thoughts, to do no unworthy deeds. Literature, not preaching, has been the great civilizer; if it has not been as quick to kindle enthusiasm for large causes, it has acted with greater sureness and has built more permanently; and of all the great names in literature as a power for good, who shall come next to Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes, if not Walter Scott?

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

A DELICATE TRIAL.

I.

THE smoky atmosphere of a Western city darkens the windows of a gray stone building in which the local Art Students' League is housed, — on the second floor, over, under, and side by side with the quieter sort of business offices. A cheerless place, even at noon, is the principal room of this league, and now, at the approach of night, in the silence that pervades the entire building after business hours, the plaster casts and the unfinished drawings abandoned on easels are like spectres in the twilight watching the agony of the only real person here present.

This solitary occupant, a man not more than twenty-four or twenty-five years old, has been drawing a head of Dante and quarreling desperately with his own work; as yet, however, suppressing outward signs of this conflict. You will notice merely that the hollows

in his cheeks are deepened by the firm set of a resolute jaw, and that under the spectacles, which look almost grotesquely large on his thin, smooth-shaven face, his eyes are burning with concentrated purpose, or fever, or both. It is the culmination of a long struggle of the will to have its way, in spite of failing strength and the assaults of a rabble of cares (taking advantage of this weakness) upon his heart, — which "citadel of courage" is in imminent danger of being captured by the enemy. The decisive moment in the career of an artist has arrived.

If one of us, now, should be able to steal forward unperceived into the room, impelled by sympathy, it would be to hear, on coming nearer, the art student's short, quick breathing, and to notice that his whole frame is shaken from time to time by a tremor, though this may be only the natural effect of the chilly air upon his overworked and, I

fear, half-starved body. And, in fact, while we cannot interpose, something which amounts to an actual diversion does take place, a familiar counselor of the young man — none other than common sense — beginning to advise him almost as distinctly as though a separate person had entered into conversation with him.

"You have set a task for yourself that's far beyond your powers," this counselor begins. "Your own head is crowded with the people of Dante's Inferno; but must you try to suggest in the expression of the poet's face, as you draw it, his vision of hell? Be content to draw his features as they are shown in the bust before you, — really an excellent piece of work; and do not even go on with that moderate task until you have had dinner and a good night's sleep."

The young man grins unpleasantly when the expression "dinner and a good night's sleep," a formula with rather different and not very recent associations, slips into his thoughts. The counselor goes on: —

"I may as well tell you, since you are bent on showing Dante face to face with all those ingeniously tortured souls he has described, that after years of patient study, provided you have genius, such things may be done. But do you insist that it is of the essence of portraiture to interpret your subject so completely, and that you must and will do it immediately? Nonsense, my dear boy! A few years of waiting are nothing at all to a young man like you. Come away to rest."

By way of reply to this easy-going plan the art student's face takes on an immovable look; it is set like another grim image opposite Dante's. From time to time he adds to the drawing.

Presently he directs a perplexed and startled look toward his right hand.

"Go on!" he commands, but it will not budge in the work. "Not another line," it replies in effect, by falling at his side.

For a little while the demons his fancy conceives, with Fear and Despair in the lead, have him at their mercy. Mutiny among the members he has experienced often enough before this moment, but now his will stands alone, with no servant to do its bidding, deserted by its forces; still he does not yield, with gallant unreason refusing to accept defeat, even when defeat is proved.

And now, without any conscious effort, but as though by some extraneous force, his hand is lifted up; and while it goes on with the interrupted work still under this extraneous guidance, he listens to a voice of authority, most agreeably distinguished from that of the first counselor, a voice so full of confidence that its accent is well-nigh humorous: —

"A few knowing touches with pencil, crayon, or brush are all we need. Omit this line; put one here. Strengthen this shadow. Here, nothing at all: give the imagination its chance. There a rub — so: a little laying on of hands, as though you would conjure the work to grow, not compel or drive it.

"Now is n't he almost alive! See how the old fellow stares and wonders. Does n't it make you glance over your shoulder in the direction his eyes take, expecting to see Count Ugolino of the gruesome repast, poor Francesca, and the rest? At any rate, your portrait is finished."

"My portrait!" cries the art student. "You made it."

"But you made me," says the other.

"I believe you are the devil," says the art student.

"My name," the newcomer replies, "is Genius, and I have come at the command of your will, to serve you always."

II.

Genius and the art student have such a time of it as you might expect when they look for professional advancement

in New York. The former, being unseen, at first naturally counts for nothing in the metropolis, while the latter, though actually ready (thanks to his invisible and now inseparable associate) to give abundantly, has the appearance of a Western person in need of everything. So the best part of Edward Lawton, artist, is ignored, and the obvious part shunned for a little while. He paints as though to save his soul every day while there is light, and after dark with equal passionateness studies music. He is painter by day, musician by night, working at art, playing with music.

III.

Another resident in New York who devotes his evenings to music (and his days, too, whenever he is out of work) is a gentleman past middle life, Mr. Charles Brentford. There is no hint of foreign ancestry in his name, but in New York we must always reckon with the possibility that a Latin strain, prone to art and supine to music, may lurk under a sterling Anglo-Saxon patronym.

As our story runs, Mr. Brentford used to take his little daughter to the opera even if there had been no meat for dinner; nor did Charlotte suppose that this was a mere coincidence, although nothing was ever said on the subject. To the child, as well as to her father, the tickets admitting them to the gallery seemed infinitely more important than a hearty meal, especially since this deprivation and indulgence did not occur every evening.

At the time we have now reached she is still her father's companion, with the heart and simple manners of a child, but, in an emergency, coming to the rescue with something of the wisdom of a mature woman, as befits a maiden of fifteen or sixteen years.

On one occasion the music of an opera which they are hearing for the first time

is so delightful, and Mr. Brentford's enjoyment of it becomes so apparent, that Charlotte begins to look uneasy. Finally, when he takes a lead pencil from his pocket, she clutches his arm and whispers, —

"Where is the writing paper you promised to bring?"

"I forgot it," he whispers in reply, swiftly jotting down notes of the music on his cuff; and Charlotte nearly laughs aloud as she recalls the akimbo request of an Irish laundress who had asked Miss Charlie, dear, to tell her father he must shtop writin' on his linen shurts, that were all wore out with scrubbin' av the pencil marks.

There are so many fetching arias that the white cuff is soon dotted all over with notes, and then the point of Mr. Brentford's nimble pencil continues its records on his shirt-bosom. Charlotte fears these marks will be rather too conspicuous, and, indeed, they do attract the attention of a man in the next row of seats who leans forward, putting out his hand and tapping his thumb with the fore and middle fingers, to show that he wants the pencil.

Mr. Brentford looks at him gravely and makes up his mind about him before complying.

"Allow me," says this critic, leaning still nearer and adding a little stroke to the cluster of notes written on the shirt-front. "A *half* note," he explains, and raises his eyebrows behind his spectacles, and smiles.

Mr. Brentford looks down at the correction; then nods and smiles in his turn.

And now, as Mr. Brentford and his critic, who introduces himself as Edward Lawton, have thus met on the common ground of a knowledge and love of music, it comes to pass quite naturally that others sitting near are subject, without knowing or caring why, to a certain contagion of friendliness. It is not long before the children of an Italian family party, who have brought a quantity of

oranges and bananas (which they eat quite fearlessly in this part of the house), share their fruit with Carlotta: very easily they persuade the pretty stranger, whose big eyes seem to promise all the future for her thrilling slip of a body, to take her part in the feast. Moreover the spectacles of the young man who understands music so well beam upon her at short intervals.

So then, at the end of the opera, Charlotte laughs merrily as she says to her father, "I'm glad you did *not* bring writing paper!"

IV.

During the months that follow father and daughter have small occasion to be glad about anything. The former loses the use of his eyes almost entirely, as the result of a malady which does not yield to simple treatment; he is forced to give up his business position and to grope around in search of some new employment which may be compatible with his infirmity. For days together they are wholly without money, and once Charlotte has a rather severe illness.

Never mind the other dreary happenings of these months; we may learn all that is worth knowing if we give our attention to the two people for just one minute in a single day.

It is the evening of Mr. Brentford's birthday, and Charlotte has been suffering because she has no birthday gift for him, — suffering, too, from the thought that in her illness and weakness she is a burden to him; and he cannot persuade her that the burden is light because she would rather break her heart in silence than challenge his affection by expressing what is in her mind.

The dim-sighted man, waiting on the sick girl, brings her a bottle of some sparkling tonic water that the doctor has prescribed; and now her bedside becomes a borderland between discouragement and native cheerfulness. Nor can I tell which of the two people resists

discouragement most unselfishly. Their conversation we must hear just as it is caught from their lips, with its characteristic blending of humor and pathos.

First she says that he must have a glass of the precious water; and then she cannot finish her own glass because the thought of the expense of it chokes her; and will he not drink it for her? It will spoil otherwise.

And he begins, "You dear little girl" —

But she stops him with "Don't say anything kind, Charles Brentford, Charles" — reaching out through the oppression of their circumstances to find a strange pleasure in the use of his given name. "I shall cry if you do."

And he says, "Sleep well;" but immediately corrects himself: "No, that's too kind. Be as uncomfortable as you can."

Then she: "Will you kiss me good-night?"

And he: "Not for worlds. Nothing kind, you know."

"Oh, Charles Brentford — father!" she says, pulling his head down on the coverlet and laying her finger tips on his eyelids.

So they part for the night, each to pray for the other's happiness.

V.

Mr. Brentford is amazed every day at his good fortune in having managed to pay the rent of their apartment until now. The cheap rooms become so endeared to him through fear of their loss that when he comes home in the evening after his day's groping, he presses his breast against the walls and caresses the shabby old chairs.

He will not play connectedly now, but at most improvises things which hurt one's feelings incredibly. Lawton, when he comes to see these friends of his, is made utterly miserable by such unconscious confessions of suffering; still he

comes again and again, for the sake of receiving from Charlotte and making to her another confession, — a confession of mutual trust, perfect understanding and sympathy, with some element in the feeling which is unfamiliar to both the young people, and more delightful than anything they will ever again experience: it is like entering a luminous cloud of sentiments — all generous — when they are near each other. There is never a word of love spoken, partly because they have not yet discovered that this common little word may define emotions which seem to them absolutely without a precedent.

One afternoon when father and daughter are alone Mr. Brentford's improvisation fairly dies of its own misery; he stops playing in order to express himself to Charlotte in words so full of regret and longing not clearly defined that they may fairly be called a translation from the music, — in words such as these: —

"It seems to me (and you must imagine this, Charlotte) that you and I are walking hand in hand through all this little world, looking for happiness. And on the earth there are houses, houses, more than we have ever seen before; and they all stand empty, though crowded one against another, with scarce room for them upon the ground. And there is no living creature except ourselves. Then we say, 'We will look in the sea; perhaps the happy creatures are there.' And on the seashore are heaped shells, shells, more than we have ever seen before. And we look again, and the water is full of sea-houses, all the shells that ever were. And they are all empty. There is not another living creature in the sea or on the shore.

"Then a great storm arises, so that ocean and land are blended and become one distressful place.

"And then we see, very far away, a wide-roofed house. It stands straining against wind and rain, like a man, with its shoulders hunched and its hat-brim

drawn over its windows to keep off the pelting weather. And a little light and warmth and life begin within the sheltering walls of that house. The other houses disappear, and all the shells vanish. That one familiar house, your birthplace, stands for them all.

"But when we join hands more firmly and run toward our old home it also vanishes; and where we had fancied it stood, we come upon your mother's grave."

After this outburst both are silent for a minute or two. Then Charlotte says very gently, —

"I think I understand, father. When we went out to see the house agent this morning, and came back so much earlier than usual, he told you that he had rented our apartment to some one else, and we must move out. Is that the trouble?"

"Yes."

"How soon?"

"Within a few days."

Charlotte fetches her father's hat and stick, and next she makes her own preparations for going out.

"I want you to take a walk with me," she says.

VI.

As they are walking slowly up Park Avenue, just beyond the crest of the hill, people who pass them, as well as the shopkeepers and their gossiping customers, turn to look at them in a fashion far removed from the usual free, staring curiosity; and yet this marked deference is not occasioned by the elderly man's gentle dignity or his evident weakness, nor has it any relation to his companion's delicate beauty. Nearly everybody in this neighborhood can tell at a glance that the young lady is saying in her heart, over and over again, "Dear Saint Anne, hear my prayer. Good Saint Anne, help my poor father!"

For the whole neighborhood is attentive during this week in July to the sto-

ries of miraculous cures which the relic of Saint Anne, enshrined in the little church of Saint Jean Baptiste, is said to work. Hundreds of the blind, the deaf, the lame, arrive every day, to utter a prayer kneeling before the altar in the crypt, to kiss the relic, to touch it with their hands, to press against it (as the priest holds it out to them in a small circular box with a glass cover) their foreheads, their eyes.

"I read about it in the paper," Charlotte says, "and yesterday I went to see for myself. It is really wonderful what a stack of crutches the lame people have left behind; and all the candles that are kept burning — every one of them a sign of somebody's faith. I saw mothers bring their sick babies in their arms; perhaps that is n't so important, but grown men were there, too, — crowds of them, — helping their parents up to the railing; not young parents like you, dearest, but really old people. Oh, father, don't you think it is worth trying?"

("Dear Saint Anne, help my poor father. . . . You *must!*")

Her eyes are aflame.

They have reached the corner of Seventy-sixth Street. The church and the crowd in front of it, with groups of sight-seers across the way, are in plain view. Mr. Brentford hesitates.

"I certainly want my eyesight badly enough," he says; "but, child, we are not even Catholics."

"I said that to the priest," she answers eagerly. "He told me that Jesus and his disciples worked almost exclusively among non-Catholics. And he laughed: he is a nice man."

("Dear Saint Anne, hear me, help us!")

VII.

Even while they stand at the corner waiting till Mr. Brentford shall recover from his hesitancy, a glad voice calls out, "Hello!" and "What luck! — I

was just starting out to see you. But who ever heard of your being so far up town at this hour of the day?"

Mr. Brentford begins to say something in a rather frightened undertone, but Lawton will not let him finish.

"Come along. Oh, come along with me," he continues. "I live in the very next street, and I've good news to tell you." Placing himself between them, he takes Mr. Brentford's arm, and has them moving off toward his studio before there is time to protest.

"You know those pictures of mine?" he suggests, confident that they will remember the subject of their last talk together.

Of course they do know precisely which ones he means.

"Sold — for a price so large I am afraid to mention it. I did n't suppose I should ever have so much money. And, better still, Fairlie — you know Fairlie?"

"Oh yes," says Mr. Brentford.

— "has given me an order. That makes the future all right: his approval is a fortune in itself. Besides, he's been saying such things about my work. . . ."

"Well, here we are already, and I am mighty glad to have you. — Look out for this broken step."

VIII.

Several hours later they are still in the studio, which is Lawton's home as well. Evidently some pleasant understanding has been arrived at, for Mr. Brentford is contentedly smoking, when he is not dozing, in his chair beside a table which even now bears up the last course of a splendid and protracted feast, — such a feast as only happiness knows how to enjoy from beginning to end, though when such happiness as this is present the nearest German caterer can send in food and drink for the gods, not forgetting that smallest divinity whose

appetite is well known to be in proportion to his size.

Precisely how the young people have employed every minute of these hours, important though they are, I do not know, nor do they; but at the moment we have now reached it happens that Lawton (*not* at the table) is speaking as reasonably as any one could wish on a subject no less technical and — as one not initiated might suppose — unsuited to the occasion than that of diseases of the eyes; though, to tell the truth, it may convey a false impression if I let the word “speaking” stand as just written, without adding that Lawton’s voice, and Charlotte’s, too, when she questions or answers in words, resembles whispering or murmuring rather than the clear tones of ordinary speech, and the whisperers seem to be drawn to each other uncommonly by this subject, of all others. Lawton is saying, as we contrive to hear by straining our attention, —

“You know my own eyes were none of the best for a while, and I’m sure I can’t imagine what I should have done if I had not found this” — (The name of the oculist escapes us.) “A wonderful fellow! set me right in no time at all. No, with his skill, you see, and rest and nursing, there’s no reason to doubt that” — (Here again his voice is an inarticulate murmur to us, but we notice that both glance toward the silent figure at the table.) The girl throws back her head as though she would like to reply, but her lip trembles, and she keeps that word in reserve for use at another moment.

Presently Lawton’s voice grows more distinct as he asks pointedly, “Where were you yesterday, in the morning?”

“At church — or, rather, at a church.”

“Rather a funny thing happened,” he goes on. “I fancied you were — it came into my head that you were in distress of some kind, and called out to me. Did you think of me?”

“Perhaps, a little, now and then.”

“A curious experience, any how. It startled me, and made me so uneasy I could n’t keep on working. So, to cure my restlessness, I went to ask Fairlie to come around and look at my things; and that was the beginning of the — beginning.

“And so,” he continues, musing, “it appears you were just quietly at church. I do not see the connection — What’s more, to-day — this afternoon, in fact — I felt something like a force stronger than my will, or a will stronger than my own, drawing me to you; and that, even more than just wanting to tell the good news, made me start away to see you. And there you were with your — our — blessed old dad at the corner of Seventy-sixth Street, taking a mighty long walk for such warm weather . . . Can’t see the connection. Are you sure you were not thinking of me or wanting me somehow?”

Charlotte puts an arm around his neck and begins to cry at last. “Oh, Anne, Anne, thank you!” she says, and again, “thank you.”

Now Lawton has still to learn the occasion for her choice of such a curious pet name, and for her offering of thanks to him (who fairly goes down on his knee to her at the thought, and says *that* must be a mistake); nor will he be more free from the obligation to learn why, having once pronounced this name so deliciously, she never will apply it to him again, but will only laugh (as deliciously and as irrelevantly, he will think) whenever he asks her for her good reason.

Marrion Wilcox.

CHINESE DISLIKE OF CHRISTIANITY.

[Mr. Francis H. Nichols, who has prepared this article, is the author of *Through Hidden Shensi*. Recently he has had the advantage of making an extended tour through several little known provinces of China in the disbursement of a famine fund. THE EDITORS.]

It is now nearly one hundred and fifty years since Lien Chi Altangi, a mandarin of Honan, lived in Oliver Goldsmith's brain, and wrote letters from London to his friend Fum Hoam in Pekin. Altangi was exceptionally fortunate in his London residence. No mandarin's yamen in all the Eighteen Provinces was ever half so splendid as were the halls of the mind where lived Dr. Primrose and The Traveller. When Altangi was writing letters the West knew even less of China than it does to-day. Goldsmith had never visited the country of Fum Hoam. In the time of Goldsmith and of Altangi the arrogance of patriotism and the bitterness of bigotry were more potent forces in the world than now. Yet in those stubborn years when England was bullying her colonies and when Boswell was toadying to Johnson, Altangi, from that serene height of mind that "like some tall cliff . . . midway leaves the storm," wrote of Georgian British civilization from a Chinaman's point of view.

The Powers were then so busy in fighting among themselves that China had not yet become a factor in world politics. Europe had not awakened to a practical interest in Cathay. It may have been that Goldsmith's only intention in writing *The Citizen of the World* was to satirize the narrowness of the England in which he lived. But whatever his motive, the letters of imaginary Altangi are to-day the most eloquent plea in the English language for fair play for the Chinese, — their civilization, their institutions, and their right to think. Many times after listening to an explanation by a Chinaman of some institution of his country I have found myself mentally inquiring, —

"Whom of my acquaintances have I heard speak in a similar vein before?" And the answer was always, "Yes, my old friend Mr. Altangi."

"When I had just quitted my native country and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from Nature. But I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them, but in me; that I falsely condemned others for absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality." So wrote Altangi in one of his first letters, as a notice to his correspondent that the writer had ceased to be only a subject of the Emperor of China, but had become in addition a citizen of the world.

This change of attitude was very exceptional for a Chinaman. In the case of Altangi it can be accounted for as the result of the environment of his London residence. But equally exceptional is it to find a Western modern who can ever for one moment forget the prejudices or partiality of his nativity when he crosses the wall that separates Chinese civilization from his own. His experience of China may be lifelong, his information of men and things may be absolutely truthful and accurate, but his point of view is never that of the people he describes. He may be a man of the world at home, but he is never a citizen of the world in China. Underlying everything that is written or spoken about the Middle Kingdom is the foregone conclusion that the Chinese way of doing everything is wrong. It may be interesting, picturesque, and unique, but it is wrong simply because it is Chinese. It is always

taken for granted that a Chinaman is an inferior, and is therefore "absurd." The thing described must always be referred to as though it were a mere idiosyncrasy. Reasons if given at all are merely foreign generalizations based on the sweeping supposition that the "absurd" Chinaman is necessarily wrong. By good-natured men persons and things Chinese are referred to as though they constituted something in the nature of a huge joke, while men of the sterner missionary nature ascribe differences from their own standards to a persistently low state of prevailing morality, which they hope and pray may some day be elevated to a Western level by the light of Christianity. Only very rarely does any one recognize that John Chinaman is a human being, that he is a man and a brother, that God created him in his own image quite as much as he did any Christian critic; that he has always "honored his father and his mother," and that his "days have been longer in his land" than the days of any other man on earth; and starting from this premise ask the Chinaman "Why?"

In writing of England, Altangi always attempted to find the reason for everything he saw about him. He criticised when he was unable to discover a proper relation between cause and effect. Altangi's searching for reasons and his studying of causes was eminently characteristic of his Chinese mind. For every detail of Chinese government and civilization and method there is a reason distinct, clearly defined, and permanent; a direct relation between cause and effect that is much more easy to determine than it would be in England or the United States. If asked why we preferred a certain kind of food, most of us would consider it sufficient to answer that we liked it, but this would never do for a Chinese explanation of a motive in eating. A Chinaman can explain the component elements of every bowl into which he dips his chop-sticks.

He knows the relation one to another of different foods in the process of digestion, and if you care to listen to him long enough he can perhaps give you the history of the ancient experiment which resulted in the production of the food about which you have inquired. In New York and London the prevailing width and thickness of the sole of a man's shoe are prescribed from year to year by an arbitrary fashion, for which there is no reason unless it be a restless desire for change. In China, where fashions change about once in every dynasty, the soles of shoes worn by ordinary citizens must always be of one thickness in order to be proportionately lower than the sole of a mandarin's boot, whose wearer must always tower higher than his fellow men. These are the reasons for trifling details, but with equal clearness and precision they obtain in all the complicated relations of law and government, and it is these same causes that we so seldom hear explained either by the Chinese who have produced the results, or by some Western citizen of the world who can speak of them from Altangi's point of view.

When, as the result of my environment on my travels through China, I was forced to ask "Why?" directly of the Chinese without the mediation of foreign trader, foreign consul, or foreign missionary, I always found that "the ridicule lay . . . in me." As the result of my encounters with reasons my prejudices to a very large extent vanished, and I began to see the Chinese in an entirely new light. I ceased to laugh at chop-sticks when I discovered that their use prevented too large mouthfuls and too rapid eating. I forgot the clumsiness of ferries when I realized that most of the rivers were too shallow to permit of any other kind of craft, and I really admired the people who could devise a boat equally capable of floating on water and of slipping over mud. Instead of ridicule I came to have a great liking for a national character that could produce the things I saw around me.

I have met foreigners who have lived in China for the greater part of their lives, and whose knowledge and appreciation of the land and the people were far less than Altangi ever obtained of London. They had never put themselves in John Chinaman's place. They had never looked at anything from his point of view. They had never listened to his reason for anything. And these were the men who believed that nothing good could come from a Chinaman, although they knew him very well. It is like the old story of the relative advantages of being a man and a dog. The question can never be answered satisfactorily, because we shall probably never have an opportunity of hearing the dog's side. But we could hear the Chinaman's side. He could tell us *why* he thinks and acts and believes as he does if we would ask *him* "Why?" Yet that is just what has never been done. The Black-Haired People are ridiculed and patronized and denounced, but never reasoned with, and until they are we shall continue to misjudge them just as they misjudge us.

These reasons that are the springs of action are often fallacies. Superstition and a complacent ignorance sometimes play a prominent part in them. But just as in the march of all civilizations fallacies have been overthrown only by attacking the ideas on which they were founded, so we can never hope to modernize the Chinese until we meet them on their own ground and successfully controvert their reasons.

Probably no Chinese custom or institution has been the object of more denunciation and shuddering than the practice of binding the feet of the women. *Per se* it undoubtedly merits all the condemnation it receives. It certainly is cruel, barbarous, and degrading. The inference usually drawn from it is that a parent who would thus deliberately cripple his daughter for life can be little less than a savage. Yet it is safe to say that of the thousands of Americans who

have heard of foot-binding not one in ten has a clear idea of the Chinese reason for the torture.

For foot-binding has its reason. It is only a practical application of the theory that "woman's sphere is the home," a belief that is by no means confined to China, but which in less active form prevails to a very large extent in the United States. The premise once admitted, it becomes the duty of all respectable citizens to devise some means of permanently preventing women from escaping from their sphere. Other Oriental nations who hold in a practical form the same belief as the Chinese make prisoners of their women. They hide them in their homes and compel them to appear veiled in the street. As a different means of accomplishing the same end, the Chinese make it physically impossible for a woman to walk far from home. Founded on the simple principle that every good woman's life is spent within certain narrow limits, foot-binding has become a universal custom which can be transgressed only by the lifelong disgrace of the woman whose feet are allowed to remain in a natural condition. I firmly believe that the Chinese appreciate the cruelties of foot-binding quite as much as we do.

A woman leading a little girl passed by the inn where we were resting one afternoon. On the child's drawn face were depicted some of the agonies which the bandages on her legs were causing her. One of the soldiers of my escort sprang up, and taking the child in his arms, carried her to her home a quarter of a mile down the road.

"It must be terrible to be a woman," he said to me as he reëntered the kung kwan courtyard.

Several educated men with whom I talked of the practice in Shensi agreed with me as to its cruelty. They all regretted it as a painful necessity. Their argument against its discontinuance was always, "How else can women be made to stay at home?"

If, instead of merely shuddering at foot-binding and of calling the Chinese unpleasant names for persisting in the practice, the advantages of an enlightened idea of womanhood could be demonstrated to them; if the majority of parents could be persuaded that their daughters were capable of living in other spheres than home, — if the reason could be annihilated, I believe that foot-binding might decline in popularity, and might ultimately disappear. Such a course would at least be interesting as an experiment that has heretofore never been tried in attacking any Chinese institution or belief.

Although a lack of appreciation of native reasons is a fault common to all foreigners who have to do with the Chinese, none more seldom consider the Chinese answer to the "Why?" than do the missionaries.

China needs the gospel. She needs it far more than she needs anything else. Until she is truly converted to Christianity she can never take the place among the nations of the earth to which her great resources, her vast population, the age and civilization of her people entitle her. This fact is so obvious to any one who has come in contact with the China that lies outside of Treaty Ports and Foreign Concessions, that I am sometimes inclined to wonder why missionaries spend so much time and energy in arguing about this first premise of the proposition.

Whatever opinions a traveler through the interior provinces may hold on the question of whether or not religion is no longer essential for his own *fin de siècle* nation of the West, he must, it seems to me, admit that Christianity is a necessity for China. Twenty-five hundred years ago Confucius drew a complete and elaborate chart for the guidance of the race to which he belonged. The chart was intended to provide for every possible contingency that might ever arise in the life of the individual or the nation. Confucius fastened his chart

on the wall and said, "Follow that." It was a wonderfully made chart, more nearly perfect than any that modern altruist or student of ethics has ever devised. As the chart was supposed to describe every course that could be sailed with safety, the Chinese have never thought it possible to discover new continents. They have never looked at the stars or the horizon, always at the chart. It made no pretensions to the supernatural. It was essentially human and matter of fact. The chart related to the known, not to the unknown. It took little account of hopes or inclinations. It made no provision for a change of conditions either in the state or in the individual. As a result Chinese civilization has never changed. It is restrained from drifting or turning aside into dangerous channels by the Confucian chart, but it cannot and will not go forward until it recognizes a soul, until it has ideals that are not earth made, until it "seeks a country" that is not like Shensi, eternal on earth, "but eternal in the heavens."

It is true that China needs many other things besides Christianity. She would be greatly better off if she had railroads and clean hotels, and a knowledge of geography and post offices and factories, yet the lack of these is due not to the inability of the Chinese to provide them, but to their failure to see and appreciate their need of them. No mention of them is made in the chart by which they are steering. China has succeeded in existing almost from the beginning of the world without them; therefore they are useless. The Chinese nature is patient, and the Chinese brain is resourceful. The stories oft told in Tientsin of how native engineers, with very crude tools and comparatively little experience, repaired locomotives that the Boxers had wrecked are proof that the Chinese are capable with very little instruction of building and operating railroads. The Chinese do not build railroads because they do not

want them, just as they do not want anything that would necessitate a change in their methods or customs. They lack incentive, not ability; and the spiritual element of Christianity is the only incentive that will ever make them appreciate that a chart, no matter how perfectly made, can never include all of the expanding scope of human life and endeavor.

Just because the gospel is China's first and primary need to-day, it is lamentable that Christianity seems to be making so little progress throughout the Eighteen Provinces. Perhaps in the higher sense, that "no power is lost that ever wrought for God," it is not wholly correct to say that efforts to introduce Christianity into China have failed. But humanly speaking, in proportion to the amount of money, lives, and effort expended, they have apparently not met with great success. The small number of converts after one century of Protestant and three centuries of Roman Catholic endeavor is the least part of the failure of missions in China. All over the empire to-day there prevails a spirit of hatred and antagonism to Christianity so intense and so peculiar that a certain brilliant missionary in describing it has had to coin a new word. He has called the feeling of the provincial authorities of Shantung toward Christianity "Christophobia." Usually it is specially stipulated when foreign teachers are engaged for recently organized government schools that they shall make no reference even in the remotest way to the Bible or to anything connected with it. In the gradual subsiding of the Boxer storm the one kind of foreigners warned to keep away from a troubled district are always missionaries. Except in the few places where they are numerous enough to form a community by themselves Christian converts are ostracized, boycotted, and sometimes persecuted. Tuan Fang, the former Governor of Shensi, saved the lives of all the missionaries in his province. He is re-

garded, by them, as more favorable to missionaries than almost any other prominent official of the government. In a recent conversation with a friend, he said: "I am glad that I did not permit murder. I know much more of missionaries now than I did before the Boxer uprising, and I am convinced that the less heed we pay to their teaching the better it will be for us. Confucius is better for China than Christ."

While missionaries most vigorously deny anything like the failure of their work in China, they sometimes express regret at Christophobia. They most frequently account for it by saying that the Chinese hatred of Christianity is only a part of their dislike of everything foreign; that the objection to the spread of the gospel lies only in the fact that it is a foreign religion.

My own observations in Shansi and Shensi have convinced me that Chinese prejudices against foreign religion as such do not obtain to anything like the extent that missionary reports and writings would lead us to believe. In the Province of Shensi about one third of the population are Mohammedans. Only thirty years ago they rose in revolt, burned towns, and massacred thousands of helpless men, women, and children. Their attitude toward the existing dynasty has never changed. It is still their hope and prayer that a follower of the Prophet may some day sit on the dragon's throne. Islam is essentially a foreign religion, and it is far more a menace to the peace of the country than was ever Christianity. Yet in the same province, where time and again missionaries have been expelled and their chapels destroyed, it is no more to a man's discredit to be a Mohammedan than it would be for a British subject to be a Dissenter from the Church of England. Mohammedans have their schools and mosques. They engage in business with Confucians and Buddhists, and their lives and property are quite as secure as those of any other of the population.

Although blended with and to some extent overshadowed by Confucianism, Buddhism is one of the three great religions of China, yet Buddhism is a foreign religion. It was imported from India in 95 A. D. by the Emperor Ming Ti, who had heard of the fame of Gautama, and who had sent messengers to study his religion and to report to him on its merits. The tolerance of a Chinese who belongs to any one of the three great religions toward the other two faiths of his country is so proverbial that it is sometimes used as an argument to prove that China has no real religion of any kind. Two or three times a year a Confucian will visit a temple of his faith and leave an offering with the priest. He will then in turn visit the Buddhist and Taoist temples and make equally generous offerings on the theory that if a little religion is a good thing, more of it is better.

If the hatred of the Chinese toward Christianity is due only to a national intolerance, then it is so at variance with their conduct toward all other religions that it is only an unaccountable exception, without precedent and without reason. The chief obstacle to the spread of Christianity in China is, I believe, not any especial dislike of it as an imported religion, but a fear and an objection to certain foreign concomitants which, because of a mistaken point of view, are regarded by missionaries as essentials. Christophobia is due not only to Chinese hardness of heart, but also to the methods by which the message of "Peace on earth and good will to men" has been presented to them.

With the hackneyed objections to missionaries I have nothing to do; they are as cruel and unjust as they are untruthful. All of these so-called "lootings," for which Peking missionaries have been denounced by men on this side of the world, never enriched an individual missionary or his mission by so much as a single tael. When "officers and gentlemen," legations' attachés, soldiers, sail-

ors, and foreign merchants were plundering and helping themselves to everything on which they could lay their hands during the chaotic days that followed the fall of Peking, it is really surprising that a few missionaries did not loot more as the only means of providing food for the hundreds of starving converts dependent upon them. Equally outrageous is the charge that missionaries are as a rule men of little education and of less than average ability, who are enabled by their calling to live in China amid a luxury of surroundings that would be impossible for them in any occupation at home. In wretched little Chinese houses in the towns of Shansi and Shensi, that are visited by about one white man in two years, I have had the honor of dining with missionaries who were graduates of universities, who could have filled any pulpit, or who could have graced any assemblage in New York or London. It is true that in the educational missions in Foreign Concessions the instructors live very comfortably and sometimes even luxuriously. The institutions as at present conducted are in my opinion a very serious mistake, but the environment of the missionaries who teach in them is in no degree better than that of the humblest student. Of all the missionaries with whom I came in contact in the interior, I did not find one who was not both brave and honorable, or who would not willingly have given his life in the cause of the Christianity in which he believed. The faults of missionaries are all of the head, not of the heart.

The missionary tells the Chinese that they need the gospel above and beyond anything else, but he supplements this announcement with the idea that a Chinaman cannot be a Christian unless his Christianity finds expression in exactly the same forms and observances that it would in the land from which the missionary has emigrated. The missionary does not stop with the statement that the Chinaman is a non-believer in Chris-

tianity. He goes a step farther and calls the Chinaman a "heathen."

From the lips of the few English-speaking men who are leading lives of denial and self-sacrifice in the interior of China, one must hear this word frequently used in order to fully appreciate what a heathen is.

"Heathen" is both a noun and an adjective. As a noun it means an unconverted Chinaman, of whom there are more than three hundred millions. He is a child of the Devil, on the road to perdition. All of his ancestors whom he has been taught to worship are now living in a fiery lake. Everything that he may say or do or think is a prompting of the Evil One. He is the heir to countless generations of inherited sin. He is incapable of noble aspirations or of any real goodness.

In the adjectival sense just about all of China outside of mission chapels and schools is heathen. All the world-old literature of the empire, all Confucian morality, all the beauty of the temples, even the extreme honoring of parents by their children,—all are heathen, and must receive unqualified condemnation. The conversion of a heathen to Christianity means much more than it would in the case of an American. A Chinaman must not only experience a change of heart, he must also undergo a complete revolution of opinions and sentiments. He can no longer venerate his ancestors and pray before their tablets that he may keep unsullied the honored name they have left him. It is not permitted to him to take pride in the traditional glories of palaces and gray-walled cities; he must learn the history of his country over again; he must discover that all the great sages and rulers of his country's past are eternally lost; he must experience a constant feeling of pity if not of contempt for the civilization and government of China and for his friends and relatives who persist in remaining heathen. In other words, in order to become a Christian

according to missionary standards, a Chinaman must be denationalized. In sentiment he must become a foreigner. And naturally enough his "heathen" countrymen who still love their country and reverence their ancestors do not like the denationalizing process.

If, as is frequently the case, the process of conversion to Christianity is begun in extreme youth, the convert receives a supplementary course in denationalization in one of the large educational missions in a city on the coast. Here he learns the English language. Chop-sticks are relegated to the past, and he uses a knife and fork. He sleeps between sheets on an American-made spring mattress. He learns to sing hymns. He may be a godly and righteous man, but he is either an Englishman or an American; he is no longer a Chinaman. When on his graduation he returns to his native town, he is shunned and pitied and hated by his relatives and former friends. They point to him sadly as he goes on his way rejoicing and remarking, "Few there be that shall be saved." They shake their heads and say one to another, "That is what the missionary's religion does for a man."

The cause of all this denationalization is the missionary. All over China he is regarded as the man who teaches disloyalty, who turns Chinese into Americans or Englishmen, and who induces them to despise their country, and this purely Chinese reason which has been explained to me at length by more than one Chinaman I believe to be the chief cause of the hatred of Christianity in the Eighteen Provinces to-day.

But the saddest part of it is that a missionary as a rule likes to be hated. From long contact with the Chinese he knows the answer to their "Why?" for doing everything, but their explanations, arguments, and prejudices he brushes aside as "heathen reasons," not worthy of serious consideration. His attitude is often one of perpetual hostility to the

people to whom he ministers, and it must be admitted that from his standpoint his conduct is perfectly logical. Assuming that China is heathen, for him to in any way recognize a national sentiment or custom would be for him to compromise himself with the children of the Devil. From the very nature of the case he can never see any good in the Chinese, and in return he does not expect them to see any good in him until they shall have experienced such a complete change of both heart and mind that they are really Chinese no longer. I once asked a missionary in an isolated little town what progress he was making in his work. His reply was, "Oh, of course they hate me. If it were not for the protection insured me by treaty I should have been driven out long ago, but the Lord of Hosts is on my side, and I revile them in their sin." There is something magnificent and even sublime in a man's willingness to submit to a life of reviling and persecution for his faith, but that is not what a missionary is sent to China to do. His "mission" is to "preach the gospel," nothing more. He is not engaged to be a reformer or even a martyr. It has always seemed to me that in the observances and services of the Christian faith, the missionary rather enjoyed shocking Chinese sensibilities and ideas of propriety. A heathen's feelings do not count for much. He has no business to be a heathen.

Perhaps the one dominating trait in Chinese character is a striving for the maintenance of dignity and self-control. The man most to be admired is he who can most successfully repress his feelings. Any extreme ebullition of joy or of sorrow or of hatred is an unpardonable breach of propriety. This is the reason why the Chinese very seldom sing. When they do it is in a subdued chanting monotone that produces an effect on the listener similar to hearing a man talking to himself. Imagine what must be the feelings of a Confucian scholar

on seeing and hearing a Christian convert standing at the door of his house singing loudly Beulah Land, or Hallelujah 't is Done. If the neighbors plead with the convert to desist, and tell him that he is disgracing his family, he only sings the louder. He must not "hide his light" or his voice "under a bushel;" of course not, and the missionary approvingly reminds him that "so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

By and by some gentlemen of Boxer proclivities tear up the convert's hymn-books, wreck his furniture, and perhaps drive him out of town as a nuisance. Immediately the missionary communicates with the consul of his nation in the nearest Treaty Port and complains of "malicious persecution of Christians." Things have been altogether too slow for the consul of late. He has had no opportunity of entering a "manly and vigorous protest" with the Chinese Foreign Office for some time. He fears that the government which he represents will begin to think that he is not doing enough to "uphold the dignity of his flag." The missionary's communication is very gratifying to the consul. He leaves his rubber at Bridge to draw up a demand for immediate reparation for "this outrage, in the name of the Christian government I have the honor," etc. The members of the Chinese Foreign Office know by bitter experience that the Christian government has warships and plenty of men in khaki uniforms with quick-firing guns, and also that the Christian government has perhaps a longing for another seaport and some more "hinterland." The Chinese Foreign Office replies to the consul's note that they "deplore the unfortunate occurrence." The mandarin of the town in which the convert sang is dismissed from office in disgrace. By an indemnity tax levied on the townspeople the cost of the convert's hymn-books and furniture is restored to him, sometimes "tenfold," sometimes "an hundred-

fold." The convert will not be molested again. He can now shout in loud Chinese, "Sometimes a light surprises the Christian as he sings," to his soul's delight. The missionary can truthfully say, "The Lord is mighty, he will prevail;" and yet strangely enough the people of the town are praying to the idols of the temple that the missionary will go away and will stay away.

As a prerogative of their great superiority over the heathen, missionaries have a habit of interpreting the workings of Divine Providence in a way that, to say the least, is not conducive to inspiring Chinese listeners with kindly feelings toward the Christian's Almighty. Several missionaries have told me that the opium traffic, with its horrors, was so evidently an instrument in God's hands for the salvation of Chinese souls that it would be positively wrong for a Christian to attempt its suppression. The reasoning by which this conclusion was reached was something like this. In a town we will suppose of 20,000 inhabitants, about 2000 are hopeless slaves of the opium habit, and 500 are in the last stages of rags and degradation. Of the 500 perhaps twenty, having tried every other available remedy, will in desperation, as a last resort, take refuge in a missionary opium cure. Here their spiritual needs will be ministered to. During their course of treatment no effort will be spared to convert them to Christianity. Of the twenty victims thus admitted to the refuge in the course of a year perhaps half that number will leave the institution not only cured, but with "saved souls" as well. "Therefore," explains the missionary, "it is plain that the opium curse was sent upon the 2000 in order that the ten might have eternal life." I am not a theologian, and I should make sad work of it were I to attempt to combat this reasoning on theological grounds; but I know that if I were a Chinaman urged to believe in a God who would wither and degrade

and destroy the minds and bodies of 2000 of his own creatures for the sake of the souls of ten, no better than the rest, I should gladly return to my painted idols who were never guilty of such a crime.

The West depends very largely upon missionary literature for its knowledge of China. A missionary's statements are almost without exception truthful and accurate and painstaking, but in his writing, as in his teaching, the bias of the missionary's mind manifests itself in his fondness for pointing a "moral and adorning a tale" to the most trifling description of an institution or a method; the moral being often a sweeping condemnation of the Chinese not warranted by the limited facts.

Before the International Suffrage Convention recently held in Washington, D. C., a report was read on the Condition of Women in China. The author was a woman and a missionary. To the extent of two newspaper columns she confined herself to a careful and able exposition of this, the saddest feature of Chinese civilization, and told of the sorrows of her own sex in China in simple facts that the most ardent admirer of China could never think of denying. But near the close of the report the author suddenly expanded her subject and said:—

"This is a dark picture, and one is tempted to ask, 'Is there no good thing in all the land of China?' Yes, if we look at the bright spots, which are illuminated by the light of the gospel. Here we see colleges, universities, schools for the rich and the poor, churches, Sabbath schools, anti-foot-binding societies, Christian Endeavor and missionary societies."

This is an excellent example of missionary literature; a conclusion covering all of Chinese civilization deduced from a description of one phase of it. On any hot summer afternoon the writer of the report could walk for hours through streets and alleys in the city of

New York where she could see pale-faced little children lying on fire-escapes of tenements, panting for a breath of God's fresh air. She could pass hundreds of rum-shops where drunken husbands and fathers spent their last cent of wages and let their families starve. She could see men fighting, and she could hear women cursing, and could discover many other things in the "dark picture" which it would be impossible for her to find in China. Would she then be warranted in asking, "Is there no good thing in all the United States?" There is no more reason for so sweeping an inquiry in the case of the land of the Black-Haired People than in our own. There certainly are "bright spots" in China besides those which the writer of the report has enumerated. Is not the universal observance of the fifth commandment — the love of children for their parents, and the respect for old age — a bright spot? Is not the absence of slums and saloons a bright spot? If, as the result of a crusade, the W. C. T. U. had succeeded in closing all the saloons in an interior American town, it is safe to say that the writer of the report would agree that the town in question was the brightest spot on the map of the state. Outside of Foreign Concessions there are no saloons in all China, although the population is five times that of the United States, and yet the total absence of the saloon in no way lightens the dark picture of China. The United States is — or is supposed to be — a Christian nation, and China is heathen. That is the reason why light in one picture is darkness in the other.

There was a Divine Man on earth

once who "ate with publicans and sinners;" who said, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," and "Judge not that you be not judged;" who taught that "Ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father, but the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth;" who never complained of malicious persecution to a tetrarch, or demanded an indemnity from a Sanhedrim; who from a mountain preached a sermon that will last forever, and afterwards fed his five thousand listeners without first asking them whether or not they agreed with him, and without announcing a hymn before the conclusion of the services. He "went about doing good," and "he shall draw all men unto him."

If the time shall ever come when we hear less talk about a missionary spirit and more of the spirit of Christ in mission work, then, and not till then, will there be hope for the gospel in China. From present indications that time is a long way off. But meanwhile we can at least sometimes ask the Chinaman "Why?" before we condemn him. We can listen to his reasons before we abandon him as a hopeless heathen. We can judge him in the spirit of fair play in which heathen Altangi judged England.

My experience of Fum Hoam's country has led me to hope that some day an Anglo-Saxon Altangi will ride across the gray hidden land, and from it will write letters to some friend in Christendom that will teach the world that although the Chinese is yellow and a heathen, he is yet a man worthy of fair play.

Francis H. Nichols.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PORTO RICO AND HER SCHOOLS.

It was less than a week after receiving an invitation from Dr. Lindsay to join him in an inspection of Porto Rican schools that I found myself on the tidy little steamer *Caracas*, bound for San Juan. She was as pretty as a yacht, white and trim, but so small — only three thousand tons — that she suggested large possibilities in the way of pitching and tossing. These possibilities were all realized, but on the morning of the fifth day, when Porto Rico, in all her beauty of color and form and foliage, loomed up over the bow, the discomforts of the voyage seemed as nothing, and I felt the thrill that a man must feel on first entering the tropics. In the far east rose the picturesque summit of Yunque (the Anvil), the highest mountain on the island, nearly five thousand feet above the sea. Smaller billows of green surged around its base and made an effective setting. Directly in front, the long mountainous backbone of the island presented a highly varied skyline, and stretched off into the mists of the west. Everything was intensely, vividly green, an emerald isle if ever there was one. As we drew nearer, the white line of surf and sandy beaches began to show itself, with here and there a bold and rocky headland. Slowly the rocks immediately ahead resolved themselves into a castle and beyond that into a city. We were pushing toward Morro Castle and San Juan. The castle seems an integral part of nature; it grows out of the rock, and the rock out of the sea. The walls are a warm pinkish yellow, turning in places to brown and reddish brown, with occasional splashes of vivid green moss. Coming still nearer, the foliage begins to show its texture. One sees a fringe of cocoanut palms, their drooping leaves and bending trunks giving that aspect of melancholy so charac-

teristic of tropical scenery. It is an ever present minor chord, and finds its human counterpart in the eyes of her people, — large, beautiful, even happy eyes, but with the suggestion of sadness and tragedy under their brightest smiles.

The sea was magnificently beautiful in its blue and green and turquoise. The sweeping tide that carried us through the narrow and at times dangerous channel between Morro Castle and the low-lying leper island to the west bore an enthusiastic set of voyagers. The castle and city lie on a narrow island presenting its broader sides to the sea on the north and the harbor on the south. One passes almost completely around the castle and half around the city before coming to anchor. From the harbor, the city has a most hospitable look. It rises from the water to the rocky rampart turned seaward, and seems to express a cordial welcome. From the governor's seventy-two room palace to the smallest shack, the sunlight comes streaming back from the fully illuminated walls, and proclaims that, for the moment at least, you are in a land of sunshine. The flat roofs, projecting eaves, narrow balconies, walls of white and blue and pink, great shuttered windows, all suggest the architecture of southern Europe. The palm trees add to the foreign aspect. But the most striking, not to say startling object in all this gay scene is our own American flag. To see it floating from the shipping, from Morro and San Cristobal, from school and public building, fills the heart with mixed emotions. The flag is much in evidence all over the island. It is displayed, paraded, and loved with an enthusiasm quite unknown in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts. To the younger generation it is the symbol of a new era.

San Juan is the principal shipping port on the north, as Ponce is on the south, and is the largest city on the island. It has with the islanders the reputation of being very densely populated, but I saw no evidence of it myself. The narrow streets are not unduly crowded. The plaza and marina show only scattered handfuls of people. Those who know say that in some sections of the city as many as four families live in one room, — a family to each corner, — and get on very happily unless one of them tries to take boarders. To the outward eye the city is clean, attractive, and progressive. There are good restaurants and hotels, and such modern devices as trolleys, electric lights, and telephones. The centre of city life is the Plaza Alfonso XII. One finds here many lively shops, the Alcaldia, and the substantial Intendencia Building, which gives excellent quarters for both the departments of education and of the interior.

It was our own pleasure not to stop directly in San Juan, but at Santurce, just outside the city, at the garden-begirt Hotel Olimpo. As the trolley runs from the plaza directly to the hotel in twenty minutes, the arrangement proved entirely convenient. The Olimpo consists of a series of large one-story cottages, connected by a long porch. Each cottage contains about eight bedrooms, a common drawing-room, and very complete toilet and bathing arrangements. The rooms are furnished with European simplicity, — bare floors, iron bedsteads, a dressing bureau, washstand, and a couple of chairs, — and this appears to be the custom throughout the island in both hotels and private houses. The furniture is all European and mostly Viennese. One sees more bent-wood rockers and ebonized cane furniture than in the ordinary course of a lifetime.

The day after our arrival we visited the Normal School at Rio Piedras, some seven miles from San Juan, and reached

by the same convenient trolley that passes Olimpo. At present the school is held in the old summer palace of the governor, — charming, dilapidated, and picturesque; and backed by one of the most beautiful of gardens. The palace is of wood and visibly near its end, but its proportions are so good, and its setting so fine, that it seemed to me one of the most attractive buildings on the island. The young people in attendance were equally attractive, bright-eyed, intelligent boys and girls, with a keen enthusiasm for education, and evidently going in for it heart and soul. They were very well dressed, too; the boys for the most part in neat white linen suits, the girls in pretty wash dresses. One is apt to gather a wrong impression of the dress from reading that the small children are quite naked. One sees these toddling nudities on all sides, even in the cities, and sometimes they are distinctly funny, as the little brown cherub I saw one Sunday afternoon sporting a pair of red kid shoes and wearing nothing else. But, on the whole, the people of Porto Rico are more tastefully dressed than our own people. The linen suits of the boys and men are singularly neat and clean, while the wash dresses of the women are not only pretty, but seem, to masculine eyes at least, to be very skillfully made. I noticed, for example, that when insertion was used around the neck and sleeves, the lines were *straight*, and that there were no untidy gaps between belt and skirt. I leave it to the women if these are not sure signs of being well gowned! At any rate, I do not always discover these signs at home.

At Rio Piedras I had my first experience in speaking through an interpreter, and at the start it was difficult. The audience was typical of the seventeen that followed, — attentive, courteous, and patient. As many of the students knew both English and Spanish, they had to listen to the address twice, and that piece

by piece, — a heavy tax on the good intention. The instruction at Rio Piedras, so far as could be gathered from a single visit, seemed naturally inferior to the best that we have in the states, but it was distinctly in advance of much that we are doing. Considering the newness of the school, the absence of adequate preparation on the part of the students, and the difficulties that always attend two-language enterprises not fully equipped with well-trained teachers, the outlook is full of large promise. It must be remembered that the Spanish government believed very feebly in popular education, and was entirely opposed to coeducation. At the time of the American occupation there was, I believe, but one building on the whole island especially erected for school purposes, and that was the gift of a private citizen, a lady. The Americans have had to build from the very foundations.

It is a short distance from the beautiful old summer palace to the new Normal School, if you measure it in yards, but in the matter of attractiveness the distance is tremendous. The building stands on a bare, staring hill, and looks quite as if a cyclone had brought it from the most unemotional of our newest frontier towns. In general, all the new school buildings are needlessly ugly. There will soon be a marked improvement in this particular, — unless, indeed, the guests of the commissioner lost their cause by too much speaking.

In the afternoon we went to the English High School at San Juan. It is in the old Beneficencia building, on the very crown of the rocky sea wall built by nature, and from the windows one has the most enchanting views of sea and harbor and vividly green hills beyond. Across the narrow entrance channel lies the low island of the lepers, the Isla de Cabras, and the thought turns to Robert Louis and the strong, gentle face of Father Damien. The sun is shining brightly. The whole scene is fairly

aglow with color. And yet one's heart aches, for the contrast is so cruel, — over at the Isla de Cabras, hopelessness and death; here at the High School, abundant life and hope.

The building is old and charming. One thinks unwillingly of the approaching day when, unless Minerva intervene, it will give place to another architectural aberration like the one at Rio Piedras. The rooms are grouped around a large central court, an eminently suitable arrangement for this climate, and quite worth copying. We went into one of the large, cool rooms where the seniors, boys and girls, were having their Friday afternoon debate. They were a pleasant-looking set of children. One lad, a serious, handsome boy, spoke with much eloquence. He was describing a personal experience, — his first going away from home, — and spoke so touchingly that he and several of his hearers were moved to tears. When he sat down, his comrades hurried to congratulate him, but he could only bury his face in his hands, and it was several moments before he recovered himself. Then another lad played very sweetly on the violin, a selection from *Il Trovatore*. It was now the turn of the commissioner and his guests to do some speaking. It was less difficult than in the morning, and there was the same courteous attention, even from the smaller children brought in from the graded school. The color-line is not drawn in Porto Rico, and it is most fortunate that this is the case, for it would be a matter so delicate as to be impossible. Between pure Castilian and pure negro there are all proportions of admixture.

The official course of study seemed to me somewhat over-ambitious. The second year, in addition to the humanities, drawing, music, and calisthenics, was freighted in mathematics with algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and in science with biology and physics. The better practice is much simpler than this.

Trigonometry is thrown to the fourth year and is made elective, and but one branch of mathematics and of science is offered at a time. I am glad to hear that the course has since been revised along the line of this more wholesome simplicity.

On the following day, and early enough in the day to make an impression, the commissioner's party, accompanied by our excellent interpreters, Mr. Martinez and the Rev. Mr. McCormick, started out on a tour of the island. The circuit occupied eight days, and was a most unique and interesting experience. Travel in Porto Rico is varied. There was a French scheme to girdle the island with a narrow-gauge railway, but it was never carried to completion. At the present time there are three small stretches of road: one on the north, from San Juan to Camuy; one on the west, from Aguadilla to Hormigueros; and one on the south, from Yuaco to Ponce. On the map, they look like remnants of a partly destroyed system, rather than the beginning of anything. The first-class carriages are comfortable, but the fares are high, something like seven cents a mile, I believe. Most of the travel, that is of the quality, is by post coaches. These are low, double phaetons drawn by two horses so phenomenally small and so shabby that they hardly look like horses. But these tiny animals tear along at a full gallop, and make better time than our larger steeds at home. At first, one's sympathies are so played upon that the journey is genuinely distressing, but later, one feels better about it on noticing that the horses are frequently changed and on hearing that they are only taken out once in three or four days. The country people use saddle-horses where they can afford them, but the majority walk. It is a populous land, and the people seem always astir. One never has a sense of being in the wilderness, but rather of moving about in an unbroken community. Even in crossing the island, and looking out over what seems to be unbroken for-

est, one soon learns that the forest is simply the shade needed for the coffee bushes, and really teems with tiny homesteads. There are, indeed, about a million people on the island, and this in a territory a little smaller than Connecticut means considerable neighborliness.

Porto Rico has the enthusiasm for politics and political activity characteristic of most Latin countries. Her public men are ready speakers and understand the art of touching an audience. To an outsider, however, it would seem that the first duty of her patriots is to go in less for politics and more for social work. As a Pennsylvanian, I make the suggestion with all modesty and certainly in no spirit of more-righteous-than-thou!

At present there are two political parties, the Federalists and the Republicans. The Federalists are aristocratic, are opposed in general to American ways and means, and represent the old régime. The Republicans are strongly American in their sympathies, and democratic in their ideals. It is needless to say that virtue does not reside exclusively in either party. The American who wishes to know the island and to serve it must be prepared to sympathize with both parties, and to understand their point of view. While I believe most genuinely myself that both destiny and advantage are on the side of American affiliation, I quite sympathize with the Federalists. It must be remembered that their first impressions of America and Americans were gathered from the more doubtful part of our fellow citizens, in many cases from persons whom we ourselves should be unwilling to associate with at home, — adventurers, rolling-stones, army hangers-on, carpetbaggers, and the whole list of undesirable and less desirable Americans. From what I heard, and in smaller measure from what I saw, I judge the first importation of Americans to have been a curious lot. Happily all this is rapidly changing. Men like the present governor and the present commis-

sioner, and others of their stamp, are representing America with dignity and worth. But our task now is not the simple one of making a good impression; it is the more difficult task of overcoming an unfavorable impression. The five thousand men who swore allegiance to the Spanish flag within the two years prescribed by law are among the best people on the island, and are quite the type of people we should like to win over to the new order of things. Furthermore we must also remember that for the moment we have taken from these upper classes more than we have given them. They had practically achieved autonomy, with due representation in the Cortes. This was all swept away by the American occupation, and in return we have given them nothing politically. They are more truly a subject people, a mere colony, under the United States than they were under Spain. They have not even citizenship. They are inhabitants of an island but citizens of no sovereign state. If they journey abroad, they may not even secure a passport. The real power on the island is vested in the President, and is exercised through the governor and the Executive Council, both of which he appoints. The electoral House of Delegates has large freedom but no final powers.

If the Porto Ricans were inferior to the rank and file in America, there might be some excuse for this course. But they are a superior people, and I maintain that it is cavalier treatment to leave them without political status in the great world of nations. The grievance may seem trivial and theoretical to bread and butter folk, but the more high-spirited a people, the more sensitive they are to just these spiritual slights. We must not forget our own colonial experience, and with what little grace we could stomach indignities even from people of our own race.

Arecibo is the Federalist headquarters, the most "disaffected" city on the

island. A few months ago the feeling ran so strong that it was openly threatened that the governor could not safely enter the city. Yet when he did go, in February, he received a courteous welcome, and left many friends behind him. The welcome given our own little party was entirely courteous, but also somewhat chilly. It was not so much what they did, as what they omitted to do. The evening meeting at the Teatro was very well attended, and the speeches were listened to with close attention. When any of the speakers touched upon political matters there was a general sense of skating on pretty thin ice abroad, — if such an expression is applicable in the tropics. The local speaker quite outdid us. He was both eloquent and impassioned. He reviewed the substance of the American addresses most ably, touched upon the political questions of the hour, and sat down amid a storm of applause. Indeed, there were few occasions in Porto Rico where the natives spoke at the same meetings as ourselves that I did not feel that we were well beaten at our own game. They are born orators, — it is the Latin blood, I suppose, — and their oratory is unique. Paragraph succeeds paragraph, each full, fervid, flowery, leading up to some rhetorical outburst that is a fitting prelude to the ample applause which separates the paragraphs into so many little speeches. In time, this fervor might grow wearisome, but for popular occasions it is highly effective, and made our own attempts seem Anglo-Saxon.

We were quartered at the hotel, and my own room opened on a roof terrace. Night in the tropics, and especially when the moon shines, is an affair of enchantment. In the north, my old friend the Dipper spoke of home, but the Pole Star was much nearer the horizon than I had ever seen it before. In the south, the Southern Cross, albeit the false one, touched the emotions with a sense of wonder. Below, lay the sleep-

ing, flat-roofed city, the graceful plaster façade of the cathedral rising white and magnificent in the moonlight, while the straight lines of the buildings were broken by the attractive, melancholy outlines of the palms. As a background to it all, a background of impressive sound, came the constant boom of the northern ocean, like the swelling notes of a universal organ.

The following day was Sunday. I hope we did not desecrate it, but this is how we spent it. We got up early and drove with the supervisor of the district to the Jefferson graded school, six-roomed, substantial and ugly, but made pretty within by cheap, well-chosen pictures. A short railroad ride took us to Camuy, still on the north coast, where we spoke to the school-children out in the open air. Many of them were barefooted, but they were very neat and clean. They made a pretty sight, gathered into lines on the little plaza and carrying large American flags. They gave us good coin for our speeches, — they sang the national hymns in English. A short westward drive brought us to the straggling town of Quebradillas in time for dinner. It was my good fortune to dine with the Quaker teacher, and to breathe in his home an air of Sunday peace so unmistakable that had I been tired it would have rested me. In the afternoon came the dedication of the Horace Mann Agricultural School. The children were out in full force, gayly dressed, carrying beautiful flags, and singing not only our American airs, but also the Borinquen, that plaintive national air of Porto Rico, full of the minor chords of the tropics.

It is a long and intensely beautiful drive around the northwestern part of the island to Aguadilla. The villages are back from the sea, so placed for greater security against the Carib pirates who not so many years gone mixed picturesqueness and wickedness with the life of these southern waters. In point of beauty the drive is comparable with

the Cornice and the famous coast drives of southern Italy. The sea is as blue, the surf as dazzling, the sky as impenetrable, the earth as fair. Sometimes a river breaks through the hills and makes its way to the sea, its broad savannas a tender green with new-grown sugar cane. We met a group of well-mounted teachers under the captaincy of the agreeable young supervisor, Mr. Wells, and attended by this cavalcade we swept over the beauty-covered hills down toward the sea, the sunset, and Aguadilla. My heart fairly sang within me. A shadow island rose against the sunset much as Capri and Ischia and the Galli rise from out the western sea. Nor was the evening less charming. The little plaza is well set in the heart of the city, and at its upper end rises the cathedral, beautiful in its simplicity and fine proportion. The cathedral was open and I went inside. The walls are a pleasing light blue, the columns and arches white, while the flat timbered roof is white, chamfered with black. A sermon was in progress, but appeared to require no very close thinking, for the people came and went, and paid scant attention to what the poor old priest was saying. As it was Lent, the image of the Virgin, to which he so constantly appealed, was in mourning. I was much struck with the gentle, well-bred appearance of the women, they were so tidily gowned and had such pleasant, attractive faces. These were becomingly set off by the tiny scarf or dainty handkerchief which kept them from the offense of appearing in church with uncovered head.

Outside, the plaza quite swarmed with life, and a very pleasant social life it seemed to be, happy, abundant, frankly joyous, but without any touch of rudeness. Taking them by the hundred, the Porto Ricans are a better-mannered people than ourselves. At the hotel, the alcalde and the school board were waiting for the honorable commissioner, so I stopped with them until he could be

found. Then I made my way to the Protestant church. Late as it now was, the service still continued, for it happened to be communion, and there were, I believe, between two and three hundred communicants. A roll was called, and nearly every member responded. It was a quite remarkable church, made up almost exclusively of native members, and entirely self-supporting. I saw for the first time individual communion cups in use, a custom no doubt hygienic and proper, but taking off a trifle from the old-time sense of brotherhood. The whole scene was very earnest, and in strong contrast with the more sensuous beauty at the cathedral.

It was still too charming to go to bed. Mr. McCormick and I walked down on the beach. Some of the better houses had balconies overhanging the sands. The lamplight shining through the great open windows looked warm and yellow as against the pale moonlight. The music of softly spoken Spanish told of pleasant family groups. The sea added its solemn undertone. Then we walked on to the great spring which gives name to the city, and back again to the plaza, where we sat on the benches and talked philosophy with Mr. Wells until much later than was proper. If ever I live in Porto Rico I hope it may be at Aguadilla!

Our route continued southward along the western coast through the friendly and beautiful city of Mayaguez, and the little town of Cabo-rojo, where the fine straw hats are made, and landed us one evening after dark at a small city among the hills. The word was passed that we were to be entertained singly by the natives. I was somewhat appalled at the prospect of being without an interpreter, but my host, a tall, well-dressed, well-bred man, greeted me most hospitably in broken English and better French, and not only said, "Our house is yours," but quite lived up to it. The house was typical, — the ground floor given over to store-rooms and offices, the first floor containing all

the living rooms. The staircase led to a roomy reception hall, opening into the drawing-room, a large, cool apartment, with ceilings fourteen or fifteen feet high, clean bare floor, comfortable Vienna furniture, and two large French windows leading on to the balcony overhanging the street. The atmosphere of the room was good, suggesting serenity and the high mind. On one side, the room opened into the family bedrooms; on the other side, into the large and exquisitely neat guest chamber assigned to me.

At the entrance to the drawing-room I was presented to my hostess. I have seldom met either in America or Europe so charming and beautiful a woman. She had not only the beauty of regular feature, fine eyes and hair and teeth, — anatomical beauty, — but the rare beauty of the inner spirit. She spoke excellent English, and greeted me with a sweet comradeship that quite won my heart. An elaborate dinner had been prepared, but the hour was already so late that we could only touch the meal, and hurry off to the Teatro. The building was crowded with children and teachers, and the friends of education generally. A little girl presented the commissioner with a bunch of flowers, and did it very prettily. When we reached the house again it was after eleven, but a supper was waiting for us, and meanwhile the baby had wakened. He was only six months old, but much more precocious than our home youngsters. He said "Mamma," came to me without the least hesitation, laughed delightfully, and put two and two together in a most surprising way. Moreover, he omitted to cry. In spite of a man's traditional dread of babies as somewhat amorphous creatures, I think I should like to have run off with this little chap. The father and mother thought none the less of me for this.

The following morning, my host took me to see the old church, and then to good vantage ground for a glimpse of the surrounding hills. Later, we went to

the new schoolhouse to be dedicated, — the Longfellow School. I wondered how much the name meant to these children of another tongue, and so to give it more human meaning I ventured to tell them, before speaking of handicraft, that I had the pleasure of knowing the poet's family, and that two of his grandsons were in my own summer school. On the way home, my host said to me with the simple courtesy of a child, "The people liked very much what you said."

When I told the señora good-by, she begged me to give her kind regards to my sister, — I had mentioned, apropos of the baby, that I had a sister and a scrap of a nephew, — and then she excused herself for a moment. When she came back she brought an elaborate, hand-worked handkerchief, and said to me, "Will you give this to your sister for me?" It seemed to me singularly gracious, this sending of a message and a token to a lady she had never seen, the one bond that of motherhood. Besides name and address, the card, inclosed by request, with the handkerchief, carried very proudly "(U. S. A.)." It was also significant of their spirit that the boy was presented to me as an American citizen, since he had been born subsequent to the American occupation.

I do not wish to present these delightful people as typical Porto Ricans. It is too evident that they would be rare and unusual persons in any community, perhaps even in Massachusetts, but that I should stumble upon them out of the darkness gave added promise to the multitudes I had no chance of meeting. And neither of these gentlemen had ever had the inestimable advantage of visiting the United States. When they do come may some friendly hand give them greeting and good cheer! The señora had never been off the island; the señor had been educated at Madrid, and, I believe, had been in Paris.

And I recall so many other friendly touches, — the afternoon luncheon at re-

mote Cabo-rojo, where the beer bottles (from Cincinnati) were made to spell *Salud*, — Health; the impassioned address of welcome delivered from the balcony by Señorita Lopez as we entered Sabana Grande; the hundred would-be school-children who planned to parade there, asking that they might be provided with a school, but who gave over the plan lest it seem discourteous and lacking in appreciation of what the commissioner and department are already doing; the girl in pink who sang so lustily, and who afterwards came and talked with us so unaffectedly, and in such excellent English, while we were being banqueted at the Alcaidia; the dignified old colored alcalde who presided with so much self-respect, and who proved such an admirable toastmaster; the two gentlemen who took me to drive at Ponce, and who gave me glimpses of charming rose gardens, fancy pigeons, well-regulated hospitals, beautiful scenery, and a faultless courtesy.

One other instance I cannot pass over. It was on the great military road coming back from Ponce, at a primitive country store. We were hunting native products, and came, I fear, as an interruption. The shopkeeper was doing up rice, not in a bag, but in a simple square of paper, a most exacting operation. He was doing it with great skill and speed, but the packages were not rectangular. One of our party attempted to show him better, and after much time and labor produced a somewhat neater bundle that would not carry the rice across the street, much less over the mountain. He had to confess himself beaten, and got somewhat laughed at for his pains. The shopkeeper only smiled, and said, with what seemed to me truly Chesterfieldian courtesy, "We have learned so much from the Americans, I am glad if we can teach them even so small a thing as this."

In Porto Rico one finds an astonishing enthusiasm for education. The school is recognized as the open door to bet-

ter things. The commissioner of education and the secretary of the interior, between them, would absorb the whole insular budget, the secretary maintaining that it is not worth while to have schools unless you have roads to get to them, and the commissioner retorting that no road is good unless it lead to a good school. This popular enthusiasm is a direct result of American influence, and too much praise cannot be given to the former commissioner, Dr. Brumbaugh and his colleagues for having created so ravenous and so healthy an educational appetite.

Four years have brought about a great change, not only in sentiment, but in method. Under the old régime each child was encouraged to study at the top of his voice, so that the alcalde might know that the school was open; and it is even reported that when this babble failed to reach him, he would send a policeman to inquire why the school was closed. The boy who studied the loudest and made the most noise was consequently the best scholar. It can readily be surmised that what little learning was accomplished under such conditions was entirely by rote, and almost worthless educationally.

In general, the Porto Rican children are bright and quick, and have excellent memories. They are better penmen than are American children, and are much quicker at languages. I heard little fellows of ten and twelve reading English very creditably after only a few months' study. I wish our own boys were as clever with their French and German. Of course, the incentive in Porto Rico is stronger than with us, for so many direct and material benefits follow upon a knowledge of English. The particular *bête noire* of the Porto Rican children is arithmetic. They have not been taught to reason, and consequently find all mathematics difficult.

As a rule, the children are fully as handsome as the children of the states,

perhaps handsomer, but they are less sturdy. I think this defect is not due to the climate. Aside from certain fever districts, the constant trade-winds keep things sweet and wholesome. In March, at least, the climate is ideal, and though less favorable during the two seasons of the year when the sun is directly overhead, I am disposed to believe that there is less suffering from heat than in our own northern summer. The causes for this physical inferiority are mostly removable, — poor and insufficient food, absence of ventilation in the sleeping-rooms, and lack of adequate exercise and baths. The first recommendation in my own report was for the appointment of a qualified instructor in physical culture. This was done in June. A graduate of the Posse Gymnasium in Boston was chosen to instruct the teachers in attendance at the summer normal school at Rio Piedras, and to remain throughout the year, a wandering apostle of good health, organizing the physical work in the sixteen school districts.

The great difficulty in establishing good schools has naturally been the absence of qualified teachers. Some of the native teachers had rather lax ideas of both discipline and morals. The solicitude of the old alcaldes was not entirely without foundation. But the personnel of the service is being constantly improved. Boys and girls now being educated in the states will soon return as teachers. The summer normal schools have also proved a tremendous help. In 1901, 800 candidates enrolled (maestros and aspirantes), and the present year saw a similar enthusiasm.

At the present time there are nearly 1000 schools on the island, with about 55,000 children on the rolls, — 55,000 out of 250,000 children of school age. The Normal School is the one institution of higher grade. I cannot help wishing that there might be at least one thorough, first-rate college. The other schools are divided into high, graded, rural, and

agricultural. Of the latter, I can only say that they are "well-meant," yet in time they will doubtless teach the children to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. All the schools remain open during nine months of the year, and may have a session of ten months if the municipality, the *ayuntamiento*, cares to meet the added expense. In general, it may be said that the children in Porto Rico who do go to school are better provided for in every way than the children in the rural districts at home.

As a result of the recent interest, three manual training and industrial schools are now being established. There is large need of mechanical training. The great staples of the island are sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and when one of these crops fails there is widespread hardship. Local industries and diversified agriculture would be a great boon. At present nearly everything manufactured is imported. When I tried to collect samples of Porto Rican handicraft, I found a meagre showing, — the roughest sort of pottery; water-bottles which turned out afterwards to have been made, the one in Spain and the other in Germany; wood-carving so crude as hardly to deserve the name; drawn-work distinctly inferior to the Mexican; decorated gourds and coconut dippers. These, with the straw hats of Cabo-rojo, and a rough fibre belt, constituted my entire find. Yet the people must have large aptitude for hand-work. Their superior penmanship, their neat clothing, the surprising dexterity of the country shopkeeper, all indicate latent talent.

In Porto Rico, school and state go hand in hand. While the *ayuntamientos* are expected to look after such local matters as school buildings and teachers' salaries, the control is vested in the central de-

partment of education. The commissioner occupies a position similar to that of the minister of instruction in France. He is a member of the Executive Council, the real governing power on the island, and has consequently the two sides to his activities, educational and political.

The Sandwich Islands form a territory, the Philippines an uncertainty, but Porto Rico occupies a unique political position, — she is our one colony, and our treatment of her seems to me, as an American, wholly without precedent and reason. If we take the ground that she is still a child, and needs the tutelage of our own more mature civilization before she may aspire to territorial organization and subsequent statehood, we must, to be consistent, remember that a child is never self-supporting; we must dip deep into the national, paternal pocket to make this period of tutelage profitable. We must build schoolhouses and railways and wagon roads, and otherwise look after the spiritual and material well-being of our child. Such a theory and practice would at least be understandable. But to do as we are now doing, to step in and spend the insular revenue as we think best, is a bit of paternalism which we ourselves, with our strong Anglo-Saxon bent for self-government, would never tolerate. Either Porto Rico ought to be immediately organized into a territory, with the prospect of speedy statehood, or else her period of preparation for these responsibilities ought to be made effective and fruitful by more adequate national aid.

At the end of a fortnight the Caracas came back from Venezuela and carried us home. Porto Rico sank below the southern horizon, and in her stead there remained an agreeable and beautiful memory.

C. Hanford Henderson.

BALLADE OF POOR SOULS.

SWEET Christ, who gavest Thy blood for us,
Tho' we have missed its healing grace,
And by temptations tenebrous,
Come all to meet in the Evil Place:
Turn not from us Thy tender face,
Now when the Pit yawns foul and sheer;
Ah, think how long th' Eternal Space —
And Hell hath been our portion here!

Poor souls are we that might not climb,
Ensnared by the world's iron gin;
Yet have we known the Tale Sublime
Of Him who died our souls to win.
And ofttimes we were sick of sin,
Yea, heard that call so sweet and clear,
But sank again our toils within —
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Strong bonds of circumstance have made
The Prison-House that held us fast;
And some have cursed and some have prayed,
But few the outer doors have passed:
And some do watch with mien aghast,
The while their fellows flout and flee,
But hope leaves all alike at last —
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Yet God's o'er all — and Christ doth know
Why this unequal doom we bear,
That some, like plants, in virtue grow,
And others damn themselves with care:
Mayhap His providence is there,
The Riddle Dark at last to clear,
And change to hope this Fell Despair —
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Sweet Mary's Son, turn not from us,
Tho' we have missed Thy saving grace,
And by temptations tenebrous,
Come all to meet in the Evil Place:
Thy mercy shall our sins efface,
E'en at the Pit's mouth yawning sheer,
For pity of our woeful case —
Since Hell was aye our portion here!

Michael Monahan.

THE TRADE UNION AND THE SUPERIOR WORKMAN.

THE opposition which threatened the infancy of trade unions has greatly abated or ceased, as the right of wage-earners to combine is to-day seldom questioned. But the old hostility has been followed by a new antagonism hardly less bitter. It is now frequently complained that the power of organization is employed tyrannically and ignorantly to pervert the activities of workmen, — to incite when they should not be aggressive (in contentiousness, strikes, breach of contract, and physical violence), and to paralyze their energy in its legitimate productive uses, by opposing devices for making labor effective, by preventing young men from learning the trades, and by stifling the ambition and blighting the energy of the efficient, since none is permitted to do more or to earn more than the less capable.

Of the offenses commonly alleged in this indictment, none seem more pernicious, if the accusation is true, than those practices which introduce a baneful equality by willfully suppressing superior strength and skill. In at least two ways, it is said, this disastrous effect is produced. First, a limit to the day's work is prescribed, suited to the average man, and this relatively small amount of work even the best men are forbidden to exceed. Beyond this (the complaint runs), the intelligent and vigorous are compelled to endure a second sacrifice. The minimum rate of wages established by the union is so high that the employer withholds from the better men what he is compelled to pay to the inferior men in excess of their merit. The superior men are thus maimed and dwarfed in their character as workmen, and in their personal fortunes, by being compelled to pattern after the inefficient.

At both these points, perhaps, there

has been occasion for complaint; but at neither is the accusation true in its full force. The limit of work is harmful but not entirely inexcusable; the equality of wages (if all its effects be considered) is not evidently harmful.

The policy of trades unions in these matters is often frankly enough avowed. There is no doubt, for instance, that in a large part of the trade-union world it is considered desirable to restrain the productive energy of exceptionally capable men. By a rule of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin-Plate Workers, "when it is found that any crew has violated the limit of output for tin and black-plate mills, the lodge shall collect the equivalent of the overweight from roller and doubler, and an additional fine of twenty-five cents shall be imposed on the roller and doubler for each offense." Also, if any mill is "known to be continually violating the limit of output, it shall be considered 'black,' and the charter immediately revoked." In the Window-Glass Cutters' League, "no cutter shall be allowed to cut more than two and one half pots or 480 boxes of single strength, or 360 boxes of double strength." The lathers of Chicago limited the day's work to twenty-five bundles per day. This maximum, by the way, was also a minimum; if a workman was unable to accomplish this prescribed task, his companions would help him. The journeymen plumbers forbade the use of a bicycle during working hours. The Boston bricklayers forbade any "rushing or driving that will injure or jeopardize the interests of a fellow member, such as spreading mortar on the wall before the line is up, repeatedly slacking the lime before it is laid out its entire course, or putting up the line more than one course at a time." Employees of a Massachusetts textile factory formed a

union, and immediately attempted to regulate the amount of a fair week's weaving; and employees of the National Glass Company are said to have engaged, without success, for the same purpose, in a conflict which lasted two or three years.

Where there is no rule limiting the amount of work, a sentiment no less effective frequently prevails. The "pacer" and the offense of "rushing a brother" are detested, and a too eager workman is frequently restrained by admonition from a shop committee-man or perhaps by the complaint of a slower neighbor. This aversion to extreme rapidity in work is actively manifest not only where there is no trade-union regulation to express it, but often where there is no union. The labor organization serves merely in some instances to assert it formally, or to enforce it with greater thoroughness.

Wages payment by the piece, in contrast with payment by the unit of time, stimulates the effort of the workman to the utmost, as he knows that his earnings increase with his effort. This method is correspondingly opposed by a large proportion of unionists. The United Garment Workers and the Watch Case Engravers declare in their constitutions a purpose of doing away with piece-work, and the printers' constitution calls for its abolition in book printing offices wherever this is practicable. The machinists have waged war against it for years, excluding it wherever their strength permitted, expending their time and money for this object more freely than for any of their other interests, and preventing its introduction in one hundred shops within two years.

The actual loss of productive force through limitation of output cannot well be measured, even in a single industry or a single shop; but the increase in production from the piece-work system has apparently been demonstrated somewhat definitely by comparison of results

where this method and payment by time have been applied consecutively among the same workmen. In one instance when payment by the piece was introduced in a car-shop, and the price of each piece of work fixed at its estimated cost under the time-payment system, wages were at once increased about ten per cent. Formerly sixty-six men had been employed seven days a week, working on some days overtime. The force was now reduced to forty-five, and they worked only five and one half days each week. The expense for the work diminished more than one fifth. A body of men engaged in digging clay for making brick were paid \$1.80 per day. They refused to accept payment instead at the rate of twenty cents per ton and struck. Other men were brought in to take their places, and in a short time some of them earned \$3.25 per day, working less than eight hours, while the least efficient earned \$2.40. The brick company gained a substantial advantage, as the output of clay, for which need was urgent, increased by one half.

Experiments like these seem to most people to demonstrate the folly of discouraging effort; and even without experimental proof, any restraint upon energy is commonly regarded as self-evidently harmful. Yet the policy thus condemned is not pursued in a wanton spirit of mischief-making. In its defense are offered reasons not without weight, and it is a superficial study of the subject which will permit one to dismiss the arguments as absurd or to condemn the practice as altogether blameworthy.

These arguments are of unequal force; the weakest is an error shared with the most respectable, with great men of affairs, with kings and prime ministers; the stronger arguments, which must be treated with respect, have been evolved by the workmen as a product of their own feelings and reflections.

It seems possible to single out from the whole range of motives in the cur-

rent economics of the senate, the street, and the market-place one proposition which is more widely accepted among all nations than any other. Though it is almost universally accepted, it becomes self-evidently absurd when it is plainly set forth; it is so absurd that while all believe it, all would disavow it when charged with it, though they show with the next breath that, in disguise, it controls them. Absurd and repudiated, it is yet perhaps the most influential belief in the whole range of economic speculation.

The power to labor abundantly, it seems, is superabundant, so that we must seek diligently for opportunities to employ it. Energy exists in superfluity; needs to be satisfied by its exercise are relatively scant. Workmen for this reason, in order to prevent a rapid diminution in the precious opportunity to toil, think it necessary to limit the productivity of labor, to hamper the satisfaction of needs, to cherish want. Plainly, there will not be work for all if all work with the utmost energy.

Within the last year, likewise, an American statesman has argued in favor of building many war vessels because the expenditure of time and money for that purpose would give employment to labor, would increase not the sum of capital that is available, but the sum of occasions for laborious effort, as though the sum of these occasions, which is merely the sum of poverty, were not already sufficient.

In the argument for protective tariffs and for shipping subsidies (mingled with other more rational considerations) there appears incessantly this same strange doctrine, veiled but unmistakable. Recently all Europe has been agitated by the fear that American farmers and American manufacturers will relieve Europeans of the primal curse by supplying all their material needs (asking, it appears, no equivalent of goods or services in return), and metropolitan editors and great Continental ministers

of state have even proposed an armed attack against the United States to ward off this embarrassment of unearned riches, to "limit the output" of their energetic Western neighbors.

The desire of some workingmen for a limit upon production seems at times to be inspired by this widespread delusion, and in entertaining it the wage-earners are at any rate not peculiarly at fault. Restrictions upon exertion have, however, a defense or excuse in other considerations less certainly fallacious. In some kinds of work rapidity is attained by a proportionate increase of muscular force expended; in such cases the greatest possible rapidity may not be desirable. It is alleged that in certain trades, as in the building trades, a few unusually energetic men in each group are encouraged to set a pace which the others are expected to follow, but which they cannot follow without over-exertion, injurious to health, and, in the long run, to the industry for whose services they become prematurely unfit. If such customs prevail, a limit to the day's work cannot well be condemned, though there is of course extreme difficulty in determining what a fair day's work is, and extreme danger that the maximum permitted will be less than good workmen ought to perform.

There is yet another reason for limiting output or opposing the piece-work system. Though the public interest doubtless requires that production should be energetic and products therefore abundant, it is not clear that an increase of productive energy is always of advantage to the workmen. The usual assumption that wages correspond to efficiency, taken in the sense in which that proposition is commonly offered, is not true. On the contrary, incentives to energy may actually result in reducing wages for the majority of workmen, and there is no certainty that even the more capable minority will gain in wages from their accelerated labor. Let us notice first how this effect may result when ef-

fort is stimulated by the piece-work system. When wages are paid by the piece, it is a matter of difficulty to determine the prices to be allowed for the several pieces of work. A schedule is fixed by an estimate, perhaps, of the amount previously earned for each task under the time-payment system. But this schedule is always provisional and subject to revision. On a certain railway system, for instance, the schedules for car-shops are revised every three months. Subordinate officials make changes when they find it necessary, and the schedules undergo a final revision by the head of the mechanical department. What is to serve for guidance in these modifications? Under what circumstances will an item of payment be augmented, under what circumstances decreased?

It is difficult to find any calculable elements in the problem. There is no obvious equivalence between any specific piece of work and a specific sum of money — between boring or turning a piece of steel and any assignable number of cents. There is, however, one very indefinite quantitative relation between a particular task and its payment. The wages of a workman, it is presumed, will enable him to maintain himself according to a suitable standard of living. If by especial energy workmen increase the pieces of work completed and thereby swell their earnings under an established schedule to a total which seems extraordinarily high for that class of labor, there is a strong presumption that the piece rate will be reduced. It is a habit of the public to regard as abnormal, if not improper, exceptionally high earnings by manual laborers. Persons who declare most strongly that the capable man should have a proportionate reward will nevertheless protest, not literally, but by implication, when wages attain dimensions not unusual in salaries or profits.

During the Homestead strike in 1892, for example, it became known

that certain steel mill employees earned high wages, and the fact seemed not merely irregular, but ridiculous, to that influential public sentiment which reflects itself in newspaper jokes. Employers or corporation officials are presumably not exempt from the conviction that wages should conform to a traditionally befitting standard, and they are actually subject to influences tending toward a reduction of any piece rates which have permitted large earnings. Under competition rival establishments are strongly impelled to accept a principle which economizes earnings and facilitates lower competitive prices. The honest zeal of subordinates adds to this tendency.

Exceptional workmen are the ones whose record most strongly affects the fixing of piece rates, but the rates fixed must determine the earnings of the less capable. Rates which suffice for the comfort of the exceptional may mean poverty for the workman of average speed. The rapid workman, therefore, threatens with grave injury his less capable associates. The first effect of piece-work may be very probably an augmentation of wages, but the danger is ever present that a revision of price will reverse this temporary advantage. Employers have sometimes recognized the danger of injury to workmen from the piece-work system. Thus the president of the National Metal Trade Association (an important society of employers) announced during the great machinists' strike in 1901 that the employers insisted on their right to introduce this system, but that the association would not permit any member to make improper use of piece-work. The recognition of a danger that the system might be abused is plain and significant.

There is thus a conflict of interests between the more capable and less capable workmen, between the public which requires abundant production and the mass of producing laborers who are positively injured by the speed of the excep-

tional men. This conflict of interest and this injury appear not only in the piece-work system, but also in a large part of the industrial field, where wages are apportioned to time, for time-wages are frequently piece-wages in disguise. In a shoe factory, for example, if the business is well managed, careful account is kept of the expense, at the actual rate of time-wages, for each portion of the work of making a pair of shoes. In some shoe factories there is formally a "stint," — an amount of work which each person must perform in order to earn the amount established as a day's wages. But in any case it is definitely known how much work each employee has performed each week, and there is necessarily a tendency, like that in the piece-work system, to adjust wages from the better men, or women, to the inferior, according to the comparative amounts of work completed by one and another, and in this gradation to take the task performed by the more capable as constituting a "fair day's work" which gives claim to a "fair day's pay," so that those who are unable to maintain the standard set by the more efficient appear incompetent and likely to be judged unworthy of good wages. If the number of rapid workmen is great, or if special incentives stimulate a large number to great energy, the presumption against those unable to keep pace is correspondingly stronger. The exceptionally capable will have no certainty of greatly augmenting their own earnings, because employers will not pay them more than "fair wages," and their exceptional effort serves thus only to depress the wages of their inferiors. Both the employer and the union assume "fair wages" as a standard, but the union attempts to establish this standard rate as a minimum; the employer is tempted to regard it almost as a maximum.

This is the state of facts assumed by many wage-earners in condemning the rapid workman as selfish, and in attempting to curb his energy. Evidently

a restriction of output has this questionable excuse only when it restrains exceptional speed, which may tend to lower the wages of the average workman. There is evidence that in some trades, unions have forbidden men to exceed in a day an amount of work which a fairly able man should perform in half or two thirds of a day. For such a policy there is of course no justification.

It has frequently been said that the trade-union policy operates to the disadvantage of the superior men not only in purposely restraining their efforts, but also by establishing an equality of wages between the abler and inferior workmen, so that a man of special skill is denied the hope of reward for conspicuous service. The union, it is said, establishes for all its members a rate of wages higher than that which the employer would pay to inferior men if there were no union scale. The employer seeks to recoup himself for his loss in paying this rate to men whose services have little value by paying to the abler men less than the amount to which their comparative efficiency entitles them. Where there are no unions it is said men are paid in proportion to ability, as every employer desires to procure or to retain the services of the good men.

The influence of unions operates in some degree to the effect here described, but not in the degree commonly alleged. The usual opinion, which has just been quoted, seems at times to exaggerate the uniformity of wages, where strong unions exist; it certainly is inaccurate in assuming that wages where there are no unions vary in close correspondence with difference in ability. The influence of the unions in equalizing wages is limited in several ways. A very large part of the work done by members of unions is paid for by the system of piece rates, as in machine shops, printing offices, and shoe factories. This necessarily gives higher earnings to the more rapid workmen. Again some vigorous unions

have no minimum rate. Even where a union is strong, and the minimum rate so high that it is almost the universal rate, there are often or usually workmen of marked excellence who receive higher wages. In a certain large newspaper printing office, for example, nearly one tenth of the printers working by the week were paid more than the union scale, some as much as one fourth beyond the agreed minimum, although the union scale in that city was conspicuously high. Uniformity is thus not complete even where unions exist.

On the other hand, even where there are no unions, wages in most employments correspond but roughly to variations in ability or energy. This is true especially of unskilled laborers. Usually in a farming neighborhood there is a customary rate of wages for field hands employed by the month, and variations from this rate are as infrequent as variations from the union rate in the "well-organized" trades. A rather feeble youth is often paid, during a whole season, the full amount of monthly wages. The same thing is true of railway track-hands. Among 1680 such laborers employed by one railway, not one received more than \$1.15, or less than \$1.05. On another railroad, 550 trackmen were paid a uniform rate of \$1 per day, and yet another company paid 281 men \$1.25 each per day. It is certain that the inequalities of these men in strength, energy, and intelligence were not at all represented by the inequalities in their earnings. Among workmen of this class, marked inequalities of wages are more often geographical than personal. Where miners are paid by the day, their wages have in some instances shown the same uniformity before the establishment of unions. Thirty laborers employed in assisting masons at work in a Michigan town, and having no union, received without exception \$9 per week. In the same town eighteen plasterers, who were members of a union, received uniformly \$18 per

week, excepting one (perhaps a foreman) who received more. In a neighboring town, however, almost complete uniformity of wages prevailed among non-union plasterers. As a rule, it is true that the whole body of unskilled laborers receive wages fixed by local custom, with no very critical regard for individual efficiency. Even among skilled laborers, where wages are paid by the day or week, complete or approximate uniformity often appears. Railway engineers and firemen have frequently been paid by a uniform scale for a day's or month's service, and where their wages have taken the form of mileage payments there has been no attempt to vary the mileage rate to suit inequalities of skill or trustworthiness. It is probably true that for nearly all occupations, where there is a system of time payment, in distinction from piece-work, the advantage in wages to the specially capable is less than adequate to their superior ability.

A very large part of our whole laboring population is thus exempt from the theoretical conformity of wages to skill. The inferior laborer receives what is needed for his maintenance, according to a customary standard of living; the superior men contribute, without being distinctly conscious of it, to the support of their weaker fellows, while the employer makes his calculations according to an average rate of wages and the amount of service rendered by the average man. Only the socialists of a somewhat extreme type have ventured to suggest that income should depend not on ability, but on needs. Yet to a certain not inconsiderable extent we have always realized that principle, especially in the wages of unskilled laborers.

The influence of trade unions tends powerfully, beyond question, to extend that system of wage payment. Equality results by a sort of mechanical necessity from the regulation of wages by contract, as it is difficult through a contract to prescribe differences of wages

commensurate with differences in ability, and so to maintain due intervals above the upward pressing minimum. But the policy of the unions in this matter is not merely forced upon them as an incident of the attempt to raise wages. The tendency toward equality is a matter of fixed choice. The trade-union ideal of wages is a system of payment according to an accepted standard, in contrast with wages fixed by "demand and supply," and approaches somewhat remotely the communist position with its demand for income according to needs. In the strike on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, fifteen years ago, the engineers demanded equal pay, without regard to length of service, and without regard to the unequal responsibility of work on a main line, or on an unimportant branch. In fact, this demand for equality appears to have been the chief provocation for that fiercely contested struggle. In the printing trades there is an effective tendency to equalize the wages of men engaged in related but dissimilar work (proof-readers, hand-compositors, and machine operators), in which wages unrestrained would doubtless be more or less unequal. In disputes affecting the wages of workmen unequal in skill and income, a greater percentage of increase has often been demanded for the poorly paid. Thus the anthracite coal-miners in 1900 asked for an increase of ten per cent in the wages of laborers receiving more than \$1.75 per day, and twenty per cent for those whose daily wages were less than \$1.50. This is a representative instance.

The essential tendency toward equal wages is, however, the one called forth accidentally by the operation of the minimum rate. The product of this chance, where the trade union gains a controlling influence, is a revolutionized wage system, not unlike that proposed in *Unto This Last*, by John Ruskin. The "natural and right system respecting labor," Mr. Ruskin thought, was

one in which all workmen of any one trade should receive equal wages (like soldiers, physicians, and public officials of equal rank), but the good workman should be employed and the bad workman (the inferior bricklayer and the scribbler) unemployed. "The false and unnatural and destructive system is where the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half price, and either take the place of the good or force him to work at half price." There should be equality for each gradation, but inequality between ranks. "I never said," he replied to a critic, "that a colonel should have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate." By such an arrangement he fancied the desire for gain might be replaced as a chief motive to labor by the spirit of service which is supposed to actuate the soldier or the clergyman. In like fashion the system which the trade unions tend to create includes an approximate equality of wages between men in the same class of work, not between different employments. It makes impossible the reward of exceptionally high earnings as a result of special efficiency, but its defenders assert that an incentive to effort will still remain in the desire to win, by a showing of superior efficiency, the esteem or admiration of one's associates.

Competition of the old sort for higher wages is perhaps weakened by the minimum rate, but a fiercer competition replaces it. Many employers unite in testifying that the establishment of a minimum results in the dismissal of the inferior men, — Ruskin's bad workmen who are left unemployed. The altered character of competition may thus seem to operate with harshness to the incompetent, and with an enervating effect upon the more capable, who are no longer stimulated by the prospect of high wages. The change to such a system will doubtless seem to many people an occasion for alarm, as few persons share Ruskin's cheerful confidence in honor as a motive to doing hard work.

The danger that such a system will seriously diminish industrial efficiency is, however, much less than one might, at first thought, anticipate. The change would be less fundamental than it seems, because the old system is not so different from the new as we commonly take it to be. In the traditional system there is for many laborers no certainty that great efficiency will be commensurately repaid. The hope of the efficient man is in promotion to a totally different and higher kind of labor. This possibility is not diminished by the new system.

So far as the old arrangement has offered to an energetic man the hope of corresponding gains, one may well fear that few men have actively responded to this incentive. The attainment of ordinary comfort, by merely ordinary exertion, is for most men the limit of aspiration. There is some evidence that in shops where unions have not entered a man who finds that he is doing more than the usual amount of work indolently slackens his speed.

But if a degree of loss is after all supposed to attend the transition — if here and there men relax their efforts because the union rate means uniform wages — there are compensations so marked that it cannot, on the whole, be regarded as less fit than its predecessor to stimulate ambition. That industrial system is best in which each man most readily finds his proper place, and is influenced most actively by the hope of rising, or the dread of sinking lower. In the certainty with which the

“unfit” are rejected and cast down to less responsible positions, the new arrangement evidently surpasses the old as it results in the dismissal of the inferior men. The minimum rate is in this respect far from being “socialistic” in the sense of shielding the weak. It is, on the contrary, cruelly individualistic. On the other hand, in its tendency to impel the better men upward, it is at least not clearly less effective. The approximate equalizing of wages within a trade may at times somewhat weaken effort, yet the desirability of this motive is not beyond question. It may have an important purpose in the vanishing age of rigid social and industrial stratification, but since men now more readily win promotion to an industrial position distinctly higher, the ambition merely to increase earnings has, at least, lost its importance; it may possibly be thought even harmful if it withdraws attention from that other ambition, not merely to thrive at the old level, but to rise.

Thus since the new régime does not cease to stimulate the capable, but does more certainly eliminate the incompetent, it seems on the whole more favorable to the relative advancement of the better men. At the same time, the modern organization of the Great Industry, with its numerous gradations (in contrast with the earlier organization of widely distinct crafts), largely facilitates the process by which men pass upward or downward to their proper places.

Ambrose P. Winston.

WHY I AM A PAGAN.

WHEN the spirit swells my breast I love to roam leisurely among the green hills; or sometimes, sitting on the brink of the murmuring Missouri, I marvel at the great blue overhead. With

half closed eyes I watch the huge cloud shadows in their noiseless play upon the high bluffs opposite me, while into my ear ripple the sweet, soft cadences of the river's song. Folded hands lie in my

lap, for the time forgot. My heart and I lie small upon the earth like a grain of throbbing sand. Drifting clouds and tinkling waters, together with the warmth of a genial summer day, bespeak with eloquence the loving Mystery round about us. During the idle while I sat upon the sunny river brink, I grew somewhat, though my response be not so clearly manifest as in the green grass fringing the edge of the high bluff back of me.

At length retracing the uncertain foot-path scaling the precipitous embankment, I seek the level lands where grow the wild prairie flowers. And they, the lovely little folk, soothe my soul with their perfumed breath.

Their quaint round faces of varied hue convince the heart which leaps with glad surprise that they, too, are living symbols of omnipotent thought. With a child's eager eye I drink in the myriad star shapes wrought in luxuriant color upon the green. Beautiful is the spiritual essence they embody.

I leave them nodding in the breeze, but take along with me their impress upon my heart. I pause to rest me upon a rock embedded on the side of a foothill facing the low river bottom. Here the Stone-Boy, of whom the American aborigine tells, frolics about, shooting his baby arrows and shouting aloud with glee at the tiny shafts of lightning that flash from the flying arrow-beaks. What an ideal warrior he became, baffling the siege of the pests of all the land till he triumphed over their united attack. And here he lay, — Inyan our great-great-grandfather, older than the hill he rested on, older than the race of men who love to tell of his wonderful career.

Interwoven with the thread of this Indian legend of the rock, I fain would trace a subtle knowledge of the native folk which enabled them to recognize a kinship to any and all parts of this vast universe. By the leading of an ancient trail I move toward the Indian village.

With the strong, happy sense that both great and small are so surely enfolded in His magnitude that, without a miss, each has his allotted individual ground of opportunities, I am buoyant with good nature.

Yellow Breast, swaying upon the slender stem of a wild sunflower, warbles a sweet assurance of this as I pass near by. Breaking off the clear crystal song, he turns his wee head from side to side eyeing me wisely as slowly I plod with moccasined feet. Then again he yields himself to his song of joy. Flit, flit hither and yon, he fills the summer sky with his swift, sweet melody. And truly does it seem his vigorous freedom lies more in his little spirit than in his wing.

With these thoughts I reach the log cabin whither I am strongly drawn by the tie of a child to an aged mother. Out bounds my four-footed friend to meet me, frisking about my path with unmistakable delight. Chän is a black shaggy dog, "a thorough bred little mongrel" of whom I am very fond. Chän seems to understand many words in Sioux, and will go to her mat even when I whisper the word, though generally I think she is guided by the tone of the voice. Often she tries to imitate the sliding inflection and long drawn out voice to the amusement of our guests, but her articulation is quite beyond my ear. In both my hands I hold her shaggy head and gaze into her large brown eyes. At once the dilated pupils contract into tiny black dots, as if the roguish spirit within would evade my questioning.

Finally resuming the chair at my desk I feel in keen sympathy with my fellow creatures, for I seem to see clearly again that all are akin.

The racial lines, which once were bitterly real, now serve nothing more than marking out a living mosaic of human beings. And even here men of the same color are like the ivory keys of one instrument where each resembles all the rest, yet varies from them in pitch and

quality of voice. And those creatures who are for a time mere echoes of another's note are not unlike the fable of the thin sick man whose distorted shadow, dressed like a real creature, came to the old master to make him follow as a shadow. Thus with a compassion for all echoes in human guise, I greet the solemn-faced "native preacher" whom I find awaiting me. I listen with respect for God's creature, though he mouth most strangely the jangling phrases of a bigoted creed.

As our tribe is one large family, where every person is related to all the others, he addressed me : —

"Cousin, I came from the morning church service to talk with you."

"Yes?" I said interrogatively, as he paused for some word from me.

Shifting uneasily about in the straight-backed chair he sat upon, he began: "Every holy day (Sunday) I look about our little God's house, and not seeing you there, I am disappointed. This is why I come to-day. Cousin, as I watch you from afar, I see no unbecoming behavior and hear only good reports of you, which all the more burns me with the wish that you were a church member. Cousin, I was taught long years ago by kind missionaries to read the holy book. These godly men taught me also the folly of our old beliefs.

"There is one God who gives reward or punishment to the race of dead men. In the upper region the Christian dead are gathered in unceasing song and prayer. In the deep pit below, the sinful ones dance in torturing flames.

"Think upon these things, my cousin, and choose now to avoid the after-doom of hell fire!" Then followed a long silence in which he clasped tighter and unclasped again his interlocked fingers.

Like instantaneous lightning flashes came pictures of my own mother's making, for she, too, is now a follower of the new superstition.

"Knocking out the chinking of our log cabin, some evil hand thrust in a burning taper of braided dry grass, but failed of his intent, for the fire died out and the half burned brand fell inward to the floor. Directly above it, on a shelf, lay the holy book. This is what we found after our return from a several days' visit. Surely some great power is hid in the sacred book!"

Brushing away from my eyes many like pictures, I offered midday meal to the converted Indian sitting wordless and with downcast face. No sooner had he risen from the table with "Cousin, I have relished it," than the church bell rang.

Thither he hurried forth with his afternoon sermon. I watched him as he hastened along, his eyes bent fast upon the dusty road till he disappeared at the end of a quarter of a mile.

The little incident recalled to mind the copy of a missionary paper brought to my notice a few days ago, in which a "Christian" pugilist commented upon a recent article of mine, grossly perverting the spirit of my pen. Still I would not forget that the pale-faced missionary and the hoodooed aborigine are both God's creatures, though small indeed their own conceptions of Infinite Love. A wee child toddling in a wonder world, I prefer to their dogma my excursions into the natural gardens where the voice of the Great Spirit is heard in the twittering of birds, the rippling of mighty waters, and the sweet breathing of flowers. If this is Paganism, then at present, at least, I am a Pagan.

Zitkala-Sä.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

THE safest appeal of the defender of realism in fiction continues to be to geography. The old inquiry for the great American novel ignored the persistent expansion by which the American states were multiplying. If the question had not ceased to be a burning issue, the earnest seeker might now be given pause by the recent appearance upon our maps of far-lying islands which must, in due course, add to the perplexity of any who wish to view American life steadily or whole. If we should suddenly vanish, leaving only a solitary Homer to chant us, we might possibly be celebrated adequately in a single epic; but so long as we continue malleable and flexible we shall hardly be "begun, continued, and ended" in a single novel, drama, or poem. He were a much enduring Ulysses who could touch once at all our ports. Even Walt Whitman, from the top of his omnibus, could not see over the roofs of Manila; and yet we shall doubtless have, within a decade, bulletins from the dialect society with notes on colonial influences in American speech. Thus it is fair to assume that in the nature of things we shall rely more and more on realistic fiction for a federation of the scattered states of this decentralized and diverse land of ours in a literature which shall be our most vivid social history. We cannot be condensed into one or a dozen finished panoramas; he who would know us hereafter must read us in the flashes of the kinoscope.

Important testimony to the efficacy of an honest and trustworthy realism has passed into the record in the work of Edward Eggleston, our pioneer provincial realist. Eggleston saw early the value of a local literature, and demonstrated that where it may be referred to general judgments, where it interprets the universal heart and conscience, an

attentive audience may be found for it. It was his unusual fortune to have combined a personal experience at once varied and novel with a self-acquired education to which he gave the range and breadth of true cultivation, and, in special directions, the precision of scholarship. The primary facts of life as he knew them in the Indiana of his boyhood took deep hold upon his imagination, and the experiences of that period did much to shape his career. He knew the life of the Ohio valley at an interesting period of transition. He was not merely a spectator of striking social phenomena, but he might have said, with a degree of truth, *quorum pars magna fui*; for he was a representative of the saving remnant which stood for enlightenment in a dark day in a new land. Literature had not lacked servants in the years of his youth in the Ohio valley. Many knew in those days the laurel madness; but they went "searching with song the whole world through" with no appreciation of the material that lay ready to their hands at home. Their work drew no strength from the Western soil, but was the savorless fungus of a flabby sentimentalism. It was left for Eggleston, with characteristic independence, to abandon fancy for reality. He never became a great novelist, and yet his homely stories of the early Hoosiers, giving as they do the acrid bite of the persimmon and the mellow flavor of the papaw, strengthen the whole case for a discerning and faithful treatment of local life. What he saw will not be seen again, and when *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* and *Roxy* cease to entertain as fiction they will teach as history.

An assumption in many quarters that *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* was in some measure autobiographical was always very distasteful to Dr. Eggleston, and he entered his denial forcibly whenever

occasion offered. His own life was sheltered, and he experienced none of the traditional hardships of the self-made man. He knew at once the companionship of cultivated people and good books. His father, Joseph Cary Eggleston, who removed to Vevay, Ind., from Virginia, in 1832, was an alumnus of William and Mary College, and his mother's family, the Craigs, were well known in southern Indiana, where they were established so early as 1799. Joseph Cary Eggleston was a member of both houses of the Indiana legislature, and was defeated for Congress in the election of 1844. His cousin, Miles Cary Eggleston, was a prominent Indiana lawyer, and a judge, in the early days, riding the long White-water circuit, which then extended through eastern Indiana from the Ohio to the Michigan border. Edward Eggleston was born at Vevay, December 10, 1837. His boyhood horizons were widened by the removal of his family to New Albany and Madison, by a sojourn in the backwoods of Decatur County, and by thirteen months spent in Amelia County, Va., his father's former home. There he saw slavery practiced, and he ever afterward held anti-slavery opinions. There was much to interest an intelligent boy in the Ohio valley of those years. Reminiscences of the frontiersmen who had redeemed the valley from savagery seasoned fireside talk with the spice of adventure; Clark's conquest had enrolled Vincennes in the list of battles of the Revolution; the battle of Tippecanoe was recent history, and the long rifle was still the inevitable accompaniment of the axe throughout a vast area of Hoosier wilderness. There was, however, in all the towns — Vevay, Brookville, Madison, Vincennes — a cultivated society, and before Edward Eggleston was born a remarkable group of scholars and adventurers had gathered about Robert Owen at New Harmony, on the lower Wabash, and while their experiment in socialism was a dismal failure, they left nevertheless

an impression which is still plainly traceable in that region. Abraham Lincoln lived for fourteen years (1816–30) in Spencer County, Ind., and witnessed there the same procession of the Ohio's argosies which Eggleston watched later in Switzerland County.

Edward Eggleston attended school for not more than eighteen months after his tenth year, and owing to ill health he never entered college, though his father, who died at thirty-four, had provided a scholarship for him. But he knew in his youth a woman of unusual gifts, Mrs. Julia Dumont, who conducted at Vevay a dame school. Mrs. Dumont is the most charming figure of early Indiana history, and Dr. Eggleston's own portrait of her is at once a tribute and an acknowledgment. She wrote much in prose and verse, so that young Eggleston, besides the stimulating atmosphere of his own home, had before him in his formative years a writer of somewhat more than local reputation for his intimate counselor and teacher. His schooling continued to be desultory, but his curiosity was insatiable, and there was, indeed, no period in which he was not an eager student. His life was rich in those minor felicities of fortune which disclose pure gold to seeing eyes in any soil. He wrote once of the happy chance which brought him to a copy of Milton in a little house where he lodged for a night on the St. Croix River. His account of his first reading of *L'Allegro* is characteristic: —

"I read it in the freshness of the early morning, and in the freshness of early manhood, sitting in a window embowered in honeysuckles dripping with dew, and overlooking the deep trap-rock dalles through which the dark, pine-stained waters of the St. Croix run swiftly. Just abreast of the little village the river opened for a space, and there were islands; and a raft, manned by two or three red-shirted men, was emerging from the gorge into the open water. Alternately reading *L'Allegro*

and looking off at the poetic landscape, I was lifted out of the sordid world into a region of imagination and creation. When, two or three hours later, I galloped along the road, here and there overlooking the dalles and the river, the glory of a nature above nature penetrated my being, and Milton's song of joy reverberated still in my thoughts." He was, it may be said, a natural etymologist, and by the time he reached manhood he had acquired a reading knowledge of half a dozen languages. We have glimpses of him as chain-bearer for a surveying party in Minnesota; as walking across country toward Kansas, with an ambition to take a hand in the border troubles; and then once more in Indiana, in his nineteenth year, as an itinerant Methodist minister. He rode a four week circuit with ten preaching places along the Ohio, his theological training being explained by his statement that in those days "Methodist preachers were educated by the old ones telling the young ones all they knew." He turned again to Minnesota to escape malaria, preached in remote villages to frontiersmen and Indians, and later ministered to churches in St. Paul and elsewhere. He held, first at Chicago and later at New York, a number of editorial positions, and he occasionally contributed to juvenile periodicals; but these early writings were in no sense remarkable.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster appeared serially in *Hearth and Home* in 1871. It was written at intervals of editorial work on the paper, and was a *tour de force* for which the author expected so little publicity that he gave his characters the names of persons then living in Switzerland and Decatur counties, Ind., with no thought that the story would ever penetrate to its habitat. But the homely little tale, with all its crudities and imperfections, made a wide appeal. It was pirated at once in England; it was translated into French by "Madame Blanc," and was published in

condensed form in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and later, with one of Mr. Aldrich's tales and other stories by Eggleston, in book form. It was translated into German and Danish also. *Le Maître d'Ecole de Flat Creek* was the title as set over into French, and the Hoosier dialect suffered a sea change into something rich and strange by its cruise into French waters. The story depicts Indiana in its darkest days. The state's illiteracy as shown by the census of 1840 was 14.32 per cent as against 5.54 in the neighboring state of Ohio. The "no lickin', no larnin'" period which Eggleston describes is thus a matter of statistics; but even before he wrote the old order had changed, and Caleb Mills, an alumnus of Dartmouth, had come from New England to lead the Hoosier out of darkness into the light of free schools. The story escaped the oblivion which overtakes most books for the young by reason of its freshness and novelty. It was, indeed, something more than a story for boys, though, like Tom Sawyer and *The Story of a Bad Boy*, it is listed among books of permanent interest to youth. It shows no unusual gift of invention; its incidents are simple and commonplace; but it daringly essayed a record of local life in a new field, with the aid of the dialect of the people described, and thus became a humble but important pioneer in the history of American fiction. It is true that Bret Harte and Mark Twain had already widened the borders of our literary domain westward; and others, like Longstreet, had turned a few spadefuls of the rich Southern soil; but Harte was of the order of romancers, and Mark Twain was a humorist, while Longstreet, in his *Georgia Scenes*, gives only the eccentric and fantastic. Eggleston introduced the Hoosier at the bar of American literature in advance of the Creole of Mr. Cable or Mrs. Chopin, or the negro of Mr. Page or Mr. Harris, or the mountaineer of Miss Murfree, or the shore-folk of Miss Jewett.

Several of Eggleston's later Hoosier stories are a valuable testimony to the spiritual unrest of the Ohio valley pioneers. The early Hoosiers were a peculiarly isolated people, shut in by great woodlands. The news of the world reached them tardily; but they were thrilled by new versions of the gospel brought to them by adventurous evangelists, who made Jerusalem seem much nearer than their own national capital. Heated discussions between the sects supplied in those days an intellectual stimulus greater than that of politics. Questions shook the land which were unknown at Westminster and Rome; they are now well-nigh forgotten in the valley where they were once debated so fiercely. The Rev. Mr. Bosaw and his monotonously sung sermon in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* are vouched for, and preaching of the same sort has been heard in Indiana at a much later period than that of which Eggleston wrote. *The End of the World* (1872) treats vividly the extravagant belief of the Millerites, who, in 1842-43, found positive proof in the Book of Daniel that the world's doom was at hand. This tale shows little if any gain in constructive power over the first Hoosier story, and the same must be said of *The Circuit Rider*, which portrays the devotion and sacrifice of the hardy evangelists of the Southwest among whom Eggleston had served. *Roxy* (1878) marks a gain; the story flows more easily, and the scrutiny of life is steadier. The scene is Vevay, and he contrasts pleasantly the Swiss and Hoosier villagers, and touches intimately the currents of local religious and political life. Eggleston shows here for the first time a real capacity for handling a long story. The characters are of firmer fibre; the note of human passion is deeper, and he communicates to his pages charmingly the atmosphere of his native village, — its quiet streets and pretty gardens, the sunny hills and the great river. Vevay is again the scene in *The Hoosier Schoolboy* (1883),

which is no worthy successor to the *Schoolmaster*. The workmanship is infinitely superior to that of his first Hoosier tale, but he had lost touch, either with the soil (he had been away from Indiana for more than a decade), or with youth, or with both, and the story is flat and tame. After another long absence he returned to the Western field in which he had been a pioneer, and wrote *The Graysons* (1888), a capital story of Illinois, in which Lincoln is a character. Here and in *The Faith Doctor*, a novel of metropolitan life which followed three years later, the surer stroke of maturity is perceptible; and the short stories collected in *Duffels* include *Sister Tabea*, a thoroughly artistic bit of work.

A fault of all of Eggleston's earlier stories is their too serious insistence on the moral they carried, — a resort to the Dickens method of including Divine Providence among the dramatis personæ; but this is not surprising in one in whom there was, by his own confession, a lifelong struggle "between the lover of literary art and the religionist, the reformer, the philanthropist, the man with a mission." There is little humor in these stories, there was doubtless little humor in the life itself, but there is abundant good nature. In all he maintains consistently the point of view of the realist, his lapses being chiefly where the moralist has betrayed him. There are many pictures which denote his understanding of the illuminative value of homely incident in the life he then knew best; there are the spelling school, the stirring religious debates, the barbecue, the charivari, the infare, glimpses of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, and the hard cider campaign. Those times rapidly receded; Indiana is one of the older states now, and but for Eggleston's tales there would be no trustworthy record of the period he describes.

Lowell had made American dialect respectable, and had used it as the vehi-

cle for a political gospel; but Eggleston employed the Hoosier *lingua rustica* to aid in the portrayal of a type. He did not, however, employ dialect with the minuteness of subsequent writers, notably Mr. Riley; but Southwestern idiom impressed him, and his preface and notes in the later editions of the Schoolmaster are invaluable to the student. Dialect remains in Indiana, as elsewhere, largely a matter of experience and opinion. There has never been a uniform folk speech peculiar to the people living within the borders of the state. The Hoosier dialect, so called, consisting more of elisions and vulgarized pronunciations than of true idiom, is spoken wherever the Scotch-Irish influence is perceptible in the west central states, notably in the southern counties of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. It is not to be confounded with the cruder speech of the "poor whitey," whose wild strain in the Hoosier blood was believed by Eggleston to be an inheritance of the English bond-slave; and there are other vague and baffling elements in the Ohio valley speech. Mr. Riley's Hoosier is more sophisticated than Eggleston's, and thirty years of change lie between them, — years which wholly transformed the state, physically and socially. It is diverting to have Eggleston's own statement that the Hoosiers he knew in his youth were wary of New England provincialisms, and that his Virginia father threatened to inflict corporal punishment on his children "if they should ever give the peculiar vowel sound heard in some parts of New England in such words as 'roof' and 'root.'"

While Eggleston grew to manhood on a frontier which had been a great battleground, the mere adventurous aspects of this life did not attract him when he sought subjects for his pen; but the culture-history of the people among whom his life fell interested him greatly, and he viewed events habitually with a critical eye. He found, however, that the evolution of society could not be treated

best in fiction, so he began, in 1880, while abroad, the researches in history which were to occupy him thereafter to the end of his life. His training as a student of social forces had been superior to any that he could have obtained in the colleges accessible to him, for he had seen life in the raw; he had known on the one hand the vanishing frontiersmen who founded commonwealths in the ashes of their camp-fires, and he had, on the other, witnessed the dawn of a new era which brought order and enlightenment. He thus became a delver in libraries only after he had scratched under the crust of life itself. While he turned first to the old seaboard colonies in pursuit of his new purpose, he brought to his research an actual knowledge of the beginnings of young states which he had gained in the open. He planned a history of life in the United States on new lines, his main purpose being to trace influences and movements to remotest sources. He collected and studied his material for sixteen years before he published any result of his labors beyond a few magazine papers. The *Beginnings of a Nation* (1896) and *The Transit of Civilization* (1901) are only parts of the scheme as originally outlined, but they are complete so far as they go, and are of permanent interest and value. History was not to him a dusty lumber room, but a sunny street where people come and go in their habits as they lived; and thus, in a sense, he applied to history the realism of fiction. He pursued his task with scientific ardor and accuracy, but without fussiness or dullness. His occupations as novelist and editor had been a preparation for this later work, for it was the story quality that he sought in history, and he wrote with an editorial eye to what is salient and interesting. It is doubtful whether equal care has ever been given to the preparation of any other historical work in this country. The plan of the books is in itself admirable, and the exhaustive character of his researches is

emphasized by his copious notes, which are hardly less attractive than the text that they amplify and strengthen. He expressed himself with simple adequacy, without flourish and with a nice economy of words; but he could, when he chose, throw grace and charm into his writing. He was, in the best sense, a scholar. He knew the use of books, but he vitalized them from a broad knowledge of life. He had been a minister, preaching a simple gospel, for he was never a theologian as we understand the term; but he enlisted in movements for the bettering of mankind, and his influence was wholesome and stimulating.

His robust spirit was held in thrall by an invalid body, and throughout his life his work was constantly interrupted by serious illnesses; but there was about him a certain blitheness; his outlook on life was cheerful and amiable. He accomplished first and last an immense amount of work, — preacher, author, editor, and laborious student, his industry was ceaseless. He had, in marked degree, that self-reliance which Higginson calls the first requisite of a new literature, and through the possession of this he earned for himself a place of dignity and honor in American letters.

Meredith Nicholson.

THE COURT BIBLE.

WHEN the Judge brought in the new Bible wrapped in his morning paper, I begged for possession of the old one. The Judge looked at me narrowly, as he looked on the day when I hunted the passage from Isaiah for the defendant's counsel in the larceny case, and remarked that I was quite welcome.

And now the venerable book lies before me, *cum privilegio*, its soiled and tattered dignity illuminated by the softening light of reminiscence, a fat little book, born at Blackfriars, its leather coat shining like a smith's apron, its "full gilt" dulled to a mellow bronze. I estimated that it had been kissed fifty thousand times.

For ten years I had watched them salute it, — petitioners and paupers, criminals, children propped to the bar, bent old men, women who winced and interposed their gloved fingers, clergymen who raised it solemnly, gamblers who grinned and shifted their tobacco to the other side, Polish peddlers who made a revolting noise.

In the first place it had seemed by precedent to be kissed on the flat of the

cover. I fancy this was the form in the days when, as in the phrase of Scott's jailer, they "smacked calf-skin" at the old Scottish courts, and were bidden "the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal . . . in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God on the great day of judgment," — "an awful adjuration," says the chronicler of Effie Deans' trial, "which seldom fails to make impression even on the most hardened characters, and to strike with fear even the most upright." In those days the witness was called upon to repeat the words of the oath, a form which must greatly have increased its solemnity, and have deepened the difficulty of maintaining those mental reservations more readily associated with an often flippant nod of the head and a perfunctory touch.

Doubtless it was some sense, æsthetic or sanitary, of the accretions of time which led the court officers who controlled the fortunes of my Bible to form a practice of holding to the witnesses' lips the gilded edge of the volume, and in the latter days of its service the officer, if the witness were a woman, and

particularly if she were a pretty woman, would invidiously open the book and offer her the relatively unfrequented space of a random page.

It had been kissed by juries, the men first standing in a circle with hands outstretched toward it, the officer then thrusting it, sometimes with grotesque ineptness, into one face after the other. Frequently it had been lost for definite minutes, until the cry went up in the court, "Where 's the Bible?" On more than one such occasion the Judge indulged in an old jest. "The stenographer's very fond of it. Search him." This was because it once had been found under my elbow after a prosy opening argument by counsel.

The spectacle of my absorption in the book during a summing up sometimes seemed to amuse the Judge, who reserved the right to read a newspaper throughout a pathetic passage by the lawyer for the defense. At one time he appeared to feel that I was covertly preparing for the ministry, and that my voluminous notes not demanded by the procedure of the court were designed to further the ends of some fanatical reform.

I was testimony clerk during the incumbency of this Bible, and sat upon the right hand of the judicial chair in a bare justice's court, on the side near the witness stand, the Bible on the ledge before me. The Bible was the beginning of everything. The complainant, police officer or civilian, saluted it after signing the complaint. The special interpreter, Slav, Hindoo, or Chinese, impartially took oath upon it before, in turn, swearing the witness. In case the witness was a Hebrew it frequently happened that the book was opened so that he might place his hand upon the Old Testament section, and he was permitted, and sometimes directed, to wear his hat.

During the ten years of my observation the practice of affirming with up-lifted hand, in preference to the older

form of oath, steadily grew. The choice to affirm generally was accepted without comment, though I can remember that at a not remotely earlier day the affirmant usually underwent interrogation as to his reasons for eschewing the oath, his attitude toward the Bible, his belief in a supreme being, and his sense of obligation as related to the affirmation. These forms are supposed to be duly regulated by statute, but in fact they vary, and vastly, within statutory areas.

The entrance of a child complainant or witness often introduced a curious scene. Eliciting facts from the mouths of babes is a dubious business in any circumstances. In the shabby witness box of a justice's court it is often painful enough, not least so, perhaps, when it is superficially amusing. My notes show many strange answers from the bewildered youngsters called to exploit psychology before a heterogeneous audience.

I can see the Judge leaning forward and asking in his most reassuring tone, "Now, little boy, do you know what it is to swear?"

The Boy. "I know that I must n't swear."

The Judge. "I mean to swear on the Bible."

The Boy. "I know that it's very wrong."

The Judge. "No. it is n't wrong to swear on the Bible. But let me ask you, do you know what will become of you if you tell a lie?"

The Boy. "I will die."

The Judge. "And what else?"

The Boy. "Go to hell."

It was at this juncture that the lawyer who offered the child as a witness was likely to interpose by saying, "I submit, your Honor, that the witness is entirely competent," and perhaps some feeling that the fear of hell is the beginning of wisdom would influence the acceptance of the child's testimony, the court shamefacedly watching the innocent lips pucker over the book. Indeed,

the familiar procedure seemed to go upon the assumption that nothing else was to be done.

On another occasion: —

The Judge. "What will happen to you if you swear to tell the truth and then tell a lie?"

The Boy. "I will be punished."

The Judge. "By whom?"

The Boy. "By the Judge."

The Judge. "Anybody else?"

The Boy. "The policeman."

The Judge. "Who else?"

The Boy. "The jail man."

The Judge (gravely). "Will no one else punish you?"

The Boy (brightening). "Oh yes, my mother."

Not infrequently the young witness would reply with great promptness, giving sign of precautionary instruction, as for example: —

The Judge. "What will become of you if you tell what is n't true?"

The Boy. "God won't like me and I will go to the bad place."

That the solemnity of the oath to tell the truth and nothing but the truth remained well forward in the mind of the witness was often indicated in the phraseology of the testimony. An indignant witness, questioned too pointedly as to his sincerity, cries out, "What did I kiss the book for?"

"You swear that?" demands the lawyer of an irritatingly specific witness.

"Yes, sir, on a thousand Bibles!"

It was a commonplace of the minor trials, in the midst of a witness's recital, to hear a saddened voice from the benches: "And you just after kissin' the book of God!" Nothing could have been more dramatic than the interruption of an aged defendant, a lank Irishwoman, who leveled a bony finger at the witness and declared in a deep anguished tone, "God is listenin' to your discourse!" And the interruptions having been many, the Judge added, "So am I, madam. Sit down."

It was a trick of spectacular witnesses to use the Bible as a means of completing an illustration as to how certain objects were disposed, and when it was available near, a witness was likely to pick up the book to indicate the manner in which some missile had been thrown. Of the average witness it may be said that his habit toward the little black volume was quickly and continuously reverential. Many reached for it as a means of emphasizing their integrity by ostentatiously holding it in their hands.

I recall the figure of a white-haired man who stood straight and solemn, with his hand upon the book. "I want to say," he began, "to the Judge and you gentlemen around here" —

"Oh, never mind us gentlemen," interrupted the opposing counsel, "say it to the Judge."

It is, of course, the business of the opposing counsel to belittle the witness in his greatest moment, but nothing of this sort has ever seemed to me more brutal than an incident in "dispossess proceedings," when a little, old-fashioned, white-faced woman, stretching forth her hand, said with gentle fervor, "Judge, this good book tells us" — and the landlord's attorney, breaking in with a rasping voice, snarled, "Madam, we have n't asked you to interpret the Scriptures. Do you owe this rent or not?" The woman turned her blanched face to the lawyer, and, without another word or movement, gave a strangely pathetic sob, which brought a moment so intense that the Judge, his eyes moistening, lowered the gavel with a bang, and ordered the crowd in the back to be quiet, though there was not a sound there.

On another morning an old man, under stress of a harsh cross-examination, caught up the book and with incredible quickness opened it at Proverbs. "You find fault!" he cried, extending a shaking finger to the text. "Read that!" And the lawyer, fascinated by the un-

expectedness of the attack, actually read aloud, "Answer a fool according to his folly."

The book, lying here aloof from the harsh turmoil of its one-time surroundings, evokes scene after scene of this kind. I see it under the hands of trembling women who totter in the crisis of the vulgar publicity. I see it grasped by eager and pugnacious veterans in discord who pant for the excitements of the trial. I see it in the hand of the Judge, himself administering the oath to a witness from whom, in a great perplexity, he asks the very essence of truth. I see it suspended while the accused, at the brink of a trial, debates with his counsel a plea of guilty. I see it hurriedly restored to its accustomed place when the accused, about to take the oath, has fallen in a heap, and there is a call for water and the doctor.

One March day a fragile girl bearing an infant in her arms stepped to the stand, keeping her eyes away from a pale young man who sat in the prisoner's chair. He was a mere boy. His mother and a lawyer sat on either side of him. His look was half dogged, half fright-

ened, and he never took his eyes away from the face of the girl. The little mother at the bar had just kissed the book, and was adjusting herself in the witness chair, when she gave a startled scream which no one who heard it is likely ever to forget.

The baby was quite dead. My recollection gives me a confused picture in which I see the pale-faced young man pulling aside the wrappings of the baby; and I hear the later formula of the Judge, in which there was "charge upon the county" and "case dismissed."

I remember another day when a fragile old man was arraigned upon a charge of theft in a business house. The charge was a mistake, and this soon appeared. Throughout the hearing the man himself had been singularly quiet and dignified. But his wife, a quakerish little woman, pale and set, watched and listened with an anxiety painful to see. When the Judge dismissed the charge, with some regretful word for the injustice of its having been made, the woman arose and kissed her husband. Then she came forward, lifted the Bible, and tremblingly touched the cover with her lips.

Alexander Black.

THE UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARIST.

I.

THE Imaginative Girl sat on a terrace in front of her Castle in Spain writing a poem to send to an Editor who lived in a Strange Country. It was a good poem, for it contained an idea and much coloring and sufficient metre. Moreover it came from the Girl's soul, which is always to be taken into account when one considers a poem. Presently she signed it with her initials, and dated it, and then she leaned back against a thornless rose tree and forgot all about it, because there above her face floated

a half moon, silver in the yellow sunshine, and it immediately put another poem into her charming head.

As she looked at it the Unconscious Plagiarist entered at the great arch of the gateway, and disposed himself picturesquely on the turf near by.

"You know the best poem I wrote last week?" he asked.

"Which best?" inquired the Imaginative Girl.

"The one you liked so much," explained the Plagiarist, who was continually under a delusion.

"Oh," murmured the Girl, convey-

ing an impression that the light had dawned, "what have you done now?"

"Stolen it from Browning," said the Unconscious Plagiarist, with the effrontery of the habitual criminal.

"That is really too bad of Browning," said the Girl, with practiced sympathy; "I have no use at all for that man. No one would have minded his writing one book of poetry, but to go and say everything there was to say in twenty" — She paused.

"Yes," assented the Plagiarist gratefully, "and to think of his ruining my career in this way when I've carefully refrained from ever reading a line of him in my life!"

"Still, I don't see what you can do about it," said the Girl. "Which poem is yours like?"

"Amphibian. The idea is the same. Also, in part, the expression. The Browning Man found him out. The only difference is that mine is the best. First," said the Unconscious Plagiarist, "it was Keats and Byron; then Tennyson and Swinburne; now it is Browning. And I took such care, too, never to read the standard poets when I discovered I was to be a standard poet myself. I was very young then."

"Now that was clever of you," said the Girl admiringly. "I never should have thought of that."

"But it didn't seem to work, you know," he submitted with hesitation.

"That is Fate," observed the Girl, with adorable gravity. She sighed, and read him the poem just finished. He considered over it judicially.

"I like *that*," he said at last; "you improve every day. How impressively you say things!"

"I think so too," agreed the Girl. "Do you notice how the rhymes recur in the fourth stanza?"

The Plagiarist requested her to read it again.

"Beautiful," he murmured with enthusiasm, "*beautiful!* Is this all you've done since yesterday evening?"

"Yes. Did you bring anything?"

The Unconscious Plagiarist modestly produced a small, square, expensive blank book.

"I've only a couple," he said, adjusting his becoming eyeglasses.

"How lovely!" cried the Girl when he had read the first; "that climax is so subtle; I've felt just that way. What is the other?"

"Oh, it's a cynical sort of thing." He looked bored as he read it aloud between intervals of extreme languor.

The Girl looked sympathetically bored.

"But it's a clever thing," she said, "and true. Nothing is worth while when one comes to think about it."

"Tobacco is worth while," said the Unconscious Plagiarist, "and poetry — while one is writing it. And love — while one is making it. But apart from these!"

He and the Girl gazed through the ilexes to the waste of life beyond. They both sighed.

"They are at tea on the balcony," observed the Girl. "Let's have some too."

As they rose to go in they saw the Browning Man coming up the terrace. The Plagiarist scowled at him with his fair eyebrows. But his companion betrayed interest.

"How good of you!" she said, giving him her hand.

No one knew just what she meant, but then she was a poet, and no one ever expected to.

"How good of *you!*" returned the Browning Man, who took the greeting in one way.

"He may be mistaken, you know," interpolated the Plagiarist, who took it in another.

"You there, young un?" said the Browning Man. "You'd best go back to the Desert Island and study Browning, — I've sent over a set — so you'll know what not to write next time."

The Plagiarist looked at him sulk-

ily out of his very blue eyes, and the three sauntered up to the rose-trellised balcony.

The tea drinkers received them amiably. There was the Youthful Sister, who thought she would write poetry some day; and there was the Long Suffering Mother, who thought that she would n't; and there was the Girl Philistine, who hated poetry; and there was the Usual Brother, who agreed with the Girl Philistine, whom he considered the most perfectly beautiful and miraculously sensible girl in the whole world.

The Youthful Sister brought a Nile green lily cup to the Plagiarist, who mounted on the iron railing, and received it absently. His eyes almost matched it. He wished the Browning Man were not so good-looking, or else that he looked a little more as if he knew it. His good looks and his unconsciousness of his good looks often wrecked the Unconscious Plagiarist's peace of mind for a whole fifteen minutes. There he was now balancing his transparent yellow cup and saucer on the tips of his brown fingers, and making the Imaginative Girl look distinctly entertained as she trifled with her yellow saucer and cup. His hazel eyes drank the sunlight as might some faun's. His head had the antique surety, the few finely decisive lines, of good sculpture, as he turned to offer the Girl some grapes. The Plagiarist was good-looking himself, but it is not every man who possesses a head one could put in marble above the folds of a toga. Such heads belong by right to standard men of some kind. As a private individual the Browning Man had clearly no right to a head like that.

"Well, good-by," said the Plagiarist.

But the Imaginative Girl did not hear. Only as he turned the corner of the walk she glanced up and beheld the vanishing smoke of his cigarette.

"What an odd boy!" she confided to the Browning Man. "Suppose you bring him back."

He shook his head thoughtfully, and the Unconscious Plagiarist wended his way to the Desert Island which divided the river Lethe at that place. It was near shore, and a few strokes landed him within sight of his hut. He moored the boat and strode moodily up the footpath. As he lifted the hammock hung across it he saw that there was no room for him inside the hut because of the set of Browning, which occupied the small amount of available space. He dropped the hammock and lay down in it. He hated the Browning Man. About midnight he was aroused by the splash of oars. Then he saw a dark outline on the sky, and the Browning Man flung himself down near the hammock.

"I wish you'd go away," muttered the Plagiarist. "I'd like to know how this can be a Desert Island if every one crowds here."

The Browning Man lit a pipe, and looked disapprovingly at the other's cigarette.

"Did you get Browning?" he asked.

"He's in there," answered the Plagiarist angrily. "Please take him back. The hut is small and I'd like to go to bed."

"Turn him out of doors," said the Browning Man absently. "The boat is small too." He was silent a little, then, getting up, stretched his arms above his head.

"I wish I could sleep," he added in a changed tone. "I have n't closed my real eyes for a week. May you never know what that means. Go in to bed and let me stay out here to-night."

The Plagiarist, after acting on the letter of the irreverent suggestion regarding Browning, went to bed and to sleep. The Browning Man could not sleep. Therefore he thought, and thought without sleep has been known to set men crazy. To-night he thought of everything, — of the Unconscious Plagiarist, and the Imaginative Girl, and his own damnation as a poet and success as a Browning magazine man, and of how

much it was n't worth. The moon came up incredibly white. The molten light spilled like quicksilver down the river, and over the island, and ran along the Browning Man's profile turned against his coat-sleeve, until it looked like the profile on a Roman coin. The dancing light worried him. He wanted to be where it was all dark. He flung his arm across his face, but a sliver of light penetrated like an elfin dagger to his eyes. He shut them, but that served no better. Faces, some but an intense expression, some mere faint outline, swam and faded and changed on an iridescent background of shifting color that sickened him with its wavelike motion. The moonlight was better. He took his arm away and opened his eyes on a dark space of river. Then he began to think of the Imaginative Girl again.

"I wish I had n't come," he said to himself. Then he broke off.

"No, I don't," he continued almost audibly. "It's sweet, and it's brief. Why not?"

When the Plagiarist arose next morning he discovered the Browning Man sitting on the step reading *Sordello*.

"Look here!" he said.

"I shan't," said the Unconscious Plagiarist suspiciously.

"You'd better," said the Browning Man. "It's your last poem — in print too."

The Plagiarist brushed his hair viciously, but melancholy possessed him as he followed the Browning Man to the boat.

"I can't see why you take the standard *English* poets to steal from," observed the Browning Man. "There are plenty of foreign poets who might make you a standard English poet if you assimilated them judiciously. There are the Russian or Persian or Japanese, — and no one would ever know."

The Unconscious Plagiarist swore miserably, and the Browning Man subsided. They tied their boat to a fig tree on shore and went up to the Inn for

breakfast. The Unconscious Plagiarist generally took his meals at the Inn, for while, as is usual in such cases, every luxury of life was indigenous to the Desert Island, he was too busy appropriating standard poetry to be his own peripatetic chef. Later they climbed the Castle path, and there was the Girl Philistine not harmonizing at all with the griffin-backed stone seat and the dragon-mouthed fountain. They tarried on other griffin-backed benches and talked to her, for they desired to be polite, and they knew the Usual Brother would come as soon as he saw them.

"A beautiful morning," said the Browning Man, looking up to a certain vine swung balcony.

"So sunny," commented the Plagiarist, looking up to it also, and waving a greeting to the Imaginative Girl, who stood there in a white morning gown that had come out of a picture in the Castle. He could see the gold glint of her eyelashes as she leaned over the rail and flung two pink roses on the velvet green turf below. Then she disappeared in the peaked window frame, and the Plagiarist ran to get the roses.

When he came back, triumphant, the Browning Man reached over and took one as his right. The Girl Philistine laughed wickedly, and the Plagiarist frowned.

"One was mine," said the Browning Man, with conviction. He put it in his buttonhole.

"Take the other," suggested the Plagiarist, with simple irony.

The Browning Man smiled, and the Plagiarist flung it in the fountain, and marched up to the Castle, where he presently came upon the Girl feeding peacocks in the southern courtyard. She held a dark blue china bowl filled with yellow grains, which she sprinkled slowly on the stone floor.

"See here," he said; "who were those roses for?"

She opened her eyes at him. Then she returned to the peacocks.

"For whoever wanted roses," said the Imaginative Girl.

"Oh," said the Plagiarist. Some way this bit of information staggered him.

"I'd think you would have some sense of the fitness of things," he remarked at last. "You might as well put a pink rose in the buttonhole of a stone Nero."

"How could I?" objected the Girl in some perplexity.

Just then the Browning Man sauntered toward them, and all was plain. Of a sudden there were three pink roses in the old gray inclosure. Two were in the Imaginative Girl's cheeks.

"I came to say that I'll be up to row you out at five," said the Browning Man; "I've an article about Mr. Sludge to write this morning."

"Even here?" cried the Girl, with heartfelt sympathy.

"Even here," echoed the Browning Man drearily.

He suddenly cast an envious glance at the Plagiarist, whose candid face had become delightfully good-tempered. He was young, and a fool, therefore; but he had gold coins to fling, and he might dream his dreams in peace.

As he went, the remark about Nero did not seem so irrelevant to the Girl. An intangible chill frosted the sunlight, and she was glad when they came into the tower above, where the rose-colored lights from the high casements streamed like sunrise on the white rugs and divans. Here was the Girl's den, and here her desk where she leaned her white arm and wrote; here, too, the spindle-legged table where an ivory yellow skull grinned beneath a dim gold fragment of tapestry; here, too, the manuscript book of her poems, jewel clasped like a book of saints, and locked religiously against all chance of profanation by Pagan eyes. She kept the key in a jar of rose leaves near by.

"Now," she said, "I've just shown you poems at random, but in here are

my best — the ones to be published some day. You can take the book to the Island with you, if you wish to."

He hastened to assure her that he did; so she gravely unlocked it, and replaced the key in the rose jar. Then she sat down and read him her last poem. The Plagiarist leaned his chin on his hand, and looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"That is *good*," he said finally. "You say things so impressively."

"Let's get some new adjectives," remarked the Girl after an interval of reflective silence. "It's so monotonous to say the same things every day about each other's poetry."

"I've just thought up a ballade," observed the Plagiarist, somewhat pointedly ignoring the Girl's suggestion. "Two lovers ride out together for the last time. He snatches that one favor from Fate. He exults. I have not selected the refrain yet; but do you like the idea?"

"Very much," admitted the Girl, regarding him with profound pity; "so did" — She paused expressively. "You *must* read Browning," she said persuasively. "What else is left?"

"Suppose I do read him," said the Plagiarist dejectedly. "You don't expect any one except the Browning Man to remember what's in him, do you?"

"No," said the Girl, "I only thought maybe you might remember what was n't in him."

"No," decided the Plagiarist, "I can't go back on my principles. If a man gets to going back on his principles he never knows where he will end up. I've always held that a standard poet should be intellectually isolated, even to the point of living on a Desert Island whenever practicable. If he can't be original then, I'd like to know how he can be original when he deliberately fills his head with other people's stuff?"

"I wonder who it will be next?" said the Girl. Her curiosity was pardonable.

II.

The Imaginative Girl and the Browning Man floated out on the river Lethe, whose dark, clear crystal flowed with mesmeric motion from under their boat. Her beautiful eyes were vague with dreams. Her head was uncovered above her softly falling white garments. Her reflection appeared as a pallid flower sucked to the under eddies of the stream. She was adorable, and she was a real poet, and he was only a poor devil with an inconvenient sense of honor; so he leaned back and talked platitudes out of the knowledge that had come to him since he had been a damned poet.

"Nothing is worth while," said the Browning Man, "except the life sacrificed for an idea, and, on rare occasions, the idea."

Usually the Girl could murmur epigrams as fast as the Browning Man, but to-day her lips were like a shut flower.

"The eternal verities," said the Browning Man, "are only eternal fallacies. When I was young I was happy, for I believed in them. Now, — truth — pity — love — ah, *love*," he repeated with slow self-scorn.

Then suddenly she looked at him.

"I am young still," she whispered, while her soul beat its butterfly wings against the woven net of his words.

"I am ashamed," he said, getting hot and white.

He was ashamed. He had said it all before. He had even said it all to her, perhaps. He did not remember. Or perhaps she had said it all to him. Certainly she and the Plagiarist had spent the summer in saying it all to each other. Why should it be so much, then? Why should she look at him with baffled, struggling eyes, as if, because he had said it, it could mean more than any other set of idle phrases said for the saying? They drifted on in silence toward the shadow drugged East, and, when they turned, rowed straight back

into the heart of an amber sunset. Then the river turned black as infinite space and duplicated a million stars. And then the voices from the Castle sounded and they went up the dark, sweet terraces with the silence unbroken save by words that had no power to break it.

The Browning Man stayed down at the Inn after that, and let the Plagiarist go his ways in peace. These led to the presence of the Imaginative Girl, and concluded there forever thought the Plagiarist the day she said that maybe she would n't mind marrying him some time. They were in the courtyard, and he would have kissed her, but she would not.

"I don't think girls ought to let people kiss them," she said firmly.

"I'm not people," objected the Plagiarist, with some justice.

"Well, *any one*," said the Girl decisively. "It's one of my principles."

The Plagiarist had nothing more to say when she said that, because he could n't consistently object to people standing by their principles. But he secretly thought she might have made an exception in his favor, and his demeanor intimated as much.

"No," she said; "I like you ever so much, and I think I'd like to have you around to understand what I mean; but you need n't expect to hold my hand, and get sentimental, and as for kissing, I *hate* it — except in poetry. It's a very good poetic property."

"Very well," assented the Plagiarist, who was, in certain exigencies, a philosopher; "whatever *you* say. Come on in the den. I want to show you something."

Once there, he produced a blue thing which he declared to be a check. "I don't ask you to believe it," he said, "but I've sold a poem!"

The Girl dropped down at her desk and looked at him incredulously.

"Yes," he said, "and not even the Browning Man could find it in Browning. My theory is coming right. I knew it would."

The Girl was almost excited. "Of course *poetry* can't be *paid* for," she said, "and the most the Al-Raschid of editors can do is to remotely suggest an ideal value; but this is a very good suggestion. Say the poem to me."

But the Plagiarist did n't know it well enough for effective recitation, so she recited one of hers instead, which came to the same thing. Then they walked along the terraces, and she gave him all the white roses he wanted. But she gathered no pink roses for him.

"Your eyes are too blue," she explained. "It makes too much color."

In the days that followed, the Browning Man held undisputed sway over the Island, while the Plagiarist haunted the Castle like an heirloom Ghost.

One day he mailed to the Strange Country a packet of manuscript. He intended a great surprise for the Girl. This was nothing less than a volume of his very last, but of course very best poems, to be brought out by a famous publishing house in an artistic gray book dedicated to her. She had never seen these poems, for it was to be a complete birthday surprise, but the Browning Man had, and he had pronounced them original, inasmuch as they were not in any English-tongued poet, and they were undeniably good, even enviably good, said the Browning Man, and wondered where they came from.

It was Fate that a day or two before the gray book came to hand the Plagiarist should have been summoned to Arcady to see his youngest sister get married.

"It will take a week away," said he wretchedly to the Browning Man. "Will *you* take the book up to her, and talk it over?"

Therefore while he was being whirled to Arcady next morning, the Browning Man sent a note to the Girl, saying that he would be up that evening. It seemed a needless formality, but was in accord with his enigmatic behavior of some weeks past.

She waited for him in her alcove, whose wide arch framed her as he turned the hall curve. He stood looking a moment as if at some exquisite *genre* painting. Then his pulses began to beat. But he entered quietly enough, and gave her a small package which he said the Plagiarist had sent her through him so as to be in time for her beautiful birthday. She opened it eagerly. It was the book of poems. A charming glow of pleasure lit her face as she discovered the dedication. Then she whirled over the illustrations, and then she bestowed her attention on the Browning Man.

"My cousin asked me to bring the poems," he explained, smiling since she expected him to, "because he had to be away, and to tell you how really good they are, being too modest to do it himself."

"What nonsense!" observed the Girl with delightful candor; "he just thought you knew more adjectives than he did. But go on and tell me."

"They are curantistic," said the Browning Man. "They are also stimulative, and — and I think you will find them informed with delitescent truth."

"Is that all?"

"No, but I'll tell you the rest when you read the book."

"Suppose you read it to me," she suggested, remembering how he had once read Dobson aloud one rainy morning of the risen past. Also perhaps she meant to punish him for intangible sins of the soul. It was not given either of them to know. He winced; but had she asked him to forego the one thing that rendered existence endurable, his intention of putting an end to it, he would no doubt have complied with her request. As the pages turned, he forgot the poet and the poems in bitter thought, but he read on mechanically, without lifting his eyes. When he closed the volume and turned to the Girl, he was startled into a low exclamation. She had hidden her face against the back of the divan and was evidently in tears.

"Dearest!" he cried without knowing that he did so.

"He — he has plagiarized my unpublished poems," sobbed the Imaginative Girl.

III.

As the Browning Man returned to the Inn he could not but acknowledge that things looked black for the Plagiarist. He had had the manuscript for weeks, and every poem in the gray book could be collated with poems in the manuscript book. Clearly he could not be an Unconscious Plagiarist, yet how could he have sent her the book if he were a Conscious Plagiarist? He had reached no conclusion when the culprit put in an exultant appearance. No one could have looked less criminal. For the first time surety of success had made a man of him.

"No," decided the Browning Man. "The Unconscious Plagiarist was still an Unconscious Plagiarist." How he did it he did not know; but he had done it, and how was he to tell him?

"Look here!" he began in a faint-hearted way.

"Hurry up," said the Plagiarist, with a hand on the latch.

"With all the poets in the world to plagiarize from," cried the poor Browning Man, "why must you take her?"

Presently the Plagiarist fulfilled his intention of opening the door.

"I'd as well have it over," he said in an expectant voice. "You come too."

They found her in the den. She looked at the Plagiarist with the severity of youth and a righteous cause, and there was no hope in him as he met that look.

"You can't think I deliberately stole your poems?" he asked defiantly.

"You read them in manuscript before you wrote yours," said the Girl pitilessly. "I know, because yours are all dated."

The Plagiarist opened his lips, and the Browning Man waited with fascinated attention for the elucidation of the mystery.

"No, I did not read them," said the Unconscious Plagiarist.

"Why?" cried the Girl and the Browning Man in one breath.

"My dear Girl, how *could* I?" inquired the Plagiarist with the quietude of desperation.

It was unkind under the circumstances, but the Browning Man sat down on the nearest divan and laughed. The Girl did not laugh. The offense was bad enough, but the extenuation was so appallingly worse than the offense that she could only stand and dispose of the Unconscious Plagiarist forever with a single look.

One was enough for the Plagiarist. He held his head high as he went out, but there was really nothing whatever left of him.

Then she turned to the Browning Man and looked at him, and he stopped laughing instantly, and followed the Plagiarist, whom he overtook at the water's edge, and together they sadly secluded themselves on the Desert Island.

After a week spent chiefly in expressive silence, one morning the Plagiarist rose from his hammock and made a speech replete with practical philosophy.

"After all," he said, "I might as well have been engaged to a poem!"

Next day he set sail for the Strange Country, and, out of that remote region, there came in the fullness of time a letter to the Browning Man.

"I have bought up those confounded books," said the letter, "and you can tell her so. Though unable to decipher hieroglyphics I have some self-respect left. You can tell her this also. And you will be glad to hear that I have an entirely new set of principles. I have bought all the standard poets, and I have invested in a magazine which will not reject my poems, so you see my success is assured."

The Browning Man read over this abrupt epistle, after which he lit his pipe with it, and went for a stroll under the ilexes. Halfway to the Castle he met the Girl Philistine, for a wonder alone. She accounted for it by saying that the Usual Brother had gone to the Castle for her golf clubs. The Browning Man shuddered, but he rested his arm against a tree, and conversed with her politely. There was presently a pause which the Girl Philistine broke.

"If I were a man," she said, "I would n't be an idiot."

"You could n't help it," returned the Browning Man, with impersonal conviction.

But the Girl would n't be impersonal.

"Could n't I?" she cried.

"I don't know what you mean," said the Browning Man, who sometimes lied.

"I don't know what she sees in you myself," mused the Girl candidly; "you won't dance, and you don't hunt, and you look like a Roman out of an Ancient History; and, as if it were not enough to have Browning, you spend your life writing stuff about Browning."

"And I don't make what will buy me tobacco and stamps by doing it," recklessly supplemented the Browning Man, "and I am under the influence of opium this very moment."

"I don't doubt it," said the Girl. "You look as if you were under the influence of almost anything. Still I suppose you're not quite a De Quincey yet. Is that all?"

"No; I am an unworthy wretch," said the Browning Man from his heart.

"Oh, well," said the Girl airily, "what difference does that make? You are in love with each other, and she is a poet."

At this juncture the Usual Brother came flying down the terraces and took frank possession of the Girl Philistine. When he had carried her off, the Browning Man flung himself down in the ilex shadows, with hidden face. Sometimes he also thought the Girl Philistine miraculously sensible, and then again he did n't know. Though he lay so still, he could not have been more cruelly torn two ways had he been tied between wild horses. It was dusk before he arose and went down to the river. At first he rowed to get away from his thoughts; but the glory of creating a precedent was denied him, so he swung his boat around, and went drifting back in their company. At intervals he looked down at the darkly flowing river and mused idly of the one plank dividing him from forgetfulness.

It was dark when he landed beneath the Castle and began to climb the terraces. He did not know why he did so until he caught a glimpse of white through the rose trees. In a moment he was standing by the Imaginative Girl, looking down at her face in the wavering light of a young moon. There were pink roses on her breast, and the odors of them drugged his doubting to rest. With one sure movement he drew her nearer.

"Which is better — to starve a woman's lips, or her soul?" he said, trembling. "Tell me, you who know all things."

He spoke somewhat figuratively, but the Imaginative Girl understood. Her head drooped toward him, and when he bent his own and kissed her on the eyes and the lips she did not say a word. She had forgotten all about her principles.

Fanny Kemble Johnson.

A LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

To those of us who have read the international gossip of the last few months in regard to the Monroe Doctrine and its bearing upon real or supposed South American encroachments, notably the German supremacy in southern Brazil, a reasonably clear conclusion is possible as to the relations between Europe and the United States in apposition with the South American republics. But to the same readers it would prove strangely difficult to define our direct relations with South America in general or with any particular state.

There is a widespread idea among us that South America is composed of a conglomeration of republics perpetually in revolution; and that, virtually, is the extent of information on the subject possessed by many who deem themselves proportionately informed on prevailing conditions in the world. The United States of Brazil comprise a territory more or less equal to that of our forty-five states, and have an estimated population of 18,000,000; but how many of our college students can tell, offhand, what is the language of this vast republic?

Such ignorance is, in itself, to be deplored, but when we consider its practical prejudice to our commercial expansion, it is to be doubly censured. We read the latest news of successful American invasion of European markets with avidity, and feel elated with the storming of some commercial fortress, but do we realize that the pioneers in the opening of the tremendous territory to the south are not Americans? We seem to forget that our fabulous fortunes had their birth in the exploration of natural resources and the conditions dependent upon the opening of a rich country, and not in gambling on a fluctuating exchange or in the forcing of a market. To dig mines, strike oil, build railways,

and raise wheat and cattle have been the mighty girders in America's unique fortune building; and it is to be regretted that Brazil's great field for parallel enterprise is either going begging, or to German, French, and English capitalists. One might judge that the lack of interest among us in regard to this giant among countries is a proof of its lack of advantages to American enterprise, but I would rather say that this ignorance is the key to our otherwise inexplicable indifference.

In giving this short sketch of the present political, economic, and social status of Brazil, the largest of the Latin republics, I hope to let fall the first drop on the rock of indifference, and, by showing the readers of the Atlantic the problems and hopes of intelligent men of Brazil, to give them a basis upon which to found a just estimate of that country and its probable future, its place in the world, and its vital importance in our scheme of commercial expansion.

It is an injustice to place Brazil in the same category with the see-sawing governments of those South American republics which have never lawfully elected two successive chief executives. Since the transformation from empire to republic in 1889, the government has successfully put down rebellion on a large scale, and has held its own both at home and abroad, in the latter field by arbitration. This does not mean that the government has been a strong one, but merely that the conservative element has held down the balance.

If one seeks the reason that the ship of state has sailed so untroubled a course, it can be traced to the indolence, indifference, or ignorance of the mass of voters. The federal political body is divided into two parts — the Government and the Opposition. The former comprises all who are office holders; the

latter, all who are not. If a man is put out of office he joins the opposition, and *vice versa*. Each withdrawing executive proposes and practically elects the government candidate to follow him, and the reform platforms which they invariably advance to gain the popular favor give the government a Tammany aspect.

This condition of affairs is unaccountable to any one who has in mind an American presidential election carried on before the eyes of an enthusiastic and excited people. Here the people take small, if any, part in the election which is consequently made to order by local political bosses. In a city numbering 200,000 inhabitants, during the late presidential election, I made it a point to ask each gentleman with whom I had occasion to speak whether he had voted. Not one answered in the affirmative, all giving as an excuse that the election was "made with a pen-point." To the onlooker it was especially evident that the people do not vote, but regard the whole matter with an apathy hard to understand in a republic. However, this phase of Brazilian politics has not been unnoticed by prominent men, and at the close of Mr. Campos Salles' term as chief executive it is pleasant to note that the electoral reform bill for which he asked in his inauguration message is now before the Senate in a perfected form and is about to become a law. This bill subjects the vote neglecter to a fine, and insures, to a great degree, the detection of false balloting.

Whether this measure will reach the root of the trouble and force interest in presidential affairs remains to be seen, but it at least shows an honorable desire on the part of the government to do away with the farce of the present system, and it is to be hoped that at the end of the coming term the election will prove a contrast to that of this year in which the government candidate, Mr. Rodrigues Alves, of the state of S. Paulo, was elected as soon as nominated.

In his recent message, consequent upon the election of the new candidate, Mr. Campos Salles reviewed his administration of the last four years, and compared the present state of the country with its condition at the time of his inaugural address in which he had declared the deplorable condition of the country's finances, the problem against which he would direct all his energies. In his comparison Mr. Campos Salles showed that he has tried to better conditions in general in spite of the all-absorbing nature of the financial problem, and that the latter, though far from solved, is on the high road to solution if the policy of the present government is carried to its appointed end. He called the country's attention to the new fortifications of the harbors of Rio and Santos, which place the former among the most strongly defended of the world's ports, and to the project now before the Senate for so fortifying the port of Obidos as to make its guns an invulnerable barrier to the passage of unfriendly vessels into the Amazon. This latter measure is one of unusual interest at the present moment, when Brazil, in closing the great river to Bolivian traffic, is showing that she does not consider the regulation of 1867 binding, which opened the Amazon to international merchant marine, when Brazilian interests are involved.

Mr. Campos Salles' attention, while turned toward the necessity of strengthening Brazil's principal ports, was not blind to the needs of the army and instituted several reforms. Probably the most remarkable is the utilizing of the army's engineers and soldiers in building the government strategic railway in the state of Paraná and in establishing three new telegraph lines. Both railway and telegraph lines are being instituted with the object of facilitating communication with the frontier. It should also be mentioned that the government has made an arrangement with one of the national coast steamship lines to carry on each of its boats two lieu-

tenants of the Brazilian navy. These lieutenants are forced to keep a minute diary and report fully on their observations of the coast.

The financial question, however, was the paramount topic of the message, and the President summed up the government's policy and its results in such a way as to throw the brightest light possible upon a still discouraging monetary situation. Mr. Campos Salles commenced his term of office just after the celebration of the contract of July 15, 1898, between Brazil and the Rothschilds, who, for a long time, have been the country's creditors, which gave origin to the present funding loan of ten million pounds sterling.

This contract is of especial interest because one of its clauses has determined the government monetary policy throughout the last four years. At the time of the contract Brazilian paper was at a depreciation of 73.37 per cent, and the inconvertible paper in circulation, calculated at par, amounted to \$430,447,079.52. Back of this there was absolutely no gold, and naturally the capitalists sought some means of insuring the government's ability to meet gold obligations. Under the old régime, when the government had to meet a gold payment it went into the market, already rarefied by the merchants having to meet drafts with gold, and bought against the trade. The fallacy of such a policy was the first thing that drew the attention of the creditors, who, in combination with the representatives of the government, decided to insert in the contract a clause to the following effect. The government should be allowed to defer interest payments on the ten million pounds sterling loan for a term of three years from date, so lessening the drain on gold to the profit of commerce. On the other hand, the creditors, still applying the economic axiom of supply and demand, required of the government the redemption of an equal amount of the inconvertible paper in circulation. This

course was counted upon to force up the value of paper, and so put the government in a position to meet the accumulated interests at the end of the three years' grace. At the same time it was recognized that this measure would bring but temporary relief, while the *desideratum* of both government and creditors was to place the country's monetary system on a metal basis, and, by renewing specie payment, do away with the parasitical abuses which have well-nigh absorbed legitimate commerce.

The idea of redeeming paper in sufficient amount to renew specie payments and of founding a gold reserve fund had figured in the programmes of the two preceding governments, but the means in their power were completely inadequate and their efforts without result. The ten million pounds loan put in the hands of the government the means of at least making great advances toward this financial goal, and by reason of this contract the government has, at the present writing, redeemed over one seventh of the whole amount of paper in circulation at the time of the signing of the agreement, and has actually deposited in London a million and a half sterling as a guarantee fund. This latter accomplishment was the result of drastic measures which brought down upon the government the indignation of importers and taxpayers and a great hue and cry from the opposition.

Some of the means used to raise the funds were bitterly attacked, notably the requisition of a percentage of custom dues to be paid in gold. This percentage at first was ten, then fifteen, and now has reached twenty-five. Some critics say of this measure that it is an increasing burden which will kill commerce. However, it takes but little thought to appreciate the fact that the twenty-five per cent of to-day is really no more than the ten original, as the increase has been in just proportion to the steady appreciation of the nation's pa-

per. As has already been mentioned, paper four years ago was at a depreciation of 73.37 per cent, but owing to the very policy against which the merchants have been complaining, paper now is at a depreciation of only 55.55 per cent. Consequently the merchant who pays twenty-five per cent, in gold, of his regular duty charges, as opposed to the original ten, is paying his debts abroad with four fifths of the money he would have needed after the greater depreciation.

Another thing that caused a great deal of unreasonable criticism was the policy adopted in regard to railways, to which had been granted a government guarantee of seven per cent on capital invested. In 1852, with a view to encouraging foreign capital and to opening up the country, the government offered to guarantee earnings of seven per cent, for ninety years, on capital invested in railways, thinking that they would soon prove self-supporting. However, from among seven or eight which took advantage of this offer, only one has renounced the guarantee. To the others the government has been forced to pay, year after year, part and often the whole of the seven per cent interest guaranteed, and in so doing has sunk a sum far out of proportion to the benefit the roads have been to the country.

The present administration saw the necessity of stopping this flow of the country's money into a pit with no visible bottom; for even at the end of their respective interest-drawing terms, the railways would not revert to the government. The interest to be paid under the conditions existing would, in the end, have amounted to over fifteen million pounds sterling, and the state, after this enormous expenditure, would have been left with nothing to show for its money. So, with the authorization of Congress, the government started to buy in all railways holding guarantees. It was a great undertaking, and the gentleman chosen as the nation's agent was Mr. José Carlos Rodrigues, editor of the

largest daily in South America, and, by his knowledge of English and wide connections, eminently adapted for the work.

At the cost of increasing the national debt two million pounds the government now finds itself in possession of 1970 kilometers of railroad and the accompanying rolling stock. It is estimated that half the bonds issued to make the purchase will be redeemed in ten years' time with the proceeds of the amortization fund established, and that the other half will soon after be redeemed through the earnings of the roads, several of which have already been leased. That the investment may prove a white elephant on the hands of the government is quite possible, but it is undeniable that the load thrown off was incomparably larger.

Two important institutions established by the present administration have already justified the labor they incurred, and have proved a boon to those who would study the economic conditions of the country. I refer to the adoption of consular invoices, such as have been in use in the United States for some years, and to the establishment of a statistical department. This department, organized but a few months ago, has already published voluminous data of the commercial movement of the country, and has put within the reach of all who are interested a means of ascertaining the exact standing of the country among the markets of the world.

Economic conditions are, more or less, at a standstill. Business is suffering under the burden of extreme taxation and fluctuating money values. Failures among banks have been most general, with the exception of the foreign anomalies, which under the name of bank have gambled on exchange, and being, as it were, the pulse of the monetary system, far from failing, have declared for the past fiscal year dividends of fourteen and twenty per cent! These conditions, linked with the financial crisis

through which the government is passing, have seriously interrupted the flow of immigration and the progress of industries. A general lack of confidence in the banks prevents free circulation of money, and foreign capital is shy of placing itself under so heavy a tax system.

However, one important transference is being negotiated by German capital at the date of writing. It is almost certain that one of the largest and most privileged of the coastwise national steamship lines will shortly change hands, and, under German management, will be reorganized and improved. Only national steamers and vessels can enter the coastwise trade, and all must be commanded by Brazilian captains. The first of these clauses is of great advantage to the coming proprietors, and the second clause will present no difficulty, even if the company desires all German captains, as naturalization in Brazil is a most simple and abbreviated process.

A Scotch engineer of the port, who has been in the employ of this steamship line for many years, has estimated that if the Germans take the line at the figure quoted by the present owners, and put it under German management, it will pay for itself in seven years. And there is no doubt that the investment would bring high dividends to stockholders, and the reorganized line give a service incomparably more satisfactory to its patrons. At first sight it seems that the change would bring about un-mixed blessing, yet in reality it is apt to prove but a mesh in a net of circumstances destined at some future time to involve Brazilian policy.

Before justifying this suspicion it may be well to give a brief résumé of external relations and a general idea of the atmosphere which is influencing public opinion, and which has given rise to surprising suspicions in regard to the United States. Brazil has an enormous territory to protect, and she is very much alive to its protection; not through war-like demonstrations, — for her army and

navy could not sustain such a course, — but through judicious arbitration. By this means the encroachments of the Argentine Republic on the south, and of French Guiana on the north, have been brilliantly repelled. The litigation over the boundary between British Guiana is fast coming to an end in the arbitration court over which the King of Italy is now presiding.

These encroachments have so far proved undisguised attempts to grab land, and Brazil, jealous of her boundaries, and conscious of the weakness of her navy and army as compared with those of Europe, has come to look on all comers with distrust. A few years ago the United States would have been made the exception, but since the war with Spain, Brazilians have been saying that the Anglo-Saxon blood has broken out in the trait for land-grabbing which has made England the most unpopular country in the world, and that the Philippines; Porto Rico, and Cuba, the last left on the limb to ripen, are the first fruits to be gathered by the new policy. The "humane war" aspect, which so aroused enthusiasm in our own country, has been regarded here with more than skepticism. Texas and its history are fresher in the minds of Brazilians than in those of many Americans.

At the founding of the republic, the Constitution and form of government of the United States offered a model which was religiously followed; but lately it has been very evident that there is a growing aversion on the part of many intelligent men toward American institutions and methods. This may be merely the natural reaction, — the return of the pendulum, — or it may have sprung from a feeling, among those that have the nation's welfare most at heart, that the country must learn now that it should not look for, nor depend upon, external help in the working out of its destiny. The Monroe Doctrine meets commonly with this interpretation, "America for the Americans (of the

North),” a phrase which dates only from the year of the war with Spain, and many other indications go to show that, however altruistic that struggle may have appeared to our eyes, it presented no such phase to the Latin mind. The press has fostered this tendency to dislike to a considerable extent. To a prominent editor of mixed blood is attributed this phrase, “I am enough of a negro to hate the United States.”

Out of this general atmosphere sprang what has come to be known as the “Acre Question.” A definition of Acre may be of help to many readers in properly understanding the situation. Acre is a region between Brazil and Bolivia which has been in litigation during the political life of the two countries. The final demarcation depends on the location of the true source of the river Javary, which has been placed by three expeditions in three different latitudes. A protocol of 1895 adopted the decision reached by the joint expedition of 1874, and although Congress had not made the protocol law, the question was considered as settled definitely. But three years ago the present administration was convinced by the report of Mr. Cunha Gomes that by this settlement Brazil lost 735 square miles of her territory, and on October 30, 1899, the protocol of 1895 was annulled, and the Cunha Gomes line provisionally accepted.

The whole of the disputed territory is settled by Brazilians, and when, about eighteen months ago, the “Republic of Acre” suddenly announced itself, the Bolivian government called on Brazil for help in restraining the secession. Brazil failed to see that it was any of her affair, and left Bolivia to handle the situation, which she did with considerable difficulty and expense, and, perhaps, to the chagrin of those Brazilian statesmen who would have looked upon the successful revolt of Acre, and consequent annexation to Brazil, as the solution *par excellence* of the whole problem.

It was at this juncture that the Amer-

ican Syndicate pushed in and further agitated the troubled international relations. For Bolivia there was only one point of view from which to regard the offer of the Syndicate to lease for sixty years a vast area that would include the troublesome district of Acre. No land-poor proprietor could jump more eagerly at an offer. The terms, briefly stated, were as follows:—

The Company to receive from Bolivia rights of possession, administration, sale and purchase, colonization, plantation, establishing of industrial and agricultural enterprises, exploiting gum (rubber), and minerals, and any other branch of industry that may promise advantages in the future. The Company to raise a capital of five hundred thousand pounds, of which Bolivia will subscribe one hundred thousand. Bolivia to grant the Company right to buy part or all of the territory of Acre in lots or mass, during five years, with the exception of lands lawfully occupied by foreigners whose rights must be continued and respected. Lands to be sold at ten centavos per hectare. The Company to have rights of peaceful navigation on all rivers and navigable waters in the territory of Acre, — not, however, to the exclusion of foreign vessels already trading in the region, — and of granting concessions for navigation. In case the Company takes upon itself the development of the rubber and mining industries, to pay the Bolivian government the duties established by law and a certain percentage of net receipts, — sixty per cent. The Company to have the right to construct, use, exploit, build, and open highways, railways, telegraphs, and gasometers; to rent to private persons and levy lawful taxes, the government merely acting with the Company in determining freight and passenger tariffs, etc. Bolivia to cede to the Company its rights of levying taxes and the power necessary to this end, also all fiscal properties destined for government functions. The Com-

pany to have the character of a fiscal administration with full liberty to act. No monopolies to be established. All disputes to be settled by arbitration. One month after the approbation of this contract by the Bolivian Congress, the Company was to deposit with the Bolivian minister in London the sum of five thousand pounds, as guarantee of good faith.

In the memorandum attached to the body of the contract are found the following interesting notes: The Company to maintain all necessary public institutions at its own expense, to provide its own fiscalization for taxing purposes, and to provide and maintain a suitable police force, schools, hospitals, and barracks. Within a year to make surveys for railroads and canals connecting surrounding districts with that of Acre. The expenses incurred in the maintenance of a Bolivian inspector, judges, etc., and in transactions with the Brazilian Border Commission, and, if thought necessary by the government, in maintaining an armed force for the conservation of river rights and general order, or for any other purpose, to be charged against the sixty per cent of the net proceeds due the Bolivian government.

As soon as this contract was issued Brazil was invited to purchase stock to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds. But, from the first, the administration took an aggressive stand. The contract did not present any such aspect to the Brazilian as to the Bolivian government, and in his last message Mr. Campos Salles gives in a nutshell the Brazilian point of view as stated in a diplomatic note dated April 14, 1902, addressed to the Bolivian minister. The subject is presented purged of the exaggeration and jingoism with which the people and many congressional representatives have so diluted public opinion as to make Brazil's position ridiculous if rated at the popular estimation. The note in question reads as follows: "The

leasing of the territory of Acre, still an object of contention with another American nation, and dependent in all its relations upon Brazil, does not affect Bolivian economic interests alone.

"The Bolivian government, confiding to the Company the use of naval and military forces, attributes of real and effective sovereignty, in reality transfers a part of its sovereign rights, so that in cases of abuses the Brazilian government would come face to face with authorities which it cannot and will not recognize."

Close upon this note came the action of the Brazilian government rescinding the treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation entered upon with Bolivia in 1896, and the consequent suspension of traffic. It was at this stage of affairs that alarmists began to drag the United States government into the question; and the notion that Uncle Sam intends to use the Syndicate as a wedge has spread with surprising rapidity. At first it is difficult to see what interest in the matter can be attributed to the United States government, but it must be remembered that the weaker country is always suspicious of the stronger, that history shows more than one case of robbery in the name of "protecting citizens' interests," that in this special case a Roosevelt is a member of the Syndicate, and, last but not least, that Germany, with the United States' consent, is just now terrorizing, perhaps with justice, a South American republic. Also it is true that such concessions, even when contracted in perfect good faith, often lead to disputes that in turn lead to intervention and demonstration of force which neither contracting party could have foreseen.

These facts, set rolling only a few months ago by two or three Rio papers, have steadily gained impetus and much superfluous matter in the way of rumors grotesque and possible, but hardly probable. So we have several telegrams from the Argentine Republic saying that

General Pando, President of Bolivia, after the irrevocable protest openly presented by Brazil, edited a proclamation to all Bolivians stating that the American government was back of the American Syndicate.

With such incentive excitement was already running high when the South Atlantic squadron, consisting of the first-class battleship Iowa and the cruiser Atlanta, came up the coast, after a seven months' stay in Montevideo, as had long been arranged by programme. The Atlanta put into Rio, but the Iowa, whose crew is less acclimated, passed Rio on account of the yellow fever epidemic, and went to Bahia, one of the most important and largest of Brazil's seaports. No sooner had the great ship appeared in the bay than the report began to spread that there was an American man-of-war in every port of Brazil.

The papers in Rio dedicated most of their cartoon space to President Roosevelt with his "tub of a battleship;" and one would have supposed from the street talk that transports were already in the Amazon loaded with American troops. Feeling rose so high that a few days before the departure of the Iowa fifteen or twenty young ladies of different families, who the night before had assured the officers who invited them that they would be present at an informal dance, not only stayed away, but failed to send any intimation of their change of mind. This, happening among a people who pride themselves on their courtesy, and very probably not the result of combination, shows better than any other incident that, however unfounded, there is so general a distrust of the United States that the people grasp eagerly at the chance to make mountains of mole-hills. In Pernambuco, also a principal seaport town, on the 8th of September, the students and townspeople held a meeting of protest against the alleged intervention of the United States, and expressed indignation at the telegrams from Bolivia to the effect that President

Pando had declared that the United States had compelled Brazil to accept the Acre contract after specified modifications.

But popular feeling should not be confounded with international relations, and these, always cordial between Brazil and the United States, have been especially so of late. The stay of the Iowa in Bahia was marked, not so much by the almost childish suspicions of the city at large, as by the conspicuous confidence which the federal government displayed in allowing the American man-of-war to run ten miles up the bay to the islands Frade and Maré, with leave to land any portion of the crew for target practice.

The popular aversion is, perhaps, as was said before, the inevitable reaction; and to show that there is no reasonable base for such feeling against the United States, it is enough to recall a few facts in reference to Germany in juxtaposition with the United States as relating to Brazilian affairs.

There are only two American colonies in Brazil whose members can be counted by hundreds, and, as a matter of note, in one of the largest seaports, containing 200,000 inhabitants and third in size of the cities of Brazil, the male members of the American colony amount by actual count to eleven, and almost half of these are naturalized Jews. Yet this city is one of the loudest in proclaiming the "American danger"! On the other hand, in the most progressive state of Brazil, the Germans are estimated at 160,000; and in two wealthy states farther south there can be found villages and towns where no language but German is current, and regions from which the very reports to the federal government are written and accepted in German. These regions have German schools and clergymen under the pay of the German Emperor.

The vast bulk of Brazil's territory has never come in contact with American capital or enterprise, and, with the

exception of the Amazon in the north and the coffee belt in the south, Brazil is practically an unexplored country to our commerce. Here again the Germans have made the advances, and have invaded every centre. Their inroads have culminated in the purchase of the coast steamship line, and all its branches, known as the Lloyd Brasileiro. It is curious, in view of these facts, that Americans should arouse such popular animosity, while the greatly disproportionate and clotted German settlements in the south are looked upon with apathy and indifference.

I am not endeavoring to establish a "German danger," nor do I infer that the Kaiser intends a seizure in southern Brazil, however much he may realize Germany's vital need of a great colony into which to pour and conserve the large surplus of vitality which, for years, has gone to enrich the blood of many alien peoples. But those who judge our young naval officers to be unreasonably hot-headed in suspecting Germany's motives do not realize the magnitude of the temptation, constantly growing, under the watchful eyes of a young and ambitious Emperor.

Few people reflect that the German who is coming to Brazil to-day is not the German that so solidified the amalgam of our own race foundations. The German of yesterday turned his back on his country with a sigh of relief, and his lack of patriotism was the factor which made him an ideal immigrant; but to-day's son of United Germany is beginning to realize his new responsibilities, and a pride in the Vaterland is awakening, which greatly lessens the emigrant's powers of assimilation.

But there are no dangers in Brazil's path that a wise government cannot avoid, no struggle whose final outcome is doubtful if honor can be remembered by other governments. As far as can be judged the present administration has been reasonably honest, and has made a laudable and sustained effort to

redeem the financial situation. Mention should be made here of Dr. Joaquim Murinho, to whose financial genius and energetic disregard of public opinion and the groans of taxpayers many justly attribute the results accomplished during Mr. Campos Salles' term. On September 2 of this year Dr. Murinho resigned from the post of Minister of Finance, which had brought him many enemies, but through which he gained a reputation for originality and perseverance that may carry him far. He may be neither a good nor a great man, but he knew how to estimate the extraordinary vitality of his country and the impossibility of bringing on general misery by taxation in a land where Nature yields both warmth and food with as generous a hand as in the Garden of Eden. His motto while Minister of Finance might well have been, "There is no straw that will break this camel's back," for he lived up to it. It is said that every time he saw a house illuminated for a ball he prepared to levy a new tax in the morning.

All social questions in Brazil at present are thrown into the shade by the all-pervading money crisis. Labor organizations are in their infancy, capital is conspicuous by its absence, and the negro problem has no place in a land as yet untouched by race prejudices. Woman suffrage is unbroached, and woman's position very conservative in its tendencies. It is true that women have, to a very limited extent, entered the professions in general, but aside from a few doctors, lawyers, and certified chemists, the women of the middle and higher classes have been ruled by custom and prevailing usage, and have drawn back from entering the ranks of the wage-earner. Brazil is a Roman Catholic country, whose men are fast following the lead of France in casting aside the church, but whose women still look upon the priest's word as law. This was shown very recently in the defeat of the bill for amending the law against abso-

lute divorce. Under the guidance of the priests, thousands of women all over Brazil organized a thorough and successful opposition based upon the moral aspects of the case.

The truth is that Brazil is not ready to cope with social problems. The monetary puzzle has for years absorbed the attention of thinking men, but hard times will pass, and when the country has thrown off the financial yoke, the cry from all sides must be, "Education"! Education for the boy, who will some day be at the helm, — not book wisdom and elocution, for these come to the Latin with his silver spoon, — but a true and practical sense of honor and justice, a realization of his responsibility to his fellow men, and theirs to him, a Spartan determination to act for the good of the whole, which will not allow him to shrug his shoulders when his fifth cousin, or his friend's fifth cousin, slips out rich from a bank failure that has impoverished widows and orphans, or promotes a great swindle against the government. Education for the girl, which will teach her to work out her own emancipation, and to realize that woman's destiny rests not so much in herself as in the men her sons become.

Higher education will do much toward untying many a knot that has been the despair of a generation, and it is to be hoped that North American enterprise will soon begin to push its way south, and that with increased commercial intercourse will come better understanding and a friendly intimacy between the lands that have given birth to the inventor of the steamship and the inventor of the airship, — the republics which hold the destiny of the Americas in their future.

The very conditions which proclaim Brazil's need of America are the argument for the advantageous invasion of Northern enterprise and capital. Fancy a territory as vast as that of our states, already with a population of 18,000,000, possessed of only 2000 miles of

railways! Transportation is the greatest problem of the day in this country, rich, not only in every variety of vegetable product, but also in its vast tracts of grazing lands, forests of precious woods, and innumerable deposits of minerals, all locked behind the barrier of distance.

Nature has blessed the country with the greatest river system in the world, and in the development of an adapted system of railways lies, not only the emancipation of Brazil, but the establishment of an enormous market. For the work of opening this country and its results, Americans and American mechanical manufactures are preëminently adapted. The same problem has been solved by them once, and the hard lessons of experience learned.

This point brings to mind American machinery in general, and it is sad to state that although the United States produces the most perfected apparatus for the manufacture of sugar, such American machines have scarcely invaded the large sugar centres of Brazil, and the rare specimens which are found scattered, here and there, through the sugar belt, in many cases were imported from Glasgow!

What is true of machinery can be applied, to a great extent, to our products in general. The market is ready and open to receive every description of American manufacture, but most of our firms are working along wrong lines and depending on letter-writing to place their goods. The German houses, which have had much longer experience in export trade, know that a call from a representative is worth fifty letters, and it is through travelers that our houses must open this market of Portuguese America, which, once acquainted with our goods, will be more worthy of our attention than any four Spanish American countries combined.

The cities of Brazil have hardly been invaded by electric street railways, and it is characteristic of our general policy

in regard to South American affairs that while a German company was building a first-class road on this continent, our contractors, in the face of fierce competition, signed for the construction of a line in one of the cities of England.

Finally, I do not mean to say that absolutely no American goods have entered Brazil, nor to seem to forget that the American Light and Power Company of S. Paulo has made a great

success, and that Manáos is an Americanized town, but I wish to make clear that, whatever the statistical tables of commercial intercourse may give as the figure of our exportation and importation with Brazil, this trade is but as a drop in the bucket compared with what the United States might draw from the development of this vast region, destined to become greater than any one market of Europe.

George Chamberlain.

WOMEN'S HEROES.

THERE are three great writers, geniuses, who are sweepingly severe in their judgment of women. The quiet irony of Euripides and the savage satire of Juvenal, which fairly eats into the mind as acid into steel, do not exceed in their degree the imperturbable, cold contempt of Milton. Indeed, the Olympian disdain of the great Puritan holds in it more potency, perhaps, than does the fine scorn of the Greek, or the furious hatred of the Latin. And though this judgment of genius may have been colored by unfortunate personal experience, yet it does not take from the fact that the judgment stands as recorded; nor is it less significant that all charges and specifications brought against womankind by her accusers great and small may be summed up in one word — Inconstancy. It is woman's ineradicable inconstancy which has always wrought mischief.

"It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
Which way soever men refer it" —

declares Milton, and he furthermore adds that the defect lies as much with woman's head as with her heart, that nature, to counterbalance physical perfection in wo-

man, has sent her forth with "judgment scant" and mind but half made up.

In the writings of women, however, — though there are of course no women writers great in any sense in which these geniuses are great, — condemnation so unqualified is never found. Men are never condemned as such; for woman's judgment leans to mercy's side. The life individual, the closeness of the affections which, as society is now organized, make the affections mean so much more to women than to men, likewise make women never unmindful of the truth that they are always daughters, if not sisters, mothers, and wives.

Women have been accused of writing with one eye on the paper and the other on some individual. But if this be true, that individual is seldom flesh and blood reality, and still seldomer some Frankenstein of experimental horror. It is rather a lovely evocation of the fancy, a being enskyed and sainted. For it is a psychological truth that while personal preference and experience widely differ, yet there is, among women's heroes, a curious typical likeness. So that whether women be married or single, bond or free; whether their experience of life be large or limited; whether they be of great talents or none; whether they aim to

depict men as they are or men as they would like men to be, — this same general resemblance among women's heroes holds good.

Turning from the world of Reality where things are as they are to the world of Romance where things are as they ought to be, — accounting Romance, if one will, as the compensation which life sets over against Reality, — it is worth while to consider closely the rare gallery of women's heroes. These gentlemen may not all be beautiful, but they are all interesting, at least to women, and all have that family likeness which makes them so significant. And if in the Elysian Fields of immortality, from beds of amaranth and moly, the fine creations of fancy ask no questions, — they nevertheless suggest questions to us. Are women's heroes representative? If so, do they represent what women are, or rather what women desire? Are women's heroes instinctive unconscious reflections of women; or are they instinctively and unconsciously complementary to women? Do they stand for what women are, or for what women lack? In her heroes has the creature feminine more effectively depicted *herself* than any masculine hand — save one — has been able to limn her? These questions are evoked by that essential similarity which all these heroes wear.

For, while women themselves may have ample wit and humor they never, even by a happy accident, bestow them on their heroes. In novels by women, when humor and wit have any play at all, they are relegated to side issues, to minor characters. George Eliot had a vein of excellent humor, but she never shares it with her heroes, and she had surely worked it out before coming to the hero of her last novel, Daniel Deronda. Mrs. Poyser is a witty woman, though her wit is of the strenuous, personal kind which gives a fillip o'er the head rather than an illuminative flash; but the hero, Adam Bede, is as ponder-

ous mentally as he is physically. Jane Austen, too, had a choice humor and a delicate, butterfly wit, yet Darcy, Wentworth, Edmund — all her men who may be accounted heroes — are as solemn as Minerva's owl. Miss Edgeworth, with her rare, far-sighted sagacity, though she allows here and there to a secondary character some humor, yet has no hero who is distinctively humorous and witty. And the plentiful lack of wit and humor in the heroes of our present woman writers is a marked characteristic — to be conveniently Irish — of these sober-minded gentlemen.

Why is it, then, that women do not allow wit and humor to their heroes? Is it because, as a rule, women are essentially non-humorous? Or, seeing that wit and humor are the eyes of wisdom, and that to be witty and wise and to love as women dream of love is well-nigh impossible, do women, by an unerring instinct, refrain from giving to their heroes what would add to their charm as men but would detract from their power as lovers? Faith, I cannot tell. Yet it must be a pretty reason which shall account for this general absence of wit and humor in women's heroes.

This brings us to another trait common to these worthies. Who knows not that man's best loving falls far short of woman's dream of love? Yet there are no women writers, from least to greatest, whose heroes in respect to love and constancy are not unconquerable. So, whatever else women's heroes may have, or may lack, they are all determined lovers. They are all of an adamant constancy which will outlast the fellest combinations of circumstance, the longest flight of years, the worst of smallpox. How constitutionally superior this is to nature and to every-day reality we all know; yet we all insist on having it so set down. Women are born idealists and theorists, and with this regard, and in respect to love and loving, women's heroes have something pathetic. But as lovers their

common likeness is overwhelming, and is done with a naïveté as great as it is charming. Through Time's defacing mask *these* lovers see the beauty that once was, or is to be. *They* realize something of the ideal of the finest of all fine lovers, and do indeed

"Feed for aye [their] lamp and flames of love,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays."

The highest genius being dual-natured will show the man and woman in it, co-efficients if not co-equals; and women must, perhaps, wear something of doublet and hose in their disposition, and men something of farthingale and ruff in theirs, before either can do their respective heroes and heroines full justice. For men's heroines and women's heroes have this in common, that when it comes to depicting *them* the colors on the palette are mixed with some brave, idealizing pigment which is apt to destroy individuality and life likeness, even if it does leave behind what alone makes art worthy and the picture lasting — Beauty.

Judging, however, from the realistic point of view, in most fiction by women the secondary characters are best — best because done with a dispassionateness which gives them vividness and force. It is one of the tests of a really fine novel when the hero and heroine stand in the front rank of delineative power. From a woman's hand as fine an instance of this as we have is the portrayal of Paul Emmanuel by Charlotte Brontë. Paul may not be generally attractive, but he is the fitting counterpart of Lucy Snowe, the one man who (the angle of the affections being always equal to the angle of the imagination) would have attracted her; and we are made to feel and see, as the genuine outgrowth of character, the inevitableness of their attachment. But above all, Paul's individuality as a man is never sacrificed to his affection as a lover; he is a man first, and a lover afterwards, and herein lies the better

part of the author's rare triumph. For art is not the imitation of nature, but the persuasion of the intellect. And hence the failure, in the main, of the servile realist on the one hand, and of the labored romanticist and psychologist on the other; for the one would fain copy unfigleaved nature, and the others would fain transcribe unfleshed emotions and mind. It is true that we none of us know just what this so glibly talked of nature really is; but we all have some conception of it. It matters not, then, whether the *method* be realistic or romantic provided the *effect* is convincing. For no matter how, or with what, he works, this power to convince is one of the incommunicable secrets of the artist.

The difficulty with most women's heroes is, however, that they do not convince. Not that women do not portray admirably men in general; they both can and do. It is in their heroes only that women overstep the modesty of nature and, by overweighting the emotional faculty in them as lovers, come so tamely off.

With men's heroines the case is different. These fair ladies convince, in so far as they go. For in a bird's-eye view of literature one cannot fail to see how few are the varieties of the creature feminine. Literature is a something of men's creating, and it is a rough and ready judgment, but not an untrue one, to say that, as represented in literature, women may be divided into two classes: woman, the charmer and deceiver; and woman, the server. On the one hand we have the Helens, Circes, Beatrix Esmonds, Becky Sharps; and on the other, the Penelopes, Antigones, Griseldas, Custances, and Amelias.

But women's heroes do, for the most part, resolve themselves into but one class, that of the Lover, an idealized creature whose like was never seen save in Antony's description of the crocodile: —

"It is shaped like itself; it is as broad as it has breadth; it is just so high as it

is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it [feminine fancy, probably]; and, the elements once out of it, it transmigrates."

All the old stories turn not so much upon man's inhumanity to man as upon man's inconstancy to woman, and woman's to man. But the ratio is as three to one. As against Helen and her French leave-taking of Menelaus, we have Theseus and Ariadne, Jason and Medea, Æneas and Dido; so that if the primitive *tu quoque* argument ever be worth while, here it lies all ready to my lady's hand.

But this brings us back to the beginning. Why does the creature charged with being preëminently inconstant so value constancy that she overlooks all else save this noble grace of steadfastness? If the light by which we see is in ourselves, so that we must take care how we perceive, then, judging by the degree and kind of women's perception of

this virtue, ought not they themselves to possess much of it? But what becomes of the world-old charge? And by this same token, man perceiving so much inconstancy must by masterly self-delusion attribute to woman what is his own chief defect. But this is doubtless delicate ground, even though Sir Proteus does lament, —

"Were man

But constant, he were perfect."

For Shakespeare, like women, would seem to set all store by constancy.

However may be explained the discrepancy between a time-honored theory concerning woman and women's heroes, the fact remains that in the subtle art of fiction where so much comes into view which can be found nowhere else, women's heroes rarely *convince*. And for the simple reason that women, laying all stress upon one quality only, make their heroes *typical* lovers rather than complex, seemingly actual men.

Ellen Duvall.

AN UNPUBLISHED AUTHOR.

HAPPY is he that hath ancestors and knows them! The love and reverence of ancestors, to us hardly less than to Rome, is yet a religion, though *pious* is no longer the title of him who cherishes his aged father and family Lares and Penates. Some glory in their ancestors, because they fought on the right side at Senlac, wore plumes and resplendent armor under the Plantagenets, won chivalrous duels under gentle King Jamie, and gave port wine and viands to poets when George was king. Some, in the rich melancholy of youth, find pleasure by counting those of their forefathers who died while their hair was auburn, their voices flawless. Others hoard miniatures of handsome faces, — oval saintly faces of women, with hair folded like doves'

wings over their brows, — or jocund faces framed in the stock severe, that contemplated a peace deemed primeval, in their fragrant wooded acres and pools haunted by "swan and shadow." Another class in the poverty and humble station of the old people have a flattering goad to honors. For my part, I confess a devotion to my forefathers who have been unlucky in life or death; but most of all to Ivor, fair-haired, smiling, from whose lips flowed so musically the vowel-cymric. Like a bard, he could build a ship and sail it; fashion and string a harp, — but melody for the harp, alas, was lacking. He spent an exuberant boyhood in elaborating gorgeous imageries, and died before they could be disciplined by verse. All his life he was a

dreamer. Let me recount one dream, full of symbols; for

“Dreams have their truth for dreamers.”

In sleep he built a great ship. The masts rose out of sight in the thick autumnal air; he could hardly see the streamers that filiped the tackling; and her colored sides were ready to gleam in the flood. It was the work of a long day, so that his slumber after it was profound. On the morrow he was awakened by thoughts of sailing alone beyond “the limits of the morn,” when lo! he found that he had built her on the mountain crest, — the sea and the cry of sailors were afar off.

His letters are preserved, and, being not learned in faces, I value them above his picture, with blue eyes guarded by dreamful eyelids, the wavering mouth ever framing an amiable phrase (for friendship had for him the perfume of rose and spices), and the overflowing curls of the color of ripened wheat. The letters give, not indeed a vulgar full-length portrait, but an animated bust of the man. Nothing of similar bulk lays the man himself open like the intimacies of impassioned correspondence. Self-revelation is their purpose, and how much truer the result than most autobiography so called. There is nothing that your letter-writer will exclude; his vocabulary will be quite unfettered. And then, too, the handwriting. It is true that his was a caligraphy as terrible as ever beatific printer changed into decent type; but is the printer indeed beatific? “Did you,” writes he himself, “ever consider how much of *l’homme même* goes into an author’s handwriting, how much is abstracted by that plaguy modernism — printing? Take, for example, the wine-bibber who sits down to write verses. Splendid visions he has; chance words of his are divine; but on the chill day following how little that is divine and bacchic remains, if the memorial scrawl is lost and only a *fair* copy lives. It would scarce

be worse if a painter bade his lackey put in such or such a line.” The companionable seclusion of letter-making yields a confidence that in cheek by jowl conversation may vanish.

Though of consistent outward luck, within he was agitated, ridden (for instance) at his narrow inland home with a *fatigue de l’intérieur* only remediable by the feel and sight of the ocean, where prospects are boundless,

“As we wish our souls to be;”

fretted by a fever, as he put it himself, such as in the grave might urge one upward to one gust of earth and sea. Bred without religious teaching, he had no terrors concerning deity and that undiscovered country, but, content with the certitude of a vague immortality, such as oft-times was clearly promised him, when so firmly knit to the powers and thrones of nature was his soul that no complete separation from them seemed possible after that: he experienced the “embryon felicities and fruitions of doubtful faces” given by the voices of friends, caresses of love, stray kindnesses to strangers, and the taste of wine and fruit.

Side by side, and subtly entangled with his dreaming, was his love of books. Even as word-pictures, by-vistas discovered by some opulent expression, or the vague splendor with which authors were invested by a friend’s narration of their story, were the material of his first dreams; so he brought to bear upon his reading the puissance of dreams past, thus supplying what was demanded by pages where more was meant than met the eye, when with Crusoe he was thrilled by footprints on the pathless beach; with Fitz-James he rose and fell in combat with Roderick Dhu; with explorers he wetted the snow with the blood of polar bears, or was drowsed under the paws of lions, and tasted the bitter pleasures of savannas lonelier than the heavens. For readers must be divided into two classes. One modestly prepares a blank sheet of

his mind for the reception of what the writer offers, whether that be a picture in line and mass, or the close characters of thought. Such a one is the philosophic reader. With premiss and conclusion he deals like a compositor. But not therefore is his mind a ream of other men's thoughts. The proof sheet (to continue the metaphor) has to go up for correction; which done, he proceeds to criticism. Far different are those of the other class. In such a mind there is no blank sheet; but not less modestly, though quite otherwise, is it prepared. It is in fact like a pool that stands in the heart of a venerable and storied forest. The shadows of blossom and bough and foliage; the clasped wings of the sitting turtle-doves; the blue sky, "fretted with golden fire," or swept by hurrying fleeces; all is reflected there, and with an awful profundity deeper even than the heaven above. Looking quietly over the bank you espy the shadows of unaccountable shapes escaping through the forest. But now and then a puff of the tired wind reaches the smooth waters. Then the ripples cast lines, like the footprints of the sea, upon the bottom; the shadows are shaken and severed; a child's reed-leaf pinnacles leave harbor for the open water. Like that is the effect of reading upon this mind. He gives as much as he receives. He gives more; he gives all, because only by reason of what was there before receives he anything.

His inquietude might partly be traced to authorship, though he had no desire of publicity, and wrote to please himself first of all; which was as well, for his exaggerated subjectivity would have found intelligent readers only in a kindred few. After many transitions, — from hyper-saxonism to hyperlatinism, — from the feverish composition of a too passionate interest to the toilsome architecture of phrase and phrase, — he set up, as the god of his idolatry and the ideal of achievement, a style that should be as lacework; if you took out a fragment

anywhere, it had needs be beautiful, and every word have an individual value; of all men Sir Thomas Browne seemed worthiest of admiration. His work was to be *all gold*. An aim perhaps the less inexcusable that his subject matter was most often descriptive. But though sensitive, he lacked sense; to put the fact as he put it himself in jingling verse, he was a man

"With five fine senses, lacking sense."

Yet once he showed good sense in following Coleridge's exhortation to would-be authors: he entered the Church. Consequently his account of some pleasures of writing is in places delicious. He chose the library, he said, of a wealthy friend as his study, a place where manuscripts long ago thumbed by astrologer or alchemist lay in a sort of purgatory of dust and quiet, —

"The haunt obscure of old philosophy."

But that dust was sacred; he never stirred it, though he was occasionally asked if he fed on it. And yet he showed many points of likeness to those alchemists, and was full as unreasonable as they. Thus he loved to recall how Leonardo, moving half contemptuously among the jetsam of a passing age, anticipating the boldest advances of the age by which it was followed, notwithstanding was allured by it, and charmed into a stagnancy and indecision from which he never altogether escaped. Ivor was never weary of proving how much the religions of the day were benighted-mared by the divinities whose funeral they had attended with curses, and how existent superstitions often prevailed over them in the sincere moments of most pious minds, especially in a land such as Wales, where free play was still possible for the powers of nature. And I preserve a fragment of his, in which he expresses this attitude by a dance of Pan and the river goddesses, in an old priory at midnight. Even in his boyhood, he

planned a mad crusade on behalf of the worship of nature, as against what he then called the *indoor* religion current.

On a hard, angular chair — which he said gave him visions of the Emyrean like a martyr on the wheel — in that library, he used to write. Of course the whole skeleton of the piece was ready beforehand in his mind: but there was a catch in his breath when he saw the white paper; his brain throbbed, and the silence became full of voices. He had to clothe the skeleton with the flesh of fair living words, and at the thought was confused by fancies. “On a dans la tête toutes sortes de floraisons printanières qui ne durent plus que les lilas, qu’une nuit flétrit, mais qui sentent si bon!” Up rose the shadow of all that was most delightful in the past or alluring in the future. Choicest phrases and words from the best loved authors fluttered round. Sweetest experiences were lived again. Everything trivial or tedious was banished successfully. He heard the love-names of Wales uttered by musical voices — Eluned and Bronwen and Olwen. He saw again the fairest landscapes, and remembered evenings when Hesperus for a time shone so brightly that you could write a lyric by help of her light; remembered caracoling birches on a flat windy country of burnt-up furze; a silver heaven at sunset, inlaid with ebony branches; the white sparks of sunlit rain sliding on the fir tree needles, coming and going on the restless branches as the light changed — like stars in a turbulent sky; or the green alder shadow at the borders of the swift river Loughor. . . . Then he wrote. But it was not always that the fervor and radiance of such visions entered into the slowly wrought sentences. He feared he had begun writing too early, when passion commanded art — a reversal of the rule. The plain ink was not enough for him; he wanted to dip his pen in the light of sunset, in the blue haze that haunts distant hills. Here is a fragment: —

“The chestnut blossom is raining steadily and noiselessly down upon a path whose naked pebbles receive mosaic of emerald light from the interlacing boughs. At intervals, once or twice an hour, the wings of a lonely swallow pass that way; when alone the shower stirs from its perpendicular fall. Cool and moist, the perfumed air flows, without lifting the most nervous leaf or letting fall a suspended bead of the night’s rain from a honeysuckle bud. In an indefinite sky of gray, through which one ponderous cloud billows into sight and is lost again, no sun shines: yet there is light — I know not whence; for a pellet of brass indoors beams so as to be extinguished in its own fire. There is no song in wood or sky. Some one of summer’s wandering voices — cuckoo or bulfinch or willow wren — might be singing, but unheard, at least unrealized. . . . From the dead-nettle spires, with dull green leaves stained by purple and becoming more and more purple toward the crest, which is of a sombre uniform purple, — to the elms reposing at the horizon, all things have bowed the head, hushed, settled into a perfect sleep. But those elms are just visible; no more. The path has no sooner emerged from one shade than another succeeds, and so, on and on, the eye wins no broad dominion. . . . It is a land that uses a soft compulsion upon the passer-by, a compulsion to meditation, which is necessary before he is attached to a scene rather featureless and expressionless, to a land that hence owes much of its power to a mood of generous reverie which it bestows. And yet it is a land that gives, that gives much. Companionable it is, reassuring to the solitary; he very soon has a feeling of security there. . . . The cool-leaved wood! The limitless, unoccupied fields of marsh marigold, so lovely when the evening rain slowly falls, dimming, and almost putting out, the lustrous bloom! . . . Gold of the microscopic willows under foot! Leagues of lonely grass, where the herds

tread the daisies and spare them yet! — the daisies rising up after a hoof falls upon them. And ever at the horizon companies of lazy cloud! . . . At last in the sweet rain, or rather the promise of rain at this warm, skyless close of the

day, the trees, far off in an indolent up-and-down landscape, stand as if disengaged from the world, in a reticent and pensive repose."

He died at twenty-three, but finished nothing after nineteen.

Edward Thomas.

AN ARTIST IN HAIR.

MY father and I were spending the day with an old Garibaldino soldier in his wee bachelor house above Reggio. I had thought him, in Rome, an ordinary boaster, given to rodomontade, and I dreaded the return visit to Reggio upon which he insisted. From time to time he had sent us baskets of fruit packed with stiff nosegays and kitchen herbs. Alternately came bundles of flowers done up casually in brown paper, which of course reached us as mangled masses of hay and crushed petals. Each request that he would not incommode himself met with the retaliation of another bundle or basket, containing vegetables and fruits peculiar to Calabria, wrapped with Scripture texts.

On arriving at Reggio, my Anglo-Saxon heart sank in the hullabaloo of a welcome which made us the observed of all observers. The first offering was a calla lily bound firmly with rosemary and thyme, — a nosegay fit to fell a man; the next was a bouquet of pink and yellow roses, which I could not span with my two arms; and floral offerings continued to arrive until my room at the hotel looked like that of a successful prima donna. At all hours the dark, vociferous little man came rushing to our frescoed, balconied chambers, where a town-council might have sat at ease, to present another bunch of violets or a particular freak of horticulture. He said this was nothing; on the morrow he would "clothe me with flowers."

I went to bed with a balcony piled high and an exhausted vocabulary. He was to come for us early with a carriage to go up to his place at Santo Spirito. How should I "win through" a day of making compliments! But dreaded things never are the worst.

Whether it was that against his own Arcadian background Signore Pasquale's flowery language and bombast found their natural setting, or that he relaxed to simple-mindedness where his vaunted Reggio di Calabria could speak for itself, I do not know, but certain it is that a gentler, more generous host was never seen, and I have spent few more pleasant days. At the end of the drive, my father was settled for a rest in the bare little stone house on the hillside, and Ser Pasquale and I, having cast aside hats and gloves, set out for a ramble through his domain. Is there anywhere such a tangle of fragrance and color as a south Italian *podere*, where nut, almond, olive, and vine grow cheek by jowl with camellia, mock orange, pansy, violet, salvia, and a hundred more! The hedges are of lemon, cactus, and aloe, and on the terraced hillside laughs a garden of the Hesperides. All the gamut of that idyllic farm was played for me. I must taste the young, milky almonds, and climb to gather, with my own hand, juicy yellow medlars and mammoth oranges. Ser Pasquale ravaged bush and tree remorselessly, ordering with Napoleonic peremptoriness the peasant and his wo-

mankind to fetch this or that rare fruit or flower.

When we came back to the house, laden with trophies, I was introduced to Giacinta, whom Ser Pasquale had bidden to bear me company and give me the support of her sex. In her red cotton dress and loosely knotted yellow neckerchief, Giacinta, with her pink cheeks and delicate pointed nose, might have stepped straight out of an old Italian comedy, and she performed her devoir of bowing and kissing my hand with a feminine finish and elaborateness which made my own greeting seem crude and shorn. From the kitchen came a tinkle of saucepans, and Giacinta informed me that her husband, who had been cook to the cardinal, was busy over our dinner. He had been dismissed for reading the New Testament and naming his twins after Castor and Pollux, persons not known in the calendar of saints. With the Italian frankness which reveals all, prying for nothing in return, Giacinta owned that, in consequence of this dismissal, she was supporting her Dioscuri and their father; and when I asked how, she answered proudly, "Signorina, I am the first *pettinatrice* of Reggio."

Literally translated *la pettinatrice* is the female person who combs, and throughout southern Italy hers is a common profession. Even in Rome a card is often seen in barber-shop windows inscribed thus:—

LA PETTINATRICE.

Observant travelers are struck with the universally well-dressed hair in Naples; and if one investigates why the portress, in slatternly gown, who lives on a few sous a day, has a head like a fashion plate, he discovers that she is as regular a subscriber to the *pettinatrice* as the countess on the *piano nobile*. In fact,

the hairdresser makes a progress through the house, varying her fee according to the rank of her client; but the shining black tresses of all—for Italian women have fine hair—must be done up in the latest mode.

Giacinta, with that mingling of caressing deference and easy naturalness which is purely Italian, inquired, "Does the signorina wish me to dress her hair?" And when I accepted the offer, she set me a chair on the balcony, and fetched a wizened comb from Signore Pasquale. In the south our Anglo-Saxon reserves seem stilted; there it was the most natural thing to have Giacinta's light fingers play over my head while Ser Pasquale went back and forth "on hospitable thoughts intent," and my father pored over a stray volume of Gioberti. A breeze blew up from the blue Straits of Messina across a valley radiant with the luxuriance of the Calabrian spring. In it were whiffs of mandarin orange, lemon, bergamot, each more subtly entrancing than the last. Shifting sunlight played on the early leaves of fig trees, snowy drifts of pear blossom, and wide plantations of orange, celebrating that intoxicating bridal of golden fruit lingering to kiss waxen blossoms. Beneath the balcony passed the peasants in holiday dress, for it was the feast of St. Agnes, and they looked up to smile friendly greetings.

I have a rebellious, sensitive head, which refuses to be touched by any hand save my own, but under Giacinta's magic tips every nerve was soothed, every hair fell lightly into place. A cool, delicious mesmerism filtered through her fingers.

"Does the signorina desire her hair high or low?"

"As you think, Giacinta."

"Then it must be as high as it is possible, to be in the latest mode, and show the lines of the head, with a few little curls to lend grace and charm."

"Have I too much hair, Giacinta?"

"Well, signorina, yes," she confesses

ruefully, but adds with the self-confidence of the capable, "It is pliable, it can be made to conceal itself."

"How do you know the styles?"

"Signorina, I study the fashion plates of those ladies whom I comb. When one is mistress of the art, it is easy to adapt and adopt the fashion. It is only those poor miserable ones who have never regularly studied who find themselves entangled." In Giacinta's tone is a commiseration for those "poor miserable ones."

"And with whom did you study?" I ask meekly.

"With la Maddalena Rovena. Ah, she was a *pettinatrice* indeed. I was apprenticed to her for years, and then, having inclination, I could continue alone. Where there is passion for the art, one perfects one's self always." Giacinta spoke as Giulio Romano might have done of Raphael. "Now every poor thing to whom the caprice jumps thinks she can be a *pettinatrice*." A scorn of rivals scintillates in her voice.

"Is it a well-paid profession?" I ask, thinking of the Dioscuri and the imposing man creating our dinner.

"Eh, signorina, it *was*. I used to receive as much as two francs per month from a daily client, but now there are so many who ply the comb they would have us come for seventy-five centimes (fifteen cents) a month. Dear lady, it does not pay one's shoes to go up their stairs."

As she talked she went steadily on, looping and puffing daintily.

"If I had known I should have the honor to comb the signorina, I would have brought my implements," she regretted. But real talent is never a slave to material tools, and with Signore Pasquale's mutilated fragment, a candle, and a small iron she waved and curled and plaited until she could say with quiet triumph, "Behold the signorina combed! Knowing your ladyship is to travel, I have made the coiffure firm. The signorina need not comb herself for three days."

During the hairdressing we have talked of many things, and I discover that Giacinta as well as her husband has heretical convictions which have lost her more than one client. But with the arrival of a new guest Giacinta effaces herself. Evidently she and Signore Pasquale have a great admiration for the jolly, prosperous neighbor who has been invited to share our feast. He too is an old Garibaldian, but clearly he has fared well with the world; for his fashionable clothes and the resplendent gold chain across his aldermanic figure contrast with the shabby black of Ser Pasquale's insignificant person. The latter tells me, with pride in his friend, that Signore Prospero has made a fortune in Cairo of Egypt, and that though he and his beautiful signora have come to enjoy it in a new villa on the slope, they still possess and direct three large salons in Cairo. The word suggests to my mind those old French symposiums of beauty and wit where Madame de Récamier charmed and Madame de Staël dazzled by her eloquence, when I wake to find that Signore Prospero's salons are for the outside of men's heads, and that like Giacinta he is an artist in hair. Having "studied" in Paris, he commands her respect and touches her manner to even deeper deference.

The cardinal's cook gives us an excellent dinner. The colossal swordfish does credit to Reggio, and the olives and mingled salad have a deliciousness only found in an Italian country house. The meal is served by Giacinta with noiseless alertness, as if she had never aspired to be other than a waitress; but when we have wended our way through many courses to the fruits of the Garibaldian's farm, she enters with a goblet held aloft between forefinger and thumb. Her other fingers are curved and extended with a finical eighteenth-century grace, and on her cheeks burn two bright pink spots. She casts her eyes to heaven, waves the glass in my direction,

bows, and improvises in a high key a health which flatters and yet is apt. With even more circumstance she rapidly composes a *brindisi* to my father, in which Biblical, mythological, and floral figures swiftly follow each other; and then come verses to the delighted host and the gentleman from Cairo, and in

the facile, high-flown phrases glints now and then a flash of wit or an appropriate personal allusion, marking them, composed on the spur of the moment. Manner, attitude, and expression of rapt inspiration say clearly, "I know myself no less an artist in verse than an artist in hair."

Mary Argyle Taylor.

THE ELDER DUMAS.

IN his recent work on the elder Dumas,¹ Mr. A. F. Davidson has produced an eminently readable and entertaining book, illustrated by a series of twelve interesting portraits and caricatures, and furnished with a complete bibliography, containing a very large amount of information hitherto inaccessible to readers outside of France. Moreover, he seems to us to have performed a service long due to Dumas's memory, and one which should be welcomed by the reading public, by setting forth in their true light the character and talents of a man to whom nothing like full justice in this respect has ever been done. Dumas has been for so many years the property of all the world that it is quite time that the world should know the truth concerning him and his work; should know that if he was not the "literary giant," the "Colossus of genius and strength," which some too enthusiastic admirers have discovered in him, he is even less accurately described as the "father of humbug," or the "tawdry purveyor of books which he did not write."

Mr. Davidson has not attempted a complete and formal biography of Dumas. "After a fairly extensive study, during the last fifteen years, of Dumas and whatever has been written about

him," he says in his Preface, "it seemed to me that there was room for a coördination of facts which might represent, in justly balanced proportion, and with some pretense of accuracy, both the life of the man and the work of the author." And again: "None but a simpleton or an impostor would think to measure the length and breadth of Alexandre Dumas within the compass of one moderate volume. Any one, out of half a dozen aspects of the man, supplies material for a book as large as this. In fact . . . there does not exist in his own country any comprehensive and continuous work, biographical and literary, such as this is intended approximately to be."

The publication of the book coincided very nearly with the hundredth anniversary of Dumas's birth at Villers-Cotterets (Aisne), July 24, 1802. His paternal grandfather, the Marquis de la Pailletterie, representative of one branch of an ancient Norman family, emigrated, about 1760, to St. Domingo, where he took unto himself (but probably did not marry) a native woman named Marie Cessette Dumas. The strain of tropical blood inherited from this grandmother unquestionably counted for much in the character of Dumas, as it did in his physical appearance. The only child of this union, Thomas Alexandre Davy de la Pailletterie, accompanied his father to Paris in 1778, after his mother's

¹ *Alexandre Dumas, his Life and Work*. By A. F. DAVIDSON. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1902.

death. There the young man, a fine specimen of tropical growth, but most distinctly *un homme de couleur*, found his social progress impeded by the prejudice of the aristocratic society of the old régime against a swarthy skin, and by the ungenerous treatment of his father, with whom he came to an open rupture after the marquis's marriage to a woman of his own class. "Thereupon," wrote the young man's son nearly seventy years later, "my father resolved to carve out his fortune with his sword, and enlisted in what was then (1786) the Queen's Dragoons." The marquis having stipulated that his name should not be borne by a common private, the young soldier enrolled himself under his mother's name of Dumas, dropping all of his baptismal names except Alexandre. With the death of the marquis soon after, the marquisate became extinct, "but the arms (three eagles) and the title were, fifty years later, claimed by the novelist and used by him in official designations. They had obviously," says Mr. Davidson, "only a burlesque value at a time when all the world had become familiar with the name of Alexandre Dumas."

The first bearer of the name, who speedily became one of the most brilliant and successful of the young generals developed by the Revolution, fell out with Napoleon during the Egyptian expedition, and passed his latter years in obscurity, under the ban of the imperial displeasure. He married in 1792 the daughter of an innkeeper at Villers-Cotterets. Of the validity of this marriage there is no possible question, although during the lifetime of the novelist it was not infrequently asserted that he was born out of wedlock, as his father probably and his son certainly were.

General Dumas was, as Mr. Davidson well says, "essentially the most admirable of the three men who have borne the name. . . . A simple heroic figure, fairly to be classed with Hoche

and Marceau, Joubert and Kléber . . . a man of single purpose and heroic deeds. Some few of his characteristics will appear to have been inherited by his son." He died at Villers-Cotterets in 1806, leaving his widow burdened with the care of two children (Alexandre, then four years old, and a sister some ten years his senior) and almost penniless.

Substantially the only authority for the story of Dumas's early years is his own ten volume compilation, *Mes Mémoires*, of which a large part of the first volume is devoted to traditions and anecdotes of the father whose memory he never ceased to revere. Indeed, whatever his faults in other domestic relations, he cannot justly be charged with lack of filial respect and affection: throughout all the *péripéties* of his extraordinary career, replete with every sort of interest, his mother, while she lived, was always the object of his tenderest care and solicitude; and her death, in 1838, caused him the most profound sorrow of his life. These *Mémoires*, which, except for a few brief allusions, do not carry the author's life beyond 1832, abound in information and anecdote upon all sorts of subjects. They were begun in 1852, when he was living at Brussels in voluntary exile, after the financial crash from which he never really recovered.

Those portions of Mr. Davidson's book which deal with Dumas's life rather than with his work are based mainly upon the *Mémoires* and upon the numerous volumes (between thirty and forty in the familiar duodecimo edition of Lévy) of *Impressions du Voyage*, in which he describes his travels in many European countries and in Africa. These volumes have been carefully weeded out, the facts and incidents related have been checked, whenever practicable, by reference to contemporary sources of information, and the result is an interesting and entertaining narrative, interspersed with amusing anecdotes, and containing ma-

terial from which the great Dumas, as he sometimes called himself, might have turned out more than one romance rivaling in interest many of those to which he owes his fame. Indeed, M. Blaze de Bury says that Dumas has told the story of the most important events of his life in his books, and has thereby obviated the necessity of a biographer. Of all his varied experiences there is none more characteristic and at the same time more amusing than his participation in the Revolution of July (1830), and his self-imposed mission to Soissons to obtain ammunition from the magazine there. Mr. Davidson gives to this episode a chapter by itself (A Political Interlude). Of Dumas's account of the Revolution itself he says: "Otherwise agreeing in all principal facts with the narratives of professed historians like Louis Blanc, the pages of Dumas present perhaps the best picture ever penned of what Paris in Revolutionary times looked like. The picture of course is colored — it would be ungracious to say over-colored — by the personality of the narrator, and the grouping of it is so arranged as to show us La Fayette, Laffitte, Odilon Barrot, and the rest fitting like pale shadows across a scene mainly occupied by Alexandre Dumas."

Lack of space makes it impossible for us to follow him through the many notable incidents of his career not connected with his literary work: his unique experiences as a government clerk; his relations with Louis Philippe and his sons; his marriage to one of his many "friends" of the gentle sex, because her unmarried presence with him at a state function was frowned upon by the Citizen King; his travels; the semi-political trip to Spain, and thence to Algiers on a government ship, of which he proceeded to make use as if it were his private yacht, to the scandal of the opposition and consequent interpellation and harassment of ministers; his experience as a landed proprietor, and the disastrous financial crash coming close

upon the construction of the gorgeous château of Monte Cristo at Saint-Germain; the exile at Brussels and the "Struggle to Retrieve;" the years of diminishing popularity and of growing disappointment and bitterness; and the pathetic end. It is our purpose to refer to one or two questions connected with Dumas's literary work, and especially with that part of it in which English and American readers are most deeply interested — the great novels. In the book before us more space is given to Dumas's work as a playwright than to his vast output in other branches of literature. This may be in accord with the fitness of things; it certainly is from Mr. Davidson's point of view, — the belief that Dumas's influence has been greatest in the sphere of the drama, which was especially his, and that M. Sardou justly called him the best all-round *homme de théâtre* of his century. Moreover Dumas began his career as a playwright; his name first became known to the world through his plays; and lastly, the instinct of the dramatist, the dramatic touch, are apparent in the least as in the greatest of his works: memoirs, notes of travel, history, fiction. The fact remains, however, that to English-speaking readers — at all events to that vast majority who are obliged to rely on translations — Dumas is known through his novels alone; and that for every one who has ever heard of Henri III., or Christine, or the Tour de Nesle, there are thousands who can say with Stevenson: "Yet a sixth time, dearest D'Artagnan, we shall kidnap Monk and take horse together for Belle Isle."

The great service for which we have to thank Mr. Davidson is his lucid and authoritative exposition of the facts concerning the degree of credit due to Dumas's collaborators for their share in the various works published under his name. It may be said in the first place that it was a natural assumption that no one mortal could produce, unassisted,

the enormous mass of material that was given to the world under the name of Alexandre Dumas in the twenty years succeeding 1830. (The Lévy edition contains upwards of three hundred volumes, and a very large proportion of the works now included therein first appeared before 1850.) Indeed, the fact that Dumas had collaborators from the very beginning was no secret; but the nature and extent of their collaboration, particularly in the works of fiction, were the subject of much controversy — savage and vindictive on the one side, contemptuous, yet good-humored, on the part of Dumas himself. The most determined attack upon him was made in 1844 by one “Eugène de Mirecourt” (born Jacquot), who, after failing to demolish him by presenting him to the Société des Gens de Lettres as an impostor and disgrace, published a pamphlet full of personalities and abuse, under the catchpenny title of *Fabrique des Romans: Maison Alexandre Dumas et Cie.* It was “spicy enough to meet with a ready sale and libelous enough to incur a fortnight’s imprisonment for its author. . . . It has in itself no importance, and neither then nor since has influenced any reputable critic.” But its echoes have never entirely died away; and even at the present day we sometimes hear it said that Dumas was not the author of one tenth of the books published under his name, but that he was an impostor incapable of writing anything good himself, and indebted for all his successes to the brains of others. The true story of this matter, as evolved by Mr. Davidson, is deeply interesting, if for no other reason, because it is probably without a parallel in the history of literature.

Dealing with what he calls “legitimate collaboration,” with which alone we are concerned in all those of Dumas’s works on which his reputation depends and which fall into the hands of the ordinary reader, Mr. Davidson says: “There is no need to shirk the

question. *Maison Dumas et Cie.* — why not? The fact, if not this way of putting it, was common enough in Paris at that time. It was brought about by the insistence of editors, publishers, and theatrical managers upon having some well-known name with which to attract the public; and all sophistry apart, the only difference between a commercial and a literary undertaking was, that in the former the firm might bear the name of one who took no active part in it, whereas in the latter honesty demanded that the name on the cover of the book should indicate a real and chief share in the work. To this condition the collaboration of Dumas conforms — that wonderful infusion of himself into others which, so far from belittling the man, has only in the course of time intensified the greatness of his individuality and power. . . . The various forms of collaboration may be reduced to two main classes, according to the nature of the principal partner’s share. . . . To the second category belong those works in which Dumas was responsible for the subject, and in this class come all the books written in partnership with Maquet,” and more particularly referred to below. “In such cases, after discussing the plan with his partner, Dumas’s habit was to draw up in outline a scheme of the whole, with the divisions and titles of chapters; then, when the assistant had filled in the outline, the MS. was handed to Dumas, who rewrote it with such additions and alterations as he thought fit.” Paul Lacroix, familiar to most book-lovers under the name of “Le Bibliophile Jacob,” was one of those who afforded Dumas most assistance, next to Maquet, and he wrote thus of their relations: “I used to dress his characters for him and locate them in the necessary surroundings, whether in old Paris or different parts of France at different periods. When he was, as often, in difficulties on some matter of archæology, he used to send one of his secretaries to me to ask perhaps for an

accurate account of the appearance of the Louvre in the year 1600. I used to revise his proofs, make corrections as to historical points, and sometimes write whole chapters."

Many anecdotes bear witness to the unruffled good temper with which Dumas met the virulent attacks upon him in relation to this matter. The critic Quérard having made the assertion that one part of Monte Cristo was written by Fiorentino and the other by Maquet, Dumas, after demonstrating the facts of the case, added: "After all it was so natural to think that I had written it!" He once called upon a magistrate of Bourg-en-Bresse, a local antiquarian of some note, to make an inquiry concerning certain facts that he proposed to work into one of his novels. "Ah!" said the magistrate, "so you are going to write a novel *yourself* this time?" "Yes," was the reply; "I hired my valet to do the last one, but as it was very successful, the rascal demanded such an exorbitant increase of wages that to my great regret I have had to part with him."

It is a most significant fact that the relations between Dumas and his assistants were generally excellent, especially when we consider their number: the bibliography furnished by Mr. Davidson names more than twenty, of whom about a third had some share in the production of the great mass of fiction. Maquet was the only one of them all with whom there was any falling out, and the breach with him was of pecuniary rather than literary origin. Maquet stands upon an entirely different footing from the rest; and his relations with Dumas demand a few words of more detailed explanation. He was originally a lecturer at the Collège Charlemagne, but for a number of years had been known as a writer of stories and verses when, in 1839, his association with Dumas began, through assistance furnished by the latter in the construction of a drama. Dumas, then

known almost exclusively as a playwright, had begun to cherish the idea of popularizing French history, which he had had occasion to dip into more or less in connection with certain of his dramas. Ambitious to do for the history of his country what Scott had recently done for the history of Scotland, he needed some one to look after the costumes and scenery. It happened that Maquet had written a short story called Jean Buvat, dealing with the Cellamare conspiracy against the Regent d'Orléans. As he had been unable to dispose of it, he carried it to Dumas (1843), who expanded it into a long romance, renamed it *Le Chevalier d'Harmental*, and secured for it the *feuilleton* space in *Le Siècle*, paying Maquet twelve hundred francs for his share, in place of the hundred francs he had tried vainly to obtain. So began this most notable of literary partnerships. Maquet was grateful; he was a student of history, "an unwearied rummager of documents;" and for the next ten years the two worked together in perfect harmony, the result of their collaboration being the whole collection of historical romances by which Dumas is best known to us: the D'Artagnan series, the Valois series, the Revolution series (except *La Comtesse de Charny*, which was written after their rupture), and *Monte Cristo*; to say nothing of other less known books. During their association they were never far apart, and "between the two a ceaseless stream of messengers came and went, bearing copy. In the course of time this *fidus Achates* developed powers of invention and description which made him far more than the mere searcher-out of facts he was at the outset. . . . Yet never till the breach between them came did he claim a position of equality. . . . Bankruptcy is a terrible solvent of friendship; and when Maquet, to whom considerable arrears of salary were due, found himself in the position of an ordinary creditor and entitled only to

twenty-five per cent, which the other creditors had agreed to accept, it occurred to him that he might assert his right to be joint-author instead of mere collaborator, a right which would involve the appearance of his name with that of Dumas on the novels they had written together, and an equal share in any profits arising from these books. Twice the case came before the courts.

. . . In both cases Maquet's claim was disallowed, though his share in the production of eighteen works was recognized; and with this barren honor he had to be content. The legal proceedings add nothing to what has already been said on the nature of the collaboration, but they leave us convinced of two things: first, that, as a matter of equity, Maquet ought to have been described as co-author; and secondly, that, as a matter of literature, he was not the essential author. Dumas without Maquet would have been Dumas; what would Maquet have been without Dumas?" To illustrate this point we have an anecdote concerning Ange Pitou (1853), the last book in which Maquet had any share. "Maquet had been making researches at the library and came to Dumas with a mass of information about the hero, who was to be traced back to Louis Python, one of the authors of *La Satire Menippée*. . . . Dumas thereupon made an agreement with *Le Constitutionnel* for the story, receiving an installment of the money in advance. As ill luck would have it, a disagreement with Maquet — the beginning of their quarrel — supervened. Dumas, bound by contract to supply *Le Constitutionnel*, had no time to look up the antecedents of Ange Pitou, and for that matter he did not know where to look. And so, like a brave man, he cut the difficulty by constructing a Pitou whose early years were passed in Villers-Cotterets, and whose early experiences were those of Alexandre Dumas! So little in reality did he, except as a luxury, depend on the help of others."

On this whole subject, we may, with Mr. Davidson, leave the last word with M. Blaze de Bury, whose book on Dumas (*Sa Vie, Son Temps, Son Œuvre*, Paris, 1885) is more comprehensive than any other French work, and who knew more about the subject than most people. He says: "Dumas in a way collaborated with every one. From an anecdote he made a story, from a story he made a romance, from a romance he made a drama; and he never let go an idea until he had extracted from it everything that it could yield him. Admit — as the critics will have it — his collaboration, plagiarism, imitation: he possessed himself what no one could give him; and this we know because we have seen what his assistants did when they were working on their own account and separately from him."

In connection with what Mr. Davidson calls a "reasoned résumé" of all the more familiar stories, he discusses another much vexed question, to wit, the historical value of Dumas's "historical romances." In the judgment of one who had occasion several years ago to investigate this subject with some care, the conclusions arrived at are eminently fair; if they err at all, it is in claiming too little rather than too much. "Let us grant at once to the author of dramatic historical romance the privilege of regulating facts and marshaling them for effect. Otherwise how can he realize that famous ideal which Dumas set before himself, of 'elevating history to the dignity of romance'? 'Inaccuracies,' then, or 'elevations' — many such may be discovered, . . . yet these, and some 'extra-historical' incidents, are but the acknowledged licenses of fiction, with which none but a pedant will quarrel. The more important question is: What impression of the main characters and events of French history will these romances leave on a reader who knows French history only through them? Will such a one on the whole see right? Doubtless, yes. About the

course of religious strife, of domestic intrigue, of foreign policy, he will gather little which serious history would have him unlearn. And as to the persons of the drama, admit that their characters are modeled on the traditional and popular view; it is always possible that this view, formed at or near the time itself, may be the truest. . . . For Dumas it has to be said that whenever he touches history — in novels, plays, or studies — he has the true historical instinct; without either faculty or inclination for the drudgery of analysis, he somehow arrives at a synthesis quite as convincing as any that can be reached by the most minute methods." In some of the less well-known works, for instance *Olympe de Clèves* (temp. Louis XV.), which Mr. Henley calls a masterpiece of fiction, and in which Dumas had the valuable help of Lacroix, this truth is quite as apparent as in the more familiar ones. In this one respect the historical romances of Dumas are superior, if that be the proper word, to the *Waverley Novels*, but for which the former would probably not have been written.

Every reader may determine for himself the measure of Dumas's great indebtedness to Scott in this and other respects. Mr. Davidson's parallel between the two is drawn with skill, but we must confine our excerpts to one epigrammatic sentence: "Scott wooed the Muse of History as a sedate and courteous lover; Dumas chucked her under the chin and took her out for a jaunt." This, by the way, recalls another equally happy comparison, drawn in connection with an entirely distinct subject of discussion. "Monte Cristo resumes and sublimates Dumas the *conteur*, and Edmond Dantès is the ideal Dumas. In some respects the idol is close to the real. Type and anti-type, the one is an ardent lover, so is the other; the first, with his jewels and fine clothes, is not a little vain, so is the second; both have traveled the wide world over, and read or learned about all things.

Dantès has usurped the functions of Providence, Dumas is not averse from that rôle — a prophet, if only the rulers would listen to him; Dantès has become a millionaire, Dumas was at one time on that way; Dantès flings his money broadcast, Dumas does likewise; Dantès discharges his debts and even those of others, Dumas — well, every analogy must break down somewhere." It may be noted here that the most enthralling part of the story of *Monte Cristo*, that is to say, the beginning, including the escape from the *Château d'If*, was an afterthought, prefixed to a story of which the middle and the end had already been outlined.

In his final chapter, *The Real Dumas and Others*, Mr. Davidson discusses the many-sided character of Dumas with absolute fairness and impartiality, not as an advocate, but as a just judge, giving due weight to his many and glaring faults, but seeking, and it seems to us with success, to defend him from the exaggerated and unjust aspersions which would make of him not only a monster of dishonesty and hypocrisy in letters, but of the grossest immorality, if not of downright wickedness, in his private life. Here again each reader must be left to form his own judgment; we venture to quote an additional sentence or two upon the general subject of Dumas's moral standing in literature, to show the author's method of treatment. "Dumas has survived the excess both of eulogy and of abuse. What is more, he has survived the purposed slight of those who ignore him when discussing French literature of the nineteenth century, and the polite condescension of those who consider him as a meritorious amuser of children. The condescenders, it must be said, have no alarming altitude from which to climb down; they are mostly men who from lack of the creative faculty make much of the critical, and no one is simpler to criticize than Dumas. To such minds his fecundity, his ease, and his rapidity are

an offense. The man of one labored book cannot forgive the man of a facile hundred. . . . Therefore the literary crimes of Dumas have been paraded, some of them inconsistent with others. It is said that he was neither original nor justly unoriginal; that he was careless and unscrupulous about facts and utterly deficient in style; that he wrote too much, and was a reckless and lucky improviser; that he wrote nothing and lived by the sweat of other men's brows; that he degraded literature to the position of a dubious though profitable commerce; that by sheer force of swagger he imposed himself upon his fellow creatures; and much else. . . . But, in truth, any views of him which imply design or deliberation are false and ridiculous. . . . Dumas had no style, it is said; and certainly, if by 'style' be meant that body of mannerisms which one author affects in order to distinguish himself from others, he has nothing of the sort." The truth of this last statement will be readily apparent to one who considers how much less Dumas suffers by translation than Balzac, Daudet, and others, who have such distinguishing mannerisms in a greater or less degree, whether affected or not. Although there has been no English version of the more famous romances nearly so adequate, from a literary standpoint, as those of some volumes of the *Comédie Humaine* and of some of Daudet's masterpieces of literary art, the result of a comparison with the original is much less satisfactory with respect to the last two. This is due, doubtless, not only to the absence of a distinctive "style," but to what Mr. Davidson characterizes as "the one true and serious reproach against his work," that "it seldom indicated thought in the writer and hardly ever provokes thought in the reader. . . . 'He makes us,' as some one said, 'turn over the pages, but he never makes us meditate.' . . . What he did was to absorb such lines of thought as were in the air around

him, and to put them — either by raising or by lowering — on the exact level of popular appreciation. He did this in his dramas, he did it notably in his historical novels; and he did it always in a way of his own, by feeling rather than by understanding."

With all his limitations (Mr. Davidson justly denies him the epithet of "great," but attributes to him genius, in the sense of "the possession and use of natural gifts"), Dumas has for two generations maintained an honorable place among the authors most popular with English and American readers; nor are his admirers confined to the rank and file only, for no one has ever been more sanely enthusiastic in his praise than have two of these men whom most of us delight to honor. "If I am to choose virtues for myself or my friends," said Stevenson, "let me choose the virtues of D'Artagnan. I do not say that there is no character as well drawn in Shakespeare; I do say that there is none that I love so wholly. . . . No part of the world has ever seemed to me so charming as these pages; and not even my friends are quite so real, perhaps quite so dear, as D'Artagnan."¹ The humblest of us need not be ashamed to confess our liking for the creator of a character of whom this was said, even though the facts that lie at the basis of the story were gathered by Maquet from the *Mémoires d'Artagnan* by Courtils de Sandras, which, by the way, have recently been translated into English for the benefit of those who may desire to know how much Dumas borrowed from them. But if Stevenson's sanction be insufficient for our justification, let us turn to that one of the *Roundabout Papers* (*On a Lazy Idle Boy*) in which Thackeray tells of a visit to Chur in the Grisons, and of a boy whom he fell in with on one of his walks, so absorbed in a book he was reading as to be utterly oblivious to aught else.

¹ Gossip upon a novel of Dumas (*Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*).

"What was it that fascinated the young student as he stood by the river shore? Not the Pons Asinorum. What book so delighted him, and blinded him to all the rest of the world? . . . Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a *novel* that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy! It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If, cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself — novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing) — cutting himself out of the sack and swimming to the

island of Monte Cristo! O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes."

But all this is by the way; most of us have read and enjoyed *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *La Reine Margot* without knowing or caring what others thought of them. We repeat that the greatest service Mr. Davidson has rendered by his book is the dispelling of that vague feeling of uncertainty as to whether our interest and emotion are aroused and re-aroused by the pen of some nameless, hired writer, or by the fertile imagination of the "immortal quadron" himself.

George B. Ives.

HIGGINSON'S LONGFELLOW.¹

THE most noteworthy feature in Colonel Higginson's recently published life of Longfellow is the presentation of a considerable amount of fresh biographical material. The first of these new contributions consists in extracts from the manuscript correspondence of Mary Potter Longfellow. With this aid he has drawn a most attractive picture of the wife of the poet's youth. The slender library of "selections of elegant poems from the best authors" with their pathetic marked passages, and the letters full of unaffected delight in the sights of Europe and of amiable criticism of the people she met, produce the impression of a charming personality, to which Colonel Higginson has now for the first time given due importance among the influences on Longfellow's early manhood. The letters, too, have occasionally an interest beyond the biographical. Thus,

¹ *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. [American Men of

writing from London to her mother in 1835, she says: "Mr. Carlyle of Craigenputtock was soon after announced, and passed an half hour with us much to our delight. He has very unpolished manners, and broad Scottish accent, but such fine language and beautiful thoughts that it is truly delightful to listen to him. Perhaps you have read some of his articles in the Edinburgh Review. He invited us to take tea with him at Chelsea, where they now reside. We were as much charmed with Mrs. C[arlyle] as with her husband. She is a lovely woman, with very simple and pleasing manners. She is also very talented and accomplished, and how delightful it is to see such modesty combined with such power to please." Again, "Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle have more genuine worth and talent than half the nobility in London. Mr. Carlyle's literary fame

Letters.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

is very high, and she is a very talented woman — but they are people after my own heart — not the least pretension about them." Such comment throws as pleasant a light on the Longfellows as on the Carlyles, and not every visitor to Chelsea has recorded his impressions so frankly and come off with impunity.

The second source of the new material is the Harvard College Papers in the University Library. From these Mr. Higginson is able to throw light upon the academic side of the poet's career. It appears that he had to fight for his department against the tyranny of the classics, that he was an early advocate of the elective system, and that in money matters he found the corporation more impressed with the necessity of economizing the college funds than with the beauty of generosity to its teachers. So we learn that things were not all so very different sixty years ago. The biographer's personal experience enables him to give a pleasant picture of his former teacher's courtesy and skill in the classroom. On the whole, this section of the book is perhaps the most valuable.

Less convincing is the endeavor to show by extracts from Longfellow's earlier writings "the origin and growth of his lifelong desire to employ American material and to help the creation of a native literature." But the undergraduate dialogue on Indians and the Commencement Oration on Our Native Writers, though they are indications of natural youthful interests, even when taken in connection with *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline*, hardly suffice to prove that American nationalism was either the main aim or a prevailing characteristic of Longfellow's literary production. Neither the Indian nor the French Acadian is a serious factor in American civilization, and, as far as national feeling is concerned, *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline* might have been written by any English-speaking poet. Nor do the slavery poems, or those touched with local color

or politics, prove Colonel Higginson's point. Americanism in the sense in which we apply the word to Bret Harte or Mark Twain, or in which Mr. Kipling defines it in *An American*, is not to be found in Longfellow, even in germ. He shows no consciousness of its existence, and consequently no effort to express it. Colonel Higginson himself quotes from one of the poet's letters these words: "A national literature is the expression of national character and thought; and as our character and modes of thought do not differ essentially from those of England, our literature cannot." Longfellow may not have foreseen how the two nations were to diverge, but he was acute enough to recognize that it was absurd to seek to build up, in the phrase and spirit of "the prospectus of a new magazine in Philadelphia," "a national literature worthy of the country of Niagara — of the land of forests and eagles."

In other words, the position taken by Mr. Wendell in his *Literary History of America* is not seriously threatened by the new collection of evidence in the volume under review. Longfellow was a man of letters, and as a poet derived his chief inspiration, not from forests and eagles, but from the literature and art of Europe. These possessed his imagination, and, whatever his ostensible theme, it was in the European spirit that he treated it. And it is no minimizing of his service to his contemporaries to say that it mainly consisted in opening to them the treasures of Continental literary tradition, — a tradition of which he had a finer appreciation than any American had yet attained. In this aspect the professor and the poet are one.

Colonel Higginson thinks that "up to the present moment no serious visible reaction has occurred in the case of Longfellow." It is to be feared that his faith will not be universally shared. Only his own closeness to his subject explains how he can fail to be aware

of the attitude of the younger generation toward the poetry of Longfellow. Whether the reaction is justified is another matter, but reaction there surely is. The numerical test of which Colonel Higginson gives some interesting instances will probably still hold both here and abroad, but if the figures could be gathered from the literary class the result would assuredly be different. This is easy enough to understand. Longfellow, though rich in allusion, was never precious, never eccentric, never obscure, and those who sniff at him to-day are apt to be enamored of just those qualities. American poets of the rising generation are in general no more spontaneous, no more free from tradition in phrase and figure than he was, but they are often affected and usually difficult to understand. If this be distinction, Longfellow had none of it. He was always simple in thought and expression, always healthy, always sincere, always well bred. He uttered clearly and melodiously the old inherited wisdom, and if, as Colonel Higginson says, "he will never be read for the profoundest stirring, or for the unlocking of the deepest mysteries, he will always be read for invigoration, for comfort, for content." He had quiet humor, gentle pathos, the power of telling a story and of suggesting an atmosphere, and these may well suffice to maintain for him an audience that does not demand the originality and profundity of the great old masters, or the subtlety and complexity of the little new ones.

The danger which an author incurs from the lack of a clear conception of his probable public is particularly great in the case of short biographies such as those in the series to which the present volume belongs. In the large official "life," no matters of fact dealing with the immediate subject are taken for granted; in the appreciative essay, all such are merely alluded to or assumed altogether. But in a book of the present type, the ideal is to supply all

the essential facts likely to be required by the outsider, yet to do this so freshly and succinctly as not to tire those who are familiar with them, and to leave space for individual criticism and a personal estimate.

Colonel Higginson, in spite of his interest in the literature of the day, has found it hard to realize what a new generation may not know about Longfellow, and he has been acutely conscious of how much his own neighbors and contemporaries do know. He has consequently at times failed to relate things which the intelligent reader of another place or generation might fairly expect to be told; and he has sought, on the other hand, to interest those who have inherited the Cambridge tradition by glean- ing material not hitherto presented. From this spring both the defects and the value of his book.

The value has already been indicated in what has been said of the new contributions. One or two illustrations will show the nature of the defects. Nowhere in the volume does the author mention Longfellow's religious affiliation. Now this is not merely a matter of curiosity; for Longfellow's Unitarianism is an important fact in the light of his consistently cheerful faith in human nature, and of the absence of black shadows in his picture of human life. Further, we are told of his friendship with Emerson, but the nature and extent of his relations to the Transcendental movement are left unexplained. Doubtless every one on Brattle Street knows, but Colonel Higginson's audience has no such narrow limits, and it is conceivable that there are readers who need to be told.

Again, although there are novelty and value in what is said about the period during which Longfellow held the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres, the significance and influence of that chair are not touched upon. Yet, outside of Harvard circles, there must be many who do not know

that in that position Ticknor, followed by Longfellow and Lowell, began the study of the literature of modern Continental Europe in American colleges. The relation of this fact to the influence of Longfellow's literary work on the country at large needs only to be suggested.

In his final summing up, Colonel Higginson is admirably quiet and restrained. He gives full credit to Longfellow for the qualities which are fairly his, and he is justly enthusiastic over his blameless character and the charm of his personality. Of these he can

speak with authority, and his presentation of them is marked by the assurance that comes from first-hand acquaintance. Probably no one will ever give us a knowledge of Longfellow intimate as our knowledge of some poets is intimate, for the absence of passion in him prevented that laying open of the springs of feeling to which we owe the fact that we know some great men as we know ourselves. But to the external portraiture, which is all we get of more reserved natures, Colonel Higginson has made a contribution of substantial value.

William Allan Neilson.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

CLEVERNESS.

I.

It is impossible to give any sort of attention to the passing show of fiction without being struck and struck again with the extreme cleverness of the performance. This suggests the fact that the quality of popular literature is bound to reflect the quality in life which is most desired by the people. Never has the race more sharply enjoyed its sportsmanship. Even the stout Anglo-Saxon, though he takes satisfaction in the existence of an ethical standard, finds his recreation in spectacles of adroitness. The sleight-of-hand and aplomb of the wheat operator makes the American breathe hard, and the Briton smiles outright over the triumphant ruses of the diplomat. Naturally, therefore, the public is not going to put up with any kind of dullness or clumsiness in art, and, by the only step that remains to be taken, is ready to put up with almost any kind of cleverness. What it really enjoys is a certain brilliancy, sometimes of a smooth workmanship which it does

not perceive to be simply imitative, and sometimes of a dashing irregularity which it takes for a sign of genius: not to say that this public has any concern with empirical exercises of the pen. The issue of style, the cry of art for art's sake, has never been generally listened to in England or America. We are too practical and straightforward for that. We do not require quite everything to be written in dialect, but we have a liking for English which is not ashamed to own kinship with the vernacular. The cleverness of the stylist or of the coterie has little attraction and no danger for us, therefore. According to our several degrees, we nod over our Paters or wonder over our Maeterlincks, and pass on to matters which interest us.

The public can, to be sure, feel no perfectly justifiable pride in the alternative choice, whether it happens to fall upon imitative cleverness or "freak" cleverness. Why should the affectations of a Hewlett be creditable simply because of their archaic flavor? And why should

the hysterical confidences of a morbid precocity have recently gained our serious attention simply because they were cleverly "made up"? Is this to be our conception of originality, that a man shall say things queerly, or a woman say queer things? Surely if the choosing of bizarre phrases or the employment of such literary motifs as the toothbrush are to be treated as manifestations of genius, the critic cannot do better than betake himself once more to the amiable consideration of Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

We have in America a special susceptibility to any unusual sort of cleverness, a fondness for surprise, based, it may be, upon a sense (which underlies our agreeable theory of his capability) of the essential commonplaceness of the average man. We like to think of Lincoln as a rail-splitter whom Fate, in a spirit of bravado, deputed to illustrate the futility of the old monarchic idea. We do not, however, hold the theory that every rail-splitter possesses the genius which clearly belonged to Lincoln; and we compromise by dwelling upon the infinite cleverness of the man, — a quality more comprehensible because capable of development by outward circumstance, but a quality quite apart from his genius. This is not good for us. We need especially to cultivate the habit of contemplating the supreme expression of personality in life and art which is the product of genuine inspiration. If that product is not to be achieved even by means of "an infinite capacity for taking pains," it is obviously unattainable by any effort of irresponsible cleverness. Since we cannot satisfy ourselves with the idea of literature at its best as a commodity prepared by conscientious labor, we ought not, either, to let ourselves look upon it as a kind of sublimated Yankee notion.

II.

Imitative cleverness on both sides of the water continues to find a favorite model in the work of Louis Stevenson. One of Mr. Davis's recent stories¹ is worthy of a place in *The New Arabian Nights*, and Mr. Morrison's spirited tale² of the old London waterside is a landsman's *Treasure Island*. Nothing can be said against this sort of book so long as it does not pretend to the rank of original creative work. Indeed, the time is hardly come as yet for the final placing of Stevenson's own fiction in that aspect. Excessive cleverness was his foe; so that if *Weir of Hermiston* were not an indubitable though fragmentary monument of higher powers we might not be sure that he was really more than a "restaurateur," as the Chelsea prophet in an atrabiliar mood called Sir Walter. Stevenson was at least clever in a reasonable way, so that we cannot help looking with patience upon current imitations of his wholesome method.

Our present responsiveness to an irregular and decadent cleverness is another matter. Doubtless this eager hearkening to the strange voice is due partly to our anxiety to miss nothing original; but there is a good deal of idle curiosity about it, too. The swaggering journal of the ignorant girl whose name filled the national mouth not long since was pitiful enough; but the public upon whose gaping attention the young egotist rightly reckoned became a full sharer in the pitifulness of the situation. In that case allowances were possible that do not appear to be called for by later books which express a similar condition of morbid sensibility. More than one of them have appeared in well-known magazines, and are the work of experienced writers. They are nevertheless paltry in theme and hysterical in treat-

¹ *In the Fog*. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. New York: R. H. Russell. 1902.

² *The Hole in the Wall*. By ARTHUR MORRISON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

ment, records of the emotional experience of "intense" persons whose lamentableness even is not impressive because their characters are insignificant. Let us have our delineations of the average person, by all means, our Laphams and our Kentons; in their society we shall at least be in no danger of confounding character — the real stuff of personality — with temperament, which is a minor though showy ingredient thereof.

III.

Unfortunately our clever writing loves to deal with temperament, especially with the "artistic temperament," whatever that is. Its possessor appears to be a figure particularly to the mind of the feminine novelist. She finds in it, perhaps, a grateful means of accounting for the uncomfortable behavior of the Orsino type of man, with his giddy and infirm fancies, and his complacent self-absorption. What sort of morality can one expect of a person who threatens to be inspired at any moment? The rougher sex does not share George Eliot's tenderness for Ladislaw, or Mrs. Ward's consideration for Manisty. It chooses to fancy the masculine character an integer, at the cost, if need be, of cleverness. It prefers an Orlando, a John Ridd, or (to cite the latest example) a Captain Macklin, to the shuffling and emotional creatures in masculine garb in which women seem to find some unaccountable fascination. Seriously, is irresponsibility, masculine or feminine, so absorbing a theme as to deserve its present prominence in fiction? Even Mr. Barrie's Tommy, a sad enough spectacle in all conscience, was not half so dreary as these weak-kneed and limber-souled little gentlemen whom we are now required to hear

about. Among considerable novels recently produced by women I think of seven or eight in which the central male person boasts the artistic temperament. In a few cases the problem of temperament is complicated by some fatal determination of heredity. In *The Winding Road*¹ the hero, as usual, sacrifices his womankind, but less in his inalienable right as a possessor of the artistic temperament than as an inevitable result of the *Wanderlust* which burns in his gypsy blood. In *Wistons*² the situation is reduced to its barest elements, for the hero is not only irresponsible but futile; a will-o'-the-wisp, mere temperament, without enough character about him to suggest even dimly a personality. The human sacrifices upon the altar of his temperament appear more than ordinarily unprofitable. Other effective properties beside heredity are elsewhere introduced, as in the case of the hero who turns out to be the owner of a creditable cancer, which is employed at the eleventh hour to draw off the venom of one's contempt for his character.

But if the public is content with this sort of hero, it must be content also with such methods as he might himself (if he ever did anything) be capable of employing. Nothing is to be managed quite naturally or straightforwardly. Everything must be "original," that is, out of the ordinary, unexpected, strained if necessary, but somehow different. Hence arises the vogue of the writer whose manner is full of petty tricks and inventions. Here is the opportunity for masters of cheap aphorism like H. S. Merriman, and for cool and witty chroniclers of smart life like John Oliver Hobbes. The popularity of such work may remind us afresh that the greater public is in matters of taste perennially an undergraduate. His latest book³ would suggest that Mr.

¹ *The Winding Road*. By ELIZABETH GODFREY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1902.

² *Wistons*. By MILES AMBER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

³ *The Vultures*. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1902.

Merriman has pretty much exhausted his aphoristic exchequer without having acquired the deep sense of life in character which we should be more than willing to accept in exchange. In *Love and the Soul Hunters*¹ Mrs. Craigie gives another of her brilliantly cynical pictures of rather vulgar life above the salt. The princely hero is yet another example of the terrible temperament; though it is pleasant to admit that when in the end his inexplicable charm is rewarded by the hand of a girl greatly beneath him, and much too good for him, he is beginning to show signs of character.

IV.

Admirers of this popular conception of the artist may perhaps be disappointed in two recent heroes who have been treated in a different spirit. Oliver Horn² and Paul Kelter³ are both sturdy and tolerably steady young men, though they do not look altogether promising upon first acquaintance. They do escape the mud-bath, and in the end each of them is permitted to achieve a success in his own sort of art without ceasing to be a respectable citizen or a reliable lover. Mr. Smith is of course a more experienced writer of serious fiction, and nature has given him a more regular cleverness. His story is therefore told more simply, with an action perfectly direct and unencumbered by irrelevances. The real theme is once again the familiar portraiture of the Southern gentleman of the old school. The young Oliver, in spite of the fact that one suspects the existence of an autobiographical touch here and there, is evidently far less in the mind of the author than Richard Horn. The setting of the type is extraordinary; for if the old man is in prejudice and breeding an aristocrat, he is also a good deal else:

¹ *Love and the Soul Hunters*. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. New York: The Funk and Wagnalls Co. 1902.

a man of practical ability and versatile accomplishments. Imagine a Colonel Carter endowed with ripe culture, by profession an inventor of electrical appliances, by training an expert musician, swordsman, and what not — and one will have a notion of Mr. Smith's new and confessedly paradoxical embodiment of a favorite type.

Mr. Jerome has labored under the disadvantage of an unfamiliar medium and an irregular method. Many scenes and passages in *Paul Kelter* are marked by the sort of extraneous cleverness which used to baffle one in Dickens. There is a machinery of ghostly and sentimental reminiscence which hails too patently from Gadshill, and a frequency of farcical episodes which serve to dim the effect of the main narrative, as they too often did in the later work of the great Boz. But the narrative itself, stripped of its embellishments and superfluities, possesses real power. Paul is neither prig nor rascal, and Norah is neither fine lady nor fool. Altogether one is grateful, if a little surprised, that Mr. Jerome has done more than merely resist the temptation to be whimsical. It is much for the writer of long-standing reputation for cleverness to lift himself even momentarily above it.

V.

A contrary tendency is, it seems, to be observed in the recent work of Mr. Barrie. The whimsicality which in *A Window in Thrums* and *Margaret Ogilvy* kept to its rightful place as a palliative accessory of deep feeling is coming more and more to insist upon being heard for its own sake. The writer has the advantage of a taking personality and a confidentially sympathetic method. But though he might probably increase his audience by it, we must hope that he

² *Oliver Horn*. By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

³ *Paul Kelter*. By JEROME K. JEROME. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

will not allow his growing taste for whimsical paradox to get quite the upper hand. The *Little White Bird*¹ is much less fundamentally shocking than *Sentimental Tommy* was; but in manner it is even more coquettish and inconsequent, full of cleverness, and in consequence not infrequently tiresome. I do not think Mr. Barrie, except in his *Jess* and *Margaret*, has given us any distinct personalities. His studies are, in fact, in human nature rather than human character. He is a congener of *Sterne* without *Sterne's* instinct for concrete characterization. *Walter Shandy* and *Uncle Toby* find no counterpart in reality among the amusing *Tommies* and pathetic *Grizels* of Mr. Barrie.

It is a curious fact that the three modern English novelists from whom most is now looked for should be ingenious commentators rather than creators. Mr. Meredith and Mr. James, as well as Mr. Barrie, so delight in talking about their persons and events as to impede the action and confuse the reader's conception of the characters. As pure fiction the status of such work is dubious, but we may well afford to have it so — with the compensations. These ingenious, satirical, sympathetic, discursive essays, with illustrations, constitute an invaluable commentary upon contemporary life. Only, there is the danger, evident in each of these in-

stances, of too great exercise of ingenuity, of a growing appetite for subtlety and paradox, which are the wine and caviare of the literary feast, and not at all good to live on. For there follows upon the gratification of this taste a tendency to have recourse to superficial clevernesses of style which should be left to those who have nothing better to offer. Surely, without enslaving ourselves to classical or alien models, we cannot help feeling that our strife should now be, not toward an art ornate and irregular, an art overborne, and even warped, by cleverness, but toward an art pure and round and balanced, free from arbitrary mannerism and meretricious embellishment. By extraneous expedients, we now know, the effects of veritable genius are likely to be obscured rather than enhanced. Hardly elsewhere than in *Homer* do we see cleverness held firmly in its proper place as a confidential servant of Genius. *Shakespeare* made a boon companion of it, and *Milton*, not always without awkwardness, waited upon himself. *Lowell* was altogether too clever for that best kind of success which *Hawthorne*, with his utter lack of cleverness, did not fail to attain. *Byron's* work now suffers from the difficulty of estimating it apart from its cleverness; while the gold in the poetry of *Wordsworth*, who never had a clever moment, is easily freed from the dross.

H. W. Boynton.

OF LIONEL JOHNSON.

1867-1902.

AN early death has lately robbed the world of letters in England of its one critic of the first rank in this generation. Poet-minds of the *Arnold* breed, with what may be called the hush of scholarship laid upon their full energies

¹ *The Little White Bird.* By J. M. BARRIE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

and animations, must necessarily grow rarer and rarer, in a world ever more noisy and more superficial. They cannot expect now the fostering cloistral conditions which were finally disturbed by the great Revolution. Yet they still find themselves here, in a state of royal dispossession, and live on as they can.

Of these was Lionel Johnson. In criticism, though he seemed to care so little about acknowledging, preserving, and collecting what he wrote, he was nobly able to "beat his music out;" his potential success lay there, perhaps, rather than in the exercise of his singularly lovely and austere poetic gift. But this is not saying that he was more critic than poet. On the contrary, he was all poet; and the application of the poet's touchstone to human affairs, whether in art or in ethics, was the very thing which gave its extraordinary elasticity and balance to his prose work. Being what he was, a selfless intelligence, right judgments came easy to him, and to set them down, at the eligible moment, was mere play. He had lived more or less alone from his boyhood, but alone with eternal thoughts and classic books. Whenever he spoke, there was authority in the speech colored by companionship with the great of his own election: with Plato; Lucretius and Virgil; Augustine; Shakespeare. His capacity for admiration was immense, though in the choice of what was admirable he was quite uncompromising. Beyond that beautiful inward exaction, "the chastity of honor," he was naturally inclined to the charities of interpretation. He gave them, but he asked them not, and would not thank you for your casual approval, except by his all-understanding smile. Neither vanity, ambition, nor envy ever so much as breathed upon him, and, scholar that he was, he had none of the limitations common to scholars, for he was without fear, and without prejudice.

A striking feature in the make-up of his mind was its interplay and counterpoise of contrasts. Full of worship and wonder (and a certain devout sense of indebtedness kept him, as by a strict rubric of his own, an allusive and a quoting writer), he was also full of an almost fierce uninfluenced independence. With a great vocabulary, his game was always to pack close, and thin out, his

words. Impersonal as Pan's pipe to the audience of *The Chronicle* or *The Academy*, he became intensely subjective the moment he reached his intimate, sparsely inhabited fatherland of poesy. His utterance, as daring in its opposite way as Mr. John Davidson's, has laid bare some of the deepest secrets of the spirit. And side by side with them lie etched on the page the most delicate little landscapes, each as happily conceived as if "the inner eye" and "the eye on the object," of both of which Wordsworth speaks, were one and the same.

One might have thought, misled by Lionel Johnson's strongly philosophic fibre, his habits of a recluse simplicity, his faith in minorities, his patrician old-fashioned tastes, that he would have ranged himself with the abstract critics, with Joubert and Vauvenargues, rather than with Sainte-Beuve. But it was another of his surprising excellencies that he was never out of tune with cosmic externals, and the aspirations of to-day. Into these his brain had a sort of detached angelic insight. His earliest book, published while he was very young, was not about some subtlety of Attic thought: it was a masterly exposition of *The Art* of Thomas Hardy. To have dwelt first with all divine exclusions for housemates is to be safeguarded when time drives one forth among its necessary acceptances and accretions. This same relevance and relativity of our friend, this open dealing with the nearest interest, was his strength; he not only did not shrink from contemporary life, but bathed in the apprehension of it as joyously as in a mountain stream. How significant, how full of fresh force, have been his many unsigned reviews! Nothing so broad, so sure, so penetrating, has been said, in little, elsewhere, of such very modern men as Renan and William Morris.

It is perhaps less than exact to claim that Lionel Johnson had no prejudices. All his humilities and tolerances did not

hinder his humorous depreciation of the Teutonic intellect; and he liked well King Charles II.'s word for it — "foggy." Heine, that "Parisianized Jew," was his only love made in Germany. Non-scientific, anti-mathematical, he was a genuine Oxonian: a recruit, as it were, for transcendentalism and the White Rose. His studies were willful and concentrated; he never tried to extend his province into a thorough understanding, for instance, of arts which he relished, like music and sculpture. And, discursive as his national sympathies certainly were, he was never out of the British Isles. In all such lateral matters, he saw the uses of repression, if his calling was to be not a dilettante impulse, but the sustained and unwasted passion of a lifetime. Culture in him, it is truly needless to say, was not miscellaneous information; as in Newman's perfect definition, it was "the command over his own faculties, and the instinctive just estimate of things as they pass." He had an amazing and most accurate memory for everything worth while: it was as if he had moved, to some profit, in several ages, and forgotten none of their "wild and noble sights." And the powers which were so delighting to others were, in a reflex way, a most single-hearted and modest way, sheer delight to himself, chiefly because he had tamed them to his hand.

His non-professorial conception of the function of a man of letters (only it was one of the thousand subjects on which he was sparing of speech, perhaps discouraged by insincerities of speech elsewhere) amounted to this: that he was glad to be a bond-slave to his own discipline; that there should be no limit to the constraints and the labor self-imposed; that in pursuit of the best, he would never count cost, never lower a pennon, never bow the knee to Baal. It was not his isolated position, nor his exemption from the corroding breath of poverty, which made it easy for such

an one to hold his ground; for nothing can make easy that strenuous and entire consecration of a soul to what it is given to do. It extended to the utmost detail of composition. The proud melancholy charm of his finest stanzas rests upon the severest adherence to the laws and by-laws of rhythm; in no page of his was there ever a rhetorical trick or an underbred rhyme. Excess and show were foreign to him. The real shortcoming of his verse lies in its Latin strictness and asceticism, somewhat repellent to any readers but those of his own temper. Its emotional glow is a shade too moral, and it is only after a league of stately pacing that fancy is let go with a looser rein. Greatly impeded in freedom of expression is that unblest poet who has historic knowledge of his own craft. To him nothing is sayable which has already been well said. Lionel Johnson, even as a beginner, was of so jealous an integrity that his youthful numbers are in their detail almost scandalously free from *parentalia*. Is it not, surely, by some supernatural little joke that his most famous line, —

"Lonely unto the Lone I go,"

had been anticipated by Plotinus? Here was a poet who liked the campaign better than Capua. He sought out voluntarily never, indeed, the fantastic, but the difficult way. If he could but work out his idea in music, easy as composition was to him, he preferred to do so with divers painstaking which less scrupulous vassals of the Muse would as soon practice as fasting and praying. To one who looks well into the structure of his poems, they are like the roof of Milan Cathedral, "gone to seed with pinnacles," full of voweled surprises, and exquisitely devotional elaborations, given in the zest of service, and meant to be hidden from mundane eyes. Yet they have the grace to appear much simpler than they are. The groundwork, at least, is always simple: his usual metre is iambic or trochaic, and the English alexandrine he made his

own. Precision clung like drapery to everything he did. His handwriting was unique: a slender, close slant, very odd, but most legible; a true script of the old time, without a flaw. It seemed to whisper: "Behold in me the inveterate foe of haste and discourtesy, of typewriters, telegrams, and secretaries!" As he wrote, he punctuated: nothing was trivial to this "enamored architect" of perfection. He cultivated a half-mischievous attachment to certain antique forms of spelling, and to the colon, which our slovenly press will have none of; and because the colon stood, and stands, for fine differentiations, and sly sequences, he delighted to employ it to tyrannize over printers.

Lionel Johnson's gallant thoroughness was applied not only to the department of literature. He had a loving heart, and laid upon himself the burden of many gratitudes. To Winchester, his old school, and Oxford, his university (in both of which he covered himself, as it happened, with honors), he was a bounden knight. The Catholic Church, to which he felt an attraction from infancy, and which he entered soon after he came of age, could command his whole zeal and furtherance, to the end. His faith was his treasure, and an abiding peace and compensation. The delicacy, nay, the sanctity of his character, was the outcome of it; and when clouds did not impede his action, it so pervaded, guided, and adjusted his whole attitude toward life (as Catholicism alone claims and intends to do), that his religiousness can hardly be spoken of, or examined, as a thing separate from himself. There was a seal upon him as of something priestly and monastic. His place, like his favorite Hawthorne's, should have been in a Benedictine scriptorium, far away, and long ago.

"Us the sad world rings round
With passionate flames impure;
We tread an impious ground;
We hunger, and endure."

So he sang in one of his best known numbers. Meanwhile, the saints, bright from their earthly battle, and especially the angels, and Heaven their commonweal, were always present to the imagination of this *anima naturaliter Christiana*. Again, his most conscious loyalty, with the glamour of mediæval chivalry upon it, was for Ireland. He was descended from a line of soldiers, and from a stern soldier who, in the ruthless governmental fashion of the time, put down at New Ross the tragic insurrection of 1798. Study and sympathy brought his great-grandson to see things from a point of view not in the least ancestral; and the consequence was that Lionel Johnson came to write, and even to lecture, as the heart-whole champion of hapless Innisfail. In the acknowledged spirit of reparation, he gave his thought, his time, and his purse to her interests. He devoted his lyre to her, as his most moving theme, and he pondered not so much her political hope, nor the incomparable charms of her streams and valleys, as her constancy under sorrows, and the holiness of her mystical ideal. His inheritance was goodly unto him, for he had by race both the Gaelic and the Cymric strain, and his temperament, with its remoteness, and its sage and sweet ironies, was by so much more and less than English. But he possessed also, in very full measure, what we nowadays perceive to be the basic English traits: deliberation, patience, and control. It was owing to these unexpected and saving qualities in him that he turned out no mere visionary, but made his mark in life like a man, and that he held out, for five and thirty years, in that fragile, terribly nervous body always so inadequate and perilous a mate for his giant intelligence.

Next to the impersonal allegiances which had so much claim upon him was his feeling for his friends. The boy Lionel had been the exceptional sort of boy who can discern a possible halo about a master or a tutor; and at Ox-

ford, as at Winchester, he found men worth his homage. The very last poem he sent forth, only the other day, was a threnody for his dear and honored Walter Pater, honored and dear long after death, as during life. Like so much else from the same pen, it is of synthetic and illuminating beauty, and it ends with the tenderest of lyrical cries:—

“Gracious God keep him: and God grant to
me

By miracle to see

That unforgettably most gracious friend,
In the never-ending end!”

Friendship, with Lionel Johnson, was the grave, high romantic sentiment of antique tradition. He liked to link familiar names with his own by means of little dedications, and the two volumes of his poems, with their placid blue covers and dignity of margin, furnish a fairly full roll-call of those with whom he felt himself allied: English, Irish, Welsh, and American; men and women; famous and unknown; Christian and pagan; clerical and lay. It was characteristic of him that he addressed no poems directly to a friend, except once or twice, when well sheltered by a paraphrase, but set apart this or that, in print, as private to one or another whose heart, he knew, would go along with it. As a proof of the shyness and reticence of his affections, it may be added that some who were fond of him did not discover, for years after (and perhaps some have not yet discovered), the page starred with their own names, once given to them in silence, and for remembrance, by the hand which of late answered few letters, and withdrew more and more from social contact.

Alas, this brings us upon sad ground. We all first began to be conscious of losing him nearly four years ago, when he shut himself up, and kept obstinate silence, for weeks and months, in the cloistral London nooks where he and his library successively abode. Then, not quite two years ago, he had a painful

and prolonged illness, in the course of which his hands and feet became wholly crippled; and for the ardent lover, in any weather, of the open countryside arrived a dark twelvemonth of indoor inaction. It is to be feared he was not properly nursed; he had never known how to care for himself, and had lived as heedless of the flesh as if he were all wings. It seemed ungenerous, that instinct to go into the dark at times, wholly away from wonted intercourse. Yet it was neither ungenerous nor perverse. Surging up the more as his bodily resources failed him, a “mortal moral strife” had to be undergone: the fight in which there can be no comrades. The brave will in him fought long and fought hard: no victor could do more. He had apparently recovered his health after all the solitude and mental weariness, and had just expressed himself as “greedy for work,” when he went out from his chambers in Clifford’s Inn, late on the night of the 29th of September, for the last of his many enchanted walks alone: for with Hazlitt, against Stevenson, this walker held that any walk is the richer for being companionless. No one saw him faint, or stumble and fall; but a policeman on his beat found the unconscious body against the curb in Fleet Street, and had it carried to St. Bartholomew’s Hospital. And there in the ward he lay, with his skull fractured (a child’s skull it was, abnormally thin, as the inquest showed), recognized and tended, but always asleep, for four days and five nights; and then the little flickering candle went quietly out. In the bitter pathos of his end he was not with Keats, but with Poe. It was the 4th of October, 1902, a Saturday of misted autumn sunshine, sacred in the ecclesiastical calendar to the Poverello of Assisi. Of that blessed forerunner his dead poet had once written:—

“Thy love loved all things, thy love knew no
stay,

But drew the very wild beasts round thy knee.

O lover of the least and lowest ! pray,
Saint Francis, to the Son of Man, for me."

The only other Englishman of letters so elfin-small and light was De Quincey. Few persons could readily be got to believe Lionel Johnson's actual age. With his smooth hair and cheek, he passed for a slim undergrown boy of sixteen; his light-footed marches, in bygone summers, over the Welsh hills and the coasts of Dorset and Cornwall, were interrupted at every inn by the ubiquitous motherly landlady, expostulating with him for his supposed truancy. His extreme sense of humor forbade annoyance over the episode; rather was it not unwelcome to one who had no hold on time, and was as elemental as foam or air. Yes, he lived and died young. It was not only simple country folk who missed in him the adult "note." And yet a certain quaint and courageous pensiveness of aspect and outlook; a hint of power in the fine brows, the sensitive hands, the gray eye so quick, and yet so chastened and incurious, could neither escape a true palæographer, nor be misconstrued by him. Lionel Johnson must have been at all times both a man and a child. At ten years old, or at the impossible sixty, he must equally have gone on, in a sort of beautiful vital stubbornness, being a unit, being himself. His manners, as well as his mental habits, lasted him throughout; from the first he was a sweet gentleman and a sound thinker. His earliest and his latest poems, in kind altogether, and largely in degree, were of a piece. A paper produced at Winchester School, on Shakespeare's *Fools*, is as unmistakably his as his final review of Tennyson. To put it rather roughly, he had no discarded gods, and therefore no periods of growth. He was a crystal, a day-lily, shown without tedious processes. In his own phrase,—

"All that he came to give
He gave, and went again."

He had a homeless genius: it lacked affinity with the planetary influences

under which he found himself here, being, as Sir Thomas Browne grandly says, "older than the elements, and owing no homage unto the sun." He seemed ever the same because he was so. Only intense natures have this continuity of look and mood.

With all his deference, his dominant compassion, his grasp of the spiritual and the unseen, his feet stood foursquare upon rock. He was a tower of wholeness in the decadence which his short life spanned. He was no pedant, and no prig. Hesitations are gracious when they are unaffected, but thanks are due for the one among gentler critics of our passing hour who cared little to "publish his wistfulness abroad," and was often as clear as any barbarian as to what he would adore, and what he would burn. He suffered indeed, but he won manifold golden comfort from the mercies of God, from human excellence, the arts, and the stretches of meadow, sky, and sea. Sky and sea! they were sacrament and symbol, meat and drink, to him. To illustrate both his truth of perception when dealing with the magic of the natural world and his rapturous sense of union with it, I am going to throw together, by a wholly irregular procedure, consecutive sections of three early and unrelated poems; one written at Cadgwith in 1892, one at Oxford in 1889, and the last (with its lovely opening anticipation of Tennyson), dating from Falmouth Harbor, as long ago as 1887.

I.

Winds rush, and waters roll;
Their strength, their beauty, brings
Into mine heart the whole
Magnificence of things:

That men are counted worth
A part upon this sea,
A part upon this earth,
Exalts and heartens me!

II.

Going down the forest side,
The night robs me of all pride,

By gloom and by splendor.
High, away, alone, afar,
Mighty wills and working are :
To them I surrender.

The processions of the night,
Sweeping clouds and battling light,
And wild winds in thunder,
Care not for the world of man,
Passionate on another plan.
(O twin worlds of wonder !)

Ancients of dark majesty,
Priests of splendid mystery,
The Powers of Night cluster :
In the shadows of the trees,
Dreams that no man lives and sees,
The dreams ! the dreams ! muster.

III.

I have passed over the rough sea,
And over the white harbor bar,
And this is death's dreamland to me,
Led hither by a star.

And what shall dawn be ? Hush thee :
 nay !
Soft, soft is night, and calm and still.
Save that day cometh, what of day
Knowest thou, good or ill ?

Content thee. Not the annulling light
Of any pitiless dawn is here :
Thou art alone with ancient night,
And all the stars are clear.

Only the night air and the dream ;
Only the far sweet-smelling wave ;
The stilly sounds, the circling gleam,
Are thine : and thine a grave.

Surely, no pity need be wasted upon one who resolved himself into so glorious a harmony with all creation and with the mysteries of our mortal being. To be happy is a feat nothing less than heroic in our complex air. Snow-souled and fire-hearted, sentient and apprehensive, Lionel Johnson, after all and in spite of all, dared to be happy. As he never worried himself about awards, the question of his to-morrow's station and his measure of fame need not intrude upon a mere character-study. Memorable and exhilarating has been the ten years' spectacle of him in unexhausted free play, now with his harp, now with his blunted rapier, under the steady dominion of a genius so wise and so ripe that one knows not where in living companies to look for its parallel. Well: may we soon get used to thinking of our dearest guild-fellow in a safer City, where no terror of defeat can touch him ! "And he shall sing There according to the days of his youth, and according to the days of his going up out of the land of Egypt."

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

LOWELL'S Anti-Slavery Papers seem likely to serve, as the early writings of authors often do, chiefly to confirm the impression we have drawn from his mature and more familiar work. These brief occasional articles, written for a heroic cause long since won, are too slight, for all their fervor and cleverness, to add anything to Lowell's literary reputation. But they will deepen the impression of him as a man of temperament. They will show where his wealth of nature lay, in

opulence of interests and sympathies and moods, in a vivacity almost Gallic in its gayety and tinged with a dash of Gallic skepticism. This must justify the appearance of the papers, — that in their number, range of topics and of illustration, their abundance of allusion, fecundity of ideas, and their flash of epigram and phrase, they corroborate our impressions of the man. Stretching also as they do over the years of his later youth, between twenty-six and thirty-three, they throw some lit-

tle light on the shaping of Lowell's character and the growth of his style.

The first five articles, written in 1844, show little grace or lightness and scarcely a gleam of humor, but instead a somewhat labored and hortatory seriousness. With Daniel Webster, however, the first paper contributed, a year later, to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, there come flashes of wit and some promise of the ease and flexibility of his mature style. The subject was one that always aroused Lowell, and it calls forth phrases of real, if somewhat imprecatory, eloquence, striking bits of description, and a few trenchant strokes of characterization. With the succeeding papers the play of wit becomes more frequent and more graceful, though it remained, as suited the occasion, for the most part satirical. It was hardly to be supposed that the humor of an anti-slavery advocate should be of an especially ingratiating sort. The abolitionists were engaged in a struggle with what they conceived to be the greatest of all evils, and they did not expect their spokesman to deal in smooth and mellow phrases. Nor was Lowell, though lacking that intense and unwearied devotion which kept a man like Garrison at his task of reform through thick and thin, mealy-mouthed, or wanting in conviction. There is then plenty of plain speaking here, and no little downright dogmatism, but of careful argument or painstaking exposition not a whit. For this he had no stomach, being possessed, as he said, of "a certain impatience of mind" which made him "contemptuously indifferent about arguing matters that had once become convictions." This "impatience of mind" was a sign of the elastic and ebullient nature which lightens all his pages with such wit as in the later papers sparkles into frequent epigram, occasionally swelling into irresponsible bubbles of facetiousness, and not always stopping short of puns.

In fact, apart from the patriotism

which glows through them, the papers have no quality like this temperamental one. It furnishes indeed the true register of Lowell's growth during the period of their production. One might even say that his temperament grew at the expense of his character. For though his writing shows gain in sense of proportion, in dexterity of phrase, as well as in the instinct for words that was always alert in him, it shows no like or proportional advance in grasp, in eloquence, or in that "grave exhilaration" which marks the greater English prose. If we can imagine one of Lowell's friends, stirred by the promise of his first paper on Webster, looking to find in him another Burke, we may be sure he was disappointed. Power and ease his work often shows, but complete subordination and control of mood never. A careful reading of it will give point anew to the impression which Fredrika Bremer, who visited the Lowells about the time the last of these little essays was being written, has recorded. The young author seemed to her less earnest than she expected to find him, and she thought the effect of his conversation much like that of fireworks.

It was not only Lowell's conversation that was like fireworks; much also of his writing is pyrotechnic, a series of scintillations, luminous flashes, sudden felicities, jets of improvisation rather than a steady glow or a quiet sustained light. Versatility he had and vivacity, both in a high degree, a love of epigram, too, and a fondness for allusion which with his facility of utterance and play of imagination made him the most delightful of American letter-writers. His style gained in grace and urbanity from year to year, but it never acquired the acceleration and resonance, the deepening inward glow, that is the sign of supreme power. Brilliance it continued to have in larger abundance as the years passed, but the weighty advance of massed forces, the surging movement that seems inevitable, the flow, unstud-

ied and irresistible, of great prose, such as Raleigh's and Bunyan's, or Milton's and Burke's at their height, — like lava from the crater, — this it never showed. The heat of Lowell's mind seemed never to concentrate and rise to such intensity as would fuse his materials into a uniform molten state. It did not melt them, but put them forth too frequently in the unfluid form of epigram and quotation, bearing indeed the stamp of his taste, but not subdued to his purpose and dyed to the color of his mood. This, too, was an effect of his temperament, — a never quite harmonious temperament, but, as he once remarked himself, a mingling of two contradictory dispositions, of mystic and humorist. The union produced a scintillating activity which gave a thousand brilliant effects, and stamped Lowell's work as the cleverest of all American writing, yet prevented the greater single effect that comes from a mind at one with itself. We could hardly apply to Lowell, as we might to Whittier, Gardiner's phrase about Cromwell, that he was distinguished by a certain moral unity of nature. Lowell's work seems often the result of internal insubordination, which we are inclined to think kept him from ever writing a book, and made his longer poems series of fine lines and stanzas complete in themselves rather than parts indistinguishable in a wrought and tempered whole.

IN the brave days of Haroun Al Raschid and the fairy princes what is now a notable cause of ennui was its most popular cure. When the great men of that legendary part of history that is too original to repeat itself became footsore from standing on their dignity, they often dressed as ordinary citizens and went forth to study local color. As it was the chief duty of the bards and romancers of those days to record the deeds of the great, it naturally followed that many of their ballads and romaunts deal with the lively exploits of their patrons while thus

**The Study
of Local
Color.**

engaged. And because this feature of their work adds to its charm a grave error has crept into the present practice of literature, which makes a pastime more ancient and royal than golf a somewhat wearisome profession. To free this branch of sport from the stain of professionalism, and restore it to its wonted glory, is the purpose of this contribution.

Because the minstrels and gestours entertained the antique world with adventures in the study of local color as well as with the triumphs of gallantry, the chase, and war, their successors of the present day are making the curious mistake of studying local color for themselves. It would be just as reasonable that they should fight all the battles they describe, kill all the game, and do all the love-making. Indeed, some of the more advanced are already doing this, and defending their methods so cleverly that one cannot but marvel at the temerity of Shakespeare in writing King Lear without first going mad.

This erroneous view of the writer's function began with the study of local color that seemed to be made necessary by the spread of democratic ideas. Of late years, as has been shown by some recent exploits of the German Emperor, kings have found it hard to enjoy their once favorite pastime without danger of black eyes and other forms of *dèse-majesté*. But because our nominal kings have abandoned the practice, it does not follow that writers should take it up. If they were in touch with the progress of the world, they would celebrate the exploits of our real kings, and give us ballads and romances of the Walking Delegate and the President, or of the Populist and the Plutocrat. Just as kings once put on rags and went slumming, the sovereign voter now puts on a dress suit and attends a reception.

Now in order to rescue the sport of studying local color from its present fallen condition, it will be necessary to hold some discourse with the learned Thebans

who regard it as one of their prerogatives. Only by convincing them that they are mistaken can this end be attained ; and although analytical criticism is not usually part of a sport lover's training, I am obliged, with due humility, to essay the task.

Fortunately for what is popularly supposed to be literature, local color cannot be defined accurately. Like Hamlet's cloud, it may look like a camel, like a weasel, or very like a whale, and every author is at liberty to describe it as he pleases. Like love, it can only be illustrated, and for that reason is a perennial source of copy. And just because it cannot be defined the temptation to define it is irresistible. Local color is that which enables the earnest modern writer to give his problem novels a local habitation and a dialect. The only requisites to its study are an unfamiliar environment and a superior mind, which naturally bring it within the range of every man with enough energy to walk around a block. It consists of all that is seen, heard, or smelled by a sage of one locality when visiting another locality. Indeed, the matter might be pushed to such an extreme as to show that the industrious local colorist may use all the known and some unknown senses in the study. Dr. Holmes's description of a tavern bedstead doubtless owes its definiteness to observation made through the sense of feeling ; Mark Twain's description of a Turkish restaurant appeals peculiarly to the palate ; and in some of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's stories scenes are described by the aid of that mysterious sixth sense that is the desire of the Theosophist and the chief equipment of the yellow journalist.

But the exclusive study of local color by writers, besides staining a royal sport with professionalism, has wrought much injury to pure literature. In some places of high and rarefied mentality it is held that minute descriptions of local color really make literature, and when a new

writer appears the critics first concern themselves with the quality of his peculiarities. If they are sufficiently marked, he is promptly hailed as a genius, without any consideration being paid to the quality of his message to the world. As a result of this, a man who discovers a new vein of local color feels himself called upon to write a book to exploit it ; and some who have real stories to tell become mute inglorious Hall Caines because they cannot find a suitable brand of local color to serve as a medium for their creations. And all this is due to a mistaken idea that local color is anything more than a blemish that adds value to literary work, just as a misprint makes the "Vinegar" Bible command a fancy price in the auction room.

It is true that much of the world's best literature is permeated with local color, but in every important case it will be found that it is inevitable rather than elaborated. Burns wrote in "honest Lallans" because it was the language of his heart and of the people to whom he appealed, and he was handicapped when he tried to express himself in the stilted English of which he was a laborious master. He wrote in his mother tongue, and used his environments to illustrate his thoughts, because he lacked the necessary familiarity with all others. Dialect was not an affectation with him, but a necessary means to an end ; and it was because he used it from within rather than from without, as one who was imbued with it rather than as one who had observed it, that it takes on an immortal dignity. His peasant's phrase became him, just as cultivated speech becomes the scholar, but when the peasant and scholar change garb and language both become masqueraders. When a student of language and custom undertakes to write like a peasant, his work may interest, but it can never be of supreme value ; for it simply shows how a soul may express itself when handicapped. Only when local color gives the soul greater

freedom, and makes possible a more final expression of thought, is it other than a defect. If the books written by our masters of local color could be read or understood by the people whose lives they portray; if such works recorded their joys, sorrows, and aspirations in a way to excite gratitude or applause, there would be some excuse for making the short and simple annals of the poor both long and complex. Unfortunately, they can be read only by patient students with a taste for glossaries, while the people who are supposed to be voiced read their Bibles and the comparatively good English of the weekly papers. Our citizens are taught in the public schools to read and write the current language of the commonwealth; and if climatic conditions affect their pronunciation and peculiar occupations mould their phrases, they either do not notice the deviations or do not give them a thought. It is unspeakably absurd, and yet true, that the country poems and stories of to-day are written for the people of the city. It was not so in the time of Burns. He wrote for his friends and neighbors, and they understood him better than any one else; but I have yet to find the ordinary farmer who can misspell out the delightful poems of James Whitcomb Riley, though I have met many who are familiar with Shakespeare and Milton, and widely read in well-written history.

It may be thought that, for one who is merely advocating the purification of a sport, I have gone too far afield in literary criticism; but as the authors are the professionals of whom I complain, and as their sweet reasonableness is well known, I feel that I can best attain my end by showing them their error. I would not have them think, however, that I consider their work totally without value. On the contrary, I am convinced that their adventures in the quest of local color will furnish excellent ma-

terial for the true literary men of the future, just as did the adventures of the kings and beggars in the songs of the ancient ballad makers. Already a young friend who appreciates the true needs of the art he practices has filled many notebooks with accounts of adventures in the study of local color by makers of books. Moreover, he is writing a history of the subject, and dealing with it as a form of mining. He has maps and charts showing where the various outcrops, placers, and pockets have been found. He recounts the adventures of different toilers while developing their claims, and deals at considerable length with the exploits of that literary desperado, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is one of the most inveterate of claim jumpers. He also devotes a ballad to him, and as nearly as I can quote from memory it opens as follows:

"Now Rudyard Kipling rose — when called —
And pushed th' electric bell;
'Ho! bring to me a writing pad,
And typewriter as well!'

"He climbed aboard a varnished car,
He rode three days and one,
And to a Western village came
At the setting of the sun.

"Then up and chinned a village maid:
'T is Hamlin Garland's ground,
And much I fear you 'd get the gaff
If you should here be found.'

"Go to, go to, thou village maid,
And a rude 'Har! Har!' laughed he.
'What 's owned by one belongs to all,
And all belongs to me.' "

When the young man finds a publisher who will take his history seriously, and will not regard such ballads as the above satirical, he will bring out the results of his labors, and the world's literature will be enriched with an honest view of an ancient and royal sport under modern conditions. All the people will then indulge in it as a right, and the gayety of the nation will surpass even the dreams of humor.





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